

*...Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.
And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings ...*

From The Lake Isle of Innisfree by William Butler Yeats



NOT ALL OF THE USUAL SUSPECTS: Muse Lynne: Found, lost, found again, and, lost again;

Always been there... **Petey:** For reminding me to remain menacing...

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Kim S: for her courage in letting me be myself, again.