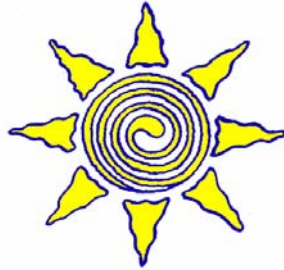


C O R E S Y N C H R O N I S M  
- A P O E M



*The Touch; Open,  
tentatively, infinitely.  
Light as the trees' whisper,  
Deep as the moon's pull.  
Swaying, flowing  
releasing, knowing.  
It is God's gift.  
As one,  
one moment.  
It is All.  
Ollie Ollie in come free!*

*By Marion Broidrick*