

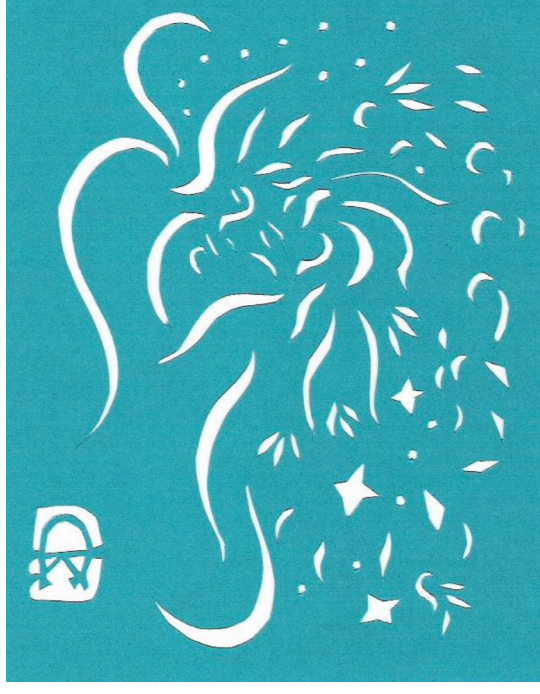
Born in time of old,  
The year it was foretold,  
That man should far behold,  
What always his heart could hold -  
The light that shines like gold.

This sight is not for hand to hold,  
But each to find in his own fold;  
And know such might that warms all cold,  
The golden spirit, which is most bold;  
A bright which always from inner out unrolled,

A story forever to be told.

Catinka Knoth  
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©Catinka Knoth  
38 Pleasant St. #201  
Rockland, ME 04841  
207-596-0069, 542-7317  
catinkak@yahoo.com



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