

Jennifer Daniels, Planting Shoes

I will remember long after summer. Locks of lightning fell and it was just as well. I kept your picture
O New York journeys, and there were stories of a brown-eyed, curly-headed girl with mischief in her
When the leaves turn upside down there's sure to come a storm around. I ain't seen that for days. V
Do you dream of England where your fathers met and married? But you were a boy in Union County