

# Noa, Me

am just so: quiet  
A placid lake I am  
I love the serenity of routine,  
Babies' eyes, Francis Jeam  
In days gone by my spirit soared  
Wrapped in crimson it would fly  
At one with mountain tops  
The howling wind, the eagles cry  
But that was all in days gone by  
That was long ago  
Things change  
And no, I am just so