

**In response to Josh Melanson's book for Steve's 50th birthday:
6.04.2012 10:43 pm -kel a ilseman**

The Dude's silence fetters concentration like a hurricane.
Music sinks – disruption.
Pluck just cranberry roses as you're re-thinking PCR normalcy and
Reckless flutterfine ragadouchian sunshine.
Starlit rainbows and sunsets pour farspandian standardized skies
There, and everywhere...easily difficult cats sweetly honey the stars with their meows –
warm, like the days
Lucky lovin' and feckless treetops compost oranges.
With wishes and apple fine diddle loveless shackles
Arresting la-la moo hummingbird strummingbird time.
Humor this raga, darling.

Lupine tension simulates morning silence;
Green lettuce love participates.
Music sinks with the savage renegade swarm.
It plucks fiery brilliance and
Chardonnay normalcy.
Thinking. Clogging.
Fluid waves fervently ignore sunshine.
Lilly-silly strum, Mama-Belle.
Here, there, and everywhere, clinking dinks and magic fingers sweetly luperge the stars.
Yup – shutting you off,
Morning Kangaroo.
Apple galaxies and elegant songs too much for you, and your
Composition ways - totally frayed.
Haranoush bagaduce.

Haranoush bagaduce normalcy
And fine diddle silence.
Sugar clogging concentration
Loving sparrows in the timeless moonlight,
While ragadouchian fingers wish you were here.
Reckless usurpian geniuses
Sweetly pluck and rankle tireless humor.
Warm days and thinking waves are magic schwang,
Like a warm renegade swarm
Strumming its fiery brilliance upon the dolphins and genuine rutabagas
– here, there, and everywhere 😊 ☺
They fervently pour their composition ways over
The Dude, The Galaxy, and MamaBelle.
Savage, in the lupergenous concentration of morning – easily difficult
Songs and sunshine.