





















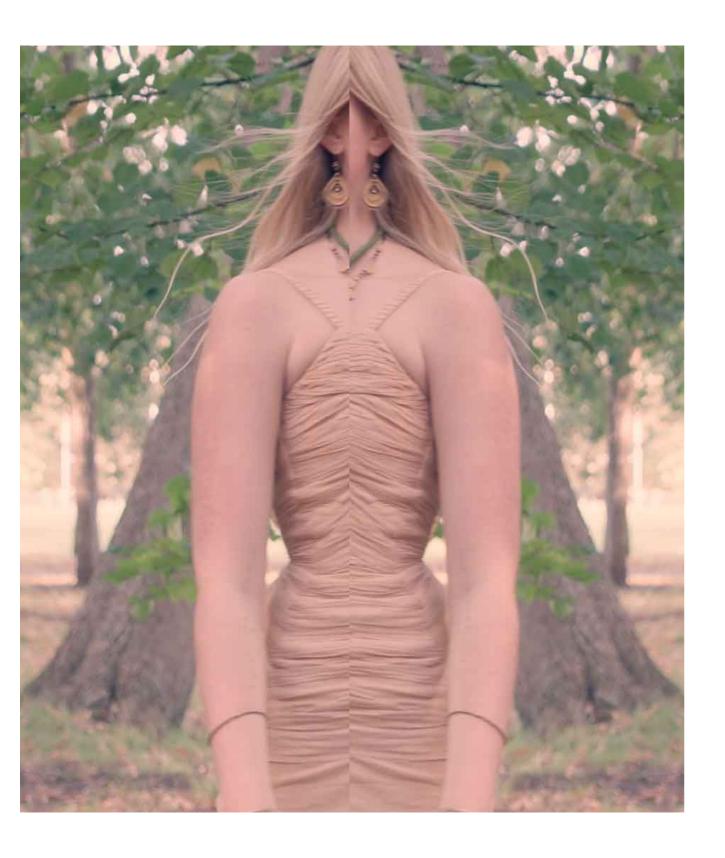


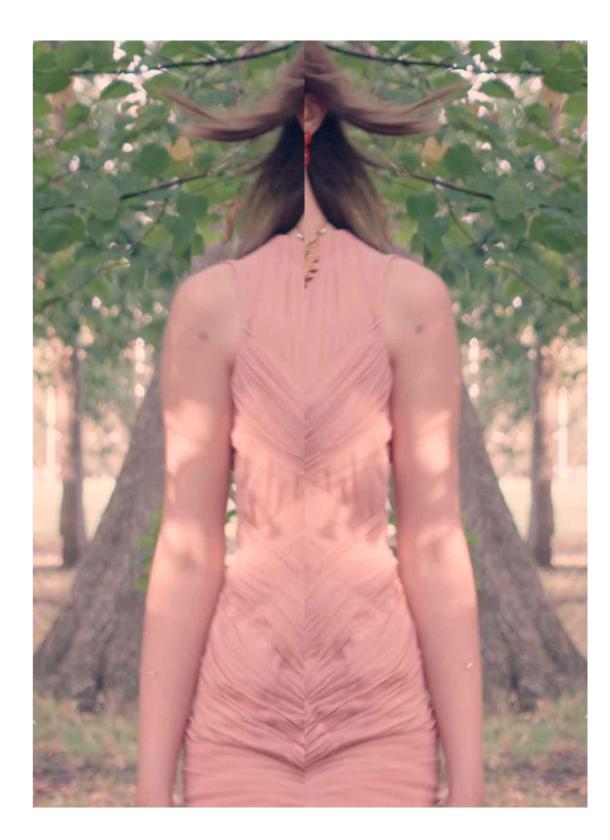
She bloomed where no one looked.

In corners wild and free,

A whisper in the meadow grass,

A song the sky could see.









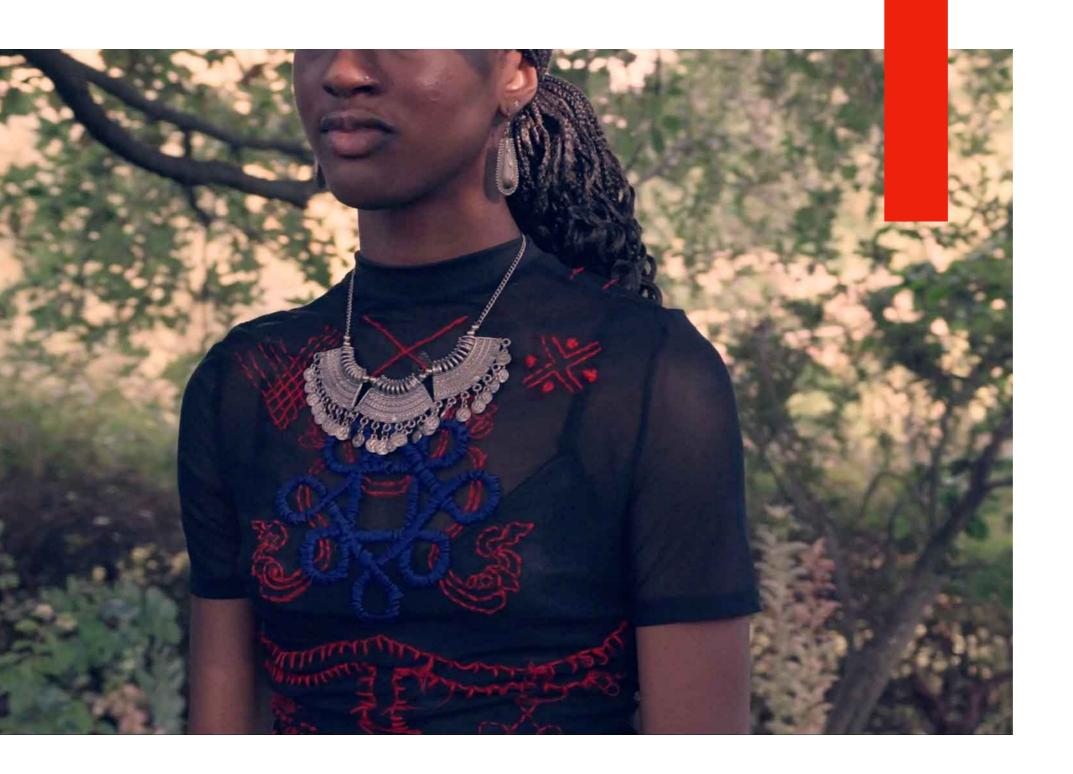




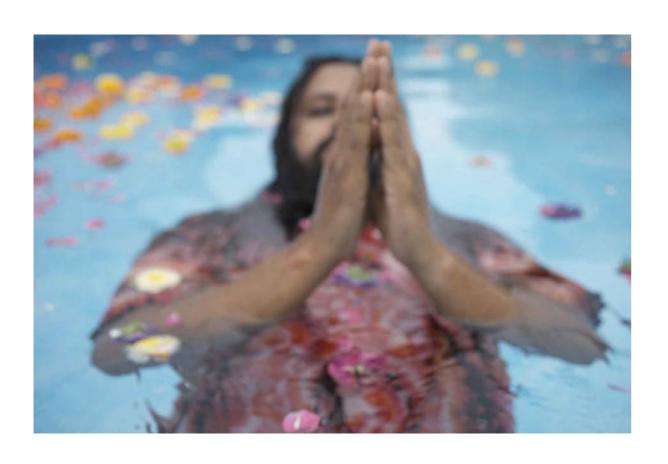






















In fields untouched by, it grows alone.
No garden's hand, no seed was sown.
A burst of colour, free and true,
It dances wild beneath the blue.
Grace in chaos, soft yet strongA silent rebel all along.







