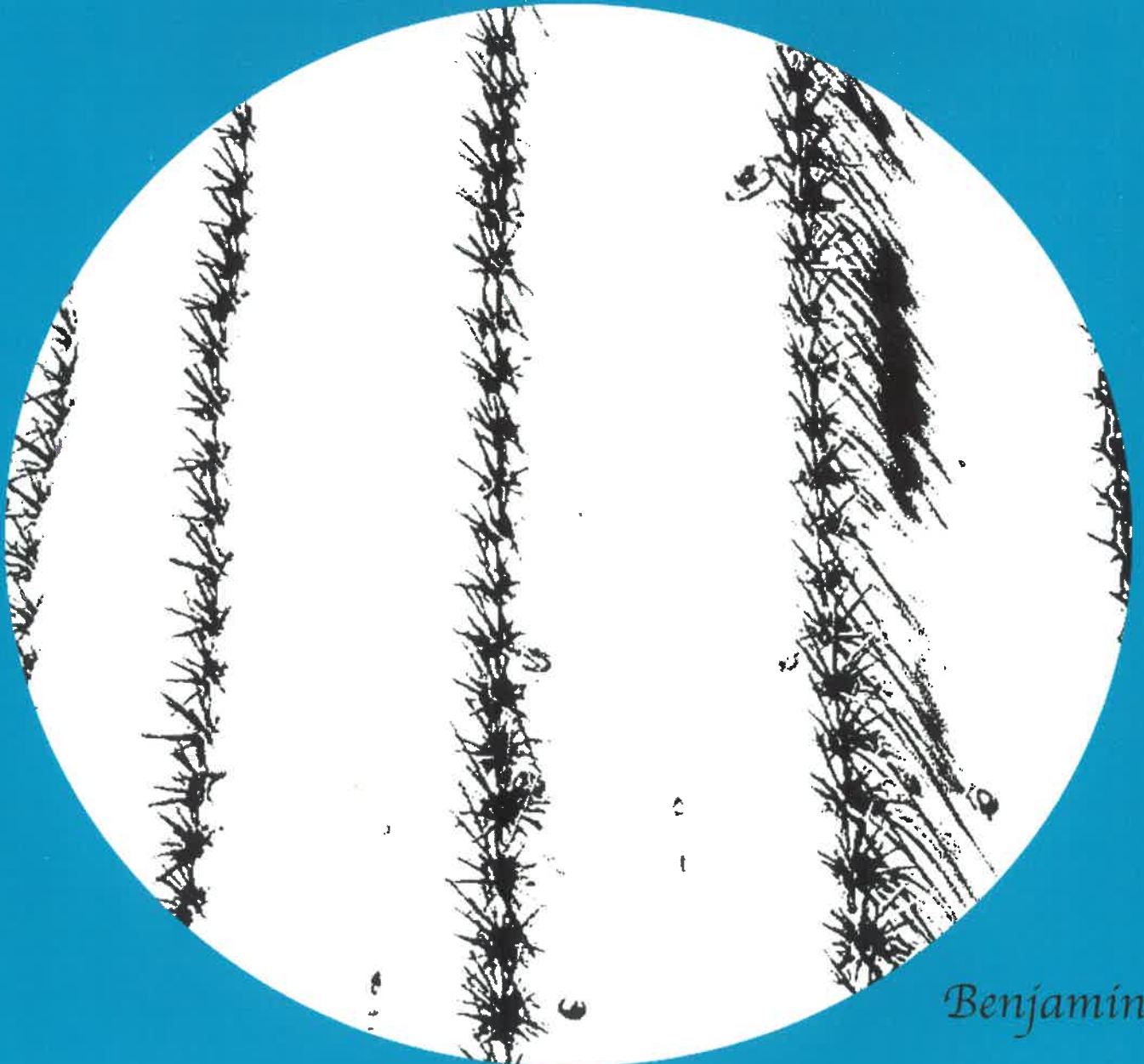


Pillars holding up the sky,
climbing, climbing, oh so high.
Helping, shielding, standing free,
far above reality.

Their shadows sweeping 'cross the sand,
guardians of this blissful land.
Always standing tall and true:
beautiful monarchs of the blue.



Benjamin