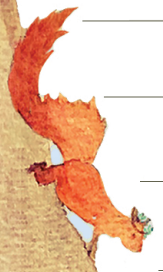




BRICKLE BRACKLE ROAD



Brickle Brackle Road is long,
and winds around and
around. The hanging vines
creep over the wall and the
grapes that grow are sweet
and small. We sometimes
ride bikes, a tricycle for Al,
we can parade in many
ways - take our friend Sal,
Just yesterday...



A series of horizontal lines for writing, spanning the width of the page below the poem.