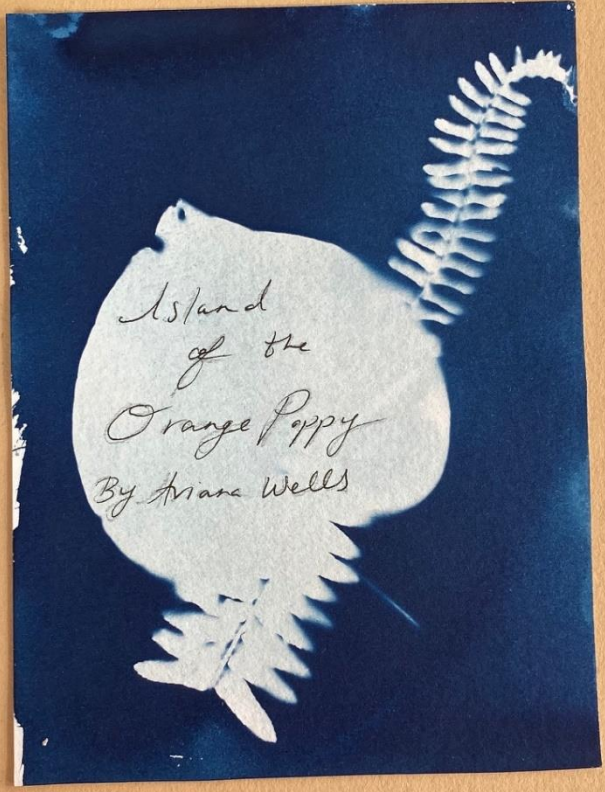


SCRAP
BOOK



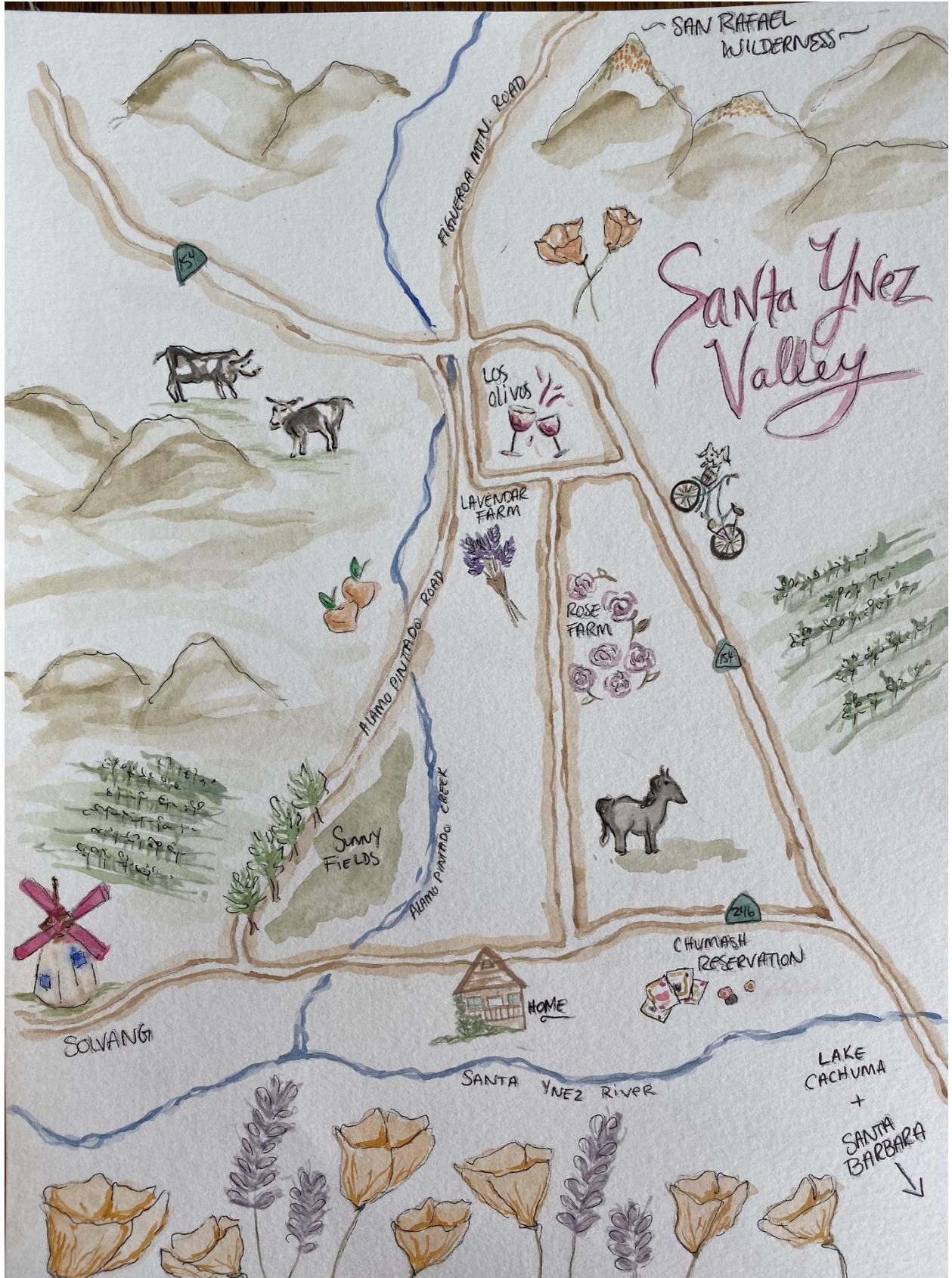
Island
of the
Orange Poppy
By Ariane Wells





This is my letter to the World
That never wrote to me -
The simple News that Nature told -
With tender Majesty
Her Message is committed
To Hands I cannot see
For Love of Her - Sweet - countrymen
Judge tenderly - of Me

~ Emily Dickinson



Santa Ynez Valley

SAN RAFAEL WILDERNESS

FIGUEROA MTN. ROAD

52

LOS OLIVOS

LAVENDAR FARM

ROSE FARM

ORANGES

SUNNY FIELDS

ALAMO PINTADO ROAD

ALAMO PINTADO CREEK

157

SOLVANG

HOME

CHUMASH RESERVATION

246

SANTA YNEZ RIVER

LAKE CACHUMA + SANTA BARBARA

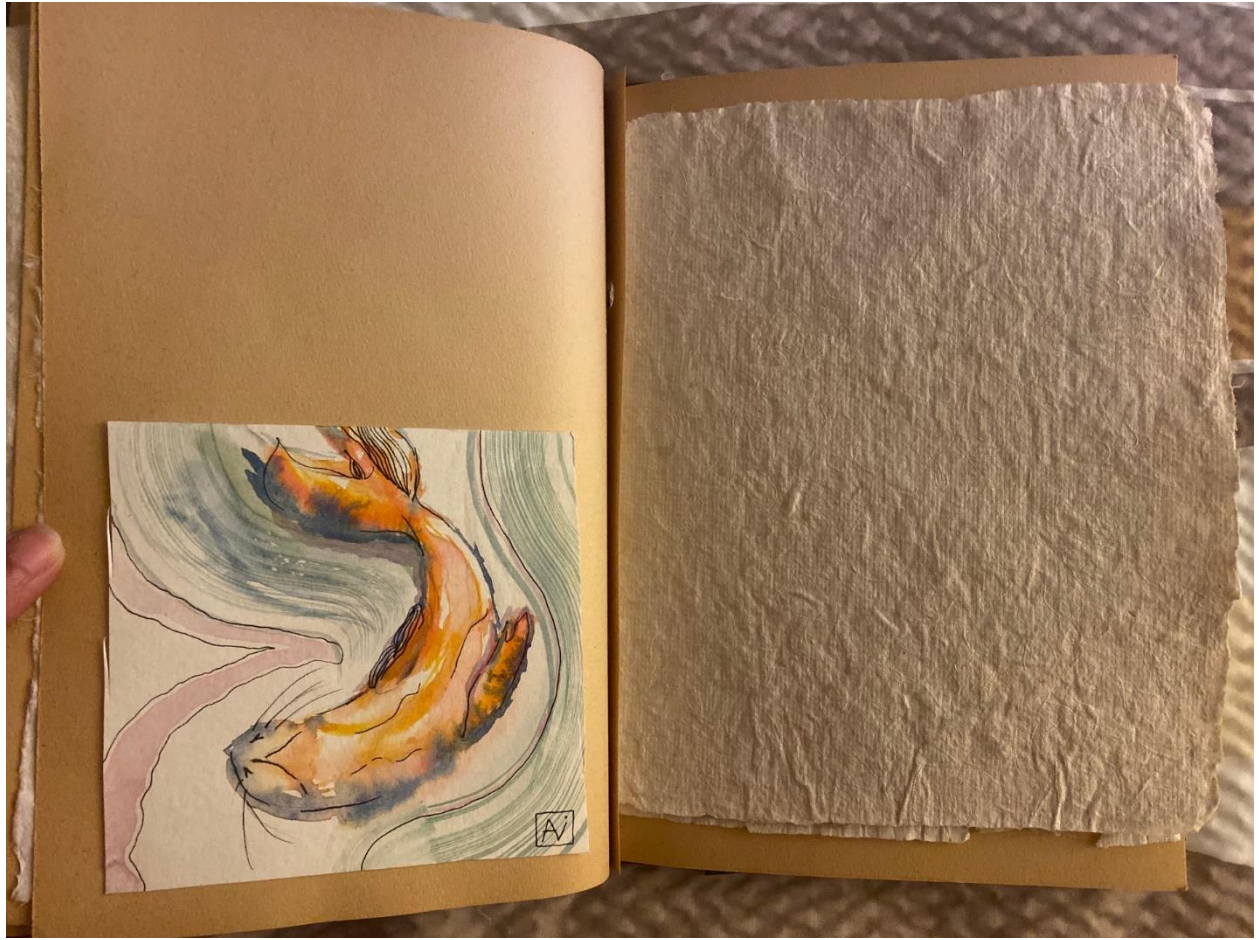


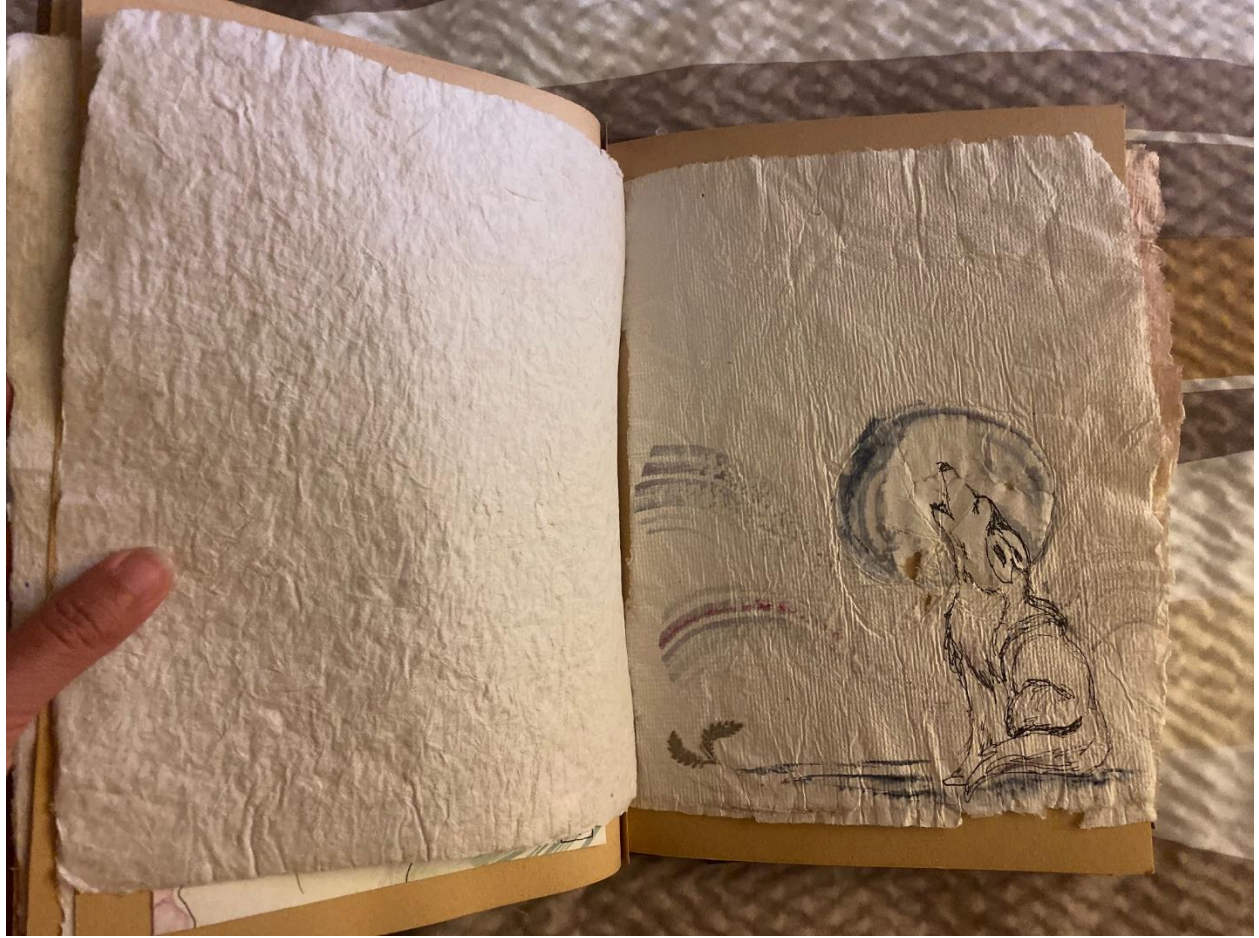








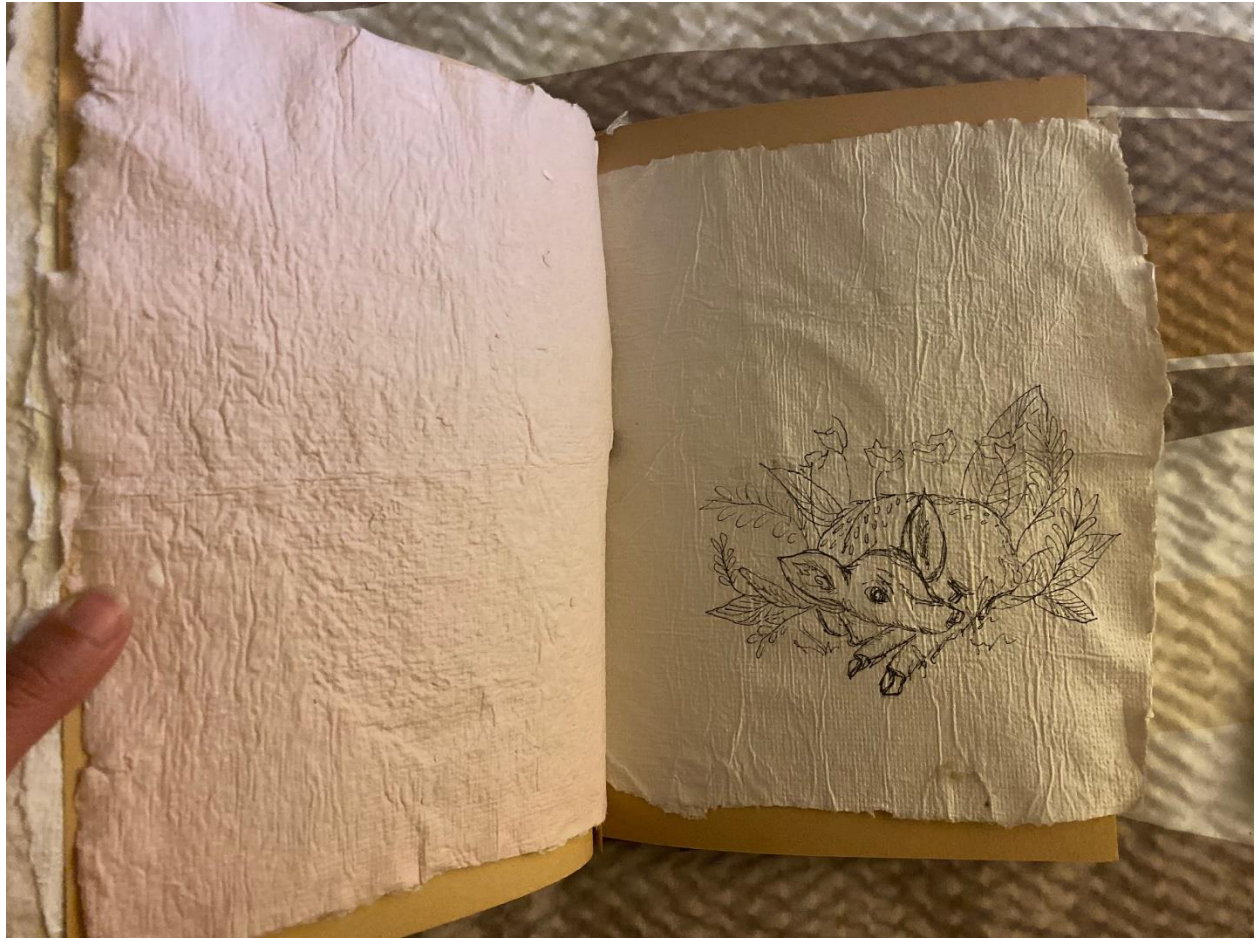






A noiseless patient spider,
 I mark'd where on a little
 promontory it stood isolated,
 Mark'd how to explore the vacant
 vast surrounding,
 At learner's fork filament, filament,
 Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding them.
 And you O my soul when you stand
 surrounded, detached, in measureless oceans of space
 Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking the
 spheres to connect them,
 Till the bridge you will need be form'd, till the ductile
 Anchor hold
 Till the gossamer thread you fling catch somewhere,
 O my soul!

Walt Whitman









To a Young Poet

Time cannot break the bird's
swing from the bird.
Bird and wing together
Go down, one feather.
No stary that ever flew,
Not the lark, not you,
Can die as others do.

Edna St. Vincent Millay



may the tide
that is entering even now
the ship of your understanding
carry you out
beyond the place of fear
may you kiss
the wind then turn from it
certain that it will
love your back may you
open your eyes to water
water waiting forever
and may you in your innocence
sail through this to that

Jewelle Clayton



