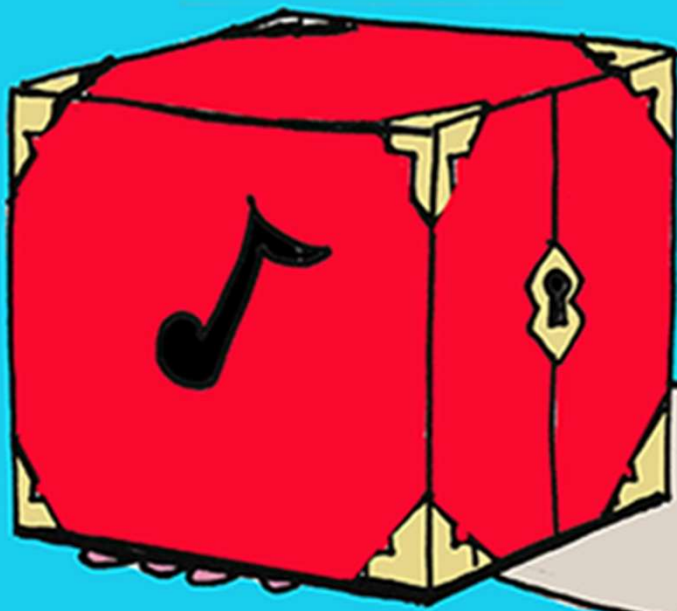


My Three Graces
by
John James Northrop

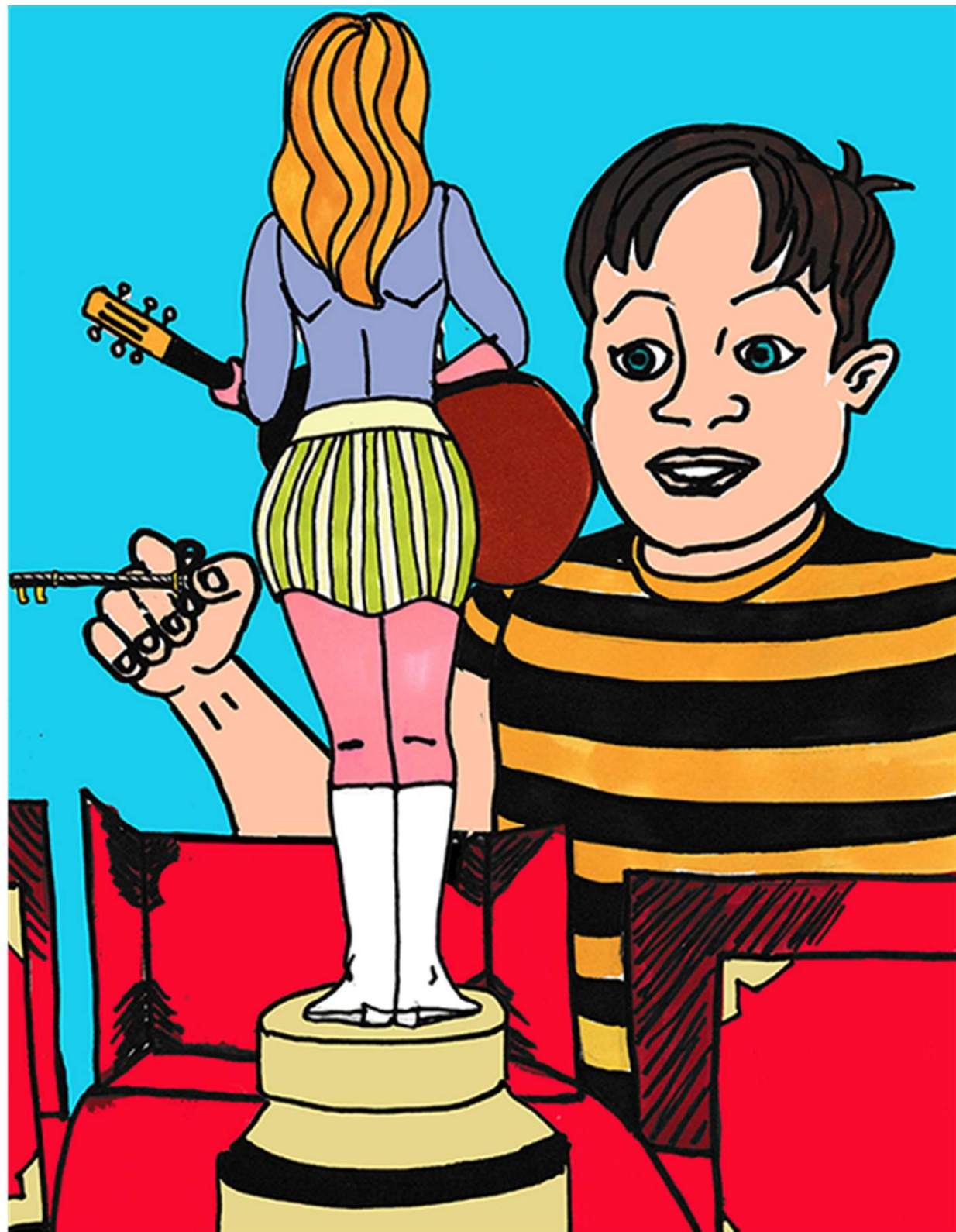


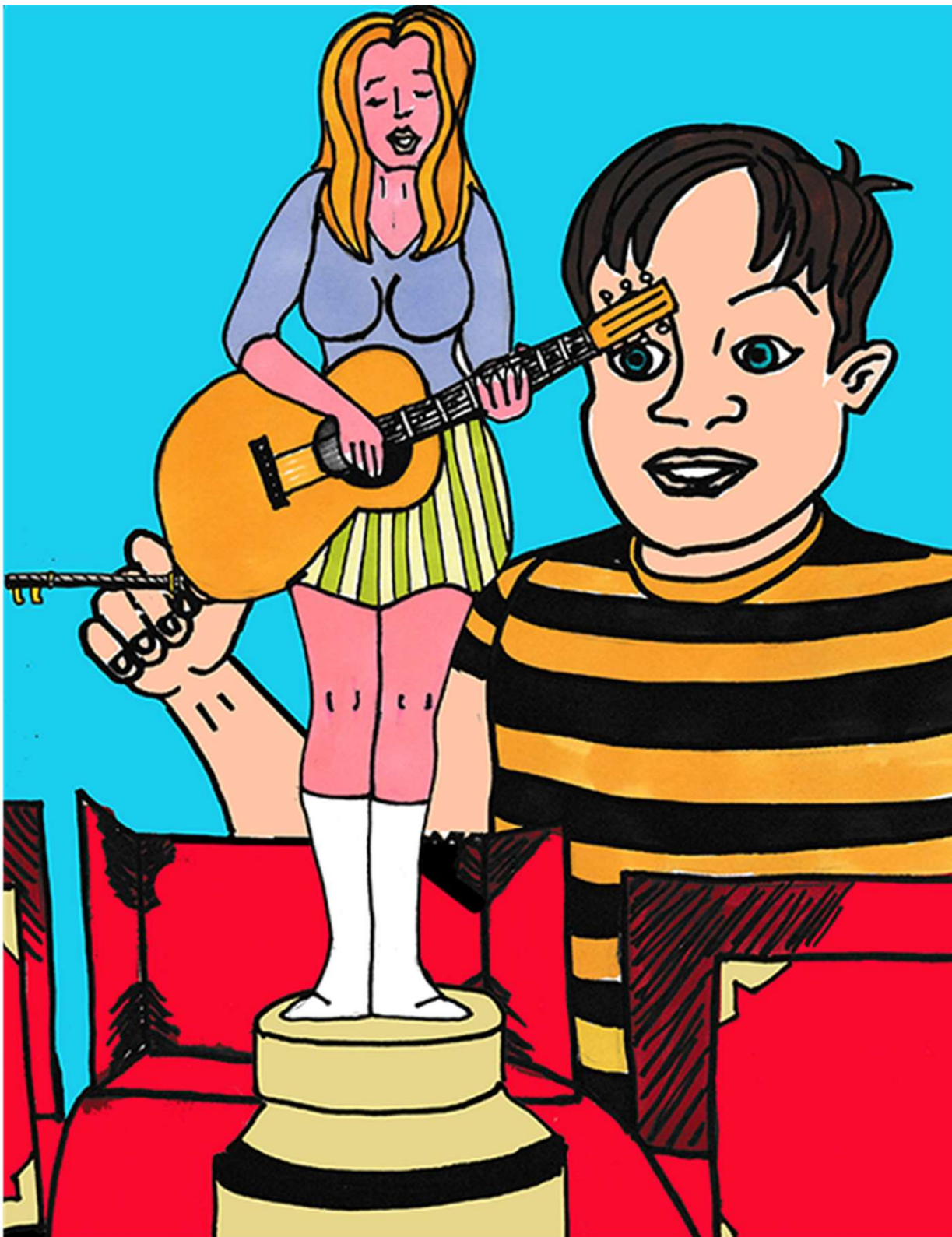
I was just a boy when Euphrosyne
(music) first came to me.



She gave me a magic box with a special key.

Inside to my surprise where the ballerina ought to be, was a woman on guitar strumming a sweet melody.



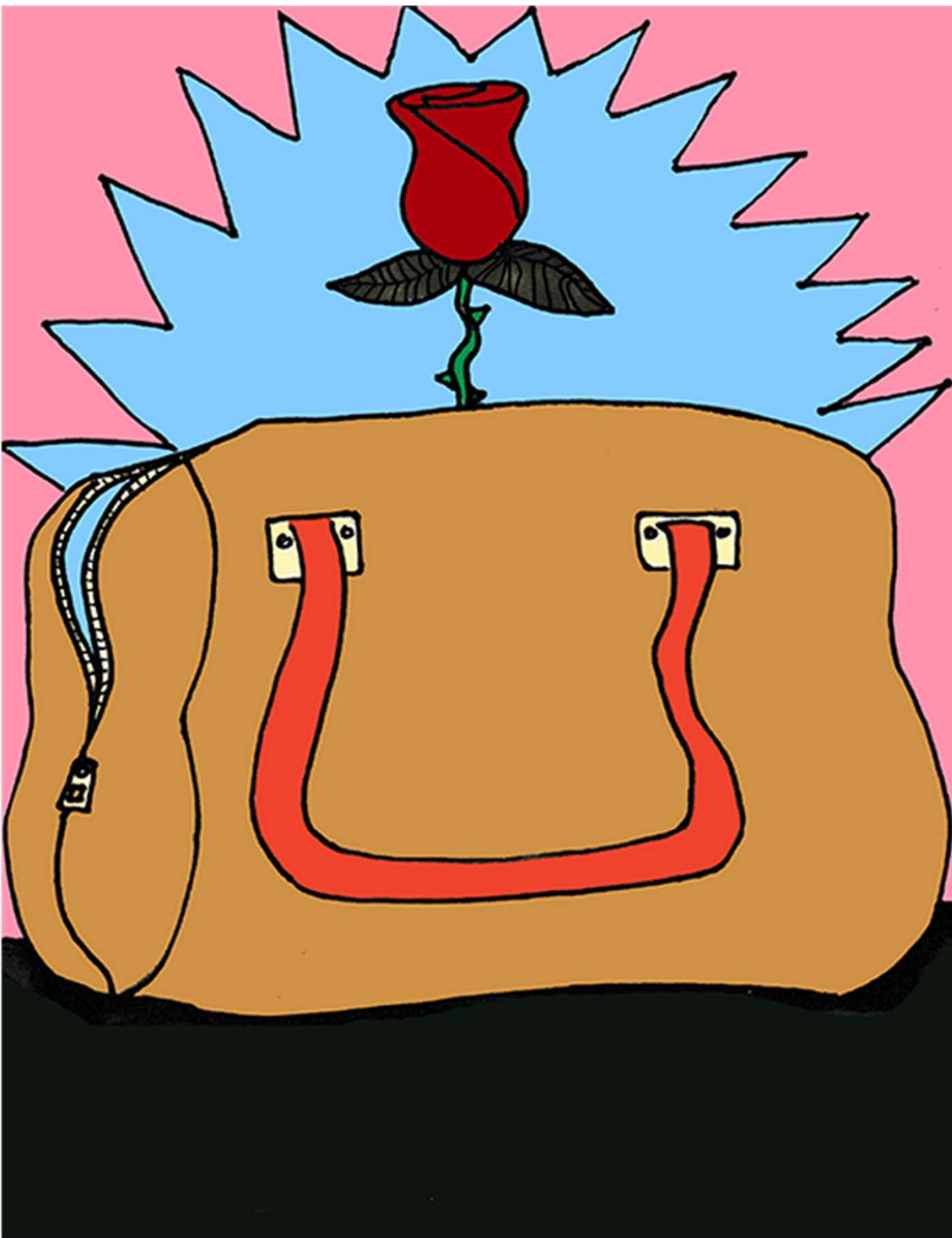


The song etched in my brain now
a timeless memory.

One of My Three Graces.

I didn't see them in the museum
until Algaea (beauty) set this blind
man free.

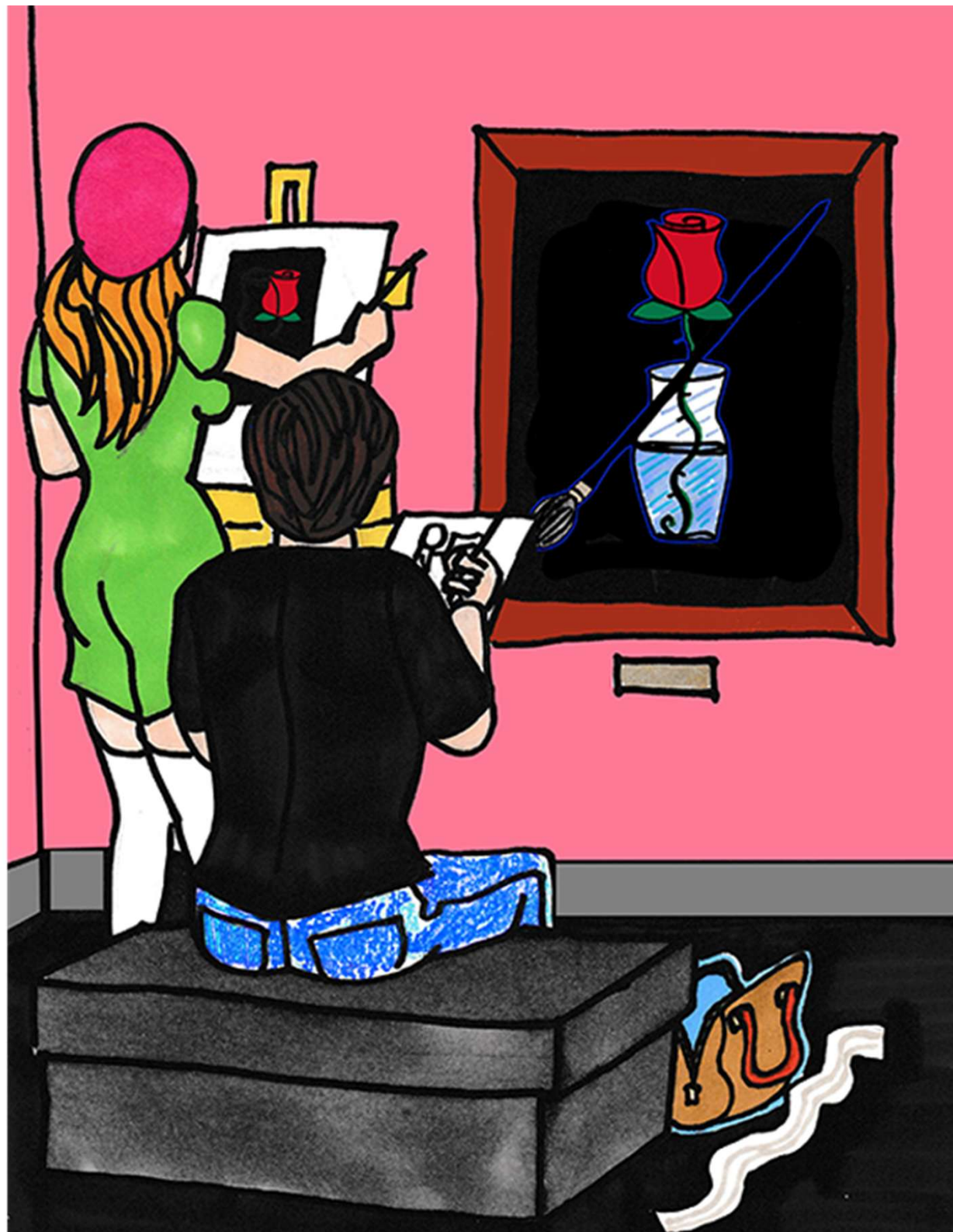




She opened up my bag of senses
to finally teach my eyes to see.

Beauty comes in many forms to
inspire creativity.

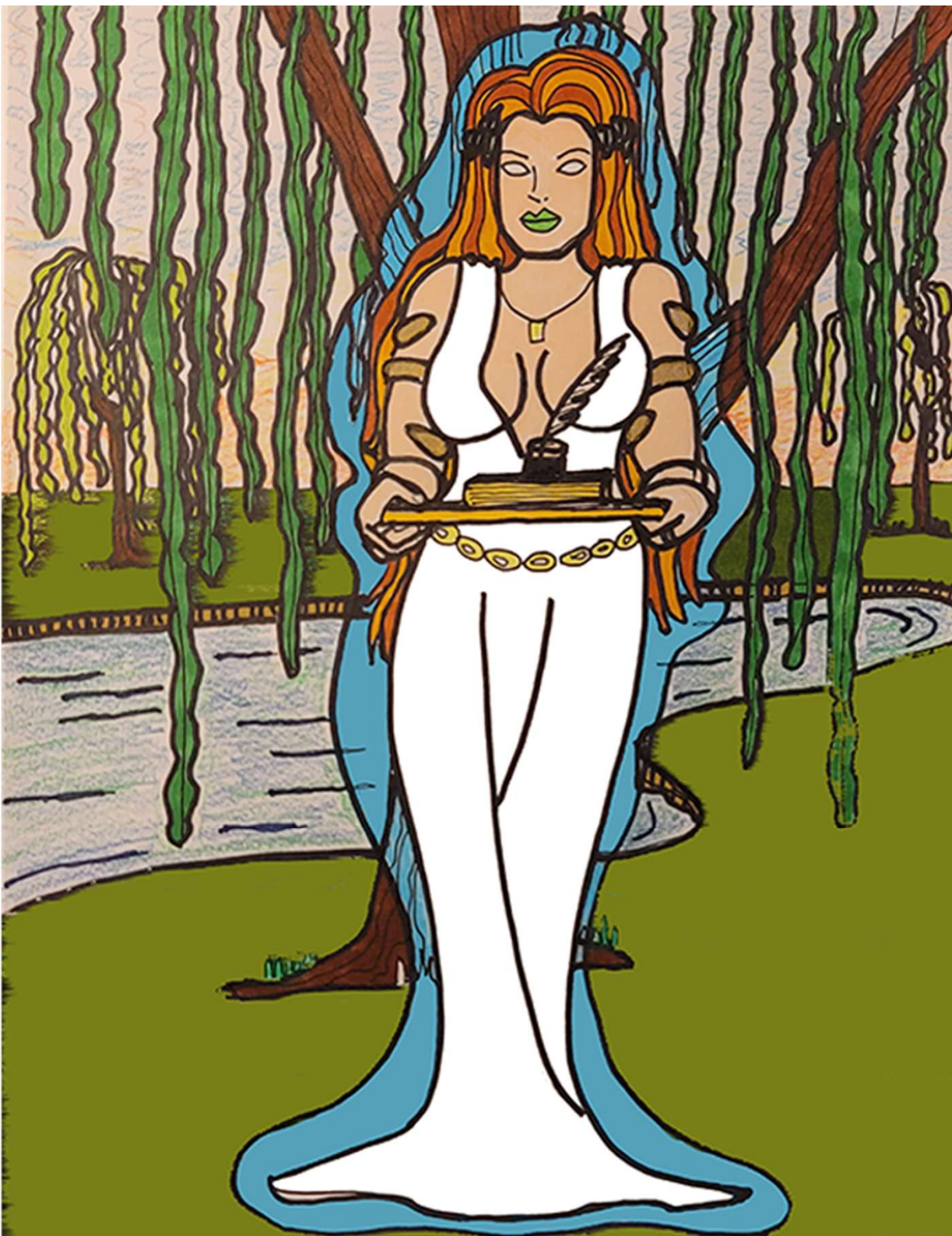
A rose in bloom drawn on a canvas
is a new facsimile.





What you create in life is what you
leave as legacy.

One of My Three Graces.

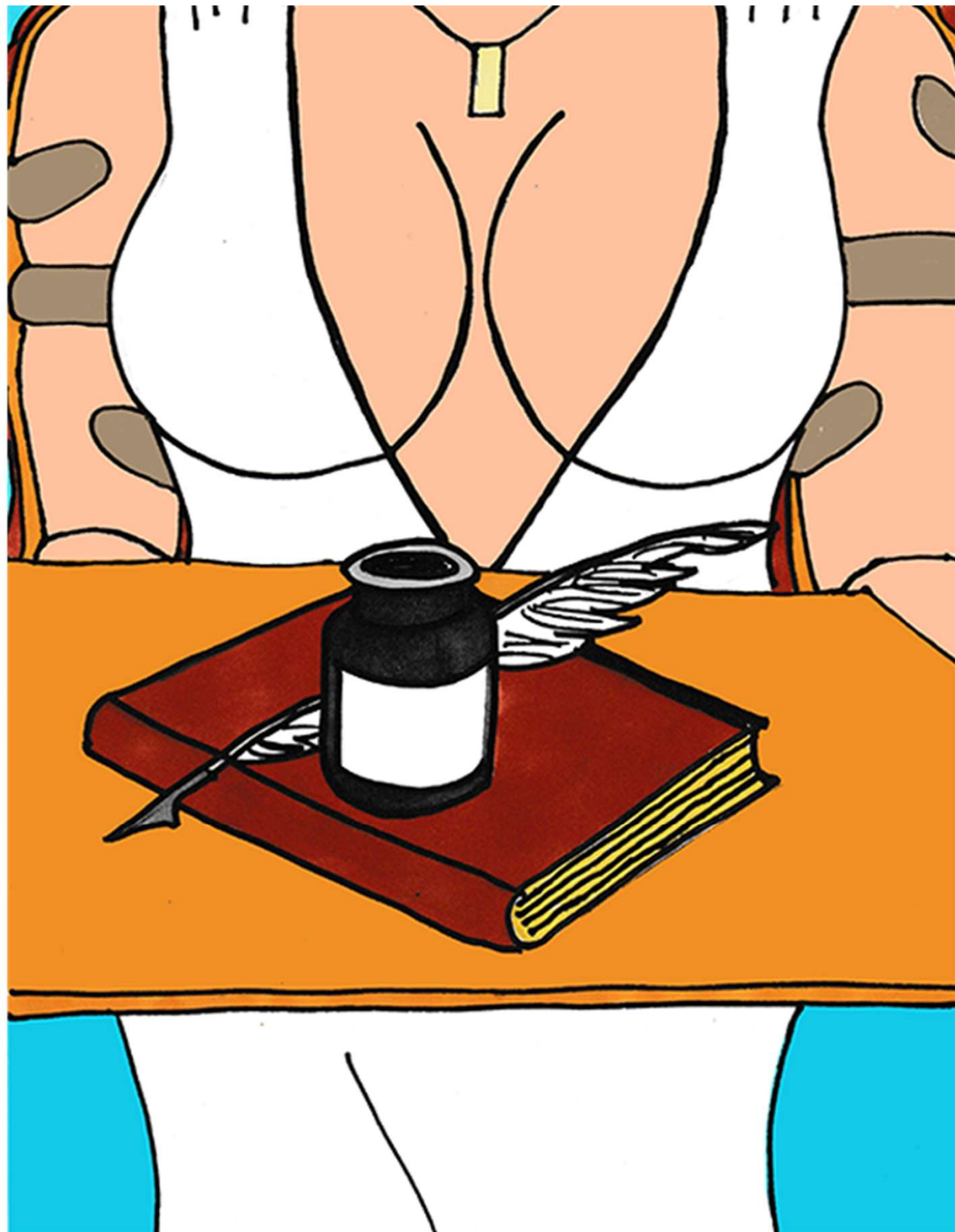


When finally, my beloved Thalia
(poetry) came, she brought the gift of
poetry (verse to me).

My passions found the words to my
hearts desires underneath a weeping
willow tree.

Empty pages and a feather quill spark opportunity.

Need to get the ink on paper to express my curiosities.



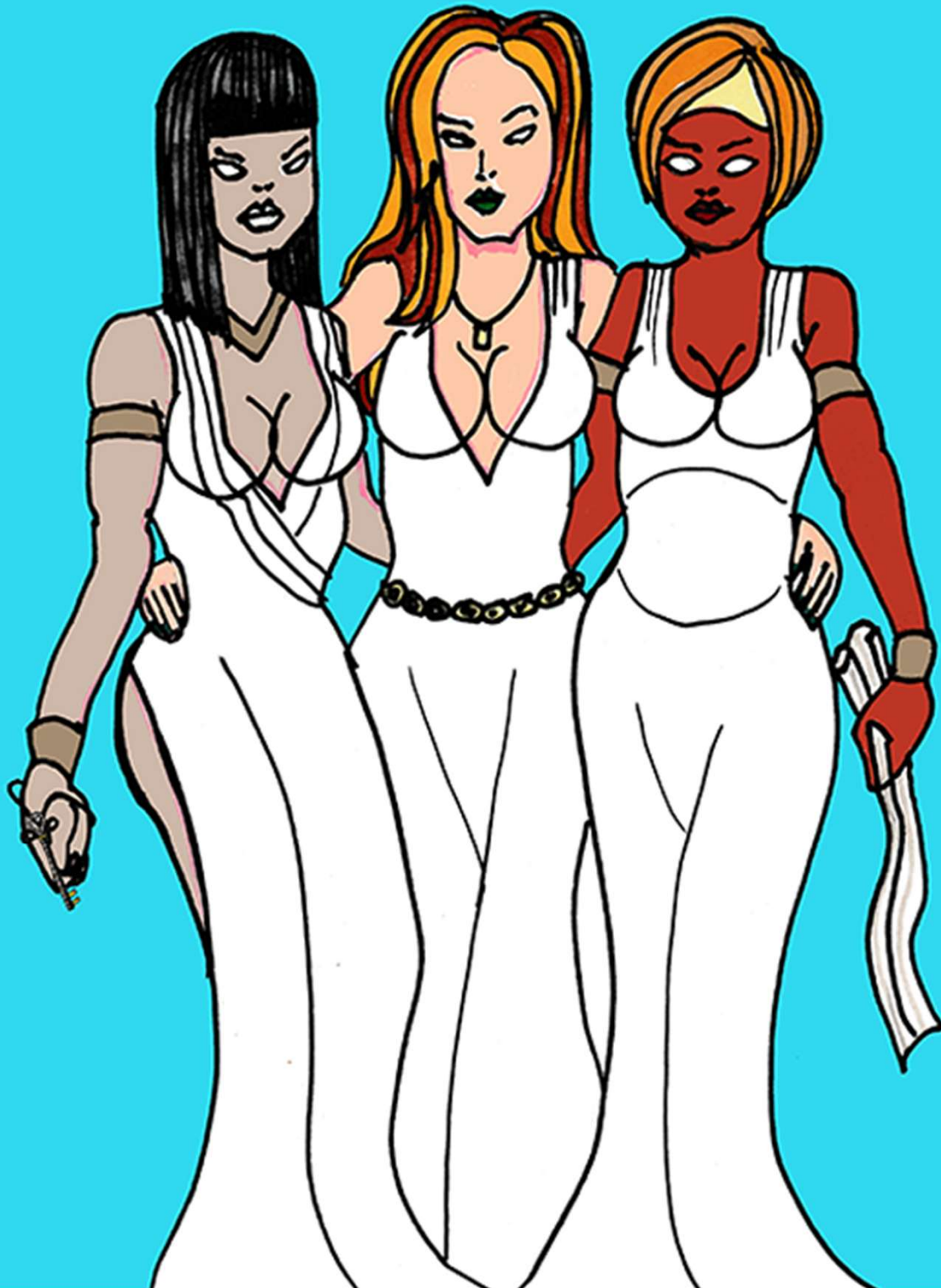


This poem that you're reading now,
kicks off volume three.

One of My Three Graces

I hold them all now tightly grasped
Protecting them like fragile glass.





They hold the dreams I still have for
my future
And the peace I have with my past.

My Three Graces