

## Shiny Silky Silver Sticky Syrup

My Short-Circuited Rejected Shaky Left-Hand, sought Structured Guidance in Former York Township's First Supervisor Eldridge's torn up, rooted, naturally disturbed land.

I found myself standing in the exact same spot Edward Eldridge himself once used to stand.

Feeling goosebumps...

The only connection I found myself left with?

It was with this Great Supervisors long-lost Beautiful Soul; a ghost, who now simply whispered:

*"Please, just call me Edward instead, young man. I see you too cherish and help protect this land with that uniquely gifted Left-Hand."*

His old farmstead from centuries ago, this spot too his dreams had ended years ago..

The Creek, she would overflow...

The City stripped her Idyllic Purpose, channelizing her Natural Winding Majestic flow..

Its citizens' garbage they would later ignorantly and tragically come to throw;  
**(Landfill).**

They tossed me to the Same; Elmhurst: "naturally disturbed location."

In their eyes, nothing-just contamination...

But I can see through the **capped layers**.

Don't they realize some of Supervisor Eldridge's bittersweet sticky sad history I may potentially know?

Tapping Silver Maples upon his former farmstead from long lost forgotten centuries ago?

If you look deep Northwest carefully, some of those long lost old Trees Resiliently still Glow-fueling my soul.

Look even harder:

Edward's Tapping scars on his Glorious Trees still show.

I reached up...

*Tremor* still in Left-Hand,

And *rubbed* the Scar where Edward's very same hand once Tapped a former hole.

The Long-forgotten Sticky Syrup fused that rejected young man's Pen to his Left-Hand;

His once erased INK transformed into **Permanent Shiny Silky Silver Sticky Syrup.**

*"Here young man, my ink hopefully still bears weight."*

*"The Sweetness of my memory will attract them, the Stickiness will forever hold with it any truth inscribed. With the Shiny Ink, Truth Shall Never be Blinded. Finally, the Silky Ink carries weight which will help guide and keep your uniquely gifted Left-Hand eternally smooth."*

And so, with that spiritfule farewell,

His Left-Hand failed to ever again Judder with it as well.

*Inscribed by,*  
Gregory M. Peary