

Come praise us, come, for I am all alone.

The Sacrament.

Love is my soul & I give it
 as a sacrament, battered & torn,
 battered & torn, you & worn.
 Open your heart than in fallen
 than mine, dear, could possibly be,
 open & take, don't discard it,
 the sacrament, given by me.

Don't ask me why, just accept it,
 constantly battered by love,
 battered & challenged by love.
 I am the giver, the giver,
 you are the lover, perhaps.
 But, God, take it now, I implore you,
 take it ere even it can pass.

The Cheese.

A really common heart she had,
 But oh husband!

An unbelievable way of speech
 that I don't see.

A painted mouth & broken shoes