

Then I think of your eyes so tender, dear,  
So tender & oh! so kind.

Then I think how your words could render, dear,  
Solace in this nervous mind.

It's Queen has eyes & charged from a  
Glorious God

To a being less near than a brother

It's Queen what when in humble odd

One next can do to another.

### Why Feel?

It was a dull & gloomy day,

The sky was grey above;

The trees all waysides & mirrored &  
waited

But life was full of love.

It's Queen, had, when the weather  
was,

thus, when the skies are grey

It's people don't feel odd, & yet

Why feel? I don't say.

### Beauty.

Beauty is so poignant

It hurts, oh God! It hurts.

Thus can we bear to sit & stare