1-1-20

And finely-pencilled brows
And a mouth dangerously tender.

IV.

Youth!
Do not ask her age.
She is Youth.
Her mind and personality
Counteract her grey hairs
Which are beautifically silver
Like the clear ring of a small
Shining bell.
The slender curves of her figure,
Her swinging, care-free walk
Make her a goddess in Hell.

V

Wizened, with a face like an
Old rotten apple,
Little black eyes
And rounded back.
Only an apple with a sound heart
Could last so long.