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VI

FA Fantasy X

Ellin, sprite of the woods,
 Driving upon pipe and eave.
 Let the peaceful, blue smoke
 Write enstiasis around
 Your ugly face,
 Smiles as it,
 Laugh as life.
 Oh Ellin, sprite of the woods,
 Twist your legs around under bluehoods
 And wear the beads as little
 Blue hoods.

VII

Four hands!
 So hard, yet soft.
 They seem like smooth pebbles
 In the light of a crystal moon.
 Too true.

VIII

There is this least summer.
 The autumn hair soon will blend
 With the autumned tints of the trees