

We ring & sway
 To fairies' laughter
 And naked, run through leafy bushes.
 We meet the Day
 And win often
 Forget the passing of the hours.

Individuality.

I love the leafy stillness,
 The rushing of the wind,
 The rushing of the river,
 The rushing of the river
 And the turn left riders behind.

I love the lengthy silence
 That speaks in tones forgotten,
 Which none can understand but me
 Which none can even hear but me.
 And the smell of woods all rotten.

I love grey skies above my head
 And moss beneath my feet
 And future being every where
 And future breathing every where
 Oh life it is complete