

And finely-pencilled brows
 And a mouth dangerously tender.

IV.

Forth!

Do not ask her age.

She is forth.

Her mind and personality

Counteract her grey hairs

Which are beautifully silver

Like the clear rings of a small

Shining beech.

The slender curves of her figure,

Then swinging, care-free walk

Make her a goddess in Hell.

V

Winged, 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.