

Turns into strife.

Projections grow inside my breast  
 & tho' I oil down fully dressed  
 my mind is still unclad.  
 I have gone mad.

The muse has left me so they say.  
 To come & join another day.  
 Perhaps this may be so.  
 I do not know.

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Was some a song, a happy song  
 when through the autumn woods we walked that  
 day.

It was a misty day, soft & hazy  
 as tho' the trees were draped in fleecy chiffon.  
 Then I would stop, & halting in my song,  
 weaver toadstools pink, afraid & naked.  
 Then on wild go & quid say "Fool this morn,  
 the soft & thick it is. For years it must have

grown here."

And I would look at you & find no words  
 & stumble on too treacherous for speaking.  
 Ifus there's another toadstool, Strawberry red  
 with just a ~~thin~~ <sup>tiny</sup> quiver of it shivering.

So down upon your head & knees you went