

I knew not living till you came

~~with crackling eyes~~ You realized the world was fair  
That evocesses were like a flame.

I knew not living till you came

You knew the maple of your name  
Your sparkling eyes & shining hair.

I knew not living till you came

You realized the world was fair

Stank & strong the mosses wood & grass

Delving your Spring wily woods

~~It is not lovely like the~~

Her with strong <sup>hands</sup> with winds, temperance & sense

Stank & the strong the mosses wood grass

It is not lovely like the nose

~~That blossom volume in the time~~

That blossoms lovely through the woods.

Stank & strong the mosses wood grass

Delving your Spring wily woods.