Someday = Queen Ar'g
the fumes... in sad, from the frozen slips... such sights... in her word, from the strawberry lips.
gone from them, laughter and the warm heart of day.
Daffi... the sat in her golden dress... surrounded the keys of the harp; shed there... and a flower from your face has swooned away.
the peacock in the garden parade their tails... the Sunna's chatter.
in incessant and stale.
The fnagulating jester is tricked out in red, yet nothing she seeks for and she does not smile... but follow a dragonfly. That flies the while as vague in the air as in her dream. Lost, heard.

Does a piece from China in gokoro of roach send the things of one stopping from his silver coach, bewildered by her beauty in the sky soft blue.
To court her with islands of fragrant roses. Shower bright diamonds an
Sonatina

III

Anon. Drig

Saying drifves, or fond owethers
of peavels o'er, out of Dong.?

Ah, the poor finnies, whith that mouth
of rosea thines y butterfly and swallow
out. suprones, how many whist wings
she would sow upp under the breath
ladders breath. Down. Down from
the smooth day. Whith him she
would meet the four songs of may,
and be one with the wind in the
Ocean Thunder.
Litless in the palace spring in the springy weeks, in the magician's savon and jutel not a thief.
The brightl harder length down from west, come the Dakhia for the first in count. From east the sad
panmiers, south roses of thong. From north the waterkillies weeping from noon.
Her blue eyes see nothing but sad mind into gold she set an beset by Tithle days are joined out from a heavy
flagon, has Tilly they watch, wond
Over paler moors, steple, with the greyhound, and a coloured dragoons.
Oh, to find freshness of the butterfly's veil [the finnes is sad. the finness.
in yale] be silent with the hallows more brilliant than til dawn, is a
hundred fold.
Be patient my finnes, the hore has
wings for you he is coming, the
tame godmother reign. With a
Swow in the belt, he has a hawe
above, and a kiss to ignite you. To vanquish death, never has he seen you, but joyous the breath from the friend who awakens you. You will behin love!

Owen Davis

Feb. 1817