I'm dizzy with these woods, amazed to praising at this symphony rehearsed how many springs have gone? compound of careless colors rioted in wind-tune and a dissonance of sun on mapledown here-there crashed pianissimo through crystal-green wet waves andante-rising crashing down to blue-winged flutes who catch the cue and burst upon the pond in key with two small boys whose shrill's oblivious too.

On all this askless skill there rides a questioning: how can the singer know the song or I yet sing?