Keven
6·12·74

The Rainbow

1. I saw the lovely arch
Of Rainbow span the sky,
The gold sun burning
As the rain swept by.

In bright-ringed solitude
The showery foliage shone
One lovely moment,
And the Bow was gone.

b, w, k a line of each.

Sweet Peas

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Here are sweet-peas, on ~~the~~ tiptoe, for a flight: With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white, And taper fingers catching at all things, To bind them all about with tiny rings.

all wrongly done.

b b b b b b b b b b b b b b b b b b b b b b b b b b b

w w w w w w w w w w w w w w w w w w w w w w w w w w w w

k k k k k k k k k k k k k k k k k k k k k k k k

Too big

Again b

w

k