



Vague wish of mine for ought that may unite  
The beautiful and good, when I might see  
~~Charm~~ Bared charms drain no but a beautiful glee  
But sweet as incense from a sense bright.  
~~Ought~~ had showed he'll born, joy, all heavenly Born's  
self e'er |\*chant|, e'er used unexpressed light  
Encompassed are forever un Ununderstood and flaming  
joyously  
As thus bring sun, and yet that well might be  
To my sad soul as is the moon to night.  
Whether in dewy morn or odorous eve  
It seems to near a shaping; but at morn  
Goes in the heated rush of manhood hale -  
At night return and lingers while I groan  
And when through wooding forests makes the morn,  
Sweet honey glooms and pining shadows pale.

Charles Robert Anon.

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## DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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