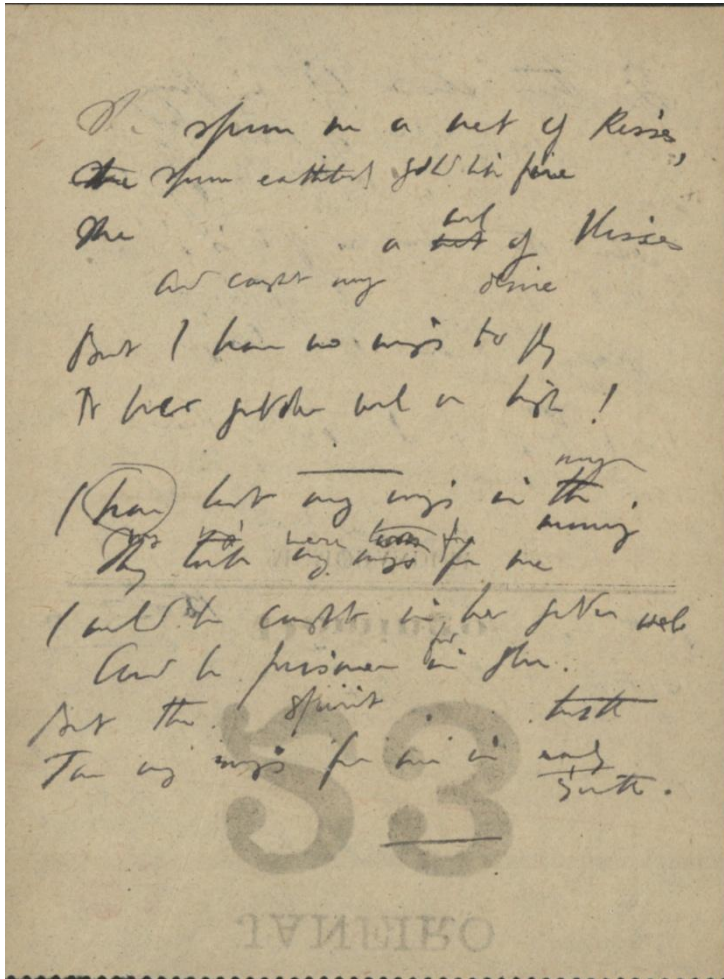


In thou whose life is flying
And whose place of soul is the air
Thine life is a drunkenness and agony
When thou shallow of /are\ longings or lone
Oh the hour at the liberty
To make one no longer free!

As I |part| /yearn\ for her not of blisses
And I dream one seizes again
And each time {...} misses
I sunk in a |newer| pain.

15-5-10

The thing my {...} life should be so
To have but freedom into /in the\ woe|



The spun on a net of kisses,
The spun † gold like fire
The {...} a ~~net~~ net of blisses
And caught my {...} desire
But I have no wings to fly
To † golden curl on high!

I |have| but my wings in the /my\ waning
Thy taste my wings for /My wings were tears for\ me
I could be caught in her golden †
And be prisoner in /for\ glee.
Bu the spirit {...} trust
'Twas my wings for me in |early| youth.

DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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