



## **Locked Out As told to a child**

When we locked up the house at night,  
We always locked the flowers outside  
And cut them off from window light.  
The time I dreamed the door was tried  
And brushed with buttons upon sleeves,  
The flowers were out there with the thieves.  
Yet nobody molested them!  
We did find one nasturtium  
Upon the steps with bitten stem.  
I may have been to blame for that:  
I always thought it must have been  
Some flower I played with as I sat  
At dusk to watch the moon down early.



## **Прощальное слово Лазурной Птицы Как это было рассказано ребёнку**

Вышел я, а мне Ворона  
громко крикнула с кола,  
вроде дьякона с амвона:  
"Эй! Здорово. Как дела?  
Благодарна буду, если  
передашь, увидев Лесли,  
извиненье неспроста -