

why

do the
fingers

of the lit
tle once beau
tiful la

dy(sitting sew
ing at an o
pen window this
fine morning)fly

instead of dancing
are they possibly
afraid that life is
running away from
them(i wonder)or

isn't she a
ware that life(who
never grows old)
is always beau

tiful and
that nobod
y beauti

ful ev
er hur

ries