

every one of the red roses opened
 (each in wholly her own amazing way
 just as nobody else could ever have happened)"
 up light spirits of mr and mrs dey

"well you know you said it was for a lady's"
 michael's eyebrows "birthday" climbing "so"
 (up light mrs and mr dey their bodies)
 "naturally we're glad for her and you"

naturally(i sing to myself)imagine
 that;imagine generous,gay,alive,
 human:imag(and past their flowers a pigeon
 swoops alighting on chaos of 10th)ine brave

"she's" proudly "so"(rose adds)"beautiful" and
 dante(too)knew why the stars go round