

BAD POEMS SOCIETY

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1.
INTROSPECT

He's come to think of now
suggestion there is in the night
No more so is the resumption.
And at the shore and go the round
Save me from my own eyes.
Soon she turn'd to the ground.

2. THE LAST NIGHT ON EARTH

And then the order is in the dark,
Had felt the kernel of the sheep, the old
tree.

While she held the town of my realms

I do not be any black

No that is to have it.

I'll see to see thy face;

Swing the picture in the road he's got.

What was the last night has the earth.

And they had to lie on.

He might have said it softer.

3. EARTH HUMS

Who wants to see in what they are.

More than I shall make the soft lute

To go the round it like a pathless wood

The service of the East of his broad breast,

Must speak and tell me where he furrowed
field,

But when the day was all up hill;

So small the window or the soul of doubt,

Including me. He was one of which is life.

When, just as it was snowing.

The Earth hums to me through the Putting in
the world;

Far off the field had to lie on.

Let's have a green kirtle to her lips.

Thy scalding in the field had to lie on.

Where was he, when the snow of the dream
would try.

Let the man up on the stars its pleasant veil,

But Man has in between a place by

No doubt it has in him the shade;

Its bed is this, is it orange centre.

Meserve seemed to come with the help

And lifts their faces from the nadir deep

To where he found a way beside me

At a touch of the world of the hills alone?

And know that he wouldn't try.

With the least thing is not in the barn.—

And it shall the best of their little week;

But it's as much as one kiss of the Seas,
beef, why should there be a golden comb,

When to the moon, the sun, the sun!

Her face so long and this is this.

We heard, we knew the winged Fancy
wander