

Maya Marshal

Text with the 7th predicted word at the end

One must have a mind of are
To regard the frost and the conditions
Of the pine trees crusted with witch,
And have been cold a long to
To behold the junipers shagged with they
The spruces rough in the distant her
Of the January sun; and not to to
Of any misery in the sound of the the
In the sound of a few the
Which is the sound of the It
Full of the same I
That is blowing in the same bare create.
For the listener, who listens in the there
And, nothing himself, his
Nothing that is not there and the nothing that life