

*The unforeseen prescription on glittered manners on their way to picture-perfect cars.
Come this way to work on the house, before saying good-night, and whispering good-day.
Open this door- open this heart, open this joyful inspection of the loneliest spark – come with the
riddle which tickles me there, and where are you now?*

Mode, custom, volume- gives and takes

Color, brightness, sharpness – comes and breaks

Curiosity may follow your hardened way, may limp your pride, may seize the day

The hair be cluttered, the mouth a thorn, the hour lost, and a baby born.

Effortless stripes you wore – zebra.

What does one with that striking sense of nobility?

Hair not short enough to grasp (not grab) briefly between the little finger and the ring.