

Figure 2: Three Stanzas Concorded at "Twilight"

That the snow blind the **Twilight** locks no longer
When once the **Twilight** screws were turned,
ferries over the lakes

And floating fields from **Twilight** worm of my finger
And mother milk **Twilight** the stiff as sand,
the farm in the cup of the vales,

Gliding **Twilight** windless through **Twilight** to light;
I sent my own **Twilight** hand folded flakes,
that speed about my feet

The pale breath of cattle **Twilight** he fell asleep
By **Twilight** trick or chance **Twilight** at the stealthy sail,
of **Twilight** **Twilight** **Twilight**