

Poetry Jumble

absence Because could for I not stop
and and have pigs wings
brown by From have hills into spring those
conspicuous Quoth raven the
for from He kindly stopped
and blooming drooping in its perennial star the west
Faithful indeed is its remembers that the
dare fire hand main the the What
cheering crowds men missing nor public
And boiling hot is square the why
aspire dare he On the what
cloud free my not O soul surrounding that tributaries will
and calls exciting geese harsh like to what wild you
imagination offers the to What world your
bade duty fight law me nor what's
balm Gilead implore in is is me me tell tell there there what's

afternoon brought had show the to wealth What
and Double eyes gray his into Leaned over
Death everything in of the valley
constant edges exposure of standing the upon
day's every final I level love of the thee
by Friday in slow stone stone structures To
be'st born happened If sights strange thou
and but gazed gazed I late thought
an Built in mad My night the wind's work
comes me night o'er shudder
fringed from head leaf night No the
a league onward Over
A knell mine that to
at For of shoreline the those treble us who
envy's keep Or stinging to What
can My of out reach sight soul when Your