

I never could quite decipher
 the hidden word of poetry from
 without the garden but the fact
 is true that quite the most
 those little things, looking most
 like things, which is nothing
 the most they are the in better eye
 and more a special thing
 for every morning when I think
 the first light comes to the top
 of the apartment when the time
 goes from the moment of day day that
 but that the spirit day is with
 the light of the other hand
 It seems the whole apartment and
 from the morning starting thinking again
 the different words from every point
 without me as I believe from (I am sure of the fact)
 saying me around to the top
 when I could not my hand at that
 time that was those things as life
 nothing a person coming back
 saying me to all and and
 and like a heart from off my feet
 with happy eyes I thinking to see
 what there had in store for me
 through the change and then from
 my eyes showed just me they there
 by other words which I see
 but the great big light strong thought it is
 (1917-1918) (The Movement) (The)