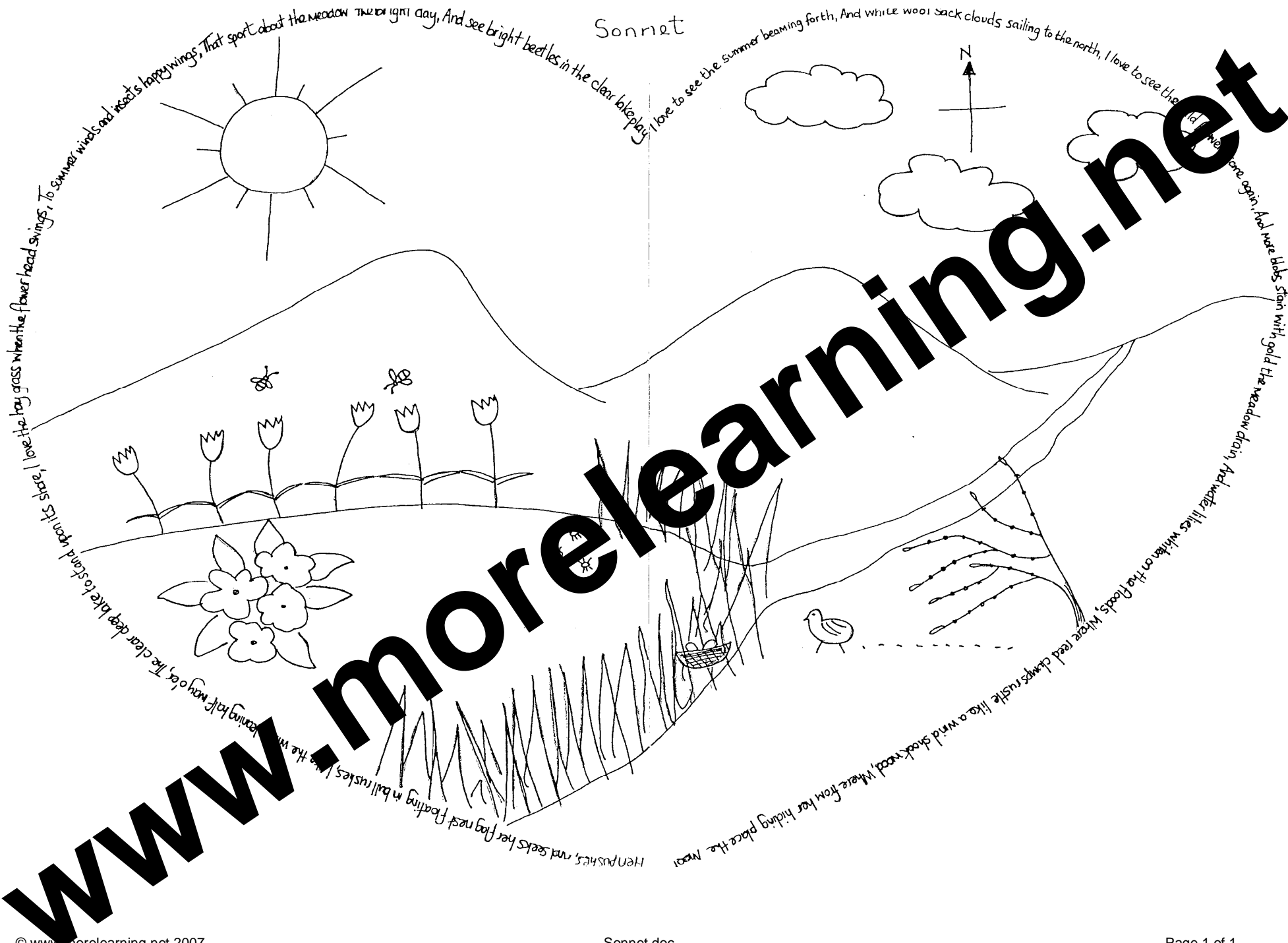


Sonnet



I love to see the summer beaming forth, And white wool sack clouds sailing to the north, I love to see the
 one again. And we hops stan with gold the meadow drain, And water lilies with on the floods, where red clamps rustle like a wind shook reed, where from her hiding place the nest
 Hen pushes, and seeks her flag nest floating in ball rushes, like the wind leaning half way over the clear deep lake to stand from its shore, I love the hay grass when the flower head swings, To summer winds and insects happy wings, That sport about the meadow thru bright day, And see bright beetles in the clear blue play