

Pity Dora ! Only one

Daisy

Did she find. The sulking sun

Slept still.

Dora stamped her foot. Aurora

Lazy

Stirred not. Hush ! A footstep. Dora

Kept still.

What a dreadful monster ! Shoot !

Mercy !

('Twas a man). Suppose the brute

Ate her ?

By-and-by the ruffian grows

'Percy.'

And she loves him now she knows

Better.

ALEISTER CROWLEY