

March what

Green was the growth of the Heidelberg tunnel
From the disaster of Matthew Shabbeem
But she had deep wounds made to shot in her funnel
As if she aimed to be sovereign Queen

Fenny my work, the back gate disregarding
Folly may drown with imprudent joy
But never the sampling ^{of} the ^{mag} ^{peaks} ^{of}
Boards create to protect & destroy.

Flurry's my Xmas, my Si name is ^{kindred} ^{rumford}
Swift from the surf to the center J. fly
But sea from the stile the Red Robin triumphant
Breaks the blue lanes of the conquering sky

Down then I drop in a more disappearing
Spill for popperian unvaried my tone
See drops of pity & memory cold
While the Rider rides riding alone!
Shatters them all, while I'm only alone.

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