

I had a friend.
(Ah, me, how heavy sounds that "had.")
He came into my life ~~and~~ ^{made it} ~~filled~~ ^{filled} the broken one.

Stopped me on my way to desk
to tell of a mistake - the leaving
his 3rd girl named it the way
again. A story is spoiled
if it is not told in harmony
with something.

Her face showed the conflict: It
reminded me of some strong oak
which faces a storm. The crevices of
the bark are filled with snow which
outline vividly all its rugged
strength. So her face sorrow, horror
indignation filled the lines. &
curves of her countenance developing
every particle of its strength.