

Across the placid deep and
smile-flouring steams of
unlife with profane hands
the ~~the~~ rocks of conventionalities
customs, fashions maddly
come had been piled, she
sought to escape beneath
ground under out slow
the pile grew and ~~in~~ nature
confined by bounds she
hated heaped up at
nature and strove to melt
on the and past the obstructions
But she was determined,
"on - on" cry to the
sea" she cried within
herself and as she could
not go. ~~Some~~ men said
she never but so living
with accumulated power
the mills of daily life but
she struggling foaming,
striving knew that all
nature meant you her
the quiet rocks of shade and
peace she should have made
the cool pools she stored
dark, furnished water to
the thirsty birds who should
have drunk at her earlier
were denied and she to
artificial use was used
who should have our dear
nature's sweetest child