

?

by Lionel E. Deimel

**W**hile I was walking down the road

I met a maiden fair,  
With eyes cast down and visage drear,  
And tattered ribbons in her hair.

"What ho, fair lass, is life amiss?  
"What hath befallen thee?"  
"Methinks I must not tell, good sir.  
"Forsooth, I am undone," said she.

*"For I am sure undone," said she.*

She hurried past but said no more,  
So I my trip resumed;

*But yet, something made me  
look behind,*

*presumed  
assumed  
doomed*

*And think ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> maiden  
might be doomed.*

*Consumed*

*And so I followed her along*

*booked  
subsumed*

*The road*

*flame  
boom*

*I turned <sup>about</sup> and followed <sup>her</sup> her*

*roomed*

*Thought at <sup>some</sup> ways removed*

*entombed*

*zorned*