

Sweet Wraith,  
Invisible mist of...  
I am—  
My Soul—  
Wraith lovesick overlong  
Overlong alone:  
Who would think another  
sweet soul meet?  
Long have I  
advised thee ill  
as to where to souls  
might meet.  
My souls, my souls  
My soles, my soles  
Go there  
sweet soul;  
Be kissed.  
Mmmmmmmmmmm!