

[ca. 1885 Feb 14]



Love - I cannot tell how much  
The way I love you beats the Dutch.  
I cannot sit, or lie, or stand  
So much I wish for that dear hand  
Although 'tis winter I perspire  
My veins are filled with hidden fire  
I've grown so lean, my clothes hang loose  
My feet bones rattle in my shoes  
Methinks I must resemble most  
Some scarecrow dank, or dismal ghost  
I've, eaten nothing for a week  
My tongue in vain attempts to speak  
And all for you, angelic maid