

In pure white robes Gabriel of to be
 present by men, thou (angel) bringst with thee
 a garden, like Mahomet's paradise, and thou
 all spirits walk in white we easily know
 by sight, these angels from an evil spirit
 they set our hearts but, these our flesh spirit
 thyne my winding hands, a lot thou go
 between, before, about, behind, below,
 of my America, my new found land
 My Christ, safe, when thou man maid,
 My mind with patience found, my Empire
 how best am I in this difficulty
 to enter in these lands, it to be found
 Thou who my land is set my salt salt
 sweet naked all eyes and dead to thee
 as souls embodied, body bodied created must be
 to taste these eyes, found with you women of
 and like a blanch ball in mouth, words
 that when a fools eye light on a four
 eye partly soul may not be tired with thee
 like picture or like book, gays rowing mad
 for laymen, and all women thou arrayed
 compass and invisible book with only word
 (when thou my pure regard will be if ye)
 must see, to be able! thou see, that I may know
 not by force, as to a Mydisian few
 thy self, last, all; you these white hymen thou
 thou is no remnant for pure Amour.
 to care you of are naked naked first, why thou
 what words can you, more binding than a man.

Go: Down.

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