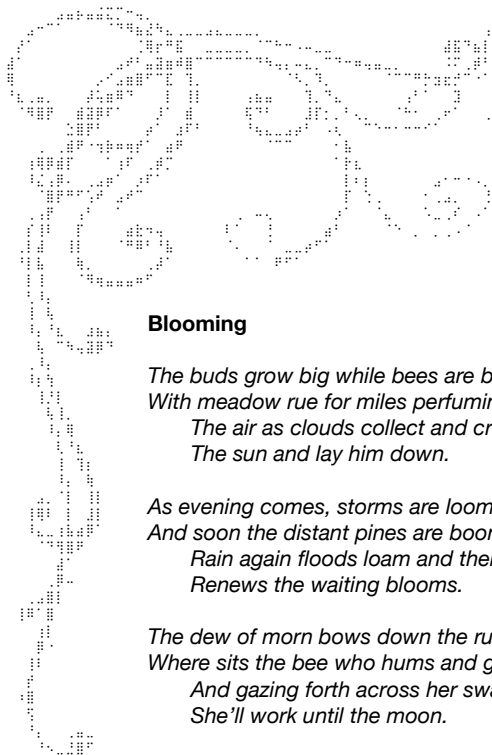




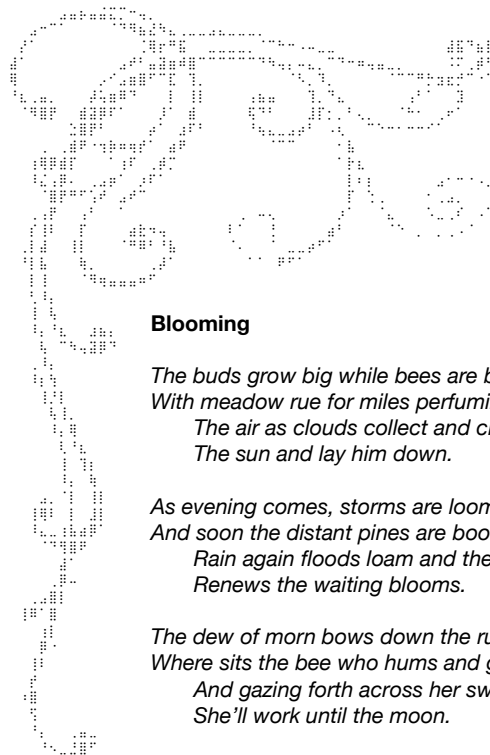
Blooming

*The buds grow big while bees are booming,
With meadow rue for miles perfuming
The air as clouds collect and crowd
The sun and lay him down.*

*As evening comes, storms are looming,
And soon the distant pines are booming;
Rain again floods loam and then
Renews the waiting blooms.*

*The dew of morn bows down the rue,
Where sits the bee who hums and grooms.
And gazing forth across her swarth,
She'll work until the moon.*

JaradBushnellPoetry.com



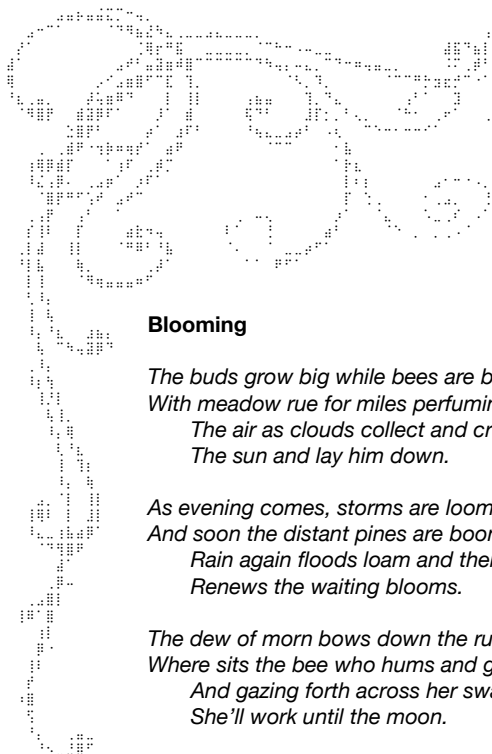
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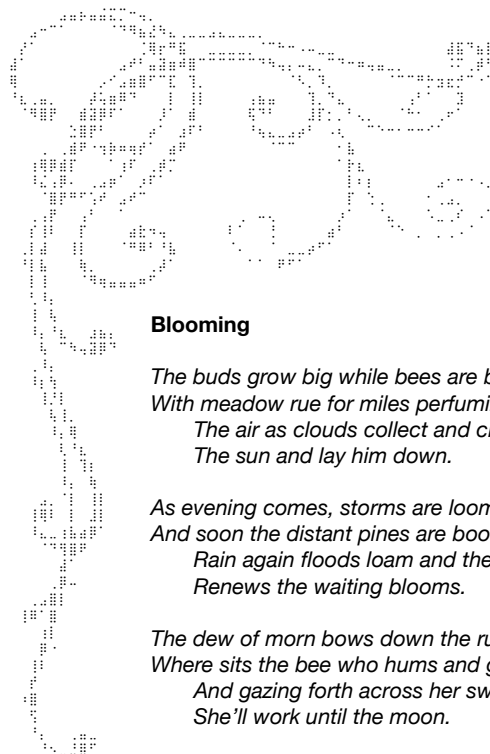
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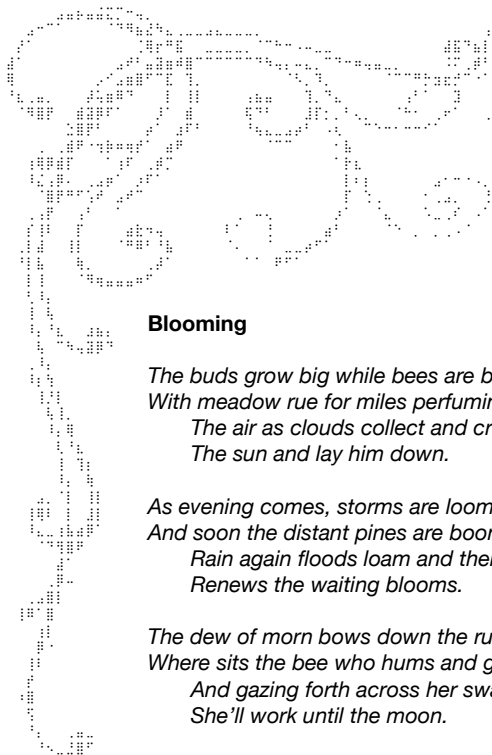
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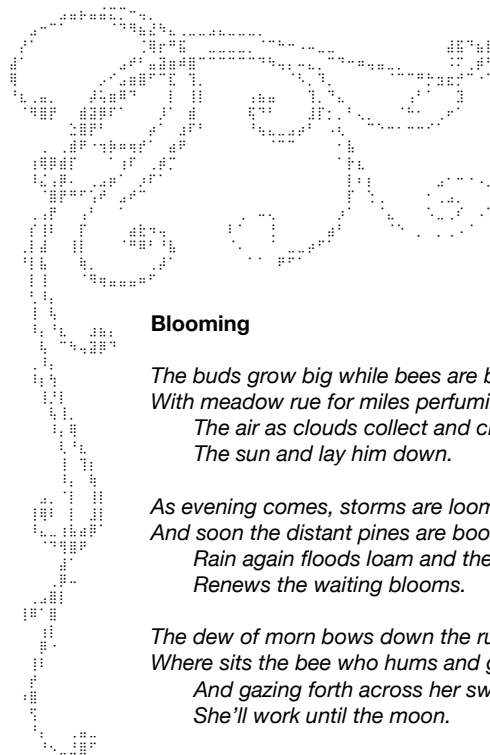
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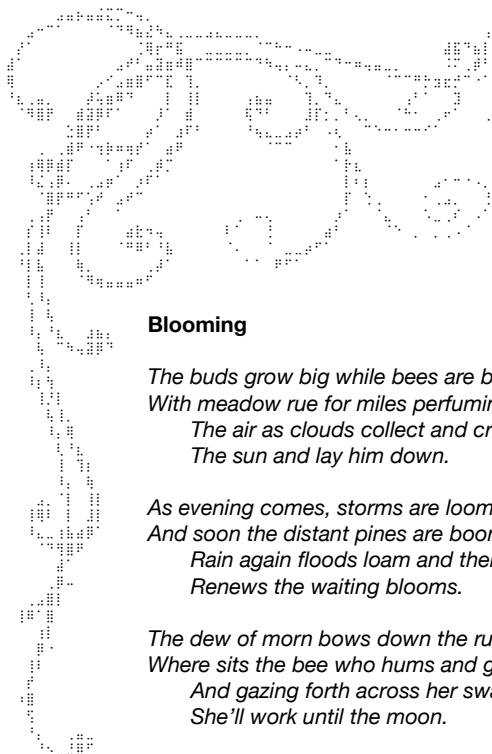
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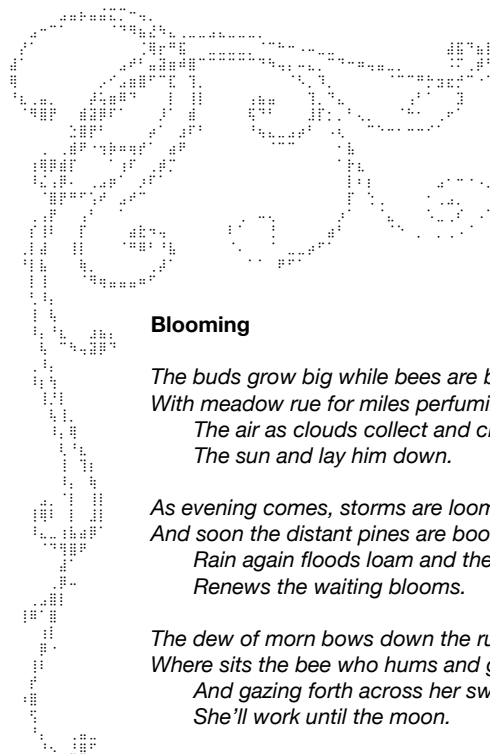
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