1. The children were roses grown in concrete gardens, beautiful and forlorn.
2. Still sits the school-house by the road, a ragged beggar sunning
3. See the sun, far off, a shrivelled orange in a sky gone black;
4. Life: a lighted window and a closed door.
5. Blind fools of fate and slaves of circumstance, / Life is a fiddler, and we all must dance.
6. He cast a net of words in garish colours wrought to catch the idle buzzers of the day
7. A sweetness seems to last amid the dregs of past sorrows.