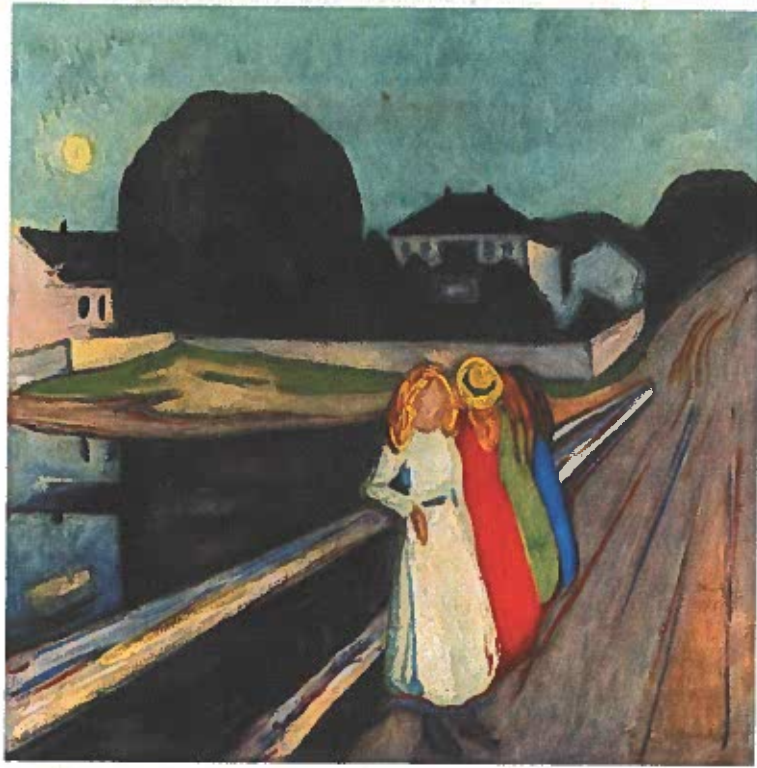


Edward Munch



Four subtle girls on the bridge
Guard you what's destined to be?
Prepared are you then for the meal?

Know you the danger is self,
That a woman must feminine be
Though her cast is as molded by man,
That your love is dependent of men
Who fail when beguiled by your caresses?
In sensed is too little your waste?

Love holds its sunrise aloft,
But passions advance in the moon
While the nightingale hides in the tree.
Oh, mirror of dreams that embark
Hold the bridge.