

Ikhoor's own topos of nature untrammelled her
thralled complacence.

Ikhoor cants
vaunts her vanity verging unto shades
of release she
precincts.

Ikhoor estranges herself, briefly

this moment sleeps unto her thoughts
this moment seeps unto her thoughts

releasing her from Her vanity.

Ikhoor is jingoistic unto herself;
her representational concupiscence in thralls
this pond.

Her head tilts down to observe
this meretricious flower that's fallen unto the pond.

She grows to Be in thralled by

this

flower

(so much so that she leans over to get a better glance).

But she traduces us'

wes' thought

shes' compromised

hers' self for the flower

But she tilts

lilts

silts and leans

(means) only to

lance

her reflection in the

pond.

TUM