

Fernando Pessoa/Alberto Caeiro

The Keeper of Flocks IX

I'm a keeper of flocks
The flock is my thoughts
And my thoughts
are all sensations
I think with my eyes and
with my ears And with my
hands and feet And with
my nose and mouth Think
about a flower is seeing
and smelling it And eating
a piece of fruit is knowing
its meaning That's why.
When on a hot day I feel
Sad from liking I t so,
Much And I throw my
self lengthwise on
the grass And I
shut my hot eyes

GRASS GRASS GRASS And I feel my GRASS GRASS GRASS
GRASS GRASS GRASS whole body GRASS GRASS GRASS
GRASS GRASS GRASS lying on reality GRASS GRASS GRASS
GRASS GRASS GRASS And I know GRASS GRASS GRASS
GRASS GRASS GRASS The truth and GRASS GRASS GRASS
GRASS GRASS GRASS I'm happy. GRASS GRASS GRASS
GRASS GRASS GRASS Lets be simple GRASS GRASS GRASS
GRASS GRASS GRASS and calm GRASS GRASS GRASS
GRASS GRASS GRASS smile brook GRASS GRASS GRASS
GRASS GRASS GRASS sk and trees GRASS GRASS GRASS
GRASS GRASS GRASS And good work GRASS GRASS GRASS
GRASS GRASS GRASS will love us GRASS GRASS GRASS
GRASS GRASS GRASS By making GRASS GRASS GRASS
GRASS GRASS GRASS beautiful GRASS GRASS GRASS
GRASS GRASS GRASS things like GRASS GRASS GRASS
GRASS GRASS GRASS the trees GRASS GRASS GRASS
GRASS GRASS GRASS and books GRASS GRASS GRASS
GRASS GRASS GRASS for us. And GRASS GRASS GRASS
GRASS GRASS GRASS Giving us green GRASS GRASS GRASS
GRASS GRASS GRASS grasses in the spring GRASS GRASS GRASS

