[□□] □□ □□□□□

□□□□□□□□□
□□□□□□□
□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□
□□□□□□□□□

□□□□□□□□
□□□□□□□
□□□□□□□□
□□□□□□□□□

□□□□□□□□□□
□□□□□□□□□□
□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□
□□□□□□□

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
And the nursling of the Sky;
I pass through the pores of the oceans and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when with never a stain
The pavilion of Heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air.
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of the rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.