

## 7 Daughters

Q and Not U

A fume of smoke, a perfumed rain  
A strong bull pulls a strong till  
A fume of smoke, a fume  
I cannot digest what I ingest in jest. what doth I protest?  
Lungs in throat, rigged with wire and hay  
A jewel from rote, shines strong as binds  
Our jewel from rote, a jewel  
Tied with wire hay, pressed in rock and clay. 'til their not they  
Cartoon of self, rich in yes and no, no, yes, and no, no  
A strong bull tills the strong soil  
Amused of self, amused  
First born will be eve and second shed Rebecca and third bred Keturah  
Fourth birthed is Sarah, fifth fifth fifth will be Judith, sixth sixth left us basemith, seventh seventh truthful Ruth, and eighth, oh, it's my turn