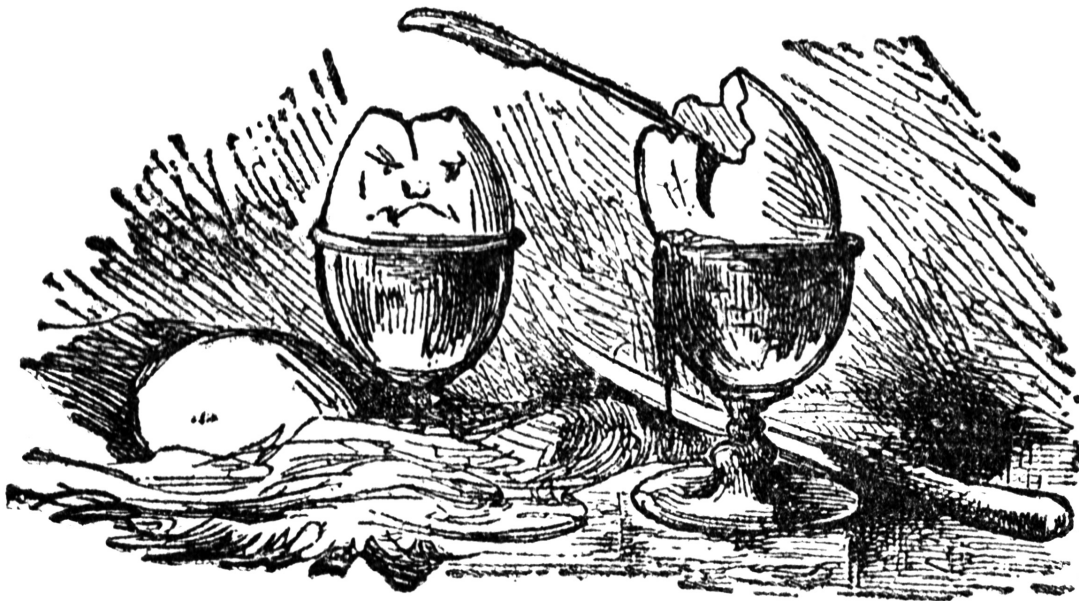


An Egg



In marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk,
Within a fountain crystal clear,
A golden apple doth appear,
No doors there are to this stronghold,
Yet things break in and steal the gold.

