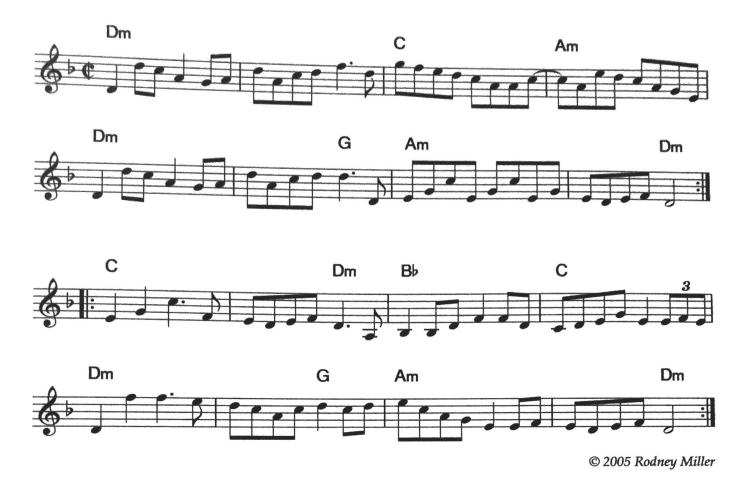
Broken Heart



"The wind is tossing the lilacs, The new leaves laugh in the sun, And the petals fall on the orchard wall, But for me the spring is done.

> Beneath the apple blossoms I go a wintry way, For love that smiled in April Is false to me in May."

> > - Sara Teasdale, May