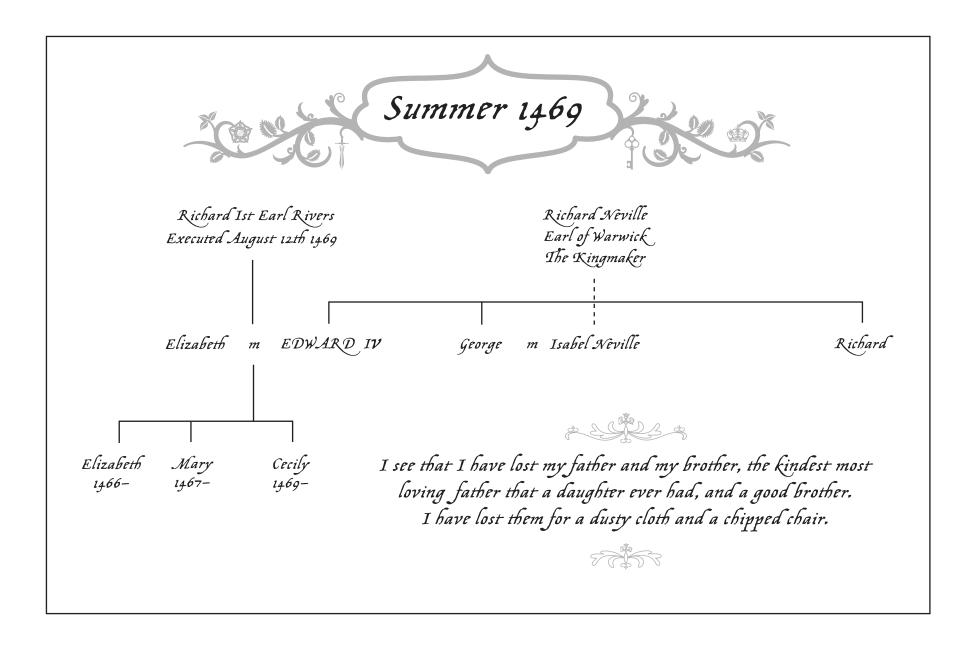
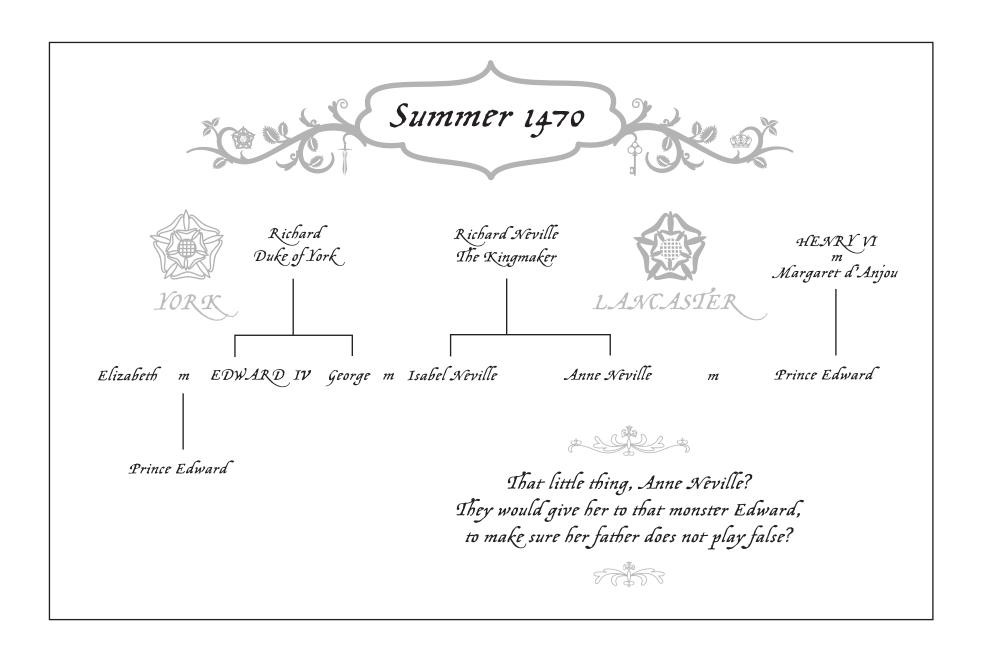


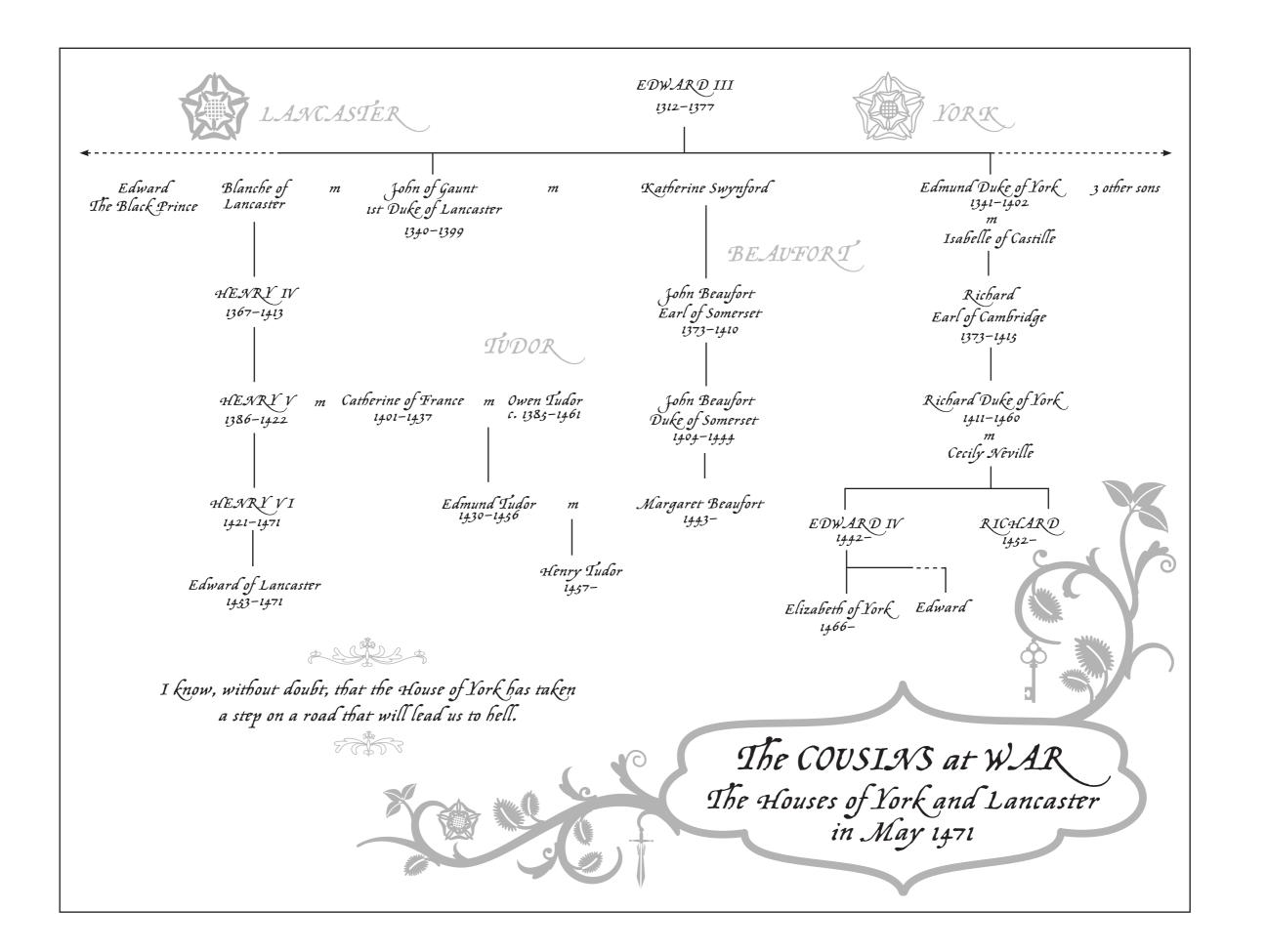


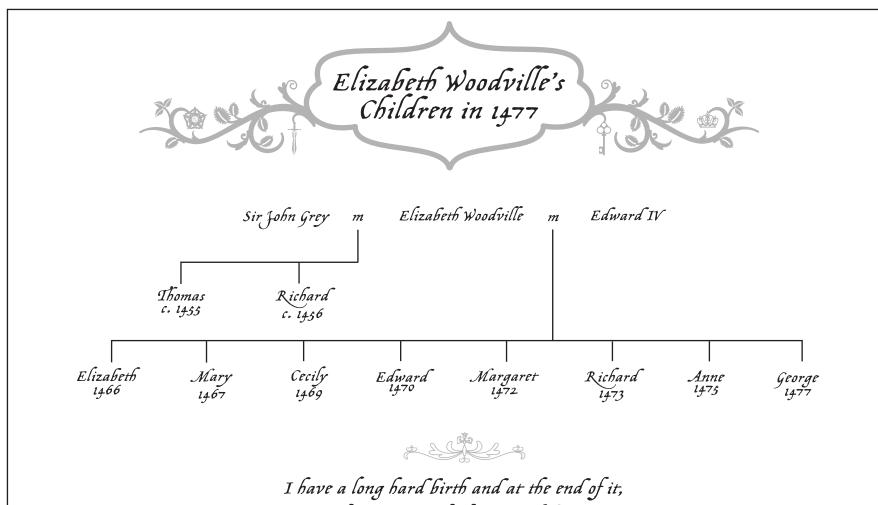
From my pocket I take the ring that I have drawn so slowly and so patiently from the water, the ring shaped like the crown of England that came with watery magic to bring me my heart's desire ...





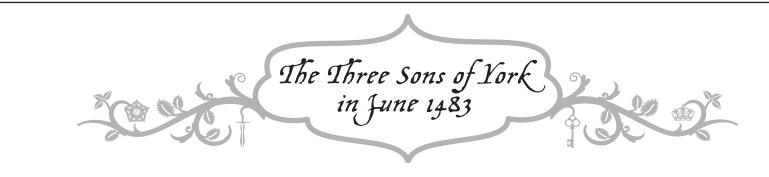


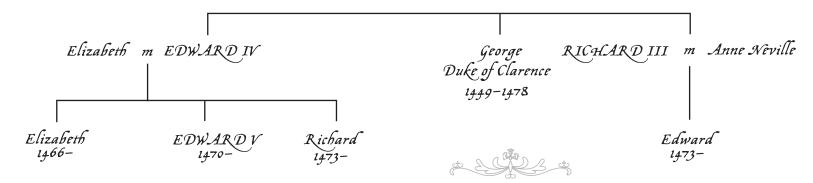




the treasure which is a York boy.







I speak of him as if he is dead,
for I have little doubt that since he is not
crowned today, he will be killed in secret.

Dear God, when I think of the nape of the neck
of my boy and I think of the headsman's axe,
I feel sick enough to die myself.

