

Dear Whippoorwill,

Where ever you
are, please let
me sleep.

My eyelids won't
lay still. Nor will
your lady
be wooed,

by a whistle
so shrill. In the
morning, I vow

to help
you take a
humbler bow.

Your lady,
will be won
and to you she'll
come.

Cara Levine

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