

## The Winding Corn Maze

### The Handsome Family

I came to a field of green  
Where the corn stalks grew so tall  
The sunlight could not pierce  
To the winding path below

Around and around I went  
Under those waving stems  
I followed the shadowed path  
Marked so faintly with her steps

Down in the winding corn maze  
Where the green stalks shiver in the wind

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Such spirals spread for miles through the bending leaves  
There in a swarm of bees, I knelt down at her feet  
And she took me to her arms in that cloud of honeybees  
Whirring in their whirling as they rose on golden wings

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