

\* A thing of beauty is a joy forever

Do not repeat again and again.

Indent the paragraph.

→ A beautiful thing gives endless joy. Its beauty only grows; it will never die; it will always make a safe place for us, where we can enjoy peaceful, healthy and quiet sleep. Thus every morning, we make wreaths of flowers that keep us tied to this world. In spite of misery, in spite of the sad lack of the great souls, in spite of bad days, in spite of all the dark, muddy paths we have to walk down in our lives. Yes in spite of all that, some vision of beauty lifts the dark cloud away from our sad spirits. We see this beauty in the sun and in the moon; in old trees and young saplings growing leaves to shade innocent sheep; in daffodils and their grassy world; in clear streams that make a cool, secret path for themselves through the hot summer; in clearings in the woods full of blooming musk-roses. We find beauty, too, in the great tales we tell of long-gone heroes, and in all the ~~wonderful~~ wonderful stories

we have we've heard or read: they offer us an immortal spring of refreshing water, pouring down to us from the heavens. (2)

And we do not just enjoy such beauties for a little while. Just as we come to love the trees around a temple as much as we love the temple itself, we feel that the moon, the love of poetry, all these endless glories stay with us, shining a heartening light on our souls. They're so close to us that, whether we're in a time of sunshine or rain, we feel them always or else, we die.