“There’s nothing in here to suggest who the poet is. He has jotted down some lines from what seems to be a novel he was planning to write. The novel seems vaguely familiar. Can’t say too much about the penmanship though. He has made a mistake in every couplet here.”

Saw a Hare. A white scrambler in tuxedo - agile and truly delicate.
Overheard him murmuring - "God I’m now terribly late"
Roused by wonder, fear and awe followed but then swiftly
Rocketing crash avalanched me headlong abruptly
Yond a illumined hallway I saw; entrances
Low precisely separated. All secured alike - a formidable sight
Obscured by lamplight’s sparkling, passkey golden teasingly laid
Over table glassmade my eye recognized. Bending,
Kneeling I slowly door unfastened. Behold, an ethereal sight -
An immaculate woodland - verdurous, flowering delights.
Goaded by yearning, gainlessly did seek ardently to enter
And alas! My tribulation mounted. Diminutive access wouldn’t suffer entering
In a tiny decanter, definitive capitals
Noted "Savor a sip" - my windfall it was