

SHACKLED FREEDOM

When this prison's slavery shackles me to it's soles
And I can only emancipate mind and heart
And the pain of my oppression slides into art —
True freedom is delineated in a view of door
And I can't hold you w/ the smile of my words to better hours
And thy usual honey-tongue taints a touch bittered ~~heart~~;
When thy normal upbeat of feelings, down beat a faint heart
'I NEED YOU' to retain the sweetness we both devour;
Like a garment against the cold that freezes these cells
Sometimes arrests my words because I fight oppression
That would suppress my words' warmth upon your heart.
When, this prison of slavery beats me, and I am unwell —
And I, NEED YOU, let friendship meet not with suppression
Because, I promise to pull through and bear love's heart! —
Wm. IRVING 7/27/12 10:17 AM