

Unbound

(A Line from "When Two Souls" by Elizabeth Barrett Browning)

When two souls!, pre-clad'd a bridge roar-long,
Sanctioned by Prisons' gates low & higher,
Lengthened in short till Hope is wing'd nigh
• T' Grumble thou a pre-clusion enuf long -
Much!, n' such abandon'd here piles gloom.
Optimism counter-contains aspire
n' hopes I'd bow my head shamed, less admired
The fuel aseek exonerations' prongs -
★ Where two souls stand up erect; unbound;
undivided by Pence - or - Voltages' charge
affording friends t' build bridges n' meet,
"Some perfect Christmas - n. the Summer Bound!"

AHHH!, how Liberty doeth perfect LARGE,
An acre or tw of t' Foundation sweet - 6/15/22;
7:29 am Wm. Irving - ei