

a match

I. My words!, mere ugly that I meet' shred now—
a match to spark a flame, and thus let be—
But, leave them as: 'W/out you have painted me',
No screams; no tears—but, dying as flames grow
Mean and more stricken me left—read—so,
My words!, mere nothing to speak lessing me
An enstrained delineation statues' glee
a crackle as flames take toll, growing now—

II. Anger shreds to better my becoming,
The significance of the Sun
To—the-Day—or—Moon to Night—Who'd bear?,
Much Undealt Life as how Sagnet should sing
The significance of the Sun
Fulfills as mile True Love speaks for Her ears—
118123; 10:35pm Wm. Irving.

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