

To Spring a Winter

The continual decay of this old house
was less healthy and less wholesome for both!—
To begin inclining, Love must spark rouse
To Spring a Winter from wither and cloth—
These fifty-two years that stricken slow
Agony aching older age some!
Times here & there for a time Times hold
Then partake comes at last to sum—
I awake to stretch—then, exercise me
And this does keep and extend me longer
Life; living; loving; getting to know thee
If I may be evolution stronger—
Who stands a stranger to the standard love?
as much for you and I to rise above—
Wm. Jenkins

The Sonnet of Her

How The Needence of this heart misses Her!
Enlong thy longing at length pulls slow
Unof length such Beautiful mus' know!... mus' know!
How Desire so-fires one's prefer—
I'd ruin everything perfect fo' Her
Until the Kingdom comes—low and behold!,
Who is more love-kissed than thee?—None I know!
Pounds and pulses Heartbeats speed soft occur
Oh!, the lap of complexion's sugar milk
Passion ~~French~~ kisses none but you famous
To die alive lake blue eyes once again,
Such petite hourglass to pause time silk—
I lap these worlds helpless to glistening
Her Immortal; perfect— and!, no ruins—
Wm. Jenkins