

— Unsung

There is a literature rope she
and i can bridge the gap, footin' to and fro per verse
There is something about Freedom which soaks
in a hot tub, less-caring, unhurried, detensing
as Lovers hug one another. Send me an e-mail sd:
Love is no burden, I quote
from Memory's depth, pulling forth from the monolithic,
immortal poets still gather and feast
on philosophy or religion or love or
what passes for love and the agony of heartbreak
in accord and out of accordance with contemporaries
someone sd "words can become worlds;
to feast in all ages of the world in one
century. The thing about Unfaithfulness,
it triples the victim's defense mechanisms, i
fight against Treason like the actual Innocent
combat against Injustice, i sing
then silence myself recalling her unforgettability
— yet, i speak to the point passed mum,
shattered hearts leak famous
as sometimes awarded or honorable mentioned
or trophied to be remembered
how hearts swell and ache needing, the way Museums
are lonely when less-visited. Precious things
need more than safe-keep to be love-preserved
for History, the way autumn is so the poet
when scripting upon the leaves in Fall
and Spring kisses blossoms a blooming fragrance
of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning
inviting Robert Frost to din, i believe Wm. Carthwright
"No Platonic Love" may have been the topic chewed

upon like those who have broken fasting to feast — 4/16/20;
9:12am

abscond

(Truth suffers more by the heat of its defenders than
from the arguments of its oppressors) Wm. Penn

Whereas
Wherein
Wherewith

There was one
Opposed to lone

Where were you? — 4/5/20; 6:40pm

Fortune:
(Friends are priceless)

To time-honor you!, your greatness, I pen—
In behalf of your Becomings' velvet
Rich as the Gems' rarity, is Poets,
Taking the time to observe Dear Love Keen
And scripting where God lets Words' worth happen
Holding Muse to life its light in Sonnet
So words illuminate you as may let,
To angel you in History's Heaven
As beloved and special as I find you
a fortune of a person all so loved.
A friend, I do so dearly cherish kind
To have Poets' poetry kiss her soul
To please her heart & perfect rhythmic groove
and comfort you — like for long you feeds mind — 9/15/25;
6:54am

upon like those who have broken fasting to feast — 4/16/2006m.

William
William Irving #182906
www.securetech.net