

HERE LIES A PRISONER.

Leave him: he's quiet enough: and what matter
Out of his body or in, you can scatter
Breath
The frozen ~~silence~~ of his silenced soul, of his outraged soul to the winds that rave:
Quieter now than he used to be, but listening still to the magpie chatter
Over his grave.

CHARLOTTE MEW.

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The frozen ~~wearth~~^{Great} of his silenced soul, of his outraged soul to the winds that rave:
Quieter now than he used to be, but listening still to the magpie chatter
Over his grave.

CHARLOTTE MEW.

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