

HERE LIES A PRISONER.

Leave him: he's quiet enough: and what matter

Out of his body or in, you can scatter

The frozen <sup>breath</sup> ~~mouth~~ 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.



HERE LIES A PRISONER.

Leave him: he's quiet enough: and what matter

Out of his body or in, you can scatter

The frozen <sup>Great</sup> ~~wealth~~ 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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