

It's the Gypsy in the.

My wild heart sings for freedom,  
 calls in an untamed voice  
 half guttural & half shrill,  
 until my throbbing head  
 is lured with fierce desires  
 to be a gypsy on a desert band;  
 a wanderer with flowers in my hair;  
 an artist with a bare unshorn head.

### Compensation.

So glad I am that on that night in June  
 when you were holding the cell trembling me  
 in your all pardonable fur  
 then I was silent.

I might have sighed or said some foolish ~~thing~~ <sup>things</sup>  
 that showed just how I felt.

But as it ~~was~~ <sup>is</sup> — the story now can end.  
 Had I but breathed a word or two that night,  
 in my discarded state, the pair of us  
 would but be added to my knowing that  
 you knew.

But now, since I was silent then,  
 my tears can all be dried in longing for your love  
 and not in ~~the~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~hand~~ <sup>hand</sup> ~~action~~.