

# MANUMISSION

EARL F. GUY\*

My answer this: Away with all your fears;  
Take and place them where you hid  
Your lighter thoughts. The once when I had bid  
The burden mine that now so grave appears,  
I bargained for more. Your promise was to cede  
Me all of beauty wonder made my share.  
Gladly you took the attention and the care  
My part entailed; lonely, I bore the need  
Yours never filled. How dare you, then, presume  
To get from me what thralldom forced within?  
The past is dead; beauty you failed to give  
From death arose, out of the living tomb  
Of humility born. Now finally I begin,  
With what I feared most gone, at last to live.

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