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To Miss Louise Olivia Hunter

Edgar Allan Poe

Though I turn, I fly not —
I cannot depart;
I would try, but try not
To release my heart.
And my hopes are dying
While, on dreams relying,
I am spelled by art.

Thus the bright snake coiling
[']Neath the forest tree
Wins the bird, beguiling,
To come down and see:
Like that bird the lover
Round his fate will hover
Till the blow is over
And he sinks — like me.

February 14.



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