

“Captured yet Free”

A Poem by *Mary Margaret Park*

on this occasion
...beauty ravishes her reason
poised above her;
his face
...a study of concentration
Eurasian eyes
...a soulful grey ocean
his lips
at the slope of her cheek
his hands
whispering on her shoulders

he has spelled her soul
into a silken flight of release
unbarred; she soars
laughing and open

here; trust is an unending delta
where the gazelle runs unafraid of the lion
...and death holds no mystery

here; she is his
...held unequivocally captured
yet phenomenally free
and she is proud

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