

*shall uncall in my breast a thousand wide=
winged strengths and unknown ardors and
terrible ecstasies- putting me through the flights
of all the passions - dilating me beyond time and
air = startling me with the overture of some
unnamable horror - calmly sailing me all day on
a bright river with [lazy] slapping waves –
stabbing my heart with myriads of forked
distractions more furious than hail or lightning -
lulling me drowsily with honeyed morphine -
tight'ning the fakes of death about my throat and
awakening me again to know by that
comparison, the most positive wonder in the
world, and that's what we call life.