

**British Romantic Poetry**

**Creative Project**

**“Answer to Lord Byron’s She Walks in Beauty”**

I walk unbound, in light and fire  
Not for your gaze, nor your delight,  
No shining stars, no whispered choir  
Can claim the strength within my sight  
The things, that I alone acquire,  
Are carved within my heart so bright.

You never let me speak my name,  
You gave me none, O! I impeach  
Like I am just a shallow frame  
Close to you, but out of reach  
See me, so strong, will stake my claim,  
And rise like flowers from the breach.

At times, perhaps, you spoke the truth,  
My thoughts are sweet, love is the goal  
Yet knowing me, beyond all youth,  
Untamed, unbroken, pure and whole  
Close your eyes and see the sooth  
Most precious is an innocent soul.