

# WUTHERING HEIGHTS

*by Emily Brontë*

He's more myself than I am.  
Whatever our souls are made of,  
his and mine are the same...  
my great thought in living is himself.  
If all else perished, and he remained,  
I should still continue to be;  
and if all else remained,  
and he were annihilated,  
the universe would turn  
to a mighty stranger.  
I should not seem a part of it.

rockmywedding.co.uk | @rockmywedding