**O PERFECT LOVE**

Can you give me what I want?

Stop the wanting?

Stop the need?

Cry no more for once the perfect joy.

Love’s precious seed.

Past perfect love. Or love to come,

What a sweet but bitter curse.

For as the hearts sad song is sung,

It blinds us to a true love’s worth

Though its not fair. It cannot be

Though you’re all a man could ask.

Ah wretched me. You are not she.

My hearts still wedded to the past.

That first love never dies

Lips still taste that first sweet kiss

Memory’s soft and precious lies

Still paint much more than this.

Just as then I knew not what

I had and let her go

The myth of that which love might wrought

The myth of that might have been.

Now blinds my eyes to what is so.

And as I let her slip away

To another’s arms and bed

False promise of new days

Will blind the love inside my head.

Now I know that you are here

Know you now for what you aren’t

But still can not cast out the fear

That loving you will break my heart

As it broke so long ago

Back when love and life were young

When the fruits of love would flow

So free from breast and loins and tongue.

So once again I cry and sigh

Cry and cry her precious name

No matter how I strive and try

To take you in the same refrain

I’ll sing again tomorrow and know

Just like with her I could not see

What I had I let her go

Lose perfect love for what might be

*PHILLIP PAUL. 06/02/2005*

*Poem for Gaila*

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