**FOR REBECCA A NEW AND ANCIENT LOVE**

Yea. I Would

Swim The

Oceans.

And Swim Them

Back

Again.

Walk The World

For All

My Life.

Pray That You

Let Me

In.

Sweet Whisper

Yes.

Forever.

Grant One Poor

Humble

Wish.

Death Blow

Of No.

Never.

Never.

All I Ask

Is This.

Grant Me All

You Have.

And Feel.

You Are.

As When

You Are

My Mate.

Till Light

From Times

First Star

Reveals.

That Which

Dark Void

Conceals.

Our Love.

Our Life.

Entwined.

Our Fate.

Ah Pray

You Heed

My Candle.

Know Hope

That Lies

Within.

My Poor

Hearts

Song.

My Cry

Ah Why.

Cannot

It Just

Begin.

Your Eyes.

Say Yes.

Say Yes.

You Will.

You Will.

Grant Bliss.

The Kiss.

Of Souls

Caress.

Until.

One Knows.

One Feels.

One Is.

No More.

No Less.

Rapture

Of The

Still.

Touch Of Love.

We Merge.

As One.

One Blessed.

With Warmth

Of A Lovers

Sun.

Grant This Pilgrim

All There Is.

Of Women’s

Gift

To Men.

And Laugh.

There Is

No Time

Nor Space.

Or Death.

Nor Pain.

Nor Rain.

Of Heartache’s

Sad Refrains.

Only Soft

Sweet Joy.

And Strength.

Of Yes.

To Must.

Gift Of Trust.

Sweet Sustenance.

Of Ego.

Id.

And Life

Itself.

Past.

Maintain

As Then.

To Know

You Love

Me Now.

As Yore.

Once More.

Again.

Again.

Again.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 05/02/2007*

*On the Hill Rabbit Creek*

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