**No Mas- For Rebecca**

*Chicago Flight- July 26, 2007*

Pour quoit to know the heart beats of all time.

To never know the taste of mine for you.

My journey through the veil with yours entwine.

Devine embrace of two who simply share the truth.

Of each. The gaze within. No mist

Curtain. Fog. Nor ancient sorcerer’s twist.

Cure of is. No more. No less.

Gift to mate of aces. Gift of this.

Why pledge or promise oath of solo plyth.

Such breaths and whispers need not be. Nor said.

From first caress of you. First glimpse. Of life.

You of I. One knew the peace

To serve the gift of love

Bequeath for us the flower

Of now for what may flow

For all of timeless silent steady

Your eyes. Your voice. Nectar. Sweet bouquet.

My own to you. No more to ask. No mas. No mas to say.