**Mine**

*June 30, 2012*

Who will weep for the whippoorwill?

Mourn the poor Turtle Dove.

Pray for Moon. Say pray will?

You say. You are my Love.

May I know the Touch of your Heart?

Joy of your Sweet Caress.

Song of the Soul as the Curtain parts.

Dark yields to the Light of your Yes.

Ah that such Gift may enure.

Fall to a Wretch such as I.

Say not so.

Alas so certain.

So sure. My Spirit. My Heart. My Being.

Will wither and die.

For I live for the Hope I may live with your Love.

My life may twine with thine.

From the depths of the depths.

To Heavens. Fair Sky above.

All of all will grant you are mine.