**Precious**

*July 24, 2012*

No Rose what precious Scent has Graced.

The Precious Air of Spring.

May doth compare to Rare Scent of your sweet Hair.

Nor Honey grant the Lucious Taste.

Touch of you Lips bestow. Will bring.

To such a Humble Serf as I.

Who might deign to ask.

Lough Yea Beseech.

You harken to my Plaintive Cry.

My Hope your Dear Heart reach.

For Night alas falls Cold.Dark.

I lie forlorn. Alone. Sans You.

No Love near. Nor say beside.

Me at the break of Day.

Yet each New Rise of Sol is Born.

Seed blossums. Sprouts.

With Dew of Tears in Dreams my Soul has cried.

That say perchance. This Life today.

Will pray to I the Gift to Know.

You whisper of Yes.

Ah yes you may well sing a Song of Love for one as I.

The Fates might will it so.

Insert. Ah Qui. For Moi Vous Sing.

Pure Voice soar. Notes dance and ring.

Song of Love for One as I.

The Fates might will it so.