**The Promise of Yes**

*January 7, 2012*

Rebecca. The Rose what blooms and grants one Love.

The gift of precious Spring.

Embrace unto one's heart while still the Songs of Summer soft

And sweet the Birds and Fairies sing.

For all too soon the Gentle Dove may know old Winter's hoary breath.

As dark curtain of the wane of Sol flows with cold chill from bright burst of Fall.

Pray not there be the sad refrain of nothing left.

Save want of if and might have been.

The Ghosts of could and should.

Pray come to me and then.

Our Hearts will twine.

My Soul awaits the kiss of Thyne.

At Union ring and toll the Bells and Chymes of Love and Trust.

With thus the Path of Future calls.

The Promise of the Yes.