**A Lark Dove**

*August 29, 2013*

I never behold a Lark Dove nor Daffodil.

But My Heart springs to Thee.

My Spirit Soul so full fulfilled.

With Hope Thy own Heart still lives beats for One as Me.

No Dawn does Sol awake and rise.

Nor Evening lye down to Slumber.

Set. Than I await Plythe perchance.

Kiss of Thy Eyes.

Dream of Thy tender Whispers.

Rare Smile. Quiet Precious Sighs.

Embrace of Thy awaiting Arms. Thy Yes.

Caress of Thy Breasts to my Chest.

Sweet Mystery of Thy Velvet Nest.

Gift of Thy Private Realm of Luscious Lips

Graceful Limbs Bewitching Form and Promise of Thy Guarded

Yet Love Ceded Portal of Thy Thighs.

Thy Yea may Waltz Dance with I

On Clouds of Couch Pallett and Bed.

Or Alas. Know. Pain Sorrow Disquiet Regret.

To Feel the Swift Blow.

Thrust of Thy Certain No.

To find beside Me as I lye so alone abed.

Not but Your Scent and Memory.

Pray contemplate if Our Love be Gone Over Cold Dead.

Our Union not to be.

Blown with the Fickle Wind.

Nere to ascend nor soar again.

So shifted with Loves Sifting Sands.

Swept with Thy Tides of Nay.

Washed away to Distant Shores and Sea.

But say yet so burns within My Self.

Gambols in My Mind.

Untold. Unmatched. Unparalleled Wealth.

Flicker. Spark.Coal of Love.

Candle what Shines.

A Light of Love and Trust.

Promise. Faith. Belief. Vision so born of Fate as Us.

Thee will still Meld with One as I and Twine.

Thy grant One Wish what say endures.

Thee yield to I as I to Thee.

You consent as I to Thee to be One.

Mine. We know No Limits Fear nor Angst.

Merge. Mingle. Unite. Link. Join.

Still Fuse Blend and Combine.