**For Alysia on Her Silence**

*April 1, 2013*

My poor attempts to reach Thee once again lye in silent vain.

Another day of endless days with no return or word or call.

How might one begin to couch a phrase to paint the pain.

Such silent void of Thee holds for One as me so enthralled.

With Thought and Trust that ore these years you cared.

As I have in turned so cared for Thee.

Pray may it be mere Illusion that We share.

A Love. I for One as Thee.

In Turn for One who Plythes such ernest ardor for Thy Self as Me.

Say perchance I read those Leaves of Love askance.

We meet and part I ask you say yes I may once more ask.

We perhaps may still waltz in a Lovers Dance.

Ah does your silence speak that it has come to pass.

Our Song and Music faded to mere memory at last.

I so hope this missive from my Heart may fly.

To touch and twine with Thine.

Such You may grant a simple answer in reply.

Shall I still seek a Yes that I am Yours and You are Mine.

Or shall I cease my Arrows of Love I fly Thy way.

Is there nothing left.

Nothing more to say.

Pray not another Silent Answer.

Be Not so unkind.