**The Magic of You**

*March 25, 2013*

The magic of thy voice takes wing.

To my poor Heart doth flow.

Flowers as Buds and Blossoms of the Spring.

Flies to touch my Soul.

With rare Notes what in their Beauty bring.

The Gift of Trust and Love.

My very Being Spirit sing.

Soft blessings of the Dove.

As Dawn stirs and quietly breaks.

Sols kiss of gentle beam.

Finds meld of Joy Peace and Heartache.

So stirred within my Dreams.

My long for You.

Alas. We be apart.

Yet sweet Pain be so dear.

We twine live within each other’s Hearts.

Will for all the coming years.