**ODE TO THEE.**

No Form More Perfect Than The Rose.

May Deign Dare To Compare

To Fair Shape Of Thee.

Say Perfection Of Art N'er Doth Suppose.

To Stir What I At Thy Visage Know Feel See.

All Flowers Perfume What E'er Wafted.

Pales To Thy Scent

Of Blooms Of Ecstasy.

Thy Lithely Eros Grace.

E'er Fires Desire In Me.

Thy Honeyed Kiss.

More Sweet Than Nectar Of Say Countless Bees.

Thy Eyes Pure Founts Of Rapture Bliss.

As Thy Heart Whispers Calls Speaks.

To My Own Spirit Body Soul.

Pray Say Our Love Ne'er E'er Wane Fade Grow Old.

PHILLIP PAUL. 12/5/16.

Rabbit Creek At Midnight.

A Sonnet For All My True Loves.

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