

Long in the humble sight
Of what creature of pale
Skin and brown hair
Shoots
My heart so.

Peace of mind but scratches
Of soul: Fallen shadows and
Escaped realities, death and
Love fall together
In their sugar-laden embrace
Pain and sorrow escape
The gunning of
The guards,
The ninth fading
Ends before the
Creator can
Observe—
Shifting to
A ninth of
Marches
To the
Devil;

Tense chromata and
Chapters
Of prickles crash upon
The statute of
Autonomy,
And the
Small steps make
Etches,
Engravings,
Into the stone
Of linguistic capability.
Regardless,
Your
Presence
Fills my being with
Happiness,
Peace;
Love.

Allegretto

12

p *pp cresc.*

16

(*cresc.*) *p* *cresc.*

20

(*cresc.*) *mp dim.*

24

p cresc. *mf > mp* *dim.*

28

(*dim.*)

32

(dim.)

3

3

3

3

3

3

36

pp

3

3

3

3

3

3

44

love you

3

3

3

3

3

3