**The Dove**

The day he saw her in the flock,

forgot himself as the Hawk,

flew beyond the 'rizon,

screeching thanks for such a creation.

Coz eh that was the day,

he longed to love the magical Dove.

of course it was too soon ,

to get that boon,

and he got her scared ,

with all the feathers he had.

She sailed away with her nest,

soo much far to the west,

wherein he can’t drift,

even though it’s his gift.

Times past till he knew

she had a pigeon in her queue,

harder it was than his blunt beak

to imagine his love with her bestie cheek.

Yet reborn enlightened,

he found his bliss in one sided

to love the dove

for which he vow.

Hope they carve each other’s name

On their wings,

before the Twilight breaks

into jinks.

And may be one day,

not too late,

before the comet splits to eight,

let em both be seen

like cold and hot,

tied together to a knot.

~ AlieN