

# Thy Lovely Face

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*Note: I wrote a draft for this poem in the winter of 2015. I found it on January 17th, 2016 (almost a year later!) and decided to complete it.*

The stars doth gaze upon thy lovely face;  
They smile upon you with their twinkly shine.  
The gentle twinkle give them youthful grace,  
And yet, what moves me art those eyes of thine.

The seeds of love didst grow beneath our feet.  
So long ago you left, yet still I weep.  
The passion in my heart feel bittersweet;  
For you I sow and sow, yet never reap.

Doth thou not hear the anguish in my call?  
If thou enjoy my pain, then all is well.  
The power is in thou to end this all;  
Three words away from ending living hell.

The dying of the flame would bring relief;  
But in our youthful love I still believe.