Cayla  
It’s incredible to think that in all the kingdom,  
There was a mournfully petite  
Sloth, that could riposte the bulking antelope’s  
Gander for a partner that would not fleet.

I used to be just a wanderer,   
Until your whirlwind destroyed the beaten path through which  
I can now see,   
Your heart is the clearest way.

You shine brighter than the moon,   
Many animals appear to see the show,  
 They cast their shadow over a shimmering lagoon,   
And the sheepies give off a mysterious glow.

Even for five minutes, we can’t be apart  
From one another, or the Quails,  
We see the birdies through timeless art,  
From Gramma’s to Gramma’s, the whispers prevail.

My undying love for you sits  
Atop the most blissful but forbidden heart as I  
Climb and call for yours while we  
Ascend our good love toward the patriarch of freedom and kindness.