



Love

Love has meter; it may have rhyme;
It shares itself in its own time.
And in its clime, it always shares
To warm the heart of one who cares

Can it be seen? I think not so;
It does pulsate in ebbing flow.
And hidden in its secret parts
It touches even doubting hearts.

Can it be felt? Some say it can;
It stirs deep soul of doubting man.
And should it leave impressions rare,
The one who's touched will know it's there.

And can love die? Indeed! Indeed!
Its metered rhyme may go to seed.
And then its clime of share and care
May fade away; 'twas never there'.

A poem flows in metered rhyme;
And one who reads it in its clime
Will share its words from start to end,
A loving message they may send..

Henry W. Gurley