

THE MUSIC OF GOOD TIDINGS

If Beautiful would ever decide to be my lover
to patient the impatient — I so need endowed
for the music of good tidings we will discover
like the 1st sighting of Spring melting Winter in love!
And, this shall be indeed the need that all shall covet
so want has its way with me and you for sure!
Just as Spring nurtures, this poem speaks post-speak.
"I recognize how beautiful the grounds are laid;
The speech we speak turns to verse, enough said!"
No peach enpeppered friendship will rarely enjoin a pain!
I seek forever in your heart when all is done and said
in a comfort of patience that doesn't impatient in greed,
If Beautiful would ever decide it's me that she needs? —

12/10/12 7:30 AM Wm. Irving