

TOUCH AS GENTLE
(TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN)

Your words touch as gentle as Robert Frost
Enjoying what is given as love has no cost
Only to set aside the time, if just a few —
The wind kisses such poetry caressing the view;
No ugly beauty Missouri unveils this season
As fabled as an Ozark Autumn with reason,
The poets herd thoughts to expressly produce —
"I think of you", and love is definitely a trace;
A pact God has made with nature to lend.
"The crystal blue lakes of her eyes has no end
That every season could be as pleasing as she!",
When she is she that happens to be you who makes her
"The poet" so-natured like the nature you so love —
12/13/12 2:10pm Wm. Irving