

"The Chance"

\* Poetry \*  
\* \* \* \*

Eyes so tender-moist with love  
When I was with you my dear  
Time rolled by too fast  
Your words I treasure  
From place to place our souls laughed  
Comforting our youthful inhibitions  
Beneath moonlight souls feast  
Our bodies free of lust  
We were temples given to God  
Thoughts of you my dear  
I wish continued into spiritual bliss