

# If God So-Bade

(\*Lines from my other poems)

The Poem can't speak for itself - it just  
won't - but, it'll speak fo' the Soul & Heart  
uptemth come in Pinitum - or - death as  
\* I may never become the best' in art -  
I don't believe I want to be - or - best  
Poet - I'm eons from the so-gifted!  
This Heart speaks words alike To & Fred's  
ables this time God so-bade me no ruff:  
\* Trying to delineate you Beautiful! -  
And this is Love!, and what of Love with She? -  
To speak, til spoken to the point passed Mum beautiful:  
Love!, faithful love thou art the best to be! -  
I speak my Heart & Soul in Pinitum;  
I'll be (as Poets be: Spoken Passed Mum -

1 | 2 | 23; 10:02 am Wm. Inking

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