

TO KISS HER HEART
(A SONNET FOR AIRA)

Of ever!, to hone the skill for her art
stirred alit by Feelings' bright, endeared fuse —
Candling a portrait of her fair's muse
and every fair from fair, doeth kiss heart
no injury to Poetspeak's sworn part
w/ sun and moon or earth or seas' sweet use
as true as those in true-love shall not refuse! —
May thy words well in-worth; weather no war
and peace you as Dear Blessings be polite.
and!, greater for you than for me always
To keep you enbared appeased heart care —
Of!, to hone the skill, and elevate thy write —
Tuck me fond in your heart as Love always
and that evermore!, shall not be impaired — 9/14/25

Wm Irving

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