

Rhythm

All turn to love by Impartial's dear spell
As magnetically attracted to kiss
Her lips words such poetry silk and well-
Worth dying alive in her eyes, is bliss
In calling upon the heart, fates Faithful
A bond broadening its strength—One to do!

Trying to delineate you Beautiful!—
More than a sex of words making love to
Every single letter of her as be—
Because!, I am only partial way so—
Unless, additioned with her, as need be
To come to be more/the/greater's just due.
As legit as a labor of love does love—
The language of her and I!, doeth groove— 10/9/25

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