

Because I Love Thee

(For My Sister*Chaneal Marie Irving)

I love thee surely!, don't die on me
No. Surely not!, and leave me alone here
Uncomfortable as Ailed would stricken bare
And farther distraught me in sorrows be
Drooping a slumping to Glee's stern staid knees—
Oh!, and how I'd fawn—lo & behold there!—
All scrawed across the pavement, bearing wear
Well-worn me to rags—because, I love thee
As thou to die fo' her— who'd not again
To classify a love as true as Truth
Strums Sonnet's cords in accord, Lovers love.
I love thee!, to die fo'— that worth dying
Fo'!— I will, if God so-bades strong on earth
So the Victories outweigh the L.'s, Love!—Wm. Irving

Vault the Gift

I Who'd harm! such Beautiful Music's worth wise?—
I'd wager, what words my worth may outweigh
And ARM this Poet's heart, truth overlays
The gift that just keeps giving advises
Red velvet a timeless rhythm despised
By those who hate and envy in Gloom's bay,
I love as sure as Elizabeth's say!—
To crow Love queen!, and bid her no despise
To live and let love— shall love night and day
To defense thy heart against looming war

II. And vault the gift, where nothing can betray
To tear and rip thy heart a scrap— or— scrap
Hindering its melodic-beat's parlay
Of natural harmony, loved by far— 9/2/26; 7:08

Nothing But the Truth

How Glow, doeth besuit Love's spector well! —
As Spectacular speaks Beautiful, too
much Poetry, to hot to be Read and pool'd,
Plenty compliments silk-soaks her bespelled
The meek to such wonder, spoke: words worth-well;
Fluent — crafts Art a voice of sweet blessed tool.
Indeed!, Glow is Love's love upon her too —
Who spell bounds saure-silk!, a kiss compelling
As Courts' order one to come forth and plead
To tell the truth, and nothing but the whole
Truth "so help me God" thou art!, Woman God
A term of which I coin to Ruby lead
upon brilliant remarkable soul
As just as Justice besuits Love's brave nod — 9/5/86; 7:45
Wm. Irving

A Gift of Thee

To the uttermost! — what would it cost me
Heretofore hence, and furthermore with grown
Great as Becoming, as thou art!, all how
more / the / greater never / the / less of thee
Woman Gods - strain for all the world to see —
Crown her Love!, with Rubies large to endow;
Sweet — broad sweetness; a gift of thee to thou
To the uttermost!, let Love Loving be
As kind-hearted as Compassion kissing
At all costs, to engreat: more / the / greater
Ascension as Sun sets on Jewels to speak
As Poets speak: silk-love, Christmas kissing
To gift thee by side as pure as fate
AHH!, how thy Love doeth hold thee! — soft speaks —
9/1/86; 7:18 pm Wm. Irving

Roses & Chocolates Together

Roses; Chocolates!; and every bit of love
Thy heart can muster—then, bring upon you
Gentle as Rain's Kiss on Lips doeth groove
A melodic-music touching the soul
As plush as Poet's speak!—May this Sonnet
Wrap around your heart, ~~dimind~~, melting sweet;
Slow; sensuous; endeared as God may let
The art & craft mirror thy nature's beat
Sync'd in-time with your soul—how!, compats true
As Gentle Rain's French-kiss nectars roses
A conveted pairing for Chocolates due:
As dear as we melt together a pose
Harmonized ena~~thy~~thm; Slow Dances grind
So-makes love to her masterpiece!, blows minds—
9/5/26; 7:29 am Wm. IRVING

To Engrave Your Name (An Ode to Elizabeth Barrett Browning)

*"Love me for Love's sake; and Love's sake only!
How, Dearest endeared thou art!, to me make!
The greater to engrave your name therefore
Wilt thou be to me what I truly
Serene as I swore to be thou daly—
To float words worth well, melodic Love's pour,
Acts with deeds stern to staid what we stand for
Melting in her ear!, for Love's sake only
And that evermore Sonnet shall sing glee
To mirth's ends two hearts tie in one binds glow
As great as never the less shall suffice.
How, dearest Dear Love thou art!, and so-be
A song like Whitney Houston sung, bestows
A blessing and ointment does soothe Suffice—9/2/26;
5:18 pm Wm. IRVING X182906

In Best Concern—

***I** lean upon thee, Dear, without alarm
For Love so-loves to be as Love to we
Engreat as Understanding trusts to be
As steel sharpens steel—Poets doeth charm
Strong to lick the wounds of injured no harm
As fortified safe to be a knight to thee
To stern Stout!, Reinforce right about me
Collegiate!, an Non-Elementary's arm
To be of service, in best concern for
You—and, less for me. Because, there is no
Compromise to my position, as for
"Best concern for you!"—Love loves you dear—so
"I would my life!", beyond just an arm—9/5/26; 12:57pm
Wm. Irving #182906

That Evermore

(A line from: Sonnet 13 by Elizabeth Barrett Browning)

Enough to ask!, the gift to art thy speech
To fashion my heart inside out, enough
To truth Poetry its words worth well-off
And wend! as Wind wings whispering Life's teach,
Holds your hand in love—cast a light on each
In words unhidden, exposed in Nudes proof.
Positive thy passion!, compassions though—
If thy would!, ribbon the Poet unbreached
A bond, as blessings bestowed would allow
* The love I bear thee, loves like Love does good;
A great act and deed always in deeds sake!,
As love-kissed as thy words must nectar low—
Inclined a new High to ride upon Good
In the inner of Love's heart—for Love's sake—
9/6/26; 9:45am Wm. Irving #182906

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much Poetry, to hot to be Read and pool'd,
Plenty compliments silk-soak her bespelled
Fluent—chaffs At a voice of sweet blessed fool.