

A Little Token

Here, my Dear, a little token
Of the love so oft unspoken.

As I awakened in the night
Heart filled with love for Dwight

My head began to fill with rhyme
Of oft neglect so great a crime.

How oft he hungers for my touch
Or for the words "I love you much."

Can I make up for years gone by?
How my heart aches, I want to cry.

Is there hope to redeem the time?
And reach higher for love sublime.

Or has my cold and selfish heart
Been effective to quench the spark?

Oh, may we not again pursue
A selfless love so pure and true?

I give today all of my heart
Desiring to learn, love to impart.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder
Tis true I reflect, as I ponder.

Oh how I long for your embrace
And to see your smiling face.

Your Cynthia
Oct 19, 2009