



# A Poem

I needn't stroke your silken hair  
or touch rose petal skin.  
The type of love I have for you....  
it burns from deep within.

Yet in my soul great fires rage,  
though nothing is consumed.  
My spirit wanders aimlessly,  
from room to darkened room.

The proper words I cannot say,  
to show you my great love.  
While here I'm staring at your face,  
as you look from above.

Still, my heart stirs with great desire,  
to reach out and touch you.  
These emotions that I'm feeling,  
I know they're in you too.

But you will someday think of me,  
when this book you have closed.  
And I am just a memory....  
and not the one you chose.

Alas....  
Of all that I have looked up at,  
'tis you I wish I'd known.  
For yours is a breathing spirit,  
and mine.... I'm just a poem.