

A Poem For Lula

"My Lula,

I wished that you would read this shortly after being cured, that the first thing you read might be something lovely.

I feared I may have bitten off more than I could chew.

But challenges have never conquered me before, have they?

I know I am not the greatest writer, and perhaps the standards of those far better at prose and poetry might have influenced me into thinking this was the way to say it at all, but never let it be said that Alaina Wyrther is not a master... or at least a jack at all forms of courtship.

I enjoyed writing this for you. I hope you do too."

—

*I remember fond the day we first met,
A cold and crisp Winter night,
Your garb that of a well known threat,
Oh, how it near drove me to flight.*

*But then that mask you did replace,
And show to me how I was wrong,
I was met with your untold grace,
'ere my heart was sent into song.*

*With your scent as sweet as nectar,
A voice like a summer night,
Wrap me in golden gossamer,
Bathe me in your light,*

*To drink so sweet from your lips,
To see the brown in your eyes,
And be caught in the briefest eclipse,
Before the sun starts to rise,*

*How cruel this moment,
What a fool am I.
You love another,
And whatever could my,
care do for you.
If only that you,
Would look at me again,
And for the world to end,
That this moment never die.*

*But Love always wins,
and whatever my sins,
may or may not be,
now together are we.*

*Rapturous and white,
My Lady shining bright,
With me as her Knight,
Our future to write.*

*Now I know some may say,
that this were but a play.
"You tell her this every day!"
But be that as it may,*

Damn to them!

*Were it to allow your heart to grow,
From north to south, from head to toe,
Such that every span of the world might know,
However many times I must say it so,*

I love you, I love you, I love you"