

## "Does the Philosopher Love the Poet?"

Such a love (holds me now),  
Too few, these joys have known...  
And of this love (that holds her now),  
'Tis certain, no truer vow could be sown...

--ooOoo--

She dreams of constancy (my right companion).  
While she caresses my face -- as lovers do...  
For her I provide strong roots (as from the Banyan).  
And my touch soothes -- victory over sorrow too...

--ooOoo--

New love burns sweetly within her heart (now lost for other men),  
She is true, and faithful in our affair, wherein there is no Original Sin.  
Such a love holds us now (the Almighty, as a gift, did send),  
For when she stepped into my life, the living began again.

--ooOoo--