

How does a poet say I love you?

Do I compare you to a summer's day?
Or my white rose of Mary's gift.
Are you the lily of the valley?
Or the presence that turns roses red?

Do you walk in beauty,
Or make melodious birds sing madrigals?
Perhaps you are my beautiful dreamer
Or my gold bar of Heaven?

Do I love you as the last rich smile of a fading day?
Is one world not enough for two?
Or shall we walk together the path of life
Where music, moonlight and feeling are one?

You may be my well of love and spring of light.
Or mould my Hopes and fashion me within
And had joys no date nor age no need,
You should be my all.

The words are a poet's currency
And he must spend them wisely.

So how do I say I love you?

I. Love. You.