

LOVE

Vainly spent has been my time
Dreaming wishes into rhyme,
Hoping hopes of love.

Beauty inspires quick desires,
Fascination's torch it fires;
But, this is not love.

Neither body, tall and strong,
Nor a bright face in the throng
Constitute real love.

"Cestus" belts, to win love with,
And Cupid's shafts are but myth,
So, do not cause love.

Gazing eyes and lovely smile
Merely last a little while:
Give no sign of love.

But in friendship, love unknown,
Until small bonds are outgrown;
Then begins real love.

Sharing happiness and pain
In both drought and fortune's rain
Is the trait of love.

Suffering the "self" to end
For a dual-one to blend:
This, in truth, is love.

Thence arises beauty's light,
Shining into passion's night,
Oh, what might has love!

Poor man, then, whose love is thrill
Of sight and touch, for he will
Never know true love.

— *David L. Hatton, 1968*