

More Angelic Than Heaven's Sole

By Aastha Patel

O she's more angelic than heaven sole
a radiant light upon her fair soul
ebony hair graced her ivory waist
A rosary kiss and crimson red cheeks
Though headless to what she always will deem
It is her wittiness that gets to me
Compassion she holds for humanity
She only sees me as a selfish beast
Ne'er truly believing the words I mean
when I, on knees begging upon thou feet
Yet, I will tell her "The cups may shatter"
"The rose may die But love, I ne'er tell lies"
Love for you shall not meet the face of death
Even while we take our last earthly breaths.