Although she spoke to refute my claim

Un-refuted

My words repeted, remain the same

I speak of love for true are my dreams

She cites Mab, for I sound of lies it seems

I am no fool, nor a lover lost

But a starlit mortal who paid the cost

She is the light I have long soughtafter

My dreams dream true of alone her laughter

Though she spoke of love from another

I doubt she knew of how much I loved her

Nigths to dawn turn with her smile

Such grace, such beauty, and such an enchanting stlye

Each time she moved the air bent to her will

She was poetry in motion, if you will

A blink of an eye sent my soul flying

Without her I feel my heart is crying

I speak of dreams, perhaps that of my minds eye

For such divinity and beauty seem no more than a lie

Perhaps she speaks true, For I am no Parson

But lie not of my blessings, for I saw her in-person.