

For Sylvie on our 11th Anniversary

I write a simple rhyming verse of love
for you who'd want a sweeter better gift
than what, alas, I can today afford
when fickle luck and income from me drift.

No flower-filled bouquet for one like you
who seems a garden of red roses I
without success have tried to ford and trim
—for bleeding scarlet from its thorns I cry.

Nor crimson jewel can scarce compare with you
—rare carmine pearl from oceans deep and dark.
When diving in the maelstrom of your sea
I've often feared to sink and drown and weep.
I've got no more to give
except for me.