

Monica Three

a poem by Timothious Clayton Smith

You look at me with love struck eyes.
I don't know how to take it a first.
It's been so long since this warrior has been loved.
I know I love you but...
You kiss my hands gently.
I now I love you but...
You look deep into my eyes.
I look back.
Ah, what dreams I see in them.
They sweep me away into adventures once met.

I find myself upon my heroic steed.
My sword upon my side.
My armor gleamed for parade.
Over looking a beautiful ocean with incoming tide.

A journey met at the coming of dawn.
An adventure upon my foot falls.
An army at my command.
Banners that last deck the halls.

To a distance kingdom I come.
A parchment close to my heart.
A note from you and promise of safe passage.
I come to take hand and to begin anew a start.

I march my army into your land.
Yours lets my pass by unharmed.
I ride up to the gates of the land.
I see the fields and the land farmed.

Your escort meets me there.
They take me to the castle door.
I see you in all your beauty and pagent.
Now I remember! I loved you before!

We break our classic stare.
You kiss my hands again.
I know I love you.
I always have.