

THERE IS NO FEAR IN ME

by Sandra Deville

(from Only With Love Three)

*There is no fear in me,
That thy sweet love cannot dispel,
No joy, that is not but,
An echo of thine own.
These hands; blooded, dusty, trembling,
A parody of man's,
Are thine to command, as is my soul.
Without thee, I should stand
Outside the gates of life,
For no one else would turn the key
And open up the door,
You are that part of me
I never thought to find,
The other half
I found somewhere along the shore,
So stand I now, proud
And never more alone
A man, no less than any of his kind.
Beloved of a woman, rare and fine,
In her the Shadows of the Beast
Are left behind.*