

The Night...

by Judith

I am one who is acquainted with the night.
High above Catherine's balcony, as midnight nears,
I look upon her beauty from my eyrie's height.

Below me there she often waits,
For a lover's tryst and a warm embrace,
I go down willingly, I no longer can deny my fate.

Alone again, I walk homewards through the dark,
But Catherine is always with me
I know it is she, for I feel the spark,

Of her love reaching out to embrace me.
Saying everything, through a bond without words.
Speaking of our love, how it was always destined to be ...