

WORDS

by Trisha Kehoe

Ah my love, you read and speak the language of words;
Yet are miserly with those I most long to hear from your
Lips. Just three that will fill and sustain me through
Eternity - and beyond even there.

Say them - please? The three small words that terribly
You; hold you a prisoner of yourself? Say those and
Release your soul to me? Freed of all your anguish and
Despair. You feel them burning unspoken on your tongue
- I know this! Ah - how you long to say them! Yet, the
Miser that calls forth your fear captures also your words.
Guards them jealously - away from ME.

Until that night. That tormented night of your darker
Self. When I fought him for your life and won. Afraid of
Him - yet loving you ... I could not lose!
To hear the words at last as you whispered them slowly,
Breathlessly into my hair; released them to my trust. The
Three words that now bind us forever as one

Whatever happens, whatever comes ..
Know that - I LOVE YOU
As I love you, my beautiful Vincent