

MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



"WRITTEN JUST FOR ONE"

Your very favorite poem,
The novel you find fun,
The painting that endears,
All completed - just for one.

While many read his verse,
Yea, many see his oils,
And his readers do abound,
It's for her that this man toils.

We're witness to his arts,
We want to claim them now,
We're audience enthralled -
But to her heart doth he vow.

It's always been this way,
The focus of desire.
Surrendered to just one,
Love's passion lit afire.

Accept that this is so,
Covet not the lovers' love.
Instead on this day pledge,
To write a sonnet for your dove.

Paint a picture for her home,
Write a story for her heart.
Sing a song to make her smile,
Make her wish to never part.

The moral then is clear,
The lesson here is true.
Their love does stand alone,
See that your love does so, too.

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