

MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



YOUR HEART

I will always hold your heart,
More tenderly than mine.
I will guard it every day,
It's such a precious find.

They say no love is perfect,
But haven't yet met you.
They say nothing's forever,
But I say it is true.

This poem is for one reader,
And you know her pretty name.
One reader is enough,
One candle, and one flame.

They say that nothing lasts,
That all good things must end.
But who are they to say,
That this was just pretend?

I don't know if we'll meet again,
Or how this story ends.
But memories are ours for life,
They warm our hearts and mend.

The years are many now,
It seems so long ago.
But if we met this very night,
Our words would surely flow.

So here's a poem to us,
We did it soft and true.
We took a chance on love,
So thankful I met you.

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