

As My Eye Sinks Into My Head "The Secret"

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I have finally found
What I searched for all my life
But it is precious art behind glass
Unreachable, no matter my strife Â–
It was always right in front of me
But I chose not to see
What could not be avoided
Yet what could never be.

It was there while I was singing
Present whilst I wrote
My hopeless tales of found true love
And fruitless my love notes.
It's presence couldn't be denied Â–
Only what it was
Could be overlooked and made petty
Strictly by what it does.

Pray, I should find a way to make
This object something true
Something loving, tender
I can find no wrong in having two.

What I sought did never see
The longing in my eyes,
It never knew just what I wanted
I had covered it well with lies.
And so it sat, unwanted by most
While I so pined away
For a moment to call it my own
To be it's home to stay.

But alas, never did it know
I let it turn to naught;
I spoke in verse my truest wish
Sheer happiness it never brought.
Nor did it flower into bloom
Like a primrose in the light,
Kept from the sun, it withered
Because of my cowardly fright.

I am but a shy poet

With a secret dream
Afraid was I to express my love
That o'erflowed the banks
Of the river of a sweetest dream.

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