

## Michael McGuire "Paris"

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PARIS

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The first look into your eyes found my blessing to life,  
you will not spend

one more day another man's woeful wife, your eyes  
could keep the poet's

pins busy for lifetimes nights and ages, your beauty  
could kill the blind

and teach the tongue of sages.

I will have you or I will have my judgment day,

philosophies of what if

wring the life from what is.

Come with me I will bring your planet's beauty it's

moon and mate, we

will stamp the heavens with the blood stained kiss of  
this date, war will

be the price of love reason lies drunk on your breast,

all that was means

nothing at all the world is newly dressed.

I will bring rage and ruin to the neck of your

honeymoon, I will not mourn

for dead armies in our bed.

Let empires fall to dust let kings blissfully die in the

mud, I will have you

my dear the song and sermon of my blood, I will kill

any man or god who

would keep me from my bride, the soldier's life meant

nothing until for

your beauty he proudly died.

Let this be the love that the ages envy and recite, war

will be our passion

displayed for those who would doubt it.

I will have you if the world must be damned in the

labor, I'll stop time

itself for the balm and bath of your flesh, the soul of an

army the body of

kings for your sigh, I will have you even if just for the

night before I die.

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