

Time

Whispers

WHISPER soft, lest still, star-sprinkled night,
That holds its breath in magic, silvered bowers,
Shall overhear the tenderness we plight,
Which takes no count as minutes merge to hours.

Whisper soft. Touch gently, in a glow
That has a wondrous softness of its own,
And makes believe that we, at one below,
Have found such love as no one else has known.

Whisper soft, for 'tis night's quirky will
To snatch and steal away the slightest sound,
And magnify it on an air so still
That whispered secrets shout to all around.

Whisper soft: enlist the black-backed moon,
Whose velvet vault mere man can't comprehend,
To light the face of love, for all too soon
The loveliness of summer's night will end.
