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## The Poet

As setting sun the ocean burns  
So the heart within me yearns  
As springtime buds embrace the dew  
So long I to be near you.

A poet's prone to tell such lies  
Though they be sweet and small in size  
He'll use such myths and silly rhymes  
For stealing hearts (and other crimes).

Though lightning cuts the darkest night  
Your brilliant eyes shine twice as bright  
As raging winds drive forth the storm  
So am I driven to your form.

Beware the poet's knack for words  
His tongue is simply for the birds  
So listen now to what I say:  
Don't trust the poet, Keep away!

As sparkling stars adorn the skies  
So I adore your twinkling eyes  
Though embers from some fires may smoulder  
Never will *my* love grow colder.

• *Brian Creech*