Small Sacrifice

Were she to ask me to bleed for her
So should I do it and cut deep
And were she to ask me to abandon all
Truly, no possessions could I keep

But not soon enough could I do this
If it should be her purest wish
For me to starve and drink no more
How barren my cup, how empty my dish

If death be upon us but asks only one
There should I lay in eternal rest
But should death steal her away
In my grief should I choose no less

David Kopson