

## **A Dove**

John B. Strott

A dove  
Timid and frightened  
Pure and white  
Frail in body  
Yet matchless in might  
Of purest spirit and noble thought  
Passing through the bleak clouds of time  
Whose storms are endured  
Until the moment  
O resting in your arms  
Of nestling against  
The warmth of your body  
Enduring only to feel your touch  
And hear the softness in your voice  
My love is a dove  
That forever flies to you