

Kyle York

To My Dearest

I am aware
That you, my dear
Me nightly do mistreat.
For like the stag
Who marks his turf
Your love is indiscreet.

You flaunt a fine
And velvet rack
A paramour to please
And widely spread
Curvaceous legs
To lie beneath the trees.

You pant for love
And sate your thirst,
By stooping low to drink
And leave the first
Of many beds
Without a pause to think.

You roam by night
And hide your tracks
So as to cheat surprise
And flee at sight
Of me, a man,
Ere I can catch your eyes.

But know, brave hart
That arrows quick
Will *your* heart one day rend!
Forsooth, one day
You will be trapped,
And I this game will end.