I Wept

Bethel G.A Erastus-Obilo
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Each time I think of you, I shed a little tear.
   Every time your name crosses my lips, I wipe my browse gently
Three times, the snow has come and gone. Three times, the summer beckons
Great contentions, often of no repute and the galore of wailing mourns have attended us.

   Yet you abide, yet we build on grounds often uncertain but, apparently, true.
   Our spirits twined many atime in amity’s warm embrace.

Many would steal your place and mine as many have already tried. Even the march of
time stands treacherously askance as we dance the uncertain tango of future plans.

Commitments scary and promises of a brighter tomorrow. Yet, the enclosed cage beats
   for none else but my choice and the arms of affection for my love.

   There is much that we can do with each other if only we agreed to get on with it.
   There is nothing I want to do without you for you regularize the beats of my heart.

My partner, my babe, my eternal companion. Where have you been all these years?

My affection for you runs deeper than we would admit. Yet, both Solomon and the
   Queen of Sheba in all their glory, were not arrayed as we are.

Let us, from today, resolve to love as never before and carve out a future that is bright.
   For we found each other when it seemed all was lost.
   We must remember the miracle of that chance and vow to fight together on each other’s
       side.

   For you, I’d do all that is necessary and required and all that lies in my power.
   None other enjoys my deep affections thus and none else ever will.