

## Evidence

A lover, feverish, convulsed with love,  
pens a love letter to his beloved,  
what a heavy trip!  
in one quick motion,  
he destroys his own magical words!  
Now only a curious frightened man,  
he sits to watch her until dawn,  
while the woman weeps in her sleep.

With shaking hands again,  
pen full of love poems,  
he pictures his heart on paper,  
baring the nakedness of his soul,  
under the dark cloak of the passing night.

As the tail end of the night clouds disappear,  
bringing in a new perhaps better day,  
the wounded woman opens eyes as clear as daylight,  
all she sees is the fear in the man,  
gone the bravery,  
gone the courageous delight of last night,  
gone too the evidence of love in a love letter!