I Love Thee

Saturnus

Take me to the forest
where the gods play silently
under the great branches.
We speak in a whisper
and you take my hand.
You and I under the oak.
Haming gods
take our breath away.
They won't hear us
and we are, forever.
We'll lie in the shadows
the scent of grass.
And I hope to make with a smile
and not a sigh,
under the starlit sky.

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