

If

If on a rainy day,  
you feel drops that fall,  
like errant angel tears  
on your brow  
or while walking in the woods  
on a day of snow,  
you feel the fresh wind  
swirl and bite you on the neck  
perhaps it will be on  
an early spring morning  
when you feel the warmth  
of the sun upon your lips;  
or maybe in the dark of night,  
as in a dream,  
you feel the touch of silk  
caress your half-awakened form  
Do not wonder, it is just me,  
loving you through the days,  
the nights, and the seasons...

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