

How often do we linger in
The vestibule of life,
Not ready to embrace the soul
We've taken for a wife?

Nor bear the dread oblivion
Of being who we are?
Nor render well our willing part
When we are not the star?

Ah, Valentine! This day of love
Behold what you have wrought!
And seek within the love you have
The love you long have sought.

For love loves not illusion,
Demanding what is true:
That underneath your greed and lust
You need her love for you.

