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Maid of my Visions

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MAID OF MY VISIONS

I awaken to her soft kisses,
Unseen, she is from them all,
Only I can see her enchanting smile,
Because she is the maid of my visions.

She radiates like the Cullinan diamond among rhinestones, Her
voice is soft as one of the mountain brooks of the Rockies. Eyes
compared only to the emeralds of Columbia,
Her hair is the color of ripe wheat in the fields of Saskatchewan.

I desire her company because she loves only me,
She moves with me, as an oak in the wind.
We play together like the ocean waves on the sand,
If only she could be real, I would be silent.