

A Dove

John B. Strott

A dove
Timid and frightened
Pure and white
Frail in body
Yet matchless in might
Of purest spirit and noble thought
Passing through the bleak clouds of time
Whose storms are endured
Until the moment
O resting in your arms
Of nestling against
The warmth of your body
Enduring only to feel your touch
And hear the softness in your voice
My love is a dove
That forever flies to you