

For Aurora

by Kurt S. Daniels

A whispered word holds song to stir the soul
No less than rolling drums or bagpipes blare,
And moon's demure gleam doth the hills extol
As sweetly as the splashing sunlight's glare.

Love rises at a touch or careless glance,
The lightest practice taking hearts to flight -
As impish breezes coax the flowers to dance
With subtle nudges, not o'erwhelming might.

So you arrive to overthrow my heart,
With quiet presence, not expansive pow'r.
You smile with an alchemic artless art
That gilds with closer bond our every hour.

Though infant, mild and subtle as a dove,
You gently wield the lightning-bolts of love.