

Same old words

Every day I tell her I love her.

I fear the monotony will bore her
But I can find nothing else to say.

Why don't new words come to me
Or fresh thoughts ripple through my head?
Why am I so inarticulate
About the passion that matters most?

Daily she unveils more of her self to me,
Causing my love to regenerate,
So why can't I express unprecedentedly
The novelty of these revelations?

Why always the same old words?

Gerald J. Massey