

Pulcher ... (Nobel one)
There came into my possession
One thousand beautiful things
Yet possessed it I did not
For it was not possessible.
An entrance from years gone by
Spoke of timeless love
Moistened cheeklets masked my joy
At this most unpossessible loan of
timelessness.
A century-stained page
Unfolded eons of innate desires
Truths of perceivable beauty
Veiling me in fairy-dreamed star-twinkles.
Virtue seeped through the print
Nobleness transcended from heart to memory
As my eyes visioned
A love greater than mediocrity.
There exists in my realm
A marked, yet unpossessible
One thousand beautiful things.
There exists, in a golden realm
A being, marked yet unpossessible
My most beautiful gift
Of one thousand beautiful feelings.