

The Visit

Your dark side wandered to my door
Arrived, I'm not sure when,
And like a visitor well known
Knocked not, but entered in.
Dined with me at my table,
But a blessing he'd not say.
He took the best of all I had
Then left me straight away,
Tipped his hat and smiled bright
Through eyes of yellow glow.
A chill cut through my body
But from what I did not know.
And so this form both loved and feared
Disguised his darts so clever
That I swore that he was you
And swore I'd love him ever.
He seemed quite pleased and traced the path
That led him to my door;
I had doubts, but let them lie
To sweep dust from my floor.

