



# L O V E

a charm for love  
my sweetheart waits  
atop the hill.  
a rose of red  
and a rose of white.  
the red rose drops  
it's petals

See me there, O moon and stars,  
light held in my very own hand,  
by the air within my lungs, and by the soil  
upon which I stand, and by all the name  
of the spirits and principalities that are upon you  
to me such great desire that they feel  
no indifference towards me, only need.

"In case you ever foolishly forget: I am never  
not thinking about you."

- Virginia Woolf