



# Of This You Can Be Sure

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*This is most definitely a love poem...*

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The summer sun rises over the hills, With a beauty and certain grace, But it cannot compete with the beauty of you, Or the beauty of your face. The falling snow in wintertime, Makes everything look so new, But it cannot compare with the beauty, The beauty that is you. The birds in springtime sing their song, So sweetly and so pure, But they cannot compare with your sweet words, Of this you can be sure. The colorful leaves on autumn trees, All covered with morning dew, May be glorious in their beauty, But are nothing compared to you. All the wonders on this fine earth, And the glory of up above, Are nothing compared to your sweet charms, Or the beauty of your love. 12-18-09.