

I would for you endure
The call of the bee
And still not be sure
It was really calling me.

I would for you procure
The heaven of the son
Even if I found the door
Of the wrongest one.

I would for you adore
The mightiest of lands
Even if I were lured
To one of evil hands.

I would for you forget
All I promise you
And carry on to beget
The greatest lie that says I'm true.

10-7-81