

Love Poem

Her lips red like cherries,
Her kisses like fairies.
Her hair, that beautiful shine,
Her touches from heaven, it feels divine.

The fire of love in my mistress' eyes,
A look gives me natural highs.
Her truelove I want,
Like a ghost I will haunt.

Lips so red, cheeks so round,
Was it delightful Music or her voices' sound?
The Sky bright and red as we walked along,
Beautiful creatures sang our love song.

-Justus Schröder