

Of intuitive thought a man was he,
Who introduced himself to me so gracefully;
As it to institute some knowledge gain,
What information he held to from me retrain.

Some text or verse, What could it be?
That whether the twain, should be withheld to me;
When whether the weather would release its hold,
Of whether the rich, had a pot full of gold.

Well came a time in spell of old,
Which was to vanquish all to behold;
But through the most intuitive thought,
All was tame, as all was taught.

A woman had his mortal heart,
Of this wealth and all to which impart;
Her intuitive resources of his deep mind,
Was to read his heart and see his kind.

You see between the lines said he,
Of what my soul doesn't really see;
As meaningful to see as all the earth,
She could see the truth from since his birth.

Well now came time in which to think,
That these two souls should mortal link;
The word that dwelt within their hearts,
Was there all time from which it did start.

Signed,

Intuitively