

## *Who is this Woman*

Who is this woman who touched me so? What is this thing I feel so solid I know?  
Why is my heart direct to show love when I don't know who? How shall I proceed  
indeed, when she has no need to feed? Why might she see me? I can only stay and hope  
to play; that my invite has no fright, for in this night my fear is near.

I fear she may be the one. When no one is near to hear, my cry this night falls on  
no ear. I am alone, my heart ready to tear. Filled up full with love for man I am here. I  
now need share what I have found fair and square. Love in my life as never before, a  
thing to share more than snare. It has made me bold as I declare what I hold.

A love so old, as the story is told, the spirit itself is from this mold. How may I  
feel the right to express without fright this feeling in my heart that gives me a start? I wait  
for a change that I may feel more stable, to put my feeling out on the table. That more  
than a fable, the love I feel has me ready to kneel.

With one knee grounded, bounded only by spirit I pray not to fear it. That I might  
first tell you "I love you", before I just burst. Now I see that to give is the only true  
desire. I give my love to you, a promise so true I feel it anew as each day due.