

Three Short Words

By Lorraine Voss

Love cannot be pinned down by lyric.
Nor can it be caught and held by rhythm,
verse or rhyme.

The poet waves his butterfly net;
swoops to steal an image
but all too often, misses.

I tried to write my love for you
with perfect words,
arranged in perfect form.

But doggerel did not
adequately
get the point across

I tied again with freer verse
but fairly soon fell short ...

Perhaps the poem needs to be
just three, short words
and spoken.

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