

*For Eliza*

*The rose she sent had petals, sweet and bright  
and in them I read an offer that sparked  
a heart in flight. A sense that this fire might -  
if nurtured burn worthy of remark.*

*Is this choice right? That can I not yet know.  
Sweetness is something and words are e'en more.  
Yet does she hold the power to lay me low?  
For love to spring I must of worth be sure.*

*None can forget that my lovers have shaped  
the fabric of so many things that this  
Empire now holds dear. O! sweet truths escaped  
what must she be that love its mark shan't miss?*

*She must be Eliza, herself and true,  
And something more, to make me sing anew.*