TO OUR VALENTINE

No maid was ever fashioned like to thee; the hand that cast thy beauty broke the mold.
Thou art a living, breathing ecstasy whose loveliness no poet's pen hath told;
What womb gave thee? what breast housed the living God? What other breast fed the Child divine?
What child of Adam fashioned from the sod was sinlessly conceived like thee and Thine?

I who am but a beggar at thy door, craving crumbs of purity that fall
From thy full table, patiently implore a morsel of thy love however small;
I would not ask a greater part least I
Unto such hungry food should die!