

Is there such a thing as this,
Could my morning be love and bliss;
Perhaps my mind could understand,
All the love of God and land.

Many a time I adore to stray,
Many a time I turn away;
Many a time God asks me back,
Perhaps intelligence is the thing I lack.

Love of course is not an intelligent game,
But blind leading the blind to make a name;
How can we then consider it truth,
Though without combining them there's no point or proof.

Intelligent love how deep the thought,
That I might know my last resort;
With intelligent love is there time to waste,
Or to think a while but not in haste.

There is a beauty in the idea of it,
A time to read while in the quiet you sit;
Intelligent love perhaps why bother at all,
Would you feel great of left standing small?

I must not worry or fear within,
Really it's neither same or sin;
Intelligent love is God granting peace,
That pains and loathes we can release.

Signed,

Is love clever