

What could it be that I headed to know,
Who is it really for me to turn to grow;
Could it be magic or something that's wild,
Or wouldn't it be something more meek and mild.

Is it the children or dogs in the street,
Could it be something I put on my feet;
What could it be that is so hard to grasp,
A heart on a chain with a small gold clasp.

What could it be that you keep wanting to ask,
It is more than I'm worth to be taken to task;
What could it be would you believe if I said,
Could you imagine life and never be dead.

What could it be that stops you in time,
Something worse than death, something worse than crime;
Could it be lovely something not to miss,
Could it be subtle like a beautiful kiss.

What could it be for me to live eternally,
With the only thing I'm wanting is your love for me;
What could it be said and the sight of infinity,
Would there be anything left just for thee.

There is something so special that scares me to say,
It's the love in my heart and it's there now to stay;
What could it be, perhaps a new possibility,
A challenge, a venture, a place we'd agree.

Signed,

Isn't earth wonderful