

I Love You, My Dear

by Lalia

An original acrostic poem. Love is a crazy word. I love you more than love itself.
Overbeared you've made me, my dear, with your sweet romance.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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I am an idolater. One who admires you intensely.

Love is a crazy word. I love you more than love itself.

Overbeared you've made me, my dear, with your sweet romance.

Veracious is the ardor you fill me with.

Epic describes my adoration for you. The adoration a story cannot describe, only an epic.

Young in heart, shall it be old age or new.

Ostentatious you are for I know your love for me in your heart. It screams my name, your heart, my dear.

Unnecessary for you to show me the stars, for the stars are right there, in your eyes.

My love, mi amour, mere pyar, you shall always stay.

Yosemite Falls you showed me, though it was not needed. For, I fall for you every second; like the river falls down the waterfall.

Descry those love-filled glances you sent to me. I descry that heart-felt touch of yours.

Ethereal is your romance. Too heavenly for you deserve the moons and stars.

Acrimony we shall never speak with. Words, manners, and depositions of harsh or biting sharpness we shall both never deal with. You and I, my dear.

Romance. The only word to describe those emotions you have for me, my dear. Romance, another word for love, but, not another word for

I LOVE YOU, MY DEAR.