

## *devotion*

By Pierre Ramon Thomas

I beat my grief-stricken chest,  
That I, with  
Poetic words, can't caress  
Your heart's  
face.

Occluded is the wellspring,  
From which both  
Love and lyric mingling,  
Ought flow  
liberally from their  
place.

Coarse and jagged I am left,  
From being  
Love-and-tenderness-bereft—  
But the best  
of me I'll strive to  
give.

Healing is my objective,  
If only  
To make my heart subject, if  
Only to your  
loving personage.