

SHOW ME OF YOUR LOVE

Robert Fitt , 1975

Don't write to me of love,
For thoughtless love-words are scrawled
On countless trees and privy walls;
Meaningless, . . .casual . . . self-fulfilling.

Don't only tell me of your love,
For love words too well said—
Too practiced and refined—are suspect.

Simply show me of your love
In the tiny daily worshippings
That overflow from a
Heart too full to speak, to a
Heart too starved to ask.