

# I HEAR HER VOICE

BY NIMROD JOHNSON

Oh that I could be of whom you dream  
Oh that I could wipe my slate clean.

I too feared my muse had gone away  
but it seems she's here as long as you do stay

I simply couldn't hear her voice  
as I awaited Zohar's choice.

Tell you what I feel as I caress your hair?  
To make me bottle it in words isn't fair.

It is a tonic too strong for glass or stainless steel.  
This sum of warmth, caring, concern, tenderness just part of the deal

You must know by now, no chains from me need you fear.  
But a strong if aching back are yours my dear.

A shoulder to lean or cry upon  
arms and legs you can depend on.

Independence but with support  
This I promise as your consort.

Desire for more without discontent  
happiness and appetite, this is what I meant.

To feel fulfilled but full  
To know life good, and always sense adventures pull.

I will be beside you as much as you allow  
I want to be part of your daily chow.

To be your life partner I apply  
but for the moment require no reply

If only I was all you deserve  
I only hope what there is will serve.