

THREE LOVE POEMS

by Oscar Treadwell

Perfection

I needn't try to make you
more than you are
your smile calms my universe
nature triumphs
with your perfection

Approval

Your eyes are closed but
not asleep
I feel you stir to meet
my touch and smile to
press my hand to your breast

Paradise

Where do you go
when we kiss to a far off land
known to you alone
your smile betrays a paradise
I want to share

for Barbara