Once upon a time my world was simple;
My days were marked by love in every way:
Good morn’ was a peck upon each dimple,
Good night a gift I cherish so today.
Your eyes were like deep pools of endless sky;
Your shoulders mountains broad and strong and wide;
Your hands had reach that threw me up so high
And left my heart with no safe place to hide.
Your love was like a dance I’d hate to miss,
The spinning and the dipping on the floor;
And when you pulled me in for that sweet kiss,
Nothing in the world mattered to me more.
Except the knife by which I carved your heart
Into a shape more pleasing for my art.