

Three Love Poems

By HTS

The smile of my beloved, O my Jesus,
Whispers your joy to me.
Because my beloved
Knows You are she
Loved by me,
Because my beloved
Knows You are she
Loving me.
The smile of my beloved, O my Jesus,
Whispers "This is He
Loving me!"



Oh my lady!
This love that I bear you
Is not mine
For I know that it is without limit
And if you do feel for one single
moment
The power of this not-mine love
You too must know that it is not
your own.

And yet, lovely lady, all that is mine
to give is given.
For I cannot give all, but giving all,
Must give what is beyond mine own
possession.
Therefore such is the force of my love,
That by it God is invoked to smile
upon it
And in His pleasure it is both ours
And His.



If, most lovely lady
The soft precise avowal of your eyes
Was something given, as if by your
dear self,
Then, even the strong assurance of
these selfless lips
Would not assure our love among eternal things.
But knowing in what is known
through them
That they, mortal eyes and lips,
Do not convey their own intention
There is certainty, and their
loveliness transformed.