

The Virus of Love Revisited

Down so low I could not see what was up
You held my splintered soul in your heart's cup
Reached my waving hand as a wounded paw
Leading me on the ladder of love's law

There were times that I was not strong enough
When I buckled as the road was too rough
You rescued me with tough words straight and true
Now if I roam all roads lead back to you

With you I am as free as wild bees in the trees
Pleased to be caught by your love-bird disease
Freed by the fever of your luck-filled love
Locked and lost in the virus of your love