

You are not beautiful, exactly.

You are beautiful, inexactly.

You let a weed grow by the mulberry
and a mulberry grow by the house.

So close, in the personal quiet
of a windy night, it brushes the wall
and sweeps away the day till we sleep.

A child said it, and it seemed true:

“Things that are lost are all equal.”

But it isn't true. If I lost you,
the air wouldn't move, nor the tree grow.
Someone would pull the weed, my flower.
The quiet wouldn't be yours. If I lost you,
I'd have to ask the grass to let me sleep.

BY MARVIN BELL

love U



You are not beautiful, exactly.
You are beautiful, inexactly.
You let a weed grow by the mulberry
and a mulberry grow by the house.
So close, in the personal quiet
of a windy night, it brushes the wall
and sweeps away the day till we sleep.



A child said it, and it seemed true:
“Things that are lost are all equal.”
But it isn't true. If I lost you,
the air wouldn't move, nor the tree grow.
Someone would pull the weed, my flower.
The quiet wouldn't be yours. If I lost you,
I'd have to ask the grass to let me sleep.



BY MARVIN BELL



You are not beautiful, exactly.

You are beautiful, inexactly.

You let a weed grow by the mulberry
and a mulberry grow by the house.

So close, in the personal quiet
of a windy night, it brushes the wall
and sweeps away the day till we sleep.

A child said it, and it seemed true:

“Things that are lost are all equal.”

But it isn't true. If I lost you,
the air wouldn't move, nor the tree grow.

Someone would pull the weed, my flower.

The quiet wouldn't be yours. If I lost you,

I'd have to ask the grass to let me sleep.

BY MARVIN BELL

Customizable
'love' word cut out picture



hit me an e-mail at agencybestgiftidea@gmail.com,
attach a picture of you together. Mind the shape opportunity. I'll
send you the customized file
until 11th Feb, 0:00 am .