

Lulu

By William True
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Lulu was her name, and romance was her game,
My innocence was fuel for her desire.
She played me like a toy, she was child-like in her joy,
And now I know the flame of passion's fire.

I was but a callow youth, still searching for a truth,
When this lady of slight virtue happened by.
She was mystery, she was night, she was adventure, sheer delight.
I must meet her, I must have her, I must try.

"They call me Lulu, Love, and I'm like a turtle dove,
"Both at cooing and at wooing, I excel.
"You're a likely lad, with sand, so let me take your hand,
"We'll stroll the primrose path, I'll ring your bell."

As a rocket ship in flight, as a shooting star at night,
I rose to heights of passion past the blue,
"Oh Lulu, Lulu mine, woman lovely and divine,
"You've shown me paradise, and Eden true."

"What fools these mortals be!" may be said of men like me,
But the angels never know a lover's dream.
And though my innocence has gone, as the dew drop fades at dawn,
The smile I smile outshines the bright sun's beam.