

I saw her standing way up high: a poem

Passed the valleys and the mountain sides I longed to have the knowledge of such beauty
I had seen But the closer I got, the farther it seemed The sunset shadowed this beautiful
figure Even from miles, I could still see her As I was close to retiring from my despair, I
felt the wind sweep me into the air I flew by dust and leaves Only to land by this beauty
and cleave Our eyes met and the passion grew We would never part, that I knew We
whispered in the night, underneath the stars And we sang a song, just me and my guitar

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