

Ode to a Square Peg

We enraptured by a book,
No less those by a word,
Hold life itself to be the hook,
And dreamy fantasy absurd

But in the longest stretch of night
The heart doth search too much
It savours dreams of what might
Until again it feels your touch

Do not disdain the hearts pure fun
You're the object of its delight
It waits quite still beneath the sun
Lest it's flapping sparks your flight

But hurry still my rhomboid friend
I long to see your face
And taste our heady cocktail blend
When we coil in fond embrace

Let not the storm nor wind nor sea
No any other circumstance
Retard your journey here to me
And our fond frolics advance

Oh my square peg whence is your home
Where is your sweet parole?
May you find your pleasure dome
When you find your sweet square hole.