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The Tale-less Bard

The poems of love are quite easy to write  
It is the finding the object of the poem that is hard  
For as I sit on the porch this lonely night  
I have no tale to tell, I am a tale-less bard

For my life is not one of damsels and dragons  
I do not play a lyre, nor do I sing  
And yet I can revel in the setting of the suns  
And I can take joy in the beauty of a bird's wing

All these simple joys I can bring to thee  
Although I am no knight or armor clad prince  
I hope these gifts can make you see  
That the true beauties in life are not artistic prints

Bard though I try to be, I have a quest  
I long to show you all this world has to give  
And I long for you in to in my arms rest  
What I will show you, will let you truly live

For in me is a knowledge and a burning fire  
In me is a heart that is of the purest gold  
In you is the ability to quench my desire  
To find a person who will love me to depths untold

I do not yet know exactly what I seek  
There is time left yet for me to find  
That person whose spirit is not meek  
And who has a heart of gold and a true mind

If you are out there let me know  
For I have written this little poem to show  
That I will not give up and never let go