**A Lover Searches History**

The maisters across history;

Do each in turn, attempt in verse;

To write upon the mystery

Of perfect love, complete immerse.

But each a tale, from days of old;

True love in turn, goes bitter cold.

Great Homer in his precedence;

How beauty fair, doth conquer man;

When splendor has such excellence,

No army strong, no sea can span.

Though great alure, a face may be;

A fickle hart, is prone to flee.

Good Plutarch, ever sage and wise;

Of glory Rome, her leadership;

How strength in love can compromise,

A Roman hart, an Egipt lip.

Though passion well doth he display,

If power come, the hart betray.

And then behold the English bard;

Of tales of woe, and times romance.

Of feud and friend, they disregard;

As two in one, in secret dance.

Though solace in true love be grand,

Take not your life, for loss of hand.

So how does each a maister miss,

To find true love and give the tale.

Methinks that each who try remiss,

As love before, was oft the pale.

Until alas, came love so true;

The dawning light, along came you.

 By: Lord Paganus Akritas