

The Eve of St Valentine

To One Whom I Love,
Perchance you
know & well beloved, that
to-morrow is St Valentine's day,
and this little letter is my
valentine to you my dear one.
When in my presence I
often look at you and think,
that the fair Ophelia, Hamlet's
love, must have resembled thee.
Thy fair yet dusky wavy hair,
Thy lovely eyes and smooth
pink cheeks, together with thy
rosy lips, make up thy most
angelic face; which I am sure
The noble Hamlet must have
loved. Your smile is one
that makes the souls of
beholder's rejoice. Those whom
Nature has not endowed
with such good looks cannot
look upon your radiant
countenance without envy.
What is most becoming about
you is your grace without
pride, a combination rarely
seen in one so young and fair.
I know my sweetheart
that I am not the only one
who adores you. But each
time I see you my love
for you grows stronger until
I feel myself completely
under the power of your
will. My emotions are
swayed by you, and your
faintest smile puts me in
raptures. The slightest
touch of your soft white
hand, sends through me
a thrill so deep that I
feel it for hours, and I
live in a paradise for
hours. But I soon must
wake to this world of
realities, and find that
mine is a sort of 'Milton's
Paradise Lost'.

Yours in love
Valentine