

Love Tested, Proven.

John studied the book that he held in his hand,
The side notes were written by some ones soft hand,
As he looked at them closely, his heart skipped a beat,
At the front, her name printed, was Rachel DeJeet.
He searched for her address, it was in the mid west,
It was war time, for romance it was not the best,
But he wrote her a letter, introducing himself,
Probably thinking it would land on a shelf.

He had asked her to write, and she quickly replied,
And for months, on her letters this soldier relied.
A long distance romance was surely in place,
Though neither had looked on the others dear face.
He had asked for her picture, she would not comply,
If he cared at all for her she could still bring him joy.
His war service ended, he wrote her to say,
He would soon be returning from far far away.

He wanted to see her, how he longed for that day
They had scheduled a meeting, but what would he say,
“How will I know you?” to her he proposed,
She said, “In my lapel, I’ll wear a red rose.”
As he stepped of the train, the sun was real bright,
To his war weary eyes, a most beautiful sight
Came walking toward him, a young lady in green,
The most beautiful person he had ever seen.

Her eyes shone with youth as she slowly passed by,
She smiled at the soldier, even that gave him joy.
He was tempted to follow as he thought, no one knows,
But alas this lady was not wearing a rose.
It was then that he saw her a woman well bred,
Mid forties perhaps, gray hair on her head.
She had a kind smile as she twinkled her nose,
And yes, she was wearing a big bright red rose.

Her hair was tucked neatly and tied with a bow,
He noticed the wrinkles, on her face they did show,
It seemed that this woman was aware of life's crunch,
It was then he decided to take her to lunch.
It may not be love that he felt in his heart,
Perhaps something more precious, this would be a start
They'd discuss their plans, let fate have it's way,
He would not disappoint her, this was not his way.

He moved closer to her, "Are you Miss Dejeet,
Are you really the woman I've been longing to meet?"
Disappointment he felt as he reached for her hand,
With a tolerant smile, she said, "My young man,
What this is about neither one of us knows,
The lady in green just gave me this rose.
She asked me to wear it, it was some kind of test,
She said it would help her to do what was best.

She said, "If he asks to take you to dinner,
That she would know surely she had picked a winner."
She said she would wait for us just down the street,
And then we'd all know that the test was complete.

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