

*Classy verse from Global Village*

**John Wain**

### **Apology for Understatement**

Forgive me that I pitch your praise too low.  
Such reticence my reverence demands,  
For silence falls with laying on of hands.

Forgive me that my words come thin and slow.  
This could not be a time for eloquence,  
For silence falls with healing of the sense.

We only utter what we lightly know.  
And it is rather that my love knows me.  
It is that your perfection set me free.

Verse is dressed up that has nowhere to go.  
You took away my glibness with my fear.  
Forgive me that I stand in silence here.

It is not words could pay you what I owe.