

RESEARCH ARTICLE

How Doth Love

By

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Lost hath thineself in this knowledge, so vast
Made up thy mind, tis' doom's disgrace;
O Lord, how doth love maketh mine scrutiny last.
Sworn in ye name, gets thou path to trace.
I moved and moved but little did find;
Judgeth thy people of infinite thought;
What vibrant it was and how lovely tis' kind.
All in peace, but beeth selfish, they fought.
I loosest mine self amid heartless despair;
Vice of ignorance for ages untold;
O Lord, for knoweth, now answer thy prayer.
Another night thou seest a holy glow of gold.
Good light merely sounded, "Love thyself, Love thy
men, and Love thy God"
That's how ye reside in an eternal abode.