

A True Spike Story

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A poem about spike, and him trying to win Buffy over.

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My hair white as ice,
Eyes crystal blue,
Yes, i'm a poet at heart,
It's true.

What I long is to finally be loved,
It's been hard for me to find
Until I met this woman,
Is she the one, give me a sign?

His secret he cannot hide,
Love is what he felt for her,
But she did not feel that same,
She told him they could not be, and that they never were.

She could not see behind the death,
Could not bring him in the light,
He reeked of death and torment,
A true creature of the night.

She did not know his human past,
How sweet he could really be,
He tried his hardest to make her look,
But love she could not see.

So he fought for a soul,
To make her look and find,
What he had all along,
What she saw was love in his eyes, which made her change her mind.

Until his finale moments,
Did she understand what she felt was true,
He told her his loved her so,
And with a finale kiss she said I know, I love you too!