

Bold and Beautiful

Between my wide hazel eyes
I hold secrets of blissful visions.
I am a heart shaped tree
outlined with love.
Left bare in the Fall,
the world has seen me naked
keep your gaze upon,
as the universe cloaks me in new dress
to Spring forward into Summer rain,
that will refresh my soul
Winter is far gone.

The peculiar understands growing alone,
dirt I don't brush it off
I need it on me,
for it is the only way to cultivate
strong limbs and beautiful leaves.

Trust of Love

I am but an egg
fresh from the carton
hard and fragile,
please do not drop me,
I will die.

Suspension of Gravity

Revolving,
he and she
twirl in the world wind
hugging clouds,
kissing sun,
twisted up in thoughts of love
imperfectly compatible.

What is the possibility of a closed door disguising itself as a blessing?

The illusion is digressing.

They are certainty.

The art of knowing breaks the exit routine.

Providence waits to greet them at the entrance of an open door.

Potential Lover

Potential gets the best of me.

It makes me wrestle with my weakness.

It tests me to grow weary in my strength.

Stupid is as stupid does,

continuously interacting with boys,

with ambition intentions

to mold them into manhood.

This is like slapping the potter

in the face with thin patience.

Insane actions will warrant dissatisfaction every time.

Decapitating hearts from cores,

all I wanted to do was love him

but...

he wasn't ready.

Buckle Up

Lips fasten like safety belts.

Tongues carelessly approaching the highway.

Cruise control set at 90 on 85N.

Navigation is redirecting our course.

Rebellious kissers do not listen

until tongues get bit.

Hormones desire a fatal body collision.

Brain begs to differ.

Oral cavities saturated in rainbow hues,
leaving the taste of rainbow promises.

Black liner smeared,

faces painted with forbidden,

Seductive interludes of saliva swapping

cause us to realize that

kissing is just as intimate,

as making love.