

TITLE: Poems For The Soul

We Cradle Love

we cradle love and kiss it gently,
we tuck it in at night and we slumber within its wings.
love smiles at us and grants us a glorious day.

she does not growl or howl like a forlorn wolf,
she does not yield a sword and slash our hearts.

love sits by us like an angelic deity.
we lift our hands and send prayers to the heavens above,
wishing that love would stay by our side forever.

she swirls like a rainbow in our vision
she strolls alongside us during the moonlit twilight.
she whispers swan songs of intimacy.

love does not shower rainfall upon us.

no, she drops petals of dandelions upon our atmosphere.

she is kind and patient; she is a twinkling crystal.

we cradle love, speaking tenderness and protecting it like a rising flame
so that it does not burn out.

love is a powerful bond; she exhales red cherries and strawberry bliss.

our sweet love, she is like a quiet night in the city.
when the city lights burn brightly,
and the roads are at peace.
when the critters come out
and dance beneath the cosmic skies.

she is a plentiful meadow; we frolic through her strands of beauty.

our love, she shows us a new world of happiness and freed souls.
we cradle her secrets.
we cradle her delicate softness.

we cradle her hands of miraculous magic.

with our love, winter is just a fading season. cold is just a concept.

she shows us how the dusty night falls into silhouettes of fireflies.

during the night, our love surrounds us.

not even the nightfall could separate us from the blazing passion.

she visits us in our dreams, our hands reaching out to each other.

his loving words echoes throughout the skies like a lovely lullaby.

without our sweet love, what would we be?

where would he be?

we cradle love

because if we did not hold onto her tightly like a prayer,

she would slip away as quickly as she had come.

we would be lost, simply disconnected souls.

love is essential, love is the answer to a bright and lively life.

without love, we would be wandering like living corpses.

running in circles, searching desperately for a substitute

for the emptiness which consumes us.

so, we cradle love

we tend to her needs

we bow down to her.

she is our purpose; she is our glue which holds us together.

we cradle love,

as we bury ourselves into each other

with no intention of letting go.

we cradle love

and she repays us

by saving ourselves from hellish solitude.

His Lullaby Voice

he is the patient sea on a seraphic day

when the earth slumbers,

when the stars rise to the sapphire skies,

when the reflections of the moon dance in our eyes,

we become boundless lovers
wrapped together like lilac vines

his lullaby voice
wraps around me
like glorious stars.
his lullaby voice
is a poetic bouquet.
his soul falls upon me
like rays of light
dripping from the passionate sun.

the scent of death slips into the dust
when i am with him.

pain is just word
grey is just a color.

a glorious galaxy of pure bliss
engulfs us when nightfall falls upon us.

branches of love slips from his hands
cradling me like a cocoon of butterflies.

when he is around,

the beauty of autumn returns.
specks of nature swirls in my vision
and suddenly the colors are bright once more.
he shows me the heavenly cosmos
and teaches me about the lavender dewdrops of spring

and how the plentiful gardens will rise again.
the awakening of dawn
is painted with blue strands
of pearls and gold,

we wake in the softness
of the wind
we take a heavenly flight
towards the violet skies,

we touch the hues of a rainbow
while he writes letters of love
upon my lips.

between our heartbeats
there is a sigh of passion
and a candlelit warmth.

Ripples

the sea is not a beast.

the sea is a beauty unfolding.

she is a crystalized enchantment.

a reflection of life and mystery.

to whisper the birdsong
connects me to the
flight of the dolphins.

they shimmer like treasures
of elegance.

in death,

perhaps her arms
will welcome me
and bury my bones
within the light
of her soul.

perhaps,

the sea is the answer to the end
yet she is the beginning of a journey.

perhaps we return to the dust
like flowers in winter
as all things do.

I wake in the morning
and she reaches out to me
with her foamy limbs,

I smile
and I disappear into bliss.

Desire

through the window
beneath a violet hue,

there are amber horses
galloping while flames
rise steadily.

I seek a fortune teller,

she speaks of those horses
which follow me into my dreams,

she speaks of a man
built with mystery
who will gallop into my life
crashing into me like thunderous
beams of light,

riding upon those horses
filled with temptation.

without knowing,

I have slept with you
through the night
when you roam
within my dreams
filled with gardens.

I have walked with you
through a vision
of a desirable future.

though he does not know it,

he is mine
as I have chosen him
like how tigers chase their prey.

I think of those amber horses
and I see him in the reflection
of their starlit eyes.

I see him in the flames of warmth
which rise around me
in my dreams.

I feel him
when I touch
the silky fur
of those fierce horses.

I touch the feathers of
swans who swim alongside
each other for eternity.

he is a temptation,

in the dark
in the day.

I seek his blood
and I drink the bones
within his body.

we collapse within
each other's heartbeats
beneath the twilight,

with visions of those horses
sailing among us.

we are a fire,

soft like the petals of a dove.

I Will Be Your Light

the darkness of the well swallows you
and pulls you into hell.

you sink into an abyss of solitude
your lips are sealed, your hands are pale.

what have you found
in your abyss of hell?

do you see your deepest fears
or perhaps your darkest desires?
do you see rotting flashes of corpses
and chaotic guilt from the past?

your fingers bleed
and your heart races.

the place you are in
is not home.

my dear, your home is with me and my passionate warmth.
I will be your light, while you climb out of the well of horrors.
I will be the hand which grips you for eternity.

you will not find answers to your bitter bruises
in that pit of darkness.
you will only find nightmarish memories
and a hole of lunacy.

what are you looking for
in that endless maze?

my dear, I plead for you to walk out and sink into my blood.
let me lick your wounds.
let me deliver fruit and jasmine blossoms upon your ruined soul.

find your happiness through my soft lips.
find your purpose through the beat of my heart.

please my dear, let me love you.
let me lay my head on your shoulder
through the starry night.
let me stroke your chest.

let us wake up to the sunrise together.

the empty darkness gone from sight,

in its place, is a new golden light and soft lilacs.
we grow and thrive together
leaving our past behind.