

Three Small Words

On the tip of the tongue they stayed;
The heart urging, and the soul swayed.
The mouth's lips held firm;
The mind raced, looking for the term.

I like you very much;
Had seemed to lose its touch.
Grasping, wanting, bursting for more;
The heart, the soul began to roar.

Louder and stronger, the need became;
Knowing that each, was feeling the same.
A hushed whisper at first, did they pass;
Again, and again, they began to amass.

Each time bolder, with more confidence;
When finally, they came together, in perfect sense.
Three small words filled with hope and joy;
Didst fall from the tongue of this innocent boy.

The words are strong but remain so few.
My only, my beautiful,
I Love You.

Sober

Unlike the opaque, and shadowed depths which must be stirred;
Moving but only when wisdom is blurred.
As emotions dart, here, and there;
Fleeting in a shimmering flash, in the darkest of lair.

Healthy spirits wise to the current's ebbs and sways;
Intertwining before, during, evermore, and always.
Droplets converge, streams become a river;
Tumbling and turning, but each drop a giver.

Varied in movement, but progressing none-the-less;
The mighty torrents of the waterfall do convalesce.
Supporting each other, connected at the core;
Each atom of being begging to give more.

Patience

Time passes silent.
Ego grows more and more violent.
Seconds become hours.
Anger in the heart devours.
Whenever will this end?
Can the innermost bend?
Taking years not days.
Allowing for the lifting of the haze.
Wisdom ages.
The heart rages.
Past enlightens tomorrow.
Deliverance from future sorrow.
Sufficient is today.
Leading to acceptance of what may.

Fall

Past year's beauty, litters the floor;
Glorious splendor, decays in horror.
Feeding the present,
Fermenting the past,
Sweet poignant smells, penetrate from the mast.

Tickling tips, sway gently in the breeze;
Forgetting prior burdens, with relative ease.
Dark, rough bodies make way,
To the brightest of skies,
At the expense of what lives, and what dies.

Still with time,
My death toward me race;
With my next new breath,
Which way shall, I face?

Why

Security. Health. Dignity. Life.
Nothing remains, only strife.
Lost, robbed, taken with force;
Cruel, wanton, with no remorse;
Reason, logic, sense cannot dispel;
Leading only to one's own glimpse of Hell.

No true God can allow such evil to exist,
Spewing injustice, with an unrelenting fist.
We must be on our own without a god,
We believe, we whisper, with an affirming nod.

Bad is evil; good is love.
Our feeble understanding tells us of above.
The One who was, is, and always will be,
Sees things differently than forever will we.

If we were all knowing, we would understand,
Constant blessing is given with an open, caring hand.
Evil and love, products of free choice.
In action, in thoughts, even in voice.

Labels of earthly good and bad are included in this.
Oft, our thoughts here create the abyss.
Growth and faith strengthen with pain,
Bringing forth wisdom, understanding, and heavenly reign.

Blood, sweat, tears outpoured,
Lift us higher than heights previously soared.
I pray I could know what I will truly know then.
Until my time comes, I live in a fate shared with all men.