

A Mother on her Defiant Son

When he disappoints me
(and I know he will)
I will love him
When he breaks my heart
(as he always does)
I will love him
Though he is not the man he should be
(which hurts, since I know he *can* be)
I will love him even if he never will be
Though he takes advantage of my love
I will love him
Though his words rarely proclaim
And his actions rarely express
That he loves me
I will love him
Though he sees my acts of love as
Unreasonable
I will love him
Because my love for him
Lacks reason.

How to Give a Guy Subtle Signs You're Interested

Smile when you see his face and
Don't be afraid to wink your eye
Compliment him whenever possible and
Feel free to gently caress his arm
"Accidentally" run into him
In the library
In the bathroom
At his job
In the locker room where he changes;
I'd recommend bringing him a treat to help him recover from the surprise,
And if you should "accidentally" see him naked
That would be the perfect time to compliment him
And remember to smile and wink!
Then tell him it's fate that keeps bringing you together
But be sure to install a tracking device to his car for when fate doesn't work.
Show that you want to be a part of his life
Invite yourself to his family reunion
Make copies of his apartment keys so you can come and go as you please;
It'll almost be like you're living together.
Show him you care about his well-being
Cook him a healthy breakfast each morning and
Accompany him on his morning jog
Arrive on time to his therapy sessions
And listen well!
Show him how observant and attentive you are
Not only do you know his favorite color
But you know the names of all his exes
Beginning with his first in middle school
(Who should mysteriously disappear along with his other exes, if you plan to have a
lasting relationship)
You not only remember his birthday
But you know his number without him even having to offer it;
This would be a good time to slip his pin and social security number into the
conversation as well—
Bonus points.
Now that he'll be impressed and practically smitten with you
You can stray from the subtleties.
Do something special to show him your affections
Perhaps you could make a collage of the hundreds of pictures you've taken of him
over the years
(I'd recommend decorating it with the strands of his hair you've been collecting)

Then leave it as a gift for him at his front door
Have some rose pedals leading him towards his bedroom where you'll be waiting in
the dark,

Wearing a veil and holding a bouquet.
You'll have him right where you want him.

But I wouldn't recommend wearing the dress;
You don't want to be too forward,

And it would probably scare him.

Passing the Wisdom

I grip the railing as
I climb life's stairs
Steep and covered in ice
I climb with care
Yet I know it's a
Challenge I can bare
'Cause for each step I take
My Mother's already been there

Sometimes the winding stairs
Go I don't know where
But when I'm lost
I don't despair
'Cause my Grandmother
Knows the way there

When I wish I could
Take the escalator instead
When my legs are trembling
When my stamina's dead
I suddenly find strength watching
Great Grandma climb ahead

With wounded legs, *still* I tread
Empowered by a single word she said

I grip the railing as
I climb life's stairs
Steep and covered in ice
I climb with care
Yet I know it's a
Challenge I can bare
'Cause for each step I take
A Wise Woman
Has already been there

Sweet Tooth

When I have a taste for something sweet
I partake in the candy of music.
The notes on the staff like
Miniature lollipops,
Some solid, others filled.
My tongue, saturated by their flavor
As I sing each tone.
Pleasantly surprised by
The combination of flavors—
The strawberries and kiwis that join to
Form a saccharine harmony,
Which is often interrupted by
A sour note that
Doesn't quite corrupt it, but
Causes it to erupt. It's
An explosion of flavor.
Music—
The candy without the cavities
The sugar high without
The subsequent low
The sweet that satisfies
My sweet tooth.

The Fallacy of Sexy

Sexy is often defined by the physical
External
But most live unaware that Sexy is
Internal
That someone can be Sexy
Regardless of her figure
Regardless of her hairdo
Regardless of his bling
Or his thug-life tattoo
Since these things are
Superficial
Artificial
Definitions of what Sexy means

For if these things were the basis of Sexy's designation
Then 'most anyone could claim it without hesitation
And they'd start to say it's overrated, exaggerated, and out-dated
They'd start to hate it
But in reality we *all* want to *imitate* it,
But we fail because our understanding of Sexy has been manipulated
And our only hope is to examine the person from whom Sexy originated

And from what I can recollect it
Was He who died and resurrected
And though critics reject it
Deep down they respect it
'Cause who *can't* admire someone who's *name* brings *demons* to their knees
Someone whose touch can cure any disease
Has so much power he *never* has to say please
Locked the gates of Hell and threw away the keys
Brought *all* things into existence by simply saying 'let it be'
Accepted crucifixion so His *crucifiers* could be free
Never spoke or lived a fallacy
Unafraid of speaking honestly
Unafraid of *anything* really
Never doubted His authority; He *knew* He was Sexy
And *that's* Sexy

So if you find that you're drawn to me
And the reason is a mystery
Something beyond my hourglass figure

My extravagant hairdo
My glistening bling
Or thug-life tattoo
It's because of my identity
Who I was created to be
The child of His Majesty
In me,
Is the author of Sexy

And before I knew Him I thought I was Sexy to my roots
From my hat down to my boots
But now I know that next to Christ,
All I ever really was,
Was cute.