

Will You Marry Me if They Let Us

If only I had the wealth
to afford exotic gifts,
I would clothe you with emeralds,
I would dress you in diamonds,
I would array you with rubies,
I would garment you in gold.
I would search for all the pearls,
yet undiscovered in the world.
I would offer you every treasure,
I would accord you every pleasure,
if only I had the wealth,
for you are the greatest jewel
any man could ever have.
If you allow me,
I will present you
this poem in lieu of presents.
As words can lead to promises,
and promises to commitments,
the following are the promises,
and commitments I make:
I shall forever embrace you
close to my soul,
close to my thoughts,
close to my dreams;
I shall forever look forward
to sharing our time,
every day,
every night,
every anniversary of our love,
every Christmas as our first,
every New Year's until our last;
whether in wellness
or in illness,
whether prosperous
or poor,
whether happy
or sad,
whether at home
or abroad.
You are the passion
in my poems.
You are the breath
in my lungs.
You are the womb

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of my muse.
You are the bearer
of my courage.
You are the one
whom I live for,
love and desire,
honor and esteem,
respect and admire.
You are my ally in combat,
my companion in peace,
my ribbons in the forest,
my rainbow in the desert.
To wed you is
my hope,
my desire,
my quest,
my request.
Will you marry me
if they let us?

Hungry Tears

Her name is heard in every cry,
the voice of hungry tears.
Millions call her, "Africa."
Listen, can't you here?

Mirage

A tulip reaches out to me,
petals blooming beautifully,
and speaking very silently,
a ghostly whisper,
meant for me,
softly says, "patiently."

Now, I Am With You, My Darling

Once, I was caught in a shadow,
the shadow of disbelief.
How dark was the mystery to follow.
How shocking and painful my grief.

Though many a friend would relieve me,
and the pleasures and joys of my life,
would calm, console, and appease me,
I could never relinquish my strife.

Though many would love and cherish,
though many were patient and willing,
they could not, in all their sincereness,
redeem me, oh passionate ransom!

Now, I am with you my darling.
The flower of my heart, ever blooming.
The fountain in my soul, overflowing.
My light in the dark, we are glowing.

Now, I am with you my darling.
The song of our love shall sing.
You are hope which is in every morning.
You are faith as church bells ring.

The crest of my wave is soaring.
The height of my summit has peaked.
The crown of our love is upon us,
for now, I am with you my darling.

Ode To Mom

She was fragile,
and beautiful,
like the wings of a butterfly,
living too briefly,
yes, too soon to die.
She was thoughtful,
and kind,
and she loved
with a love,
only a mother
is capable of.
We, her children,
have far better character,
than we would have,
than we could have,
without her as our mother.
Never has there been,
and, never will there be,
a mom like our mom,
no, it couldn't ever be.
She stood high,
and above,
and sometimes alone,
in her calling,
her devotion,
her affection
for her children,
for grandchildren,
for all of her family.
Yet now,
somehow,
mom is suddenly gone.
She is no longer with us.
She cannot,
she will not,
ever come back.
How do we fathom,
how do we accept,
how do we live
with the loss of our mom?
What do we do
with the void
in our hearts?
Though we know

Ode To Mom

she would want us
to be happy with memories –
not to be lost,
nor trapped in our grief;
not on her birthday,
nor Mother's Day either,
not Christmas,
nor New Year's,
not even when someone
buries their mother.
Mom gave us our lives.
She taught us to live –
to live with integrity,
honesty,
and love.
So we shall be true
to these virtues of mom.
We will do so with respect,
and with honor,
in her honor,
and with dignity,
and charity;
knowing she approves,
as she looks down
from above,
knowing she taught us
all how to love.