

## Where You End And I Begin

It's us that makes the world spin,  
Entangled in our lovers' state,  
And where you end and I begin  
Is bound by love in line with fate.  
We lay there in a figure eight,  
Wrapped up as one as close we lay.  
We'll make forever of this day  
As both our hearts with love we sate.  
It's bound by love in line with fate,  
This *where you end and I begin*.  
Entangled in our lovers' state,  
It's us that makes the world spin.

**Summer's Light**

A single spark  
That brings  
A smile.  
The first flicker  
Of Summer's light  
That hails  
Our stolen season.  
A special moment  
I'm glad I shared  
With you.

**Forever Bound**

You lie in my arms awaiting forever,  
A destination for which we both are bound.  
Together we will solve this trying puzzle.

I pull you close, an interlocking puzzle,  
Whispering the sweet somethings of forever,  
And your forehead kiss to show this love is bound.

Our warm bodies, entangled, are tightly bound;  
Two pieces making one conjoining puzzle  
That longs to stay in love, as one, forever.

We're there, forever bound, within our puzzle.

**Sonnet No. 11 For My Muse**

You gently lay your head upon my chest,  
A comfort that you find that you can trust.  
I feel your heart like mine within your breast;  
They beat together now with no adjust.  
Your breath, which whispers like the stars above,  
Goes in and out like mine as close we lay.  
And as I hold you tightly bound in love,  
Our breathing moves as one to interplay.  
I think that I could stay forever here,  
And know that you must think the same as me.  
It's true, My Muse, I want to keep you near,  
Just like I know that's how you want to be.  
And as Fair Sleep is creeping to the brink,  
Our hearts, and breath, and thoughts are all in synch.

**One About Rain**

I lie awake, alone, and think of you.  
Frost's luminary clock does what it should,  
And drifts across the sky as poets write.  
By now the hours have wandered well past one,  
Yet still I wonder what it's all about.  
Confused, I pause and listen to the rain.

Perhaps I'll hear my answers in the rain,  
For every drop's a melody from you  
That calls me as a lover who's about  
To pour her heart and soul as lovers should,  
Expressing how you know that I'm the one.  
I ponder this and try once more to write.

A brick wall stands before the things I write,  
Despite the calming echoes of the rain,  
And hinders all my topics, every one.  
I wonder if it ought to be for you,  
And then decide that yes indeed it should,  
Thus clarifying what this poem's about.

I'm soothed to have a topic. It's about  
Time I can see clearly for what to write,  
Though this is something from My Muse I should  
Have known from the beginning, sans the rain.  
For every poem I write should be for you,  
My inspiration source, my favorite one.

I know that you will ever be the one,  
Defining what my love is all about.  
This love can be summed up in one word; You!  
I love you, and for you I want to write,  
And write I will in snow, or sleet, or rain,  
While others question even if I should.

My heart cries out to yours just like it should,  
And wants them to forever join as one.  
Its cries, I fear, are muffled by the rain,  
And you may never know what they're about.  
But this is why these poems I try to write,  
To capture all the love I have for you.

## **Musings**

Some say it's us I should forget about,  
But you're the one for which I like to write,  
And like the rain my heart pours out to you.