

True Love:

One glance in your direction,
speaks volumes to my heart,
as I offer you every ounce of my affection,
and await another year of bliss to start.

There is nothing that I desire more,
than to speak of the beauty you create,
to find the words to demonstrate just how much I adore,
every single moment we share, every single date.

But even the sweetest poem ever written,
would pale in comparison to what I feel inside,
and just how incredibly smitten,
I am to be the one standing by your side.

So all I can honestly share,
is all that you have taught me,
about the pure essence of care,
and the meaning of being happy.

With your patience you have taught me what love is,
you have shown that no matter how lost I may become,
Your arms is always where my home is,
you are the rise and set of my sun.

With your kindness you have taught me what love is,
my beacon of support and strength,
you have shown that you will do whatever it is,
that will make me whole, no matter what length.

With your humility, your generosity you have taught me to love,
without pride, without envy,
you have shown me that love is a gift from the sky and stars above,
that is meant to brew only beauty.

With your compassion, your selflessness, you have taught me to love,
without anger, without resentment,
you have shown me that true love is as gentle as the wings of a dove,
and should lead only to contentment.

With your honesty, and your goodness, you have taught me to love,
without hesitation, without question, without malice,
you have shown me that truth is what our love should be made of,
and that has transformed our humble home into a palace.

I can only hope that in return,
in your heart my words will keep,
that your love I can continue to earn,
with each new day that we meet.

I hope that I have been able to show you,
that love always protects,
that there is nothing that you could ever do,
that I would ever reject.

I hope that I have been able to show you,
that love always trusts, never fears,
that there is nothing that I wouldn't do,
to prevent or at least wipe away your tears.

I hope that I have been able to show you,
that love always hopes, it always looks for more,
that even with the most difficult view,
our love always creates an open door.

I hope that I will always have the chance,
to prove to you each and every word you hear,
that we will always be caught up in this timeless romance,
that I can always show you, love perseveres.

One Day:

One day he will have to learn I know,
that all men are not just, that all men do not speak the truth.
But now as he is poised to grow,
I just ask that he has the opportunity to savor his youth.

Of course there will be books to read,
and ideas to discover and test,
but just give his mind a little time to be freed,
let his curiosity help him to understand the rest.

Let him gaze at the sky,
and wonder how it is,
let him ask a million questions why,
and let the answers truly be his.

Let him listen to the buzz of bees,
and the tweets of birds soaring above,
let him discover each of these,
and gain a natural appreciation and love.

Let him rest in a bed of flowers,
on a hillside of green,
let him believe in the force of nature's powers,
before the truth must be seen.

Let him think the stars will grant his wishes with their light,
for each and every whispered dream,
is one more way he can hold on to hope that is born so bright,
in his eyes, let the mysteries of life gleam.

When he struggles and thinks of taking the easy way,
teach him that it is far more honorable to fail than to cheat.
Teach him to have faith in his own ideas, no matter what others say.
teach him to never willingly accept defeat.

Guide him to be gentle to those who are kind,
and tough with those who desire to be cruel,
Help him to understand which friends to seek and find,
not just those that he might consider to be cool.

Give him the strength to stand on his own two feet.
Instead of being swept up in the crowd.
Teach him to feel whole and complete,
even when he is the lone voice speaking out loud.

Encourage him to listen to what all men seek to share,
without judgment, without fear.
But teach him to treat each word with special care,
and to detect truth in what he hears.

Let him make his own choices,
whether good or bad,
and share in his rejoices,
and the moments when he is sad.

Let him cry, if he needs to, let his sorrow show.
When he's expressed his grief,
remind him of the lessons he now knows,
and that feeling his emotions gives him some relief.

Show him that tears can be eased with laughter,
that nothing is worth giving up,
and something new will always come after,
even if it is struggle to get back up.

Help him to find a balance in all those he meets,
not to be swayed by the cynics that sigh and moan,
and to be cautious of words far too sweet,
to stand his ground on his own, but not to force himself to be alone.

Allow him to offer up his brain and strength,
to use these tools to allow great success to prevail,
but to always go to any length,
to protect his heart and soul from ever being for sale.

Teach him to tune out the howls and shouts of the masses,
and focus only on what he knows to be true,
Teach him to hold on to his convictions until the temptation passes.
The sheep are many, but truly brave men are few.

Treat him with gentleness and tolerance,
but do not soften his blows,
so that he may earn his independence,
it is only through perseverance that determination grows.

Let him have the courage to be impatient.
Let him have the patience to be brave.
Teach him to never let his wisdom be absent.
Teach him that there is always a new path to pave.

Most of all, teach him to believe in who he is.
Teach him to never doubt his worth or his strength of mind.
Because as long as he values this,
he will always have faith in all humankind.

I know this is a big order to undertake,
but please try to fill it if you can.
All of these things and so much more will make,
my beautiful son, into a wonderful man.

Rise as One:

Shh ... Just close your eyes,
fall into the rhythm of the masses,
ignore the truth that everyone denies,
until the horror eventually passes.

As long as you are out of harm's way,
as long as your life is not impacted,
there is no reason to dare to say,
why hasn't someone reacted?

Shh ... Just tighten your lips,
bite back the words that you know are true,
and pretend that you know nothing of this,
after all, the target isn't you.

When did the anguish of a child's cry,
become defined by the nation,
in which he was born to reside,
as if suffering is accepted by location?

Shh ... Just cover your ears,
to the weeping of mothers and brothers,
to the millions of tears,
that are shed by those we consider 'others'.

Life is not a gift given to everyone,
sometimes it seems like a punishment,
while the lucky few bask in the sun,
the rest find beauty to be absent.

Quick ... Clench your hands into fists,
before that outstretched plead,
can graze the tenderness of your skin,
as long as you pretend it doesn't exist,
then you've committed no sin.

It may be difficult to see,
but each slowly breaking heart,
is also part of you and me,
our world is never truly separate or apart.

One man's tragedy,
eventually reaches the shores,
of the paradise of the lucky,

and becomes invisible no more.

What if our eyes dared to look,
what if we recognized our responsibility,
what if we noticed what we normally overlook,
what if we all shared, one sky, one sea?

What if our lips boldly parted,
with words of honesty,
what if we offered to help the broken hearted,
and averted impending tragedy?

What if we listened to every tear wept,
what if we understood that they also belong to us,
that for every secret we have kept,
we have all suffered the injustice.

What if we stretched out our hands,
with comfort and guidance,
what if we learned to understand,
that no good comes from hatred and defiance.

What if we as one beautiful earth,
sought the good of all,
instead of proclaiming our individual worth,
what if we all stood, instead of expecting some to crawl?

No successful society,
has ever been built on the backs of others,
through feigned piety,
that really steals from one another.

The moment of our downfall,
came from the instant of our separation,
the lines we drew to define us all,
and alienate our different nations.

I have searched for endless hours,
for the line in the dirt,
that divides one country's towers,
from another country's hurt.

With seven billion people breathing,
it is hard to believe,
that there are so many of us grieving,
so that a few can achieve.

With seven billion people weeping,
it is hard to comprehend,
that there are so many barely sleeping,
because we feel so alone in the end.

With one hand extended,
so much difficulty and fear,
could simply be ended,
without bombs or military gear.

Don't hide behind your television,
don't disappear into your books,
don't pretend there is no division,
between those who have nothing and those who took.

It's time to open your eyes,
and find the connection once more,
that it has become a habit to deny,
but finally we can restore.

It's time to part your lips,
and speak the words of honesty,
make the confessions that rarely slip,
and begin the healing that will set us all free.

It's time to listen close,
to the needs and desires,
from every mountain and coast,
and find a way to be inspired.

It's time to open your arms,
to the rest of the universe,
and protect us all from the harm,
of believing unity is adverse.

When we rise as one,
with hands held tight,
we leave behind none,
and share in every victory and plight.

When we rise as one,
with hearts unified,
we share one sun,
and the beauty we were once denied.

When we rise as one,
enemy becomes brother,
and there is no need to hide or run,
as we embrace one another.

When we rise as one,
the purity of a child's joy,
is a part of everyone,
that division will never destroy.