The Heart Grows Fonder

<u>Day 1</u> Sometimes, I watch you sleep. Your face, even at rest, seems too beautiful to be part of this wretched world. But then I think about the sun setting on the western waters off the coast of California; the brilliant spectrum sailing through space, atop the waves, crashes into my oceanic eyes and drowns me in ecstasy. And I think about Texan fields, invigorated by the spirit of spring, simulating the sea as bluebonnets, crested with white, wave in the wind

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on a bed of seaweed green
mirroring
Paradise.
I think about things like these;
and they remind me that
Mother Earth is a beautiful woman and,
if such divine wonders emerged
from within her womb,
then you, too, are undoubtedly
one of her daughters,
mystical and enchanted...
You are the cherry blossoms
blooming in Kyoto—
a remnant of the winter months;
a reminder of survival,
and the beauty
of being alive.
You are Kilimanjaro,
towering over the African plains;
the Great Wall,
rising-winding-falling-stretching
over thousands upon thousands of miles
of lush Chinese countryside.
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You are the Sahara lined with pyramids, ancient and mysterious.

And you are so much more—like the vineyards of Tuscany, inebriating all of Italy and intoxicating the world with your beauty.

Day 2

Beauty is the beginning.

But beneath your outer shell,
inside your body-kingdom,
there lies a soul that swells
with songs of age-old wisdom.

Your soul sings concertos,
cacophonous in nature,
from a time before our union;
before
we became each other's saviors.

So release your rainstorms with ravenous winds,

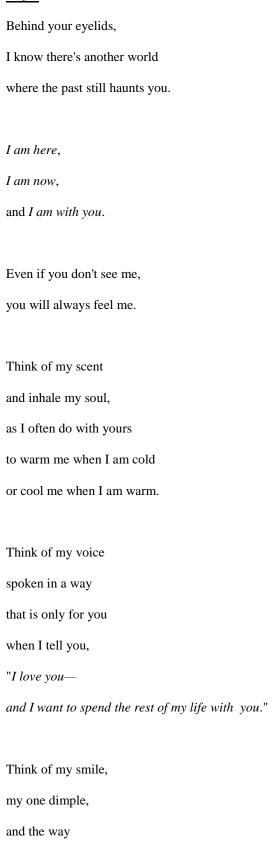
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let your thunder roar
with timpani timbre
and lioness ferocity;
ignite the clouds
so they spit fire—
groundward mortars
exploding in the sky-
flashing
like cymbals crashing,
slashing lies from truth
while the sky is split in two.
And your soul sings symphonies
about sunny days
and clear blue skies-
whole,
instead of halfed-by-flames.
It sings of life care-free,
sunsets and faraway lands—
from snowcapped mountain peaks
to jungle ruins and
from peaceful island beaches
to vast desert sands,
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from open fields

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to the open sea;
from small farm towns
to big cities.
Each of these wonders,
through endless space
and countless time,
is cradled in the arms of Earth,
and from within you shines.
My soul sings
of similar things
as we have become kin.
We harmonize,
we improvise;
we live outside our skin.
We sing of travel never-ending
where home is a state of mind;
where we are home
when we're together
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and we *never* look behind.

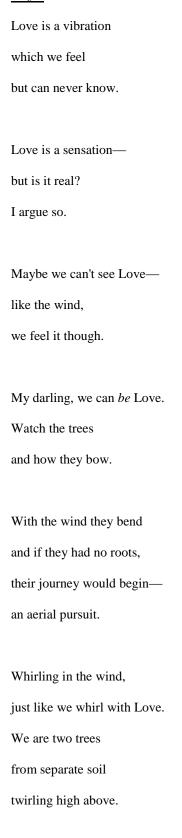
Day 3



we look into each other's eyes releasing electricity at our own specialized frequency a range of wavelengths with which only you and I can connect. Taste my kiss on your tongue; savor it as I savor yours. The electricity between us increases. Jolts of lightning strike my skin prickling my pores as I shiver with excitement, and wrap my arms around your body. Feel my embrace our flesh united, third-eyes open conducting all the electromagnetism a human body can harbor. We are alive. And we are in love, darling. And it's the most invigorating feeling we've ever felt in our livesmoreso than any drug

or any amount of alcohol
could ever provide.
Higher than heroin could fly us
and drunker than a fifth of choice-liquor
without any of the side-effects,
no hangover,
and no come-down.
Only ascension,
only upward
and onward,
away from the past.
Forward
into the future,
our future.
Together.
We float so freely—
up,
still further up,
beyond the atmosphere—
because gravity
has no authority
over Love.

Day 4



Upon the wind we ride.

We're free but we're unstable.

We need to settle down—

like doves upon a gable.

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Intertwining with each other,

our trunks unite as one.

Two halves become a whole

and, as if we weighed a ton,

the wind releases us;

downward we've begun.

It can't control

our new direction;

from up high we descend.

The time has come

for our inception

and, with our fusion,

we transcend.

Now that we're together,

roots gripping solid ground,

new Life can be created;

new Purpose can be found.