

The Heart Grows Fonder

Day 1

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

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.

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,

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,

from open fields

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
and we *never* look behind.

Day 3

Behind your eyelids,
I know there's another world
where the past still haunts you.

I am here,
I am now,
and *I am with you.*

Even if you don't see me,
you will always feel me.

Think of my scent
and inhale my soul,
as I often do with yours
to warm me when I am cold
or cool me when I am warm.

Think of my voice
spoken in a way
that is only for you
when I tell you,
"I love you—
and I want to spend the rest of my life with you."

Think of my smile,
my one dimple,
and the way

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 lives—
moreso 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

Love is a vibration
which we feel
but can never know.

Love is a sensation—
but is it real?
I argue so.

Maybe we can't see Love—
like the wind,
we feel it though.

My darling, we can *be* Love.
Watch the trees
and how they bow.

With the wind they bend
and if they had no roots,
their journey would begin—
an aerial pursuit.

Whirling in the wind,
just like we whirl with Love.
We are two trees
from separate soil
twirling high above.

Upon the wind we ride.
We're free but we're unstable.
We need to settle down—
like doves upon a gable.

*

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.