

What Am I

What am I without you?

I'm Daedalus without his wings longing to soar,

To escape his imprisonment,

To feel the weight of the world beneath him.

The fallen Icarus abused his wings,

But I will fly like a God.

What am I without you?

I'm Aeneas without Venus helpless without a muse,

Without a purpose to endure,

Without a light.

Juno may have failed Turnus,

But you will always be with me.

What am I without you?

I'm Dante without Beatrice lost in despair,

Fear of what might come,

Drowned in a sea of pessimism.

Others may be trapped in the abyss,

But you show me the light.

You are my strength, my muse, my optimism,

You lead me to happiness,

That is why I love you.

What am I

What am I but an extension of you
The wings of a phoenix, the mane of a lion,
I am the veins of a heart pulsing with passion.

What am I but the armor of you
The carapace of a griffin, the shield of a warrior,
I am the surface of a star radiating valor

What am I but a reflection of you
The beauty of a nymph, the mind of a prodigy
I am the gaze of a giant bellowing warmth

What are you but my soul
Breathing life, elevating my being,
You are the phenomenon that illuminates my mind.

Black

Look at the perfection of black,
Faintly showing our deepest mind.
It is the collection of everything,
Yet the presence of nothing.

Obsidian firmly in the ground
Created from brisk despair.
It is sensual beauty,
Yet refined purity.

Virtue found in deepest space
An ever growing expansiveness.
It is the supreme void,
Yet the illustrious vessel.

Epitomes of what you are
Obsidian's unwavering presence,
The vast awe of space,
You are the color black.

The Lily of the Garden

I float through the garden and adore the flowers.

I see Roses with their nobility and beauty,

Orchids with their incomparable strength,

Jasmines with their sensual glare,

And Tulips with their refined essence.

But which ones could profess admiration?

Thousands upon thousands could be laid and

none will be greater than the other.

Yet here I stand gazing at the Lily.

All other flowers are only worthy of decoration.

I do not deserve such magnificence,

But here I am in the center of it all with

The Lily of the garden.