

Underneath The Silk

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Verse For an Angel

The bed must be soft, the sheets must be white
For an angel like you it must be right,
As I take you in my embrace
On that bed in virgin sheets,
While you whisper my name and softly speak
Of all the things that you need as we kiss
I shall show you nothing but bliss,
I'll show you ways you have never seen
Give you passion better than any dream.
And you will come knowing the reality
That love is better with someone like me.
I shall hold you so gently and sweetly because
You are so unlike anyone I've ever loved.
The only thing I have to do
Is begin to find ways to gently show you;
This does not come easily
Although your love is precious like purity,
Life has often made me see
That feelings are as snowflakes, some not meant to last,
Once warmed with passion's burning flame,
They melt away too fast.
Or even worse, the love I keep safe
Could be thrown back in my face-
So I shall tell you secretly,
Carefully and cautiously.
And if it happens that you care
And love me as I love you,
I shall fold you in my heart
And ever keep you there.

Rainy Skies (2007)

Underneath the rainy skies
As clouds grow heavy, giving sigh
Downward falling, falls the rain,
Ever falling all the same

Mother Nature making lace upon my window pane.

**One of life's constants is the rain,
It shall always stay the same
And always be until forever
Man shall always have the weather -
And no one can rearrange it,
Nor shall time or tide
or evolution change it.**

**Raindrops like a billion diamonds drift
Catch on a breeze and carry and shift
To melt in the soil until once again
The cycle restarts and clouds swell with rain.**

**I think the rain that fell on my hair and my coat
That made my eight year old self get soaked
As I splashed in puddles as I walked
And washed away the playground chalk
Twenty five years ago could be the same
As the rain today that laced my pane -
I know it looks and tastes the same.**

**So I shall say it is never just another rainy day,
For memories are made that way -
Half of life beneath blue skies and half beneath the grey.
Therefore I shall remember this rain
For tomorrow, when it comes again
It shall taste of today and make lace of the past
And I shall make the moment last.**

**For every day is a memory
Past present and future spread out like a tree
With branches entangled, all are linked -
So when we taste the falling rain
It shall make the present past..
..And taste of future rain, I think.**

Real Love (written 2004)

*Your breath, slow and easy in my ear
Sounded like a milk-warmed rest
Of a sleep-lazy newborn dozing at the chest
Of a mother whose sleepless hours
Was rewarded - as sweet as meadow flowers-
When the love within you was finally spent,
All your needs fulfilled.
And I had urged wished and willed
To bring about this explosion
That washed over you like the deepest ocean.*

*Throbbing seed and singing blood you let it go
Went with the need inside you that showed
How much you needed this bliss.
Wet skin to skin, we weakly kissed
As you, my love, still shivering
With the heavens awakening
All that you needed to feel,
I held you, kissed you, till sleep made you still.
Once sleep had taken you I didnt have to hide it:
As you breathed and slept I finally sighed it..*

*No years seemed harsh on your face as the light
Was softened by the approaching night
The street light shone amber through the glass
Made you beautiful, young as if this would last
Forever, you safe in loves embrace
With life's hurts and stresses taken out of your face.
As you rested in my arms
The moment was still and warm and calm.
So I whispered the words, quietly:
I said, "I love you."
And you slept on, and breathed so easily.*

THIS BIRD'S SONG (2008)

**Like a little tweety pie,
Here I sit alone
No one sings my praises -
So I shall sing my own.**

**I crave a love thats passionate
A gentleman intense
Who's wordly wise and yet still sweet
With gentle innocence.**

**I want a man who I deserve
(That means I need the best)
The very best that I can get,
Im sick of all the rest.**

**I sing am beautiful, I sing that I'm alive
I sing that I am passionate, I sing that I've survived -
And I'm still here and looking good,
Not bad for thirty five.**

**Look at me! I am unique!
I am a princess,
I must speak - Where is my prince?
When will we meet?
When will he see I'm all the things
That I know I am
When will he come and say to me
That he understands?**

**Until he comes I must wait
And see what life shall bring.
So here alone this little tweety pie
Shall sing and sing
And sing.**

Underneath The Silk

Under the vast expanse of solid white
That sits above like frozen milk,
As daylight darkens into night
Soon morning shimmers and the silk
Of day and life begins again,
Winter cracks the skyline
Frost-shocked trees reach up, recalling when
Their gifts were bestowed by a warming sun,
Craving sap and leaves and green beginnings;
We all feel the frost in our veins when
Life turns and gravity breaks sharp
And the world freezes with the jolt, it jars
Our bones and like an endless fall we reach
Yet everything slips through and to speak
Of clinging on to break the fall is pointless,
As all is rushed away, swept
As a tide washes out,
But tides return and gravity slows down,
Like those trees that wait for sun,
It comes back, life returns to come
And warm us, the ice will dissolve again,
Snowflakes slipping into rain,
Blood turned to ice yet ice will melt,
And remembering all we have felt,
The pain will warm away like sun warming winter trees,
Life will soften and flow on
Troubles vanish, gone
Like the frozen skies of life,
Soon all will run to blue
As the sun returns to shine right through
And penetrate days
With healing rays,
No trouble can destroy in a heart
That holds love as its finest part,
No matter if the knife be stuck in to the hilt –
We shall warm again with the rising sun,
As skies turn blue and life shall tilt

Back to calm and still:
We shall live once more in times of peace,
Underneath the silk.

Tomatoes

Shining red treasure like a chest of pirate jewels,
Taken from a fridge white and cool
Supposed to keep them chilled -
No matter now as you are filled
With ideas to mix and stir and blend.
I shall let you, mess can mend
With some effort and cleaning
You are well meaning as you sit on the floor,
I watch you from the door
And remind you not to make a mess,
But you just smile on hearing this
And then attack the butter,
You little fingers clutch a spoon, a flutter
Of a movement sends milk spilling out
So squashed tomatoes and milky water fly about,
The tomatoes are butter smeared and stick
To the walls of the glass bowl as if they are glued,
But it's cooking in your world, it is fun to you.
Then you say the dish is ready and leave it in the fridge,
I will clean up after you, so all the mess you did
Will be gone and ready for next time,
Havoc for me is a world that shines
With ideas for you and although the cleaning tires me
I am happy underneath the chaos, as I see
That these are magical days
And soon you will grow out of these ways,
So I can't complain but only too soon
There will come an afternoon
When you are older, sensible, in the kitchen
Standing there making a sandwich

And I will smile and say
I remember the day
When you was a little girl
In your own world
And you didn't slice that tomato
All neat and clean, instead you took the box
And destroyed the bloody lot
And you will laugh and so shall I;
I wish I could catch these times that fly.

I Wear It

Sharp and yellow in the air
I breathe it in, aware
The world is steeped in honey comb,
And the walls drip sweet for me alone
In its amber glow,
The winter covering over thrown
Like the extra blanket on my bed;
Spring is here at last for you,
Mother nature said.
The sheets feel light
The night's chill catch
has long since slipped the door,
The world has turned to honey
It freezes now no more.
I swallow down the honeyed days
As Springtime tilts and drifts away
Into a Summer, all sun-washed and golden,
And here I shall stay.
But day follows day and inches into days
Of sky less bright
And shrinking light
Autumn's hollow like a shell,
Shadows sink like the rain filled clouds
That shift on the stormy weather I know so well,
Then over me it goes and under
Sticks into me runs through like coming thunder

Or the promise of a storm
That blows up on clear day,
A darkening on the dawn,
Wind and greyness bind about tight,
Spiking up the fears that wake me at night,
Head aching and tired I will creep
Back to my bed and sleep
To dream of warmer days and yellow sun
To kill the headache that's begun,
There's room to breathe in Summer time,
Before the shadows weigh me down
And the pain is mine alone,
It bears down on me, pressure
I'm as a witch being pressed with stones,
Each one a day that sits on my chest
And I rest and rest,
Sinking deeper letting it flow
Over me like water goes
Along a running stream,
But I'm not as deep as I seem to be,
So I stay still as a pebble and let it wash me clean,
The flow wears my edges smooth
Above me storms die off,
The way that water levels drop.
The worst over I feel the warmth
See the sky and the sun,
It comes round again to begin;
I live easier in Spring and Summer,
Not so when the seasons turn -
I wear it under my skin.

Bamboo

Hanging solid, varnish shining in the sun,
Chipped where chimes touch, weather's won
On that score, it suspends to dance
At each wind-blown chance
Encounter with the elements.
Out living panels in the fence

And being immune to intense
Sea-weather blown to land,
It has been fed on a wind chime diet.
Even on the breezeless, quiet
Days the air has carried up to touch
The chimes and make them fill with much
Resilience - this consisting of:
Sunshine days, my daughter's love
And laughter as she ran about,
Every single giggle and shout
Carried through the air,
Other days, when lying there
In the yard, sunbathing I
Would turn over and give a sigh
As heat warmed me through
Like only the summer can do,
All these days touched the air
That stirred the bamboo hanging there.
It has since witnessed storms snow and frost,
Hurricane winds and suffered no loss.
Now the chill wind blows it knocks
And sways as if the wind chime rocks
Back and forth on a bumpy ride
Like my house is a ship on a choppy tide;
But still the chimes sound sweet
And gentler mornings shall greet
The hanging bamboo come spring:
I sometimes think it shall outlast me,
It can cope with anything.

Yes

Can I take a canvas and turn a solid white
Blank page of life into colours bright?
When those colours drain away
Through the rain-washed days,
Could I catch them running quick
As they flow to pavement just like ink?

Can I take a sky injected pink
And pick the clouds apart,
Then keep them in a sealed up jar
To scatter wide and high and far
In skies with duller days?
Is it possible for me to have a way
About the twist of my hand
That draws the visions tall to stand
Clear and upright in my palm,
Can I summon sweetness to wash away
Shadows that creep through darker days?
Am I to shift as a magical shimmer,
A good fairy with sparkles to linger
In the air and grant the smallest wish?
Can I do all this with the speed and grace
Of stealing a lingering kiss?
Can I really do all this?
I am an element that burns in time's fire,
My heart beats true and my power rises
From ash, I use the live again tricks
Of the recycled phoenix;
It hands me the gift to clearly understand,
All of these things I can command -
So therefore I must confess
To all of the wonderings above,
The answer can only be Yes.

Celestial

I slept tight under darkened sky
Motionless without a sigh
As night wrapped me in sleep,
Senses slid and numbing weight crept
Over my bones as darkness set
Solid as ebony wood, a rest
Silent, my bed and my thoughts still
As the sea lamented absence
Of the moon's pull to rent

At a sighing tide, the dent
In the sky that the missing moon
Had left behind was like a pit,
A dim shaded orbit
Where no eye of dreamers rested.
The keeper of tides, long tested
By the back and forth of the flow
Set in its place long ago
Seemed snatched, leaving a hollow,
Like a thief had put a hand
Through Night's window
And stolen the orb like a pearl
Nestled on silk, shining cream as milk
And then it was gone, as if
Carried off in the hand of the thief.
And so a blank night of rest settled me
As if I slept in eternity -
Until I opened my eyes to see
A softer place, a world of dreams
And then my spirit lifted
As I moved and drifted,
For the quiet darkened gloom
Was cancelled out by a returning moon,
I heard the rippling tide
As she gently sighed,
Flowing to rush some more
As time's heartbeat sounded sure
That dreams were kept within this place.
I saw the shimmer of her silver face
And she rested as if content
In a lover's arms, glowing
As below her tides were flowing
Ink-black and darkly shimmering,
A hypnotic light glow echoing
This night was no longer bare:

*Then I saw Venus take a burning light
And climb a sky-night stair,
As I watched her lighting candles,
Her flame flickered through the air -*

*And within a single heartbeat,
A thousand stars reflected there.*

Serpent

Days pass in chill
No matter how the heating fills
The house warming through to carpet,
Weather white skies mark it
Scoring through as damp under floor,
Like my foundations - hollow once more
As I count up the credits owed.
The meters tick and click, I know
They shall bleep their need,
So I take key and card to feed
And light my shelter, benefits
Are a counting down of days.

There is a trick, a skilful way
Of sliding money for food and heat
Somewhere end to end they meet
Tuesday to Tuesday - a lot
Of twenty four hour slots
To fill in winter, the worst time -
It's easier when weather's fine,
If gas runs out in Summertime
The burning sun will brilliant shine,
Crossing out urgent need,
Warmer months bring no freeze.

But hard times slip under the door
To turn to ice that refuses to thaw;
It is a rut with a groove
As narrow as it is long,

Constricting if I try and move
To shut me up again,
O optimism and brighter ways,
Deal me cards with better days -
The poverty trap
Has steel jaws that snap
As a creature that shall ever prevail;
It rises as a serpent curved
To swallow its own tail.

December First

No thick white sky held up by iced wind,
Today is grey, a shimmering
Of blue hides somewhere up there
No moods of Christmas yet,
And no promise that the day
May be better than the November way
Of weeping clouds that sobbed away,
Winter still carries the grey
That sat in the sky yesterday
As if December had sneaked
Up on November like a thief
And stolen Autumn's cover,
As I look up and see more skies above I
Wish Winter would return the blanket;
I had enough of it in November-time -
For it's efforts I won't thank it.

Penny Thoughts

When I throw my penny thoughts
I pitch them down and watch them fall -
If they catch in the dark spiral
It crowds me in;
Beginnings of wonderings

That prod me awake, then start
To circle about in the dark
Like wide-winged birds
Dark of feather, who may have heard
The whispers of my doubts
And grown hungry to dig them out
Like pecking for worms.
They swoop and turn, I see a sweep
Of shadow growing tall at my back,
Thief of sleep and thief of rest,
Snatching at my shortened breath.
Stones pile up, each one bearing
A shade of life I have been wearing.
Sometimes I think I lean too far
And maybe I have slipped
And in fact I'm falling down -
Or is it just a trick,
The way the surface rests on brick?
Perhaps the well is not as deep
As I think, nor the fall as steep
As I imagine it to be -
Are things always as we see,
Or is there more behind the layer
Of veneer, would it peel as paper
If I picked at a corner and tore it wide,
What would I find hidden behind?
Are these dark shadows that stretch
Just a memory that's etched?
Sometimes - on a brighter day-
I see the sun's reflected rays
That clarify this water;
Even my penny thoughts shine
With gold and silver, as if time
Sparkles for me in sweetest dreams -
Then it seems to me
The well is magical, it sparks
With shades of light and shades of dark,
But it is all that comprises me.
These are the things I see
In the well where I pitch my thoughts,

Their course is not always a line
Straight down into dark water, at times
 I throw them with a smile on my face,
They catch the sun, spinning in a race,
 As if each needing to be first
To hit the water and quench their thirst,
 And when I look down into the well
 One glance immediately tells
Me they are shimmering on the bottom
In translucent waters, not forgotten.
And on days that run clear like this,
 I watch them fall and make a wish.

!

Me: I am just as speckle of dust
 I am so very barely visible
 Out in humanity's sea,
 I'm a dot, as if just
 A bee
 Inside
 A hive:
 Shining,
 Striving,
 Aiming,
 Trying:
 I bend,
 I tend,
 I reach
 I stretch,
 And yet -
 I am one of
 Many but the love
 Inside me when uncurled
Is bigger than the bloody world.

A Brighter Shade

Pink sky this morning like food colouring
Injected through my imagining,
Graced a morning world to mask the grey
Hiding up there in the sky, dull as yesterday,
It faded fast and left behind
A negative in my mind
Of what the day could have been like,
I could develop the picture later, maybe tonight
To remember a pretty sky,
Instead of the wind hurried clouds that dash by,
The garden is dark green mixed with mud,
November chill means no flowers nod,
Just wet grass and sturdy shrubs to shiver
As they suffer in this weather,
The cold air spins round my house to play,
Rushes up the yard, into the garden,
No matter the cold makes the soil harden,
All is soaked and wind-blown today,
The elements shall have their way
The garden arch bends and bows
As November breathing harshly blows
And the arch creaks back and forth,
Soon it will be worth
No more than a pile of sticks,
As the wind huffs and puffs,
It will demolish it quick,
Then more rain will come to soak through
My garden my house and all that I do.
Fences creak, the gate rattles with knocks
As if the hinge is about to come off.
The sky presses down and in its wake
The grey weight feels like a coming headache,
A pressure that goes under my skin,
My eyes, my bones, everything.
So I still myself and still my world,
And as it crowds me in I start to think
Not of grey skies but instead morning pink.

You

You remind me of the sea
And Southend and you and me,
Of the time I was a size ten,
Of the pub and beer and when
We walked along the seafront
Never had a care
My arm linked with yours
And salt was in the air.
You remind me of all the places
We have lived, all the faces
Of people we have known,
As the years have passed we have grown
Closer in some ways but in others alone,
Separate paths yet together,
You have shared some of the weather
Of storms that have crossed my life,
But of all the things I think of
When I think of you,
It's not you or the things you do,
It's something else that makes me feel glad,
Because nothing can detract
From the joy I hear in her voice
When she runs to you shouting "Dad!"

Dark Water

I sit on a solid ledge,
Grass banked, with flower speckled edge
And dip my hand where as a girl
Thoughts and dreams once ran and swirled;
Now these waters have grown dark
Although the sun's rays shimmer sharp,
As breath sighs out from me
It seems to catch upon the breeze
And animate the darkened pool,

Sending a ripple soft and cool
To brush the surface like a touch
Of hand on heart that means so much.
Once the waters sparkled bright,
Seen through my own eyes when the light
Was new and fresh, yet time
Has sat with me to open wide
My vision and show me truth –
Rainbows end through a sunlit path
That led me to sparkling dreams
Was not a shallow running stream,
But still and deeper than it seemed;
I dip my fingers in dark reflection meant
As sweet as low whispers, the scent
Like blooms of night flowering plants.
I know in a flash of pointed darts
The arrow flew swift and sharp,
Penetrating to the heart
Where swirls in its centre to dwell
A time protected reckoning;
As if I kneel at the feet of a king
The still dark waters in your eyes
Draw up Excalibur to rise,
As passion silent and fathoms deep
Shall awaken me from my sleep.
Immortal Prince:
Keeper of this passion sea,
Let your waters run only to me.

When The Door Was Painted Blue

When I lived at Grove Road West the door was boring grey,
Like a cold cold sky on a blank January day,
I changed it when it started to chip
Because I'd had enough of it,
On looking at the colours from which I had to choose
I decided no more grey and painted it sky blue.
I painted over several times,
Till I saw layers cleanly shine

As paint dried like a second skin,
It brightened the house and put light in
Where there used to be grey now it was neat
The brightest doorway in the street.
That door stayed blue until I moved,
It saw a lot of changes too,
Coming and going, laughter and tears,
Day passing day as weeks turned to years.
It even saw the time the dog lunged too fast
Keen for a walk and dragged me on the path,
I lost skin off my knuckle and still have the scar,
That blue door had seen it all,
Every day of my life,
Some days good and some not so nice,
But the day I left I felt the loss
As I'd kept my home eight years no matter the cost.
When I think back to the place I lived before,
I always recall that sky blue door.
Now I have another door, it's been mine for many a year.
Last summer I noticed the old white paint was chipped and
starting to wear.
I thought about colours I'd had before,
I remembered my sky blue door,
But that was gone now, in the past,
The way of all things I try to hold fast.
So I looked at some colours and after a think
I painted this door deepest pink.

Flower

Cupid has a garden with flowers that grow bright
They are planted all in rows and spaced apart just right.
I wandered in there through a dream and saw that he was
bending,
Picking at some petals as he gave the flowers attention.
Recalling that the little sod had sent me grief in the past
I approached him quietly to kick him in the arse,
But when he heard me coming he got up and smiled at me.

He told me sometimes he got it wrong
And was sorry for the heartache he had brought along
When in the past I'd had my share
Of hurt by men who did not care,
He said sometimes his aim was off,
And intentions had got lost,
He told me to add up this cost.
All I could see was pain
As he turned around again
And paid attention to a flower,
It was lemon washed with shades of white
Alternating round just right,
Each petal was a fold of silk,
Satin-brushed and smooth as milk.
It was not fully opened up,
I asked him why, he said the touch
Of love was not yet all the way through
Enough to make the flower bloom.
And then he spoke to me again,
He said to look at way back when,
He told me all the pain of the past
Had fallen in place like runes to cast,
A picture unfolding a prediction
Of my life as a lover and the direction
Meant that I'd known pain through and through
But each wrong turn had left me with truth
Making me who I am today,
The person I am who is on the way
To the right path and a rainbows end.
He also added that for each love lost
There had been a reward as well as a cost,
He said you learned about love and when all's done and said,
Each one of those men were good in bed,
And when you hold the love of your life he'll be glad -
You'll be the best he's ever had,
In every way, heart mind and body.
Then I understood there was no need for apology,
I thanked him and turning to leave,
I asked him why he had the flowers,
He said, each root is the start

Of the meeting of two hearts
The petals open up as love grows
And that was all I needed to know.
But he was still tending on that flower
With all his patience care and power.
I asked him, why is that flower so bright and true,
Why do the colours shine all the way through?
He said to me, they all shine the same
But you can tell its calling your name -
That's because it's a love that's true,
This is the flower that I tend for you.

Typewriter

My first was small and black
I tried it once and never looked back,
Learned it typing with two fingers
When I was ten years old, I even lingered
When dinner was ready, even then
I stayed put at the bottom of the garden.
I sat there watching something begin,
The words I wrote on the paper typed, then
I read it back and realised
I had made the words come alive.
I used to sit at that table and think
While I smelled the red and black ribbon of ink,
The words made pictures in my head
I wrote them down and this led
To ideas coming much clearer and lighter -
It dawned on me, *I may be a writer.*
In those days I played with ideas
But I came nowhere near
To making real pieces of fiction or verse,
Then two years later with no time to rehearse
I was asked to stand in front of the class
My teacher said in all years past
She had ever seen the promise of a brighter
Girl who could become a writer.

And then she made me read it out
I hardly managed to do it aloud,
But everyone applauded me.
Even now I find it hard
To read aloud fiction or poetry
Especially my own!
But now I have gone on
From that black typewriter,
I kept going and now at my PC
I write fiction and poetry,
I take letters, make words, spin them into thread,
Weave it through plots that run through my head.
Now my inspiration burns so much brighter -
It's not really down to my first typewriter,
But to the words that spin together inside me,
They dance and spark like fireflies:
I was born a writer, and ever more shall be.

Love Poem #1

You are my true love I know this in my heart
I feel you beside me even though we're far apart,
When darkness reaches down and shadows swallow me
Your love is always there as the light that makes me see.

Sometimes I look out the window and I think about the night
We share the same sky and moon and sparkles of starlight.
I wonder if you're sleeping and I long to lay beside you
And cover you with kisses, no one could love you more than I
do.

I imagine you as moonlight shines across your pillow
While I fly in like a sorceress through your open window,
To run my hands all over you and down below the covers
Then wake you with a single kiss, my sleeping prince, my lover.

The day we met the world stood still as I looked in your eyes,
Your name was tattooed on my heart and I cannot disguise
The way that love has stayed with me and always shall stay true,

All I see when I look at you is beauty through and through.

**If I could change your life through wishes that came true
I'd take the riches of the world and give them all to you,
I'd get upon my knees and declare my love so true,
And tell you that I worship you, and shall forever love you.**

On Eternity

**The faded image on the coffin of stone
Was sleeping, sleeping all alone
Somewhere beneath lie remains
Of the person who was sleeping just the same.
As I stood in the church I felt the past
Coil its fingers around me cold and fast-
Fog and mist, fire and earth,
Breath and spirit pushing through earth.
Ice blue lips and beating chest,
All meet where roads end at Final Rest.**

**And what of life that lie between,
The sands of time the tide washed clean?
Was it blown away to dust,
Bone to ash and sword to rust?
This church to me was godless gloom
A cross in a beeswax polished room
The man had been robbed by Time - a thief
Who tossed his name to the wind to speak
And wore away the stone that traced
The once clear features of his face.**

**And yet, I was sure as he slept on
There was someone in the beyond,
Someone just beyond my grasp
Who waited, waited till the last
And even now, as dust remains,
Her ghostly lips still speak his name.**

**As I left that lonely place
I was sure I sensed a trace**

Of something past that yet still lives
That lie beneath the coffin lid.
I believed it to be love living on
Long, long after the lovers are gone:
To this very moment she speaks his name,
Somehow the soul of their love remains
And in the place where all roads meet
They walk hand-in-hand to Eternal Sleep.

Sleepless

The castle stands still on the lonely night
Everything silent the lady in white
Floats into view and calls the name
Of her knight who once knew glory and fame.

Her white dress is vapour
Her cloak is mist
She calls for the man whose lips she once kissed
He was a soldier under her command
Now lying dead in a far away land.

A misty beauty, her china white hands
Stretch out towards that distant land.
And somewhere afar, in the darkness so deep,
There lies a knight
Who can not sleep.

Siren's Song

The dark stormy sky followed me
Down a hill, past the inn by the sea,
And I looked out as I did before
Saw the waves crash on that angry shore.

I recall him and me by the tall masted ships,

A warm hungry kiss from passionate lips,
That never more shall love inspire,
His ship sunk by cannon fire.

But at the shore I sit and wait
For power unearthly to alter my fate,
My aching heart searches the waves
And I feel unafraid

As below surface fiery eyes
From the depths begin to rise
Love is not finished it shall begin;
From the watery deep, you drag me in.

Love Poem#4

Sometimes on thoughts of you I think
And see you as a handsome prince,
I wonder if there could ever be
Any kind of possibility
That you could love someone like me.
I'll cherish your memory into forever,
I dream about holding you close
And telling you about the most
Cherished secrets in my heart,
Of how I never want us to part,
How I want share so much with you,
And all the things I want to do,
Just to show you how much I love you.
If I could take you in my arms I'd make sure
That everything that's been before
Is nothing compared to what I gave you,
I'd love you with a heart that's true
And give the things to you
That you deserve to have, I'd tell you that you're a prince
And give you only the best I could give,
Now, tomorrow and as long as I live.
I would show you I loved you every day

**With my love I would always find a way
To show you that I think you're a prince,
I'd treat you the way you deserve to be
And cherish you eternally.
Nothing will alter the way I think:
I love you and you ARE my prince**