**IT’S ALL RIGHT TO CARE**

You can let me like you.

You can let me care.

Even let me love you.

Touch you. Know you. Share.

I have no wish to own you.

Nor you to so own me.

Bind no with bonds of love.

Let spirits kiss. Caress.

Only let us be.

Mind to mind.

Heart to heart.

Both still strong and free.

Caring. Sharing. Knowing.

Seeing. Touching. Speaking.

Thoughts of what

It means to feel.

Presence of another soul.

One fellow human. Who

Understands. Simple gift of truth.

Perception. What is real.

Its all right to like me.

Trust me. Feel me here,

Close. Or round this old globe.

Today. Or thought the years.

Laugh at strife. Cry with pain.

Of what we know or fear.

Come and go. As we wish.

Both will still be there.

All I ask is what we have.

A moment to draw near.

A chance to blend. Now and then.

For each to speak and hear.

Its all right.

In truth its fine.

Let our lives reach out. Entwine.

Man and woman.

Two souls.

Sublime.

Share a glimpse.

A cusp in time.

On our momentary flight.

Illusions of a world divine.

From countless eons.

Boundless space.

We meet and find.

This chance to touch.

To share.

Those precious seconds.

Left to each.

As through this veil.

This thought called life.

We set our tattered sail.

Cry with joy.

Laugh at strife.

Years from birth

For you. Versus I. Mean

Naught. But how we find.

Our paths laid out.

To that soft sleep.

We fear yet love.

That simple step we take.

To what awaits.

As so we came to this Abode.

This fragile Pilgrim’s Shell.

Beyond all which we comprehend.

All that we know not of.

As all those from past. Our loins.

Have done.

Will meet.

Not end.

Begin.

Rejoice at sorrow. Burdens lost.

That velvet portal all must cross.

So suffer not.

Past sins or fears.

Shed. No needless

Essence of

Your spirit through those wasted tears.

Hear my heart.

Heed your own.

Just let the moment speak.

Draw near to one.

Who only want. To

Let these special feelings start.

That flow when one looks

Back. One looks back.

And two are one.

A timeless glance. That passes

Through the eyes and mind.

And strikes that special spark.

That lovers gaze.

So clear.

So rare.

So deep inside one’s very being.

All else fades.

All else dies.

Save what one knows.

One sees inside.

As all your very inner core

Cries out. Pours out. Flows

Forth for one to hold.

To feel. In trust,

One must.

Not turn away.

For just.

As that glance.

That rapier’s thrust.

Those eyes that merge.

Those thoughts that pass.

From each to each.

Will never perish.

Safe.

Will last.

So does the future turn the past.

Whispers from within.

One knows.

Hearken to the thought.

Just so.

Loves simple precious prayer.

It’s all right to dare.

It’s all right to care.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 06/29/1996*

*Copyright C.*

*Universal Rights Reserved.*