**Embrace of Love’s Comets**

*June 9, 2013*

With my Tender Bow of Heart.

My Spirit took dead Aim.

Launched Velvet Arrow of Love to Shoot the Moon.

Alas the Lovers Art.

Was not my Craft nor Romance my Game.

My Love bid me Adieu.

Love was fini. Through.

Over came too sure and Oh so soon.

Nor more to know sweet caress nor kiss.

All my Passion gone astray.

Remiss. My shot wide. Ah I had missed.

Punctured with my Missive of Ardor La Mours fragile silk Balloon.

Retreat to Mourn and Tell.

My Soul my own sad Tale.

Within a dark and lonely

Shell. Spurned Lovers Self Same Prison and Cocoon.

Til in the Dark Sad Tearful

Night. As I waited for the Light.

My embers not yet cold and dead.

My candle of Emphaty still flickered.

I still believed.

The words my own Pere of his own

Lost Love had said.

If You can love your Own Being for who and what you are.

With truth of Self be and flow.

Receive perceive see feel for and love another so as yourself.

Then You will be blessed with Loves bounty.

Swain inamorata so joined in health with amatory boundless wealth,

Then You will know. True Love and catch a Falling Star.

With such Hope I turned again to face the World and lough.

In this Grand Void of Time and Space.

Two Comets Touched.

Our Cosmic paths and tracks crossed melded and embraced.

Union of Pure Love and Trust.

Yes it was so.