**Thoughts on threats from a ladies lover in response to verses Shared and intercepted.**

*June 9, 2013*

Perchance the Gentleman misperceives.

Missives of thought what from I do fly.

To Lady Fair He loves.

Indeed He may fear.

Believe.

Within my poor verse to She to He a threat and rival lye.

If such be so.

Be Calm. Be Still.

No need for Angst nor Fright.

Such Fear of Loss what pains the Will.

Say keep for Thy sleep within.

Bare not to Breast nor Lovers Light.

For Two Minds and Spirits may touch dance and kiss.

Be they Femme and Male.

For Intellect. Art.

Mere Combine Commingle of Cosmic Experience.

Share Notes of Life's Ambience.

Sans Ardor of Clay Vessels.

Nor quest for limerence.

So steeped in Innocence.

No more no less than this.

Ah Therein lies the Tale.

I send extend no more than such to She.

Seek no more to receive.

Know She no more doth ask nor want of Me.

Pray Say I so thus implore of Thee.

Thy see and so believe.

For as Thy so do Love Her so.

If True. So set Her free.

For shall Thee with Thy lack of Faith in Self and

Thy own bond meld and link with such Lady.

See to bind cage starve Her from all Cognitive Caress of other Men.

Ah then.

Thy warnings threats and menace serve no more to preserve Thy Love.

But rather chill and kill the fragile Union of the Dove.

So shall She must so flee.

So She may live and be.

Of Thee so take her leave.