     The Black Woman

She looks like God to me.

Her dark vibrant eyes seem more vast than the Universe itself, but somehow rather than lose myself, I have found myself within them. My reflection in her eyes outmatch any mirror that I have ever gazed upon, she sees me as a King, she sees me as a man she can love. Her lips are much like Gaea, a plethora of life comes from them. Every word a new creation, every kiss a renewed existence. She is my Nirvana. Her touch is the long awaited Equinox morning after the coldest of winters. Her warmth is forged from the very depths of Sol, even the Goddess Anchiale can not compare to her. Her body is the greatest of architectures, an unscathed holy temple, a kingdom far too worthy for any monarch, a pyramid that goes well beyond Paradiso. She is all things beautiful. Her laugh is like that of thunder but as gentle as a child. It envelops you in tranquility & like a contagion, causes you to laugh yourself. An infectious sound that i long to hear over & over again. Her mind carries secrets that I wish to discover, for they are the most precious of treasures any man could ever receive. Her trust is like a diamond. Her greatest quality of all, is her love. She loves with a passion akin to a mother for her child or an artist to their craft. Unrelenting, unconditional, & most of all it is pure.

She looks like God to me, & i love her for that.