

The Truth I Crave

-PBC

My story, a whisper apart.

I seek a bond

woven with honesty,

loyalty, deep sincerity,

Understanding, a river

flowing from both shores.

No touch, no fleeting dates,

no storms of angry words.

A quiet harmony I dream.

But this age, it shouts

a different song,

and my hope

feels like a forgotten melody.

The truth I crave,

a rare bloom.

**Yet, I hold this knowing:
if a soul could find my world,
they'd taste
the very essence of reality,
unfiltered, true.
That girl, she would be blessed.**

**First, the blessing must be mine:
to find the one
who hears my silent tune,
and walks this path with me.**