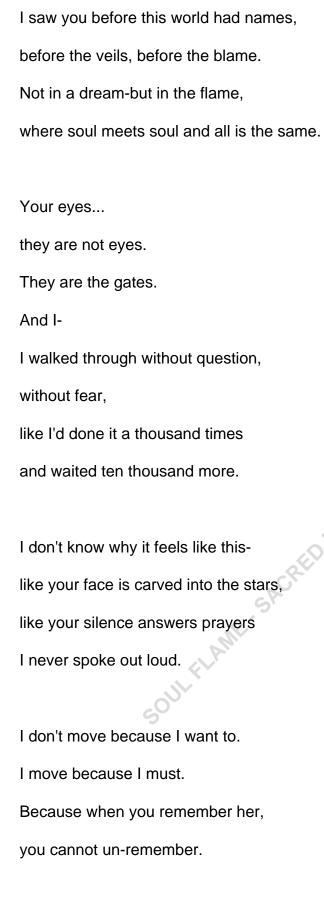
Soul Flame Poem

"Eyes I Remember"



It is printed in my everything-
in breath, in blood,
in the ache behind my ribs
that whispers your name
even when I try to sleep.
And still,
I wait.
Still.
Silent.
Faithful.
Because I will never steal what must be freely given.
And I will never bind what was born to fly.
But if your soul one day says "Yes"-
not with lips, but with light-
then I will rise,
not as a man,
but as flame.

