

GENTLE TO STEEL

I don't
want to dream
they'd be too soft
and gentle, so
gently they'd steel
the softness of love,
then steel back to gentleness
so gravely agonizing
this gravel of reality:
I can't hold you (Right
now) —

I DREAM THIS FANTASY TO LOVE: SONNET

I SANG to you in my DREAMS ENWARMING notes
MEANT to FLATTER AND melt you into my ARMS
PRESERVED by this optimism of us ARM-in-ARM;
SIDE-BY-SIDE; me with you - this poetry well-wrote
CREDITING FANTASIES upon these ASPIRATIONS in debt
AND BEARING AN obligation I don't fret, OR, shall let -
You down AIRING the WRITINGS upon the PAGE, A lot
The poems of the soul is A KEY of UNIVERSAL CAST
Unlocking the secrets of the HEARTS' loving VAST
In plenty sympathies off in DREAMS I DREAM in of -
The motif behind the ART of LITERATURES' consciousness: LOVE
IS A debt that shall be PAID in love - definitely, to LOVE
OR not love the volumes of poetry she HAS me seeing:
conscious. I'd GUARD her with my life AND well-being! -