

S Y N O P S I S O F L O V E

The sons and daughters of the human family need to learn to love instead of to hate.

Oh, how beautiful a world, where love would dominate and every living thing shared in the rewards that compensate.

Unlimited possibilities for progress are the rewards for realizing and actualizing love as the foundation of our existence on our journey through life.

And when we begin to build upon such a foundation, where love for our Earth is not just in word of mouth, but it is real, and actually exists--we see our Earth as a living being: an entity not much different than ourselves: It lives, grows, produces life, feels hurt, and should be afforded every consideration that any other sentient life should be given.

When we begin to build on love as a foundation, all life has an incalculable value and the human family will exist as one race--the human race!

There would be no need to question if love still exist, it would simply be stating the obvious; because all of our senses would would bear witness to its existence--we would see love; hear love; taste love; touch love; and and smell love in our daily lives.

The following are bios on all the love pieces you've read in this work; it seem befitting since our next undertaking shall be to explore its counterpart--hate.

Love still exist; I will prevent war; I will look for the beauty in the human race and suppress the beast within me; I will see the good in people as I will show the good in me; I will strive to make people happy and do my best not to contribute to making anyone sad. My soul shall be at ease, because I will maintain the necessary balance between the opposing forces.

As the inevitable growth of change remains ever constant, I will not stand still, but endeavor to embrace change and effect change to benefit the human family, I will not fight or fear change; I will not ignore change, but explore change and steer it toward the progress, growth and development of the human race and the all of life.

The flowers shall exist as an example of nature's beauty and a correlation with what love is; how it blossoms and blooms and breathes forth sweetness and is a source of joy in every color of the rainbow.

Every effort must be made to express what are often times believed to be beyond words. But most of all it must be shown as an expression in our actions and deeds directed to everyone alike. Even if love goes beyond words it should not go beyond our soul or our spirit, but it should exist as one with our total life cycle, and be the eternity to which all life progresses.

The very concept of friendship is a relationship and in some instances a friend is as close as a relative. It is indeed a love affair that requires sacrifices and endurance; where one must take on the pain of another and guide them through some tough times. Give insight when it is not pretty. But be there.

In my mind is a stage that every love passes through. Its when at some point of everyday you find yourself in a daze thinking about something you and that person have done, will do, or just plain fantasizing in a reverie that you wish were real and could last forever.

Thinking of you simply because every time I'm away from you I miss you.... I think of what we do soon as we see each other: This kiss, a spank on the butt as you walks away; the foreplay that leads to unleashing the overwhelming passion that only making love could soothe.

In expressing love we often use our heart in the concept because the heart is the center of our being; it is delicate and essential to life. When someone comes into your life and no matter how difficult times are that person just seem to make getting through the day much easier and see that person as a true friend, a girlfriend or boyfriend; a husband or wife that you want to spend the rest of your life with. That person is your gift from God, your treasure, and your fortune.

The heart at the center of your being beats – you, you, you, directed at that person that you love; you need, you desire, you miss, you think, you dream of that person. And just when you think there is nothing more you could do, you realize you cherish, adore, honor, and respect that person. Then you want to get physical because you know your entire life revolves around that person and all you want is more of that person.

Your love goes beyond the mere physical and transcends anything on this Earth, but you must use the Earth as a frame of reference to explain the fire (love) burning in your heart igniting (awakening) your mind; trying to convey the energy (feeling) to your companion as you both rise to become one with a vastness (universe) ands God at the highest plane of spirit life.

I love you so much; when the question is how much it's just much higher than I can explain and deeper that I can express. It just continues to increase into eternity; more valuable than any thing that could be bought or sold, I just love you much.

In deep meditation I can feel the warmth vibration from our hearts creating a burning sensation causing a desire to flirt, even as my imagination starts me contemplation erotic acts to satisfy your body, mind, and spirit 100%, filling you with as exhilaration that gets deeper and deeper every time you think about me.

Even though I am alone sometime, and feel on my own; I am never lonely; simply because the mere memories of you are permanently branded at the forefront of my thoughts. The images of you are so clear it's like time is standing still. You are never further than a thought away; so even when I'm alone, I am never lonely.

You represent everything good and sweet in me and every time I see you I am reminded of a dream come true. My heart flutters and nervous sensation pervades my body and consumes me in desire. Just being near you is like a delicious treat – like a favorite cake, candy ice cream – good and sweet.

A mothers love, that unconditional love that fills the entire world with endless beauty that springs forth from its very nature like a perfumes odor never dissipation but always ascending. Only the flower in its munificent splendor can compare to the colors, aroma and beauty continuously unfolding as an exemplification of a mothers love. Her example of motherhood is such that would compel any child to be proud to call her Mom an want her to know that knowing her is to honor her; to honor her is to respect her (regardless); to respect her is to value her; and to value her is to love her with all your heart and soul.

Puppy love is our first experience with love outside the family; it is that dreamlike state that is more infatuation than love but it leaves a lasting impression. You are so touched its like being in a trance. Nothing else matters but getting that person to like you, like you like them. You don't really know how to proceed but you speak and they speak and reward you with an indication that they like you too and that moment is the beginning of your first love.

My brother an I were always close, so brotherly love was never lacking in my life and other men like Mickey, Slopey, Dwayne, Ronnie, Jeffrey, Arthur, Bernie and David Dunston to mention a few were pivotal in my definition of brotherly love. But nothing in my life was more profound in conveying the epitome of love than a card sent to me from my brother Cuddy for Christmas 2009, at a very trying time for me. If you have a brother and want to tell him you love him, I assure nothing will touch his heart as deeply as the words of that card that Cuddy sent me....I love you too Big Bro.

Is Love – is my list of questions that needs to be answered from your heart not your mouth. Ideas, feelings, thoughts and emotions are transient, momentary; changing and passing like a gentle breeze. Is love the same way? Can it be bought or sold> Does it continue to flow and bring about harmony in every human being causing them to struggle as one or bring about fear and make one run from the responsibility that is its charge. Is it always good times? Is profound unity with the continuous will to maintain itself in spite of whatever confronts you?

Then what is love? Its three words often used loosely, but explain it, is the challenge we are confronted with. Read the poem 'What is Love' again; then ask the questions in the poem 'Is Love' again. Take a few moments of your time to answer in depth, not just with yes or no, but put your heart into it and share it with someone – a friend, a loved one or just an acquaintance for an honest opinion.

Love Letter begins with Tender Experience as a salutation, which implies it, is redacted for someone you wish to address in a mild or subtle way; who have shared some portion of life with you. It goes on to express an intense desire to transfer deep feelings, from deep within to that person. You want what is vibrating in your heart to come forward like thunder to be felt by that person. You want them to know and feel how bad you want to touch and be close to them not just making love to the body but getting into their mind and giving of your own mind the deepest of feeling and emotions that make up you as a person and them as a person. Knowing full well that such transparency won't come over night but will take forever, and you want them to know that you will only be complete by dedicating your life to the ongoing process. And I give myself to that process by closing Eternally Yours. Lost Love is in memory of that special person that was in your life and somehow departed, but you know that particular person loved you wholeheartedly and is still the yard stick to compare and measure anything that remotely resemble love in your life currently. You ask yourself serious and pertinent questions and you may even blame yourself for the lose; you muster the strength to carry on but still more questions arise and you rationalize with every memory, but balance the transitions and changes brought on by the thoughts of that true love. And somehow you wish you could go back, or bring it into your current relationship as real and fulfilling as it was; and remain forever.

When we hear a love song and it sticks in our minds with such pretty music and exquisite words like an endless echo; the reason we are so attracted to the song is because the song says those things in our heart that are so difficult for us to express. We are moved by song because reaches to our very soul and cause us to move; inciting sensations in us to desire the companionship of that special one. You play it over and over to reminisce; of by its rhythm you get close, sometime dance and even make love to the sound of your favorite love song.

Love Story tells of a sort of love at first sight; or an overwhelming attraction to someone so strong that it, along with shyness, prevents you from speaking and you wish there was some way to convey what you are feeling to that person. That person is your idea of beautiful, so much so you feel somewhat intimidated, and you fear rejection. Just so happens you notice that person looking at you in very much the same way you are looking at them. But you are not sure; so you begin to question to yourself, and justify reasons not to let the opportunity to meet this person pass you by. So you start your little rap and that person makes you feel so comfortable you pour your heart out and live happily ever after.

Love by the Numbers is only ten (10) things out of numbers incalculable that express how profound two (2) people's love for each other exists, grows, and develops. I encourage you to write ten (10) concepts of your own; share them with your companion and ask them to do the same. It will surprise you and cause a gratification and respect deeper than already existing between you two.

For Love is designed to highlight some of the necessary sacrifices if there is true love in motion. It uses the terms you will, you must and you have to do certain things, which means they are not optional but mandatory. Sacrifice and endurance are the primary postulates of a love affair and everything else branch out from them. For love you must be willing to give up something of value to you for something greater in value - that is the sacrifice. For love you have to persevere the difficult, bitter, rough, tragic and devastating times and obstacles that life hurls at you – that is the endurance. Sometime you may have to lead, or give that lead to your companion; and remember that today man teaches best, tomorrow woman teaches best, or vice-versa, but one without the other is but half.

Love of My Life, when it happens it will be certain and you will know without question, or thinking twice about it. It's the positive motivating force in your life and others will see it too. More than anything you just want to be the best you can be and give that person the best of you. In your heart of hearts you know that person loves you as much as you love them and you are confident that you are receiving their very best. You just stare at that person while they, sleep, or doing something in the room – they open their eyes or look around and see you staring in deep thought, wondering how of all people in the world s/he is mine; “damn, I love you! Please God let us be together forever”!

LOVE--so much has been written, sung, unwritten and unsung; experienced and still yet to come about it--it's impossible to bound it, or hedge it into confines.

It has so impacted the world that every living, conscious being has bathed in its beauty in some form or fashion. In every way love is beautiful, and one could never count the ways; they are as numerous as the stars in the heavens and all acts of love should be honored and preserved as an example for the human race

Love should be in our words, actions and deeds; and go beyond mere emotions--that are subject to change--it should accompany us as we progress through life and cause a sense of creativity that eventuates in giving life in some way.

Love should be clear for all to see--not with an ulterior motive and certainly free of fear--in all we do love should be the focal point, the primary element, an increasing endeavor as we journey to the greatest love--LOVE!

We can teach war, hate, racism, vanity, and intolerance if we choose, but it goes against the divine scheme of things and we need only watch as our posterity go the way of the dinosaur.

In many instances we (the human family) find ourselves bringing up the rear; this becomes obvious when we pick up any daily newspaper and find no less than three wars raging, three to five senseless murders, terroristic plots, and natural disasters that gets less aid than is supplied to war machines. In other words, we can mobilize a million man/woman army with enough weapons to destroy the entire planet 25 times over and deploy it in less than 24 hours.

But hurricane Katrina that obliterated the Gulf Coast; the tsunami that devastated Indonesia; and earthquake that pulverized poor Haiti were slow to get the deperately needed assistance to save lives. Even though the out pouring of charity from all over the world was highly commendable--still the resources of death and destruction come together with more proficiency than the life saving ones.

The entire human family share in the responsibility of raising our children in a way more conducive to maintaining our species instead of destroying it.

It is increasingly more clear to this writer that his generation is far to inept to compare to his parents, or grandparent's generations. Their generations showed the benefits of being not just a parent to the children of their loins, but being a parent to the entire community. Mothers and fathers were shared the responsibility in each child's growth and development throughout the 'hood'.

Somewhere in this writer's generation love went awry and nothing brings this fact into focus more than the apathy and decreased value in human life exhibited by the generation that is following.

Love is only whispered in small circles instead of being proclaimed in the parks, in the music, and in the community loud and clear.