

THE WOMAN

Her mysterious strength within
carries an aura
of sea water
and her voice
whispers not dreams

Upon her face
are two glowing candles
illuminating a romantic vision
and her hands
harness a shower
of twinkling stars.

She smiles
like the crescent
and her thoughts travel
like the scent
of botanical gardens.

First a princess
then a queen
but always an angel.

Her beauty
is the nest
of our eggs.

The counter part
of life...

The Woman

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