

THE BREAST OF A WOMAN

A crystal like nature lies within the womb of her heart for it is a dawning of new light like nature that puts the sun to shame. Brightness of her generosity is the nature that spread forth from the nurturing system embedded in her heart. The womb of her heart contains a special seed that is fertilized by the lovingness of her inner being. For the things that gives life to the seed is a wisdomatic entity that no man can exceed. From his nature she was given the blessing to breathe, comfort and lead. In her breast lies wisdom, and the womb of her heart is her internal soul, whereas the flesh of the heart is made to protect, the womb of her heart was made in the likeness of god. A seed is planted deeply in the soil root, it is a set plan to begin the temple of building a house of social and spiritual elevation. The temple is the main thing one must protect, for in the temple is contained the ability to reason besides to decipher, but most importantly, in it lies thee ability of wisdom to protect the heart and the womb of the heart. Enjoined within the woman, between the mind and the heart, lies a spiritual unity, and they support one another. The surfacing of spirituality originally comes from the heart of a woman whereas the mind is there to protect that spiritual temple of scared faith. Although, the heart does not need the mind to function or to dictate its ability to expand and contract by lung, heart and chest cavity. For in the beginning of the heart, there lies no source of its beating other than, the sprit, in absence of the brain or guardian temple of earthly wisdom. The first thing developed in the womb of a woman within the first existence or appearances of the embryo or child that signifies life to the woman, is the heartbeat. This is what calls to the soul of a woman and her system of nurturing, so by nature, she is thee effacer of new life, thee accepter of new responsibilities, thee lover of first newly found teaching and therefore, those sacred elements are the elements that are within her breast that crystalizes and purifies her very existence upon earth. By the soul that her breast possessed symbolizes the chastity of her very being. If we explore her heart we will study well her internal secrets, strifes and struggles that she endures throughout the course of her living, we will strive to understand her endless amount of strength and energy, will tolarance in the very foundation of which those unique abilities springs. It is wisdom to hear, it is patience to endure struggle or hardship without uttering a slightest amount of protest. We listen to the soul and acknowledge its struggle by which the lower beast like nature is gratified by its failure. Question, does the man come from the woman? While inside of the womb of the woman can he remember exploring her deepest and unseen sacred elements that makes her the temple of all creations? If man

was inside of the woman and is breathed forth from the woman, in this, the man should realize the value in the sacred body of the woman, through her nest of love he would also come to realize that the private possession of her chastity, better know as the tongue of pearl that is encased within her womb of salvation and flesh. the murky insides of the special possession that she holds so dearly, for it to be penetrated without generosity, caution or care is as if she's being striped of her true value, robbed of her nature and snatched from the throne of her pure essence, Why do you think genitalia relations to a woman is filled with purpose, reasoning and anticipation that trigger censors to react from the sacred body of her self respect. For a man to come into her reminds her of life, reminds her of the beginning of humanity and in her boundless measure of her womanly nature, she is able to do anything she can to protect her modesty and chastity.

Yet, even in this, she still yearns for pleasure, but man cannot interpret this wanting of pleasure as an opportunity to degrade, belittle or reduce her in nature. Man must also realize that the woman is not a piece of flesh nor is she **just a organ, but she** is a jewel; the moon that lights up the night, the stars that decorate the sky and the sun that fertilizes all seeds of creation. Understanding lies within the heart of a man that can only connect with the womb within the heart of a woman. When he looks into her eyes he can see earth, when he witness her smile he sees a reflection of humanity, when he smells her sweet sent he would appreciate her existence, no longer would he be among those who dwells in the realms of foolishness and folly. Thus far, he would begin to develop a new and purer concept and ideology of a woman, a better theology will surface through his mind concerning the essence of a woman. His terminology will rest upon the peak of striving to understand her soul and her very being. In reality, we find that there are many, many woman that has given up the battle to protect her self-respect based upon lack of moral support, financial support and social support. they've been kicked off the throne of purity and thrown into a mud of misfortune, her dignity has deminished, has been lost and her strenght has been reduce to a level in which she is just barely able to protect the small knowledge that she has left of her essence, she lost sight of her true purpose and misplaced her vision to continue on, she lost all desrie to elevate, she become, to herself, a stranger and a stranger don't care to much about another stranger, so she's trapped within the realms and pits of the beast that rejoices in her sudden laspe of her humane position so now the woman screams from within the pits of bondage and captivity, praying that a source of hope hears her weeping and pulls her, out of the fire of disaster, She remains in this state because humanity has turned their back on her and multitudes of men seems to aid the beast and not allewiate her affliction, he steps on her hand when she reaches out of the pit of corruption, he holds her head down into the pit so that she

can not breath fresh air and drowns her own sorrows and pains. In other words, when we see our mothers of earth lost in the wilderness of ignorance we don't seek to aid her but to degrade her, to grade her to a grade lower than the grade that is blow hope, so it is commonplace that we have accepted the misfortune of our woman. Do not leave her crawling, pick her up and remind her how to walk. If you are a conscious man that understands the true nature and essence of a woman.

Sometimes there's misconceptions of what love is for comes in many forms. The first form of love, in most cases, is thee attachment of the child to the mother. As time progress, the child is taught by the mother of how to care for him/herself. This care is constituted as love of thyself that fills the body and overwhelms the soul in capacity and flows and connects with another source of life and this is called inner love, but the outer love derives first from its source, in which it is the inner love of thyself which traces itself back to the womb of the woman. Wherein, the spiritual nature of that new creation began and as soon as the sprit appears in the embryo. The mother automatically clings to and loves that new life. So my beautiful crystalized woman you are the mother of love, so love yourselves and do not abandon that love for anything or anyone for if you do, it takes away from your purity and destroys your sincerity of protecting yourself, love, modesty and chastity. And you men, you are the temple and source of their solace and protection, you protect them, when they fall you pick them up and if a fall is a treacherous fall you sacrifice yourselves for ~~the~~ humanity and break their falls. Support them, love them, understand them as you would your own mother, guide them aright and let ^{not} them fall short of their responsibilities as a woman. For every man needs a woman and every woman needs a man, and if you are a man you would honor ALL WOMAN.

It is for us to conclude that the beautiful sensual and ever so lovable nature of a woman is far more greater than we could ever imagine. Thus far, the real man yearns for a real woman to come into his life and be the mother of his soul, the guardian of his heart and the key to his innermost hidden secrets, his friend, his companion, his sunshine and rainbow and if the man knew what lies within the breast of a woman he would himself treasure, value and love all women unconditionally, because her crystalized soul is beacon light that paves ~~his~~ path and lights up his destination so that he may find her soul and unite his soul with hers and they share the light equally, and so the breast of a woman, to him, is no longer just just a piece of flesh but a scared valley of virtues that leads to her original and truthful nature.

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