

* Whom My Soul Loves *

7/13/16

May she kiss me with
the kisses of her lips,
For her love is invigorating
to my palette.

Tell me, O you whom my
soul loves,
How did you become so illusive?

I see your form,
I hear your voice;
Your voice is a composition,
And your form is statuesque.

Night after night I sought her,
Whom my soul loves.
I sought her but to no avail.

I must arise now and
go about the city;
In the streets and in the
squares,
I must seek her whom
my soul loves.

Awake, O North wind,
And come, wind of the South;

Blow her fragrance my way,
So I may know where to look.

I am lovesick,
For her whom my soul loves;
And only her presence
Can cure me.

I am awake,
but my heart is asleep;
When she knocks at
my heart's door,
Only then will my body
feel alive.

For love is unyielding
To a relationship,
As death is to life.

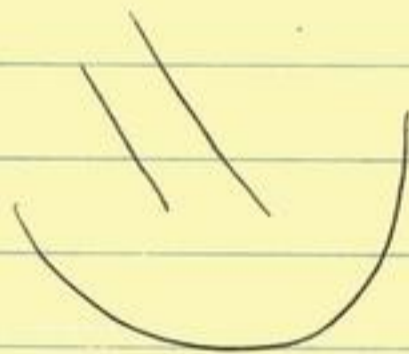
Love is intense like the brightest
flame,
Perhaps as bright as the glory
of God.

Love is invincible & unquenchable,
Even when flooded by difficulty.

Love is so priceless,
That it cannot be bought;
It can only be given away.

And once I find her,
Whom my soul loves;
I will hold her tightly,
Until the two of us
become one.

From the blessings
of God,
We shall stand together;
As a tower of undeniable love.



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