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Subject: Please Post These Poems

WHEN DOES LOVE BEGINS ?

When does love really begins

Love can begin when one burn with desire.

Love begins only with one look.

Love begins at first sight.

Love starts on a double take.

Love begins, if one thinks twice.

Love begins when one believes another.

Love begins, if one's lonely.

Love begins because one proposes.

Love if one sacrifices.

Love begins cause one gave.

Love begins when one sings a song.

Love begins by one's compassion.

Love begins at one's wits end.

Love begins when one shares another's pain.

Love begins by an heroic act.

Love begins when one acts.

Love begins when one gives away his life!

Love begins when one's heart skips a beat.

Love begins with the awe of ones beauty.

Love begins, being filled by amazement.

Love begins, when one touches another's hand.

Love begins after one reflects.

Love begins, at the peak of feelings.

Love begins with a kiss.

Love begins by the offer of a rose.

Love begins, by looking twice.

Love begins with romantic words, or just words.

Love begins with one word.

Love begins from nothing.

Love begins from anything.

Love begins from the Genesis all things.

Love begins by selflessness.

Love begins by understanding.

Love begins when one listens.

Love begins in happiness.

Love begins when one lets go.

Love begins in reminiscing.

Love begins when one looks for love.

Love begins by shedding tears.

Love begins when lust disappears.

Love begins with a bliss.

Love begins, when love begins.

Love begins when truth wins.

Love begins every hour, every minutes.

Love lives in eternity.

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JUST A MAN

If I had the wings of an eagle,

I would, right here, fly from the middle.

If I had the wisdom of the ant,

I would gather much friends in the land.

If I had the strength of the ox,

I would carry all my burdens like a matchbox.

If I had the fins of a large fish,

I would swim the length of the Seven Seas.

If I had the regal power of the Lion-King,

I would exert the dominion of a king.

If I had the very heart of a sweet lamb,

I would keep you warm, and cozy, firsthand.

If I had the patience of the "Ass",

I would wait for you, and by it be blessed.

If I had the affection of a pure dove,

Like two lovebirds, we shall delight in Love.

If I was a Violet, or a Rose,

I would rightly, be, under your nose.

If I had the longevity of the tree,

I would, with you live in Eternity.

But, you see that: I am a man imprisoned,

and, I am sometimes, lonesome.

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THE ROSE

My heart was racing,

like a horse on a racetrack.
My hands were sweating,
as a sea-lion on the cold sea.
I feared a menace.
My tongue tied-up, and my lips shut-up.

In my hand, a "Rose" I held;
bright and red.
Softer than the silk of a spider.
Alive as the morning sun!
Its fragrance engaged,
it spoke her unique language.

Softly, she grabbed the rose in my hand.
Her face lit-up, like a crystal,
she caressed the Rose's petals.
As I caressed the back of her hand!
Our eyes ran to the chasm between us.
Then our lips crossed our "Jordan" .

Indeed, the "Rose" broke,
the silence in our souls;
when our thoughts froze.
Because of the poverty of words,
in our souls.
For our heart, both paused.

It was not Violet or Daffodil;
though, each does, what it does each.
The "Rose" is in league by itself!
I cannot know the Rose; its mystery,
yet, it spoke my hearts desires,
better than I could have conceived.

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JUST MERE WORDS

Though written free,
on paper with, or without meaning;
words of passion one can read,
like an eagle flight, they'll flee.
What if they're softly whispered,
on the ear without much work?
And the artist tattooed a "mot-propre",

tattooed with a needle.
They'll be just mere words.

Sweet words of a hustler,
and a conman will muster.
Words and wind of a gigolo,
who's always on the go.

How about the gold digger,
whose purse got bigger.
Lovely words, and plenty of miser later;
caused much wine, spirits for the liver.

The hearer at the other end;
whether a man or woman.
One with soft hand,
or a working calloused hand.

What shall we say of words;
and " writings on the walls".
The fear of Belshazzar,
or the rude faith of Nebuchadnezzar!
Only when these are sketched on the heart,
if they're from the heart.
When put in action daily,
sooner do their meanings stick.
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FEEL THE LOVE

My heart is a bottle filled
with Love and it overflows.
As the fragrance have made itself known;
stronger than L' eau de Cologne.
You too can exude romance and Love.
To all who seek love and romance,
as those who dance slow jams,
and draw close to dance.
Can you smell its intoxicating fragrance?
My dear delight in it, when you feel my hand.
Touch the warmth of my extended Love:
I mean the natural love in my veins.
Feel it, please, even the love from a son,
like the light of the towering sun.
Just bask in it; accept even the moonlight,

when you walk the clear soothing night.
Hear its lullaby of few whispered words.
Feel that, then you feel my love!
Just like it is layed in store,
in my Love cellar;
way in the dungeon afar.
Of course it is found ajar.
Cause it is called a heart, my heart.
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THE POWER OF LOVE

Deep within us is the power to love;
It streams to the innermost thoughts.
While it lingers in the mind's thoughts,
it inhabits all hearts close, or afar off.
It gives birth to romantic and all other loves.

The power of Love, for longing, one sigh,
at another's amazing sight.
It take one and Cupid, on this natural flight,
that lovers crave; and for it one dies.
The power to Love is from the Most High!

Because of Love given,
one can be forgiven.
Because of Love taken,
one can die, unravel within;
and a heart shattered, broken!

The power of Love is the greatest thing.
The Love of children to their parents;
if not received, it remains.
To the daredevil, it is given;
he becomes the peculiar parent.

See, the power of Love now and then,
it is a serious thing.
When, at its lowest, and shrinking;
it still works from within,
and to the pirate it is magnificent!

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LOVE

RIVER OF

Love, Oh Love! You have settled in my heart,
times and again, many times before;
flowing like the Emperor of feelings in my heart.
Importing next to you: Bliss, Passion, and Joy,
erupting, and blazing hotter than a volcano,
dragging various characters, tugging at my ego.
You've had me thinking that I was the ocean of romantic heroes!
Foolish thoughts of folly though.
Surely You have brought with you diseases and woes;
some called these: transport of Love.
If one disrespects, they are Love's thugs.

Love was a choice; some thought.
Granted, Love is mandatory, and vital;
like Christmas, Love is for all,
I thought, if I am wrong;
to Love, I don't belong!
I am ashamed of this great fall,
to myself, and those who loved my love-song.
But tis the River of Gold, River of Love;
King of emotions in Eden, the garden of old.
Why have you hidden and smitten the sun?

Love, yeah Love! You have departed from my heart,
retaining with you your regents and knights:
Flame, Bliss, and Passion.
You have left nothing but chaos and Babel.
This time Your rejection felt like a cast of ice host;
You've vanished, as I watched,
the flakes of snow you've brandished;
as You've fled the threshold.
Because You've left an empty home,
my heart's pain converted to the tempest You've left.
Your flight left a torn in my frozen breast!

Love, Oh Love do return,
bring with You your bandwagon.
Please, return like the Amazon;
flow again, the burnished gold, in my zone.
Please, let me speak, cause it's my turn;
let me vent, cause I am in discord, without "Love"!
Don't forget the Resurrection of the Sun;
Sun of Righteousness, warmth of Love.
Bring with you good Fortune:

Cupid and the Significant Other;
or don't return at all.

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IN THE BEGINNING

In the beginning was the man,
and there, also was the woman;
the rib of man was in the woman,
as the woman was in the rib of man.
my flesh, my bone, said the man!
And the woman was made for man.

In the beginning, God made man,
even in the man was the woman;
so in God's mind was the woman.
For the melody of woman was in Heaven.
In the woman God brought down Heaven.
And the Spirit of God walked with them!

Before God complete the Earth, it was formless,
just like God created the Heavens;
when He made man, he was loveless,
God's Spirit completed everything on the waters.
The woman moved, and still moves man's heart.
"Let there be light", and He made the woman;
man was comforted, and a bright beginning!

Woman knew why she was made Eve.
Genesis was Light, in the beginning;
in the beginning there were Adam and Eve!
Until Cain and Abel there was "Love",
before them was affection, not divorce;
jus before chaos there were bond and order,
before jealousy, there belonging!

In the beginning there was the kiss,
long before the succeeding bliss.
Love, then was more delightful than wine.
Before sex, there was man's caress;
and to know Eve, was Adam experience.
To know Adam, was her best love,
and to get a glimpse of him was reason!
Speaking to her softly was natural;
back then, Adam belonged to Eve alone.

And they were all alone;
tis, was the beginning of man and woman.
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ROSE

Rose, oh rose you are right.
You have the strength of a Knight.
I feel your tenderness.
I see your prowess.

Your petals are soft,
they feel like a loft.
I smell your fragrance,
I envy your elegance!

You invoke a command,
and speak like a man.
I admire your good taste,
in her you've found grace!

You bring a path to Love,
reunite lovers, as doves.
I want to know your lore,
that the beauties adore.

You've mated with the sun,
and you gave Earth a new son.
Men, they stare at the sun,
whom wish to make sons.

You caused their feet to dance;
and flourished their romance!
You desire the sunrise,
Mephisto scared of sunrise.

You've unsealed mysteries,
hidden in centuries.
I read your narratives;
and I love your stories.

Until her heartbeats rest;
you continue your caress.
You'll get what you please,
you always get the kiss.

although, you opened doors,
you, I cannot abhor.
I'll take the next ship for,
the one I must adore!

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WITNESSES FOR LOVE

There are three
who bear witness in Heaven:
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
the Trinity of Love.
These always, fully agree!

There are three
that bear witness on Earth:
Water, Spirit and Blood,
the Trinity of Love.
They never disagree at all.

These are the three
that kept witness of my love:
the look, the kiss and the bliss.
The trinity of my love.
These tree never separate that bond!

There are three
that bore witness,
in my heart and mind!
The Word, the written Word,
and spoken Word.
These three dynamos,
they magnetize really nice.
They hold on to me, like white on rice.

Indeed, three that hold
witness of my Love for thee:
the Lilies, the Roses, and the Violets.
These three drank of
the same deep earth;
and are kept by the same sap.
That sap hold the purity
of our good thing!

There are three
witnesses of our pure Love;
our hearts, minds, and souls.
They keep record,
like a black-box.
This trinity never erase
what they know.

There are three
that will bare witness
of what we had, was real:
You and I, and our offsprings.
These three are ever present
in our thoughts, our wants,
and our dreams.
This trinity is the circle in our midst!

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KIND OF PRAYER

What kind of prayer do I plead,
Lord to charm the Love that I've missed;
have I burned all my bridges?
Or should I continue, and plead on my knees?

What kind of supplication, tell me please,
shall I implore to Thee;
to get a good deed of this bliss?
A simple prayer, as the sheep's bleat,
or the supplication of a heart in deep sea.

What kind of prayer, oh Most High.
One by day, or by night?
To find a good thing, and good wife,
is it a battle, an endless fight?
An appeal of sweet words, or a loud cry at night?

What kind of prayer to you, a scream;
one of tears, before I get Justice?
Did I sigh for it yet, in my sleep?
Or, a cry of "pretty-please", while I dream?

I said a prayer, even in my spirit,
words on my tongue were easy.
My leaping heart, now heavy;
and I slumbered into my sweet dream!

what prayer, one of faith, to move a mount?
Shall I do like Christ, climb a mount?
Is it a soothing sound of a dove's mourn,
or a prayer of sobs, and a dried mouth?

What kind of prayer, that praying,
will get rid of a "demon" fiend?
Lord, is it like a prayer to a friend?
I heard that God called us friends!
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