

Warm Lines of Blonde Sun

How this winter is uncomfortable w/out you. The first snow storm to blanket the Plains and stay a tenant long term. Now I know that you are comfort and comparable to the sun that brings the world warmth. *Oh to be loved the way the day loves the night; to love like the day is part of the night, because we are one and you are I and I am you — because, Love is love and love does love melting, the way flame doeth candle into wax. To shiver at frost shaking me slightly, trying to dislodge the ice building upon my windowpane. Reluctant to separate w/out force applied, the cold does not seem to applaud being divided. How plenty times the heart commands the mind to fantasize you here for warmth; love... How significant the sun is over the day for warmth, and the moon over the night for light. All day long the wind wraps about them as one entity. The nature of Love/lovin' handed down age-old — 11/30/24; 12:02 am Wm Brown

William Brown 182906

(accounts to e-mail can be setup at: www.securetech.net)