

Playful Love

From in between we find our Love
We wrap ourselves. It fits like a glove
It has motion and movement. It flows and waves
Loves goes spinning in and out of caves
Glorious! Is this Golden Thread!
Wound tightly around your Heart and Head
Folding, caressing and weaving in between
This is what Love truly means
Playful strings that we shape and grow
Into simple toys that we can throw
Back and forth from me to you
We reconstruct into something new
Love is shimmering with glitter and glow
Transforming into the things we know
I give Love to you and you give to me
Just as the fruit is given from the tree
In all forms, shapes and sizes Love grows
Love even plays in between our toes
And makes us grin, giggle and laugh
Then fills the tub for our Sacred Bath
Love is playful surely you can see
Creative, brilliant, anything we want it to be.

Shiya Stone

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