

Poetry Without Borders

Book 2

Passion And Pain

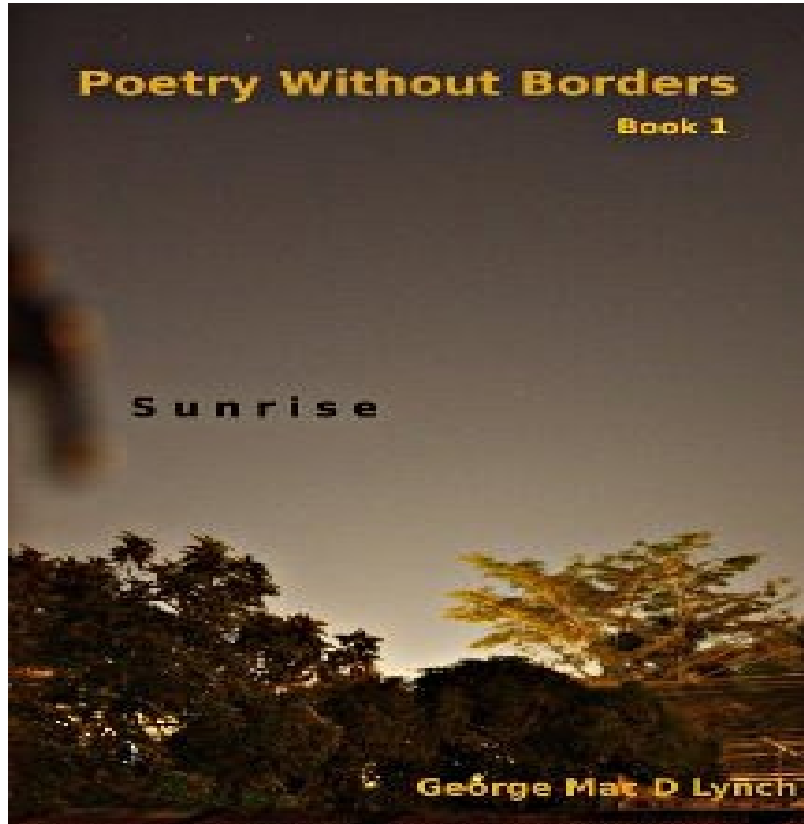
George Mac D Lynch



Previously by the Author

Book 1 - Sunrise

In the series Poetry Without Borders



Poetry Without Borders

by George Mac D Lynch, 2015

Book 2 - Passion and Pain

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Dedication

To Mike and Patsy!

Two people whom love had found.

.

Preface

On the basis of the story told, my interpretation constitutes three main purposes.

Purpose one - inform Patsy that Mike is sorry.

Purpose two - he loves her.

Purpose three - share the lessons from the experiences.

In the case of purpose one, and subject to correction, I am of the distinct impress Mike wants to say 'something' to Patsy.

It is popularly believed women are in the vast majority, when it comes to being hurt from the closure of relationships. regardless of reasons. I do not see it as necessarily true. However, I believe women are more open with their outpouring of emotions. Men on the other hand, tend towards a bottled disposition, more ways than one. It's like a vehicular accident, right and wrong comes down to gymnastics in legality. Everybody hurts.

Sometimes we have to make the logical decision of giving up our love, to save our loved ones. It's one of the highest forms of sacrifice. Taking the emotional high-road could distort situations to the extent, you end holding a five-sided rectangle.

We have all these devices at our command, and most times its the simplest we need to use, yet we don't understand.

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Acknowledgement

I thank and recognize Michael for his undying trust in me to deliver what he has been expecting. Any errors, regardless of form, are the sole responsibility of the author.

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Introduction

This book has been written on the basis of actual events, between two people who were so very much in love. Exception being "I Will Always Love You".

For the sake of privacy, their names have been changed to Michael, and Patricia (Mike and Patsy).

I have known Patsy for approximately twenty-five years. Twenty of which, I have not made contact with her. Mike and I had attended the same secondary school. In Patsy's case, we had been very close. In Mike's case, we are very close

Mike has spent the last couple of years, intermittently sharing with me aspects of his relationship with Patsy, that he has not shared with anyone else. He has also been making efforts to reach Patsy.

Listening to Mike's story, I suggested it as an experience worth sharing with others, if only for the purpose of lessons. After a bit of hesitation he agreed.

The story from the perspective of first-person. I reasoned it will make a better connection with the reader, keeping it personal in the present tense, as much as possible.

The rest, is history (his-story)!

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The Beginning

I had been introduced to Patsy and her co-worker-friend, when they had begun working with us, in our predominantly male environment. This had been, and still is, a very heavy-industry-technology atmosphere.

Both young ladies had been very reserved. This is said not only from the point of view when they had joined the team. That is how they were, until our parting days.

Apart from her physical attributes of beauty, I do not recall what may have encouraged Patsy and I into the direction of a relationship. These things sneak up on you. Loving her, came easy.

[*Meeting Patsy*](#)

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Meeting Patsy

*P*atsy had been introduced to me,
Her first day at work.
She had been assigned to my team.
I completed the groundwork.

I was young,
Considered the company's eye.
Patsy was even younger.
She was an awesomely beautiful child.

As time progressed,
We began looking at each other.
Co-workers grew more insignificant,
But, we did not bother.

She resurged things in my mind,
That I had hidden for safe keeping.
Because of her tenderness, I took the time
Building our relationship, no misgiving.

As day follows night,
Her mystical love kept me enchanted.
Unshackling mind, body. and soul,
Patsy was everything, I had wanted.

So Much Love

*E*very once in a while,
Someone comes into your life,
And touches your very soul.
Applying that balm, making you whole.

*For as far as we wander,
And as much as we doubt.
Because of the bitter tumbling,
That knocks us about.*

*We have been taught not to trust,
And give of ourselves,
For man is unjust,
Only considers himself.*

*But then I met you,
In the midst of chaos,
People, steel and noise.
Loving you, wanting you,
Admiring your poise.*

*When the heart is rushing,
There is so much to say.
When we open our mouths, sometimes
Words get in the way.*

*You showed me love,
Like hardly before,
It was not anticipated,
But could not have asked for more.*

In The Morning

Morning comes, and I see your smile,
Your warming love, and a brand new sky
I'm learning to link it all, with all above
When I say to you, "Good Morning Love!"

I know you hear me, as you sleep
Your loving warmth, your soul to keep
I see your expression, in your midst of sublime
So, I know you hear me, every time.

My day is filled, with your sensuality.
Lingering in my mind, your sexuality.
The way you demonstrate your responsibility,
Never-ending joy in you, my totality.

You are my reason, after God I pray,
Your gentleness, your firmness,
Keeping me throughout the day.
And if while outside, I do get burn,
You are God's healer, when I get home.

So much of life, we take for granted.
Wanton waste, and love disrespected.
But you keep me focused,
With your morning's mooring,
That's why I love you so much, in the mornings.



We Shared

Patsy and I shared everything.

She returned my mind to places where I will not have believed my 'GPS' kept stored. When I became consciously aware of the fact of being in love with Patsy, it was very long after I had actually fallen in love with her. That was the power of Patsy.

It was an awesome occasion when Patsy took me to meet her parents. There was absolutely no hesitation when she extended the invitation. That's one of the occasions which confirmed the extent to which I had fallen in love with Patsy.

Consequent to meeting two of the loveliest people I had grown to know and like then, I looked forward to the evenings when I took her home from work. We all spent time together It was refreshing, and serious!

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Butterflies

*L*ike butterflies in all our lives,
To no one they belong.

They flit. They flutter.

They skirt. They stutter.

So too the birds, and their songs

In our lives, the love we enter.

In each life, the love remembered.

The love I gave, the love you took,

The love that kept us through September.

If we had known then, that we'd be apart.

Falling as deep as we did, from the start.

A difference it may not have made,

For what we felt, was in our hearts.

Those beautiful years, of me surrounding

You with your wit, your charm astounding,

Melting into each other, as we did at times,

Nothing sexual, just your blissful chimes.

The beauty of the night, its chilling breeze,

Clinging to each other, with sensual ease,

Never thinking of parting, especially so soon,

Exchanging endearments, while shooting the moon.

Lovers come, and lovers go.

Like the extremes of summer, and the snow.

Like what you are thinking, it's a norm.

The love we shared, continues on.

Knowing

*K*nowing each other,
And the things we take for granted,
Getting rid of those, we never wanted.
Respecting me and respecting you,
Respecting all the little things we do.

*Knowing that you are there for me,
When things get rough
Especially knowing that,
When times are tough.
It's all of you that keep me going.
It's all of you that keep me loving.*

*And if you have forgotten, I do love you.
It matters not to me what I am going through.
I will always be grateful, for you being at my side.
That's a perfect reflection of what's inside.*

*If I say it once, or say it twice,
It really makes no difference, for the price
I'll pay if tomorrow comes, and I am gone.
You are all I ever have, and all I want.*

The Brighter Side Of Me

*Although in this life, as we live to see,
The things we take for granted,
The wins we love, the love we lose,
And the relationships respected.*

*Reflecting in time, on the times we shared,
On the whole that was splintered.
Never knowing what really happened,
The why, the what, or the reasons we suffered.*

*Loving and living, for all we'd been sharing,
The hugs and smiles all so fresh.
The kiss was painted, on your lips so dark,
And the tears you left on my chest.*

*Every time, you touched my soul, so deep
With your infectious laughter.
The energy we left in the streets,
With you, magic lingering thereafter.*

*Never could I have known,
Not even a chance I would have seen,
With everything in front of me,
The love we had, the love we shared, and maybe ..*

*Ever so young, ever so scared,
Those years, and they were counting.
And there it was, for all to see,
You were, the brighter side, of me.*

Diego

*I remember Diego,
Like it was, in today,
If not all, most of it anyway.*

*I am seeing the night,
Fresh, calm, and cool,
Lessons to be learned,
In love's nature school.*

*There you are, radiant,
And so full of life,
The butterfly in the midst
Its enchanting flight.*

*Absorbing you,
As you stroke and caress.
Painting indelible pictures,
On my chest.*

*If ever there was
Doubt in my mind,
Tonight I love you,
In a different space,
A different time.*

*I felt special,
From the moments endowed.
Realizing how much
I loved you then,
How much I love you now.*

There never was a change,

*The way I feel about you,
Love's undying passion,
Love shining through.*

*The love we shared,
Passionate and strong.
Believing to myself,
'Nothing can go wrong'.*

*If ever in this life
I should looking out,
I'll be still in love with you,
Still reaping the wind.*

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Breaking Storm

*I sit and wonder, what
could I have been
doing, that will have
encouraged unkind*

*behaviors from people whom I had trusted. Somehow, I
did not see it at the time, it took me years to realize what
more likely may have played out. It grew into a storm.*

*Sometimes, you have no idea how good love is, until you
have to decide to give it up. That is the decision I have
had to make.*

*Since I was the untouchable one in the company, the
intention was to go after Patsy.*

And yes, they had the influence to do damage.

*Knowing Patsy, she will have wanted to fight that losing
battle. I could not have allowed her to be a victim of
what will have been her own vulnerability of tenure. She
had a very promising career.*

*She is still employed with the company. I had to quickly
learn to deal with the pain, while walking away.*

[*Finding Love*](#)

[*The Storm*](#)

[*The Decision*](#)

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Finding Love

*Did we find love?
Did love find us?
It made no difference,
Living in your effervescence*

*You were different.
You were clean.
You were heaven-sent.
You were my dream.*

*I can still see you,
In your bouncy curls,
My wondrous Princess,
My beautiful girl.*

*And when you visited,
The way you dressed,
My oh my,
I knew I was blessed.*

*Retrospect is gifted,
With twenty-twenty vision.
No way I could have seen,
That storm coming.*

*I have kept my promise
I have retained the will,
I find myself singing,
Lionel Richie's – 'Still'.*

The Storm

*There's always a warning,
Before a storm.
I completely missed it.
Outside my norm.*

*There it was, on the horizon,
Swirling winds of destruction.
People with 'spears', tipped in poison.
All out war, was my deduction.*

*In the midst of raging storms,
You face onslaughts, unabated.
Where uncertainties are formed.
When you may not leave, unscathed.*

*There were two options.
Both entailed losing you.
Destruction of your early start,
Or, walk away, as option two.*

*My career was secured.
Untouchable, at any point in time,
Your protection however,
Was foremost in my mind.*

*It was the love we shared,
As the sharing begun.
If you were in my shoes,
What would you have done?*

The Decision

*I have thought of it, a million times.
Should I have discussed it with you?
That, drove me out of my mind.*

*Even now, after all these years,
After all our hurt, all our tears,
Knowing you, and the challenge
You may have perceived,
I am quite sure, you will not,
Have wanted me, to leave.*

*I had to make the decision.
Logically,
There was no other option.
I did what I had to do,
Regardless, of my emotion.*

*Walking away,
You may see as my mistake.
Hurting instead of destroying,
That's the risk I had to take.*

*Am I happy with what I did?
Damn sure I am!
The decision has rightly paid.
Hopefully, you will understand.*



Moving Away

Things had
grown so bad,

*to the extent that all I could have done, was call Patsy,
late one night, and told her that I was not coming back.
Try to imagine that.*

*That has been killing me thousands of times. It simply
will not go away.*

*That has affected me so badly, it is not something I will
want to describe. Truth be told, I have never let go of
Patsy.*

[*Terms of Endearment*](#)

[*Understanding*](#)

[*Letting Go*](#)

[*Separate Ways*](#)

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Terms of Endearment

Terms of endearment,
Matters of the heart,
With clinical precision,
From the very start.

*Love is never cruel, always kind.
Love comes, never goes,
Controlling the mind.*

*Hate me, as much as you like.
In your head lies misery.
Despise me, in your respite.
Your head, its glory,
I pray you put aside the hate.
Let the inside surface.
Then give it time, to dissipate.*

*Quietly at nights you lay.
Your heart won't budge,
Leaving you no sway.
Your body remembers.
Before the light of day,
Those haunting feeling,
Just won't go away.*

*Regardless of the experience,
Love in our hearts is fair.
It takes the head to decide.
But the heart to repair.*

*You are beginning to learn the truth.
It seems to frighten your head.*

*It becomes so much easier,
When you listen, with your heart instead.*

*Comparing how you felt then,
To this present time.
Scaring you into constipation,
Blowing your mind.
Your heart is remembering,
The love pains you felt.
First time moments,
Your heart still melts.*

*I cried when you cried, and greater still,
I remained resolved, possessing the will.
To love you more than ever before,
Dying so many times, walking through your door.*

*Deep down inside, your heart
Won't let you forget,
How much I love you,
Despite your regret.*

*There will always be a part of me in you,
And you in me,
Irrespective of anyone else,
Love so precious, love is free.*

*Remembering places, not forgetting times,
Stoking your heart, touching your face,
Realizing it incredible,
When you learn, love is indelible.*

Understanding

*E*ven if I could, I'm not sure I would.
Because it may not matter anyway.
As to how, and why, we went separate ways,
There's nothing much, that I can say.

*Although it's been a while,
I've never lost your smile.
I still see you, as the very first day.*

*As mad as I was, in love with you,
As hard as you were, pulling us through.
Admiring how you cared,
That's the love, we shared.*

*I suspect love was understood,
Much more than we did,
Just how much in love we were.
For of herself she gave,
And of herself she gives,
Building castles in our minds.*

*Letting go was murder, on my mind,
And everything I possessed.
Walking away was never easy,
Mostly unkind,
I have had to live that death,
One thousand times.*

Letting Go

*I've spent years in wonder,
Thinking time and place,
To sit and talk with you,
Watching the expressions,
On your face.*

*I've spoken to you,
One million times,
Hoping to see your face,
Wanting to speak with you,
One million times more,
Thinking of that place.*

*I hate that I have
To text your phone,
Purely against your wish.
It is saddening,
The way you heap your scorn,
But then again, it's your wish.*

*I know you may be madden,
At this point in time.
Putting all of this before you.
Possibly squeezing your mind*

.

*This is not for past times sake.
Neither to be brute.
Before the times pass us by,
I still believe,
You should be told the truth.*

*Still, I know you may be angry.
Chances are, I will have been.
If the roles had been reversed,
And I looked within.*

*For so long, I've kept this bottled,
For so long, my mind's been troubled,
And now it comes to this I know,
Maybe ,,,
We need each other, in letting go*

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Separate Ways

*My life had changed,
When I walked away.
It has never been the same,
Since that day.*

*Am I sorry it went that way?
Yes. I am eternally sorry.
And even more,
Could it have been done differently?
In retrospect,.. maybe.
But I'm not sure.*

*If our roles had been reversed,
And to you the choice had risen,
Of losing me or destroying me,
Which would you have chosen?*

*That night in Diego,
Made crystal clear,
What we meant to each other,
What was meant to share,
Part of me was removed,
And placed in you,
For what I found,
Pure and true.*

*Places in your heart
You cannot unlock,
From your head,
Make them not a bother,
By now it does not matter,
Do something else, instead.*

*If ever the doubt
In your mind,
Begins to show.
Read what I have sent you.
I'm sure you will know.*

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The Pain

***T**here is no
monopoly on
pain. Everyone
suffers when*

*relationships are broken, regardless of who initiates.
Going after the root-cause will contribute to the start of
the healing process.*

[*The Truth*](#)

[*As She Lay*](#)

[*I'm Sorry*](#)

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The Truth

*You are learning the truth.
Regardless of what they say,
Love never dies,
Simply stashed away.*

*Years ago,
To him your heart given.
You were hurt, you pained,
Promising to never again happen.*

*Recently, no mystery,
Your heart remembered.
Your soul, it stuttered.
Is it coincidence, or destiny?*

*“There he is!” The man you loved.
Is it loved? Or is it love?
Catching up, and remembering,
Now it's all so confusing.*

*Did I give him all of me?
Or something else I did not see?
Do I still love him?
Does he love me?*

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As She Lay

*Q*uiet, and still, in her sobs he cried.
Knowing the pain and hurt his woman felt,
He groaned, stiflingly at times,
While she wept, while she began to melt.

*Tears were streaking,
Down her beautiful face,
Disappearing into her pillow,
So soft to the touch.
Wondering if she made a mistake,
If this was her place.
Why does she feel hollow inside,
Missing him so much?*

*Her days were long,
He took that in stride.
He knew this of his girl.
She knew not, how he was dying inside.
For she was, his cherished pearl.*

*Why me oh Lord? He cried,
While sitting in the dark.
The pain he felt inside,
The scars, the wounds, the mark.*

*He still feels,
The touch of his woman's hands, coarse.
Her pointed upper lip, he loves so much,
Her tantalizing voice, slightly hoarse.*

*In silent times, and nights so cold,
Looking across the floor,*

*Questioning the darkness to behold.
Listening to walls, as they closed.
Addicted to love, no repose.*

*Hands outstretched, feeling for the breast
Of the comfort he came to know,
Her soothing voice, her special tone,
And the feelings that flowed.*

*In the midst of gloom, in his lonely room,
He felt her breath, on his neck.
Her husky voice, his golden choice,
His burning regret.*

*How could this be?
Two people, so in love,
Both are dying from the heart,
Crumbling, laying apart.*

*Climbing walls as they moved,
That was his position.
Jilted heart, this noble start,
His final admission.*

*Filled with sorrow, boosted with the love
He felt for his woman.
Fighting battles to win the war,
A war, he did not understand.*

*If he had the power, to go back in time,
To change the events, change the time,
Remove the chaos, disabuse her mind,
Forever in love, forever intertwined*

I'm Sorry

*I have spent years, with tears
Streaking down my face,
Not knowing, but going,
Keeping stride, holding pace.*

*Desperate choices, all filled with grey.
The last thing I wanted, was to walk away.
If you were in my shoes, I wonder
What would you have done?
Drag them into dirt? Or
Protect your loved one.*

*It took everything I had, and
Maybe a little bit more,
To keep right on going,
Through that door.*

*It was lose you, or destroy you.
What the hell was that?
You might ask.
It's what I faced, the natural fact.*

*I made the choice,
Took my stand,
Hoping some day,
You will understand.*

*I have spent years, wanting
To sit and talk with you,
Experiencing times daunting,
To show you truth.*

*Why now? You ask,
Sifting the times in sand,
I don't think I could have asked you then,
To understand.*

*God knows how much ... I'm sorry.
I wish I had found another way.
Missing you grew into my story.
I still feel the pain, today.*

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Judge, Jury, Executioner

*S*ometimes you judge a man,
Even when you don't understand,
The if, but, how, all things hazy
, The what, when, where, why,
and sometimes ... maybe.

*All of life is binary,
Good or bad, light or dark,
On and on, etcetera.
In this case innocent or guilty,
You, the judge, jury,
And also executioner.*

*You called your case.
Your pronouncements made,
In the absence of the defendant.
In all your haste,
No defence was paid,
Nary an argument.*

*I know you were hurt,
Your heart torn apart.
I wanted something different.
It has lived with me,
For all these years.
If only you will listen.*

*I was hurting too,
For what I had to do,
So you'd be isolated,
From the coming storm
Clearing the horizon,*

From bitterness and hatred.

*All I've wanted since,
Was to see your face, feel your grace,
An indelible moment created.
Your voice I hear, your peacefulness,
Remembering all of you,
And you liberated.*

*I wish one day to see your face,
Look you in your eyes,
And let you know, I am sorry.
Words cannot explain, this unusual case.
Please, stop unleashing your fury.*

17.08.15 - [***The Pain***](#) [***Contents***](#)

It's Raining

*Chances are in life, again,
We may not see each other.
But I will continue 'seeing' you
As I've done, loving you just the same.*

*I've lived my years,
Thinking time will heal,
Your hurt, your wounds,
The way you feel, about me,
What you learn, will set you free.*

*You display your 'noble' pride,
Mixed-up feelings, on your inside,
Removing the wisdom, and instead,
Places a veil, over your head.*

*If I made a mistake,
And made to understand,
About careless thoughts, from this man.
But that's not how it was.
It was done, simply because ...*

*I looked up, and saw the storm coming.
Life or death, there be no exception.
But forever in my mind, your protection.*

*Many times I have explained
In my writings.
The weather is changing,
Coldness brings pain.
The clouds have broken.
Here comes the rain.*

*It's raining.
My heart is filled with tears,
From what it has been carrying,
Over all these years.*

*It's raining.
You asked me to stop.
I heard you your voice,
Felt your essence,
Memory, has never failed.
Memories just won't drop.*

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Confusion

Confusion is a natural constituent of relationships. Most times, confusion of the

mind makes its way as the precursor of the failure. After the failure, it becomes somewhat unpredictable with aspects of confusion. There can be more confusion. There can be greater clarity.

[*Is It A Plan?*](#)

[*What If?*](#)

[*It Scares Us*](#)

[*No Harm*](#)

[*My Confusion*](#)

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Is It A Plan?

*Just in case you're wondering,
“Did he plan this?” The answer is no.
But it'll be remiss of me, if I did not
Let you know.*

*I have spent years,
With this inside.
Not sure what to do,
How should I decide?*

*I was contented,
To keep going as I did.
God had other thoughts...
For me to tip the lid,*

*Open the jar, let the truth pour out.
Tell her the things,
You've been hurting about.*

“Who the hell cares?” initially, I thought

*I did not want to be a jerk.
For it was bringing back the pain, the hurt.
But I was driven, felt compelled,
To connect with you, old pains be dispelled.*

*I'm not sure what this will trigger.
For only God knows, if to you it matters.
Maybe in the end, all this will cease.
And I could go through the door,
Dying in peace.*

*This is not to scare you.
I don't know what the heck's going on.
But it may help you remove me,
From your list of scorned.*

*Turning away from this,
That was my lonely sin,
For not letting you know,
What was happening, within.*

21.08.15 - [Confusion](#) [Contents](#)

What if?

*What if you learn something,
That you have never known before,
To set your mind at ease,
And make you less unsure?*

*What if you learn,
Your love was not in vain,
And your loved one's love,
Was also the same?*

*What if you learn to forgive,
When there's no one to be forgiven,
For your heart is running scared,
With anxiety and burden?*

*What if you learn to listen,
To what should be said,
To help you understand,
What's happening in your head?*

*Did he go away?
Was he pushed away?
Was he dragged away?
Did he walk away?*

*What if you begin to learn,
That your heart never forgets?
What about your unforgiving thoughts,
And moments of regrets?*

It Scares Us

*How do you describe,
Something you have never seen,
Or live a scent you have never known?
How do you describe
An event, when the words are failing?
And you are selling a picture,
But there is no painting?*

*How do you reconcile,
Something of which you were sure,
Written in stone, painted in blood,
The pain you paid, the debt never owed,
One hundred years after, can even be more.
The truth is staring you, in your face,
Your heart is pounding, beginning to race.*

*For a love you felt that went away,
You hurt so much, you couldn't say.
So you buried it deep in your past,
Turned around, walking opposite direction,
Shedding the tears, dropping just as fast,
Cleaning your soul, hoping not to mention,
But to move him out, but pain won't pass.*

*Then you begin to realize, love is not controlled.
But controls everything it touches, and blesses.
You remember. You quiver. The feelings, you shiver.
How can this be? He went away from me.
Or did he?! Now you're confused.
That's not what I felt. Not what I learned.
It's killing me. I'm concerned.*

*At the end of the day, truth be told,
Our hearts, they never lie.
Love is never controlled. Love never dies.*

04.08.15 - [Confusion](#) [Contents](#)

No Harm

*F*or years I have been praying,
That you will grow strong enough,
To one day turn the hurt away.
And maybe find the heart,
To hear what I am saying,
Or what I'd like to say.

*I have never meant to hurt you.
I meant you no harm.
God knows how much I love you.
I mean you no harm.*

*I have spent years,
Shifting, juggling, and tossing
The things in my mind.
Should I let you know?
Should I let it go?
Will it bring back the tears?*

*This life is filled with trials,
And needles at the root.
But I'd hate to leave this earth,
Without you knowing the truth.*

*Look at all these
Messages I'm writing,
With no idea if you see them
But if you don't tell me.
I feel I'm talking to the wind.*

*If that is what I have to do,
Maybe it is in God's plan.*

*In this matter,
I do not have the choice,
The key is in your palm.*

26.08.15 - [Confusion](#) [Contents](#)

My Confusion

*I have written to you,
And for you,
Like no other before.
Thinking that I've done enough,
But the heart keeps pushing for more.*

*Every time I think to stop,
Dawn brings message anew.
And when the inspiration pops,
Even if I don't have a clue,
Why I will write,
I do it because I am writing you.*

*God knows, I don't
Want to be your bother,
Causing you restless days.
And sometimes at nights
When you just can't sleep,
Questioning reality, dream, or daze.*

*I have learned to be content,
With what my Father decides.
I am doing this, hell-bent
On staying in stride.*

*On mornings when I awake,
Preparing myself to pray,
These thoughts come in my mind,
Lasting throughout the day.*

*I don't know what's happening.
I've never done this before.*

*It's beating the crap out of me,
Sending me back for more.*

*Like it started in 'sudden'.
Chances are so will it end.
I hope you get the message.
I pray you'll be my friend.*

08.09.15 - [Confusion](#) [Contents](#)



Realization

Realization sometimes hits like a bucket of icy-cold water poured on you in the middle of your sleep. There is no guarantee how you will respond.

[*Love Oh Love*](#)

[*Smile*](#)

[*I Will Always Love You*](#)

[*Contents*](#)

Love Oh Love

When God placed in us, the ability to trust,
To understand, and grow with each other.
When He said that we will never go asunder,
Nor be separated, by any wonder.

Whether or not,
Again in life we see each other,
And the livid stain, seems immovable
From your heart, you'll always remember.

Whether you forgive or not,
That which kept us apart, and the pain
That lingers in your heart.

When the time has come,
And you remove the veil,
When residue love, rises to prevail.

When love and reason trump circumstance,
With caring, sharing, and spiritual guidance,
You will turn around, searching behind,
For I will always be in your mind.

When our love for each other,
May never wane. And you choose to forgive
As time goes, flowing again.
Finding growth, love, and understanding,
Our strength, our peace, a different beginning.

Hopefully, one day you will come to realize,
Love is shapeless, yet filled with form and size.
It is never-ending, simply pure and true.

Then you'll recognize, I've always loved you.

23.08.15 - [Realization](#) [Contents](#)

Smile

*What will you do,
When you learn the truth,
Then learn what's inside?
Will it fill you with intrigue?
Or simply make you smile?*

*What if you begin remembering,
The times that we shared,
Our terms of endearment,
And the things we feared?*

*What if you realize,
Your hatred has turned to nought,
Your dislike has turned inside out,
And the joy it has brought?*

*I've tried in many ways to tell you,
It's neither nary nor nigh.
I still don't know what to do,
If only I can make you smile.*

18.08.15 - [Realization](#) [Contents](#)

I Will Always Love You

I will always love you.

*You, give me good reasons why.
Your provocative body-language,
The 'knowing' way you smile.*

*I love the way you purse your lips.
I see the magic in your eyes.
The dancing way you dip your hips,
The things you do, make me smile.*

*I love the way you keep our home.
It is fresh, as fresh as the morning's dew.
Our children's dream under our dome,
Everything under skies, white and blue.*

*When you nestle, in my arms at nights,
Your softness, makes me bigger than I am.
Our room is filled, with our bodies' lights
Polished and woven, into mystical yarn*

*When you hug me on mornings,
Preparing to leave, my heart gets filled.
If I don't make it back,
Because of the crazy goings,
Know that I've always loved you.
And I always will.*



Seeking Forgiveness

One of the risks I had to take, balanced on

Patsy's youth and resilience. I felt she will have had the opportunity to meet other people and move on, without me. She did! But I have been missing her.

I have spent years debating with myself whether or not I should share the truth with her. It has finally come down to this book of poems, that is written on my behalf.

[*What Will It Take?*](#)

[*Miracles*](#)

[*Are You?*](#)

[*Love Always*](#)

[*Contents*](#)

What Will It Take?

*What will it take, For you to forgive me,
For what I have done?*

How can I repay you?

When will I write

You my song?

What if, you opened you hand,

And see the key within?

What if, your heart remembers,

And love rushes in?

What if, you are the butterfly,

With grace charm and attraction?

What if it takes your kiss, butterfly,

To create the motion?

What if your heart,

Had never turned away?

And the love buried there,

Makes you swoon and sway?

How many times, should I say it?

I am sorry, for what was done.

I didn't mean to hurt you.

Our lives had just begun.

Have you ever thought of the logic?

The way things went?

Did I seem demented?

And hell-bent,

On bringing you pain?

Hurt that rained

Misgivings laid before you

*Well ... regardless of what I say, Regardless of what I do,
Whatever happens now,*

It's all up to you.

01.08.15 - [Seeking Forgiveness](#) [Contents](#)

Miracles

I believe in miracles.
No matter how
Far-fetched they seem,
Those are the events,
Beyond our normal dreams.

It's easy to sit and hope,
For a time with you,
When you find
What you want,
Explanations pure and true.

Miracles are magical,
And sometimes so serene.
They turn the tides,
The moments, the space,
Encouraging you to dream.

Everyday I'm going to write,
Like I should have done before.
But I've never had this force.
I've never wanted more,

Than to share with you
The times, simple truth,
And how so very badly
I was affected too.

As hard as your heart
Will feel this day,
There is nothing in life
I want this way,

Than to have.

Your forgiveness.

20.08.15 - [Seeking Forgiveness](#) [Contents](#)

Are You?

*A*re you reading the pieces?
To you my soul made bare.
Do you possess the urge?
Are you gripped with fear?

*Have you found the password?
Your entrance into truth.
Have you found yourself,
Running from that truth?*

*I can never know how you feel.
But surely can understand.
I cannot feel the hurt you felt.
Abject tools, at my command,*

*Will one day I pray,
Allow you to speak with me,
And me you.
Will it allow your heart to forgive,
On knowing the truth,
Demonstrating how you've grown,
Maturing beyond your youth?*

*If I possessed the power,
To go back in time,
The events reoccurring,
As they came to mind.*

*What would I have done,
Thinking in present
Space and time?
I feel I would have done*

*The same thing,
Your protection,
Foremost in my mind.*

28.07.15 - [Seeking Forgiveness](#) [Contents](#)

Love Always

*I have loved you
All through the years,
Regardless of circumstance.
Now, I am not sure
What this will do to you,
The knowledge you get
After this glance,*

*Into a time and space,
When nothing else
Seemed to matter.
When all you saw, was
Me and you,
When all I knew, was
Just us two.*

*Who am I,
To awaken your past
With these things I mention.
The poetry I write,
To enlighten you,
And never with contention?*

*To hear you say,
'I will forgive you'.
'I know I will'.
Inside won't change.
For I have loved you
Through the years,
And I always will.*



Looking Out

*Will I ever see Patsy
again? I don't know.
I have tried to contact
her, without success.*

*It is my hope that she reads this book of poems, and
learn what had happened.*

*Will it change her mind toward me? I have absolutely no
idea. I am the least of it.*

*Maybe, just maybe, if she reads this book, and learn the
truth, she can explain to her parents, what happened.*

[*See You Again*](#)

[*Your Pride*](#)

[*Shooting The Moon*](#)

[*Contents*](#)

See You Again

Will I ever looking out?
God knows, I'd like an answer.
Would your pride make you refrain?
Will your heart stay bitter?

*I'd like to see you,
Even if only for a while.
Find out how you're doing.
And to you say, 'Hi!'.*

*I'd like to see your face,
Subtly pointing upper lip,
The coarseness of your hands,
How your cheeks dip.*

*I'd like to hear your voice,
It's huskiness in tone,
Feel your warm breath,
From a heart,
Continuing to burn.*

*Finality is rolling,
Like the days are numbered.
If I don't hear from you,
I will understand,
And settle,
For things remembered.*

*What will it hurt,
To take up the phone,
So I can hear
Your husky voice?*

Your voice alone.

What is there to lose?

Simply misguided pride.

I've bled, all that I can bleed.

I have shown you everything, inside.

01.09.15 - [Looking Out](#) [Contents](#)

Your Pride

*What if you can hide your pride?
If only for a while,
That will make you see,
Your writings, from the other side?*

*Surely, I can imagine
How you lived and how you felt.
What my action did to you.
The hand that you were dealt.*

*God only knows,
It was not what I wanted.
But it's what I had to face.
The things went through my mind.
Saved only by His grace.*

*What will it hurt,
To once more see your face?
Switch off your pride,
For just one small minute,
Bringing your heart to that place.*

18.08.15 - [Looking Out Contents](#)

Shooting The Moon

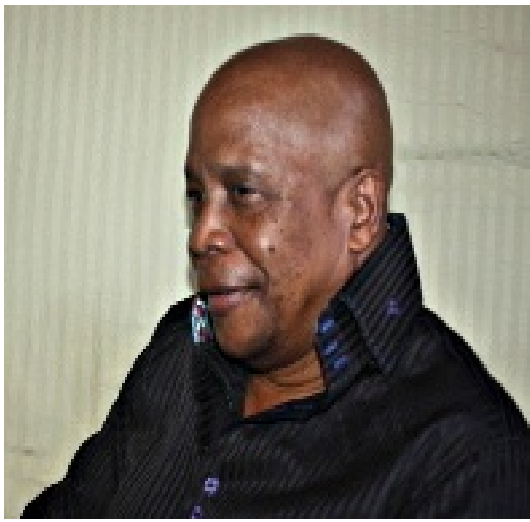
*Shooting the breeze,
It is what we did.
Talked everything,
Until the night went still.*

*Shooting the moon,
Is where our hearts laid.
In love so pure,
Ending too soon.*

*Shooting the moon,
Has gone beyond us.
It is shooting the breeze,
That lays before us.*

*Hoping one day,
Your heart will say,
If not the moon, let's
Shoot the breeze, anyway.*

18.08.15 - [Looking Out](#) [Contents](#)



About The Author

I had spent my working (thirty-four) years permanently employed in power

generation, natural-gas processing, ammonia production, and liquefied natural-gas production, in that order. My specific fields of employment were Electrical and Instrumentation, and Control Systems.

In 1997, while working at our gas-processing plant, I had been asked to get involved with a children's home. Since then, my involvement, and passion have been growing, creating my indelibly awesome experiences working with children!

Since this book has nothing to do with my industrial life, that's as far as the association goes.

Prior, I had been involved with other community groups (cultural and otherwise), sports (regional, and national levels), similar projects, from the age of eleven.

After moving away from my life of industry, I had began devoting more time to working with children. That's where I am today!

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