

WILDFIRE

Romance & Love Poetry

*Daily I will water you
with words of tender mist*



Meredith Meredith



WILDFIRE

Daily I will water you with
words of tender mist.



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MEREDITH MEREDITH

PO BOX 3444

Apia

Samoa 685

meredith.meredith888@gmail.com

Dedication

I only compose because of you,

My Dove



Message

To her,

*How long, how long,
Must I wait for you?*

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Preface

Romance is the language of the gods and the food of angels. Romance is not a mood one meets with when presented with a lovely bouquet of flowers or a gift of sentimental value. Romance is not an emotion that fades with time like a rose withers and falls to the ground from the ageless love of the Sun. Romance is a divine language spoken in heavenly places - the language of angels.

In its fundamental state, Romance is a feeling that is enlivened by words when arranged in a harmonic theme. We express Romance in the deification of language. We call this labor of love - Poetry and Prose. Once committed to ink and paper, it is eternal. The infused words are an ageless seed that, when planted in the soil of a worthy heart, is sure to bring forth a harvest when watered with loving deeds.

I have heard of a seven-day romance and seventy years old Romance. I have seen a 90-year-old couple on their dying bed hold hands as they walk hand in hand through the veil of eternity an hour apart. I have watched a young man hold his girl so close that she could not breathe, and she cared not in the slightest. I have watched a man steal a bunch of flowers from a stranger's garden for his unsuspecting woman - epitomes of Romance that began with a special language that will edge memories in eternity.

The birds and the animals do it all the time. We watch them with wonder, expressing their loving feelings in gestures, dances, and songs, yet we do not understand how they know the language of Romance. Who taught a bird how to sing a song that beacons her Lover into her nest? Who schooled a

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lion on how to roar and summon his lioness into his fold? Who trained a dolphin to dance and skip in the water when attracting a mate? If birds and animals instinctively know the language of Romance, then we must possess such a heavenly language, and indeed, we do!

Love is the most powerful force in the Universe, and love is everywhere. We are born with the capacity to love immeasurably, but few understand that love has a twin - Romance. Love and Romance are akin to a beautifully laced glove encapsulating a petite hand- perfectly matched. The hand on its own has no radiance until it is clothed by the opulence of the laced glove - Romance.

No one can live in this world without love and its twin romance. We occupy our time with many good pursuits, but none remotely compares to the feeling and rewards of Romance. Woman grave for it and equally men! We just have not realized how necessary Romance is and how much we need to learn this mystical and magical language.

If Romance in its natural state is poetry and prose, then poetry is a life necessity. As this poet observed, "Too many people in the modern world view poetry as a luxury, not a necessity like petrol. But to me, it's the oil of life," John Betjeman. Similarly, this man wrote, "Any healthy man can go without food for two days - but not without poetry" Charles Baudelaire.

Songs are poems and prose arranged to a rhythmical tune. Music is how most of us understand poetry, but do we understand that musicians are, in essence, poets? When asked what he thought about himself, Bob Dylan said, "I consider myself a poet first and a musician second. I live like a poet, and I'll die like a poet." The singer and songwriter Amy

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Winehouse remarked, "I always wrote poetry and stuff like that, so putting songs together wasn't that spectacular."



When I embarked on creating the WildFire bouquet of roses, I was not a Poet, and in fact, I understood very little about Poetry and Prose, although I have a degree in Arts. It took me some time to learn this heavenly language. But I must confess I have - the teacher and guide. The Master Poet Himself, the unseen Architect of life and beauty whom I call "My Darling."

After reading the Song of Songs in the Bible, I realized that this Being we call God is a Poet. His poetic opulence is more evident in the Hebrew tongue. The Rabbis say 'that the world was not worthy of the day that God gave King Solomon the Song of Songs.' When I discovered the source of Poetry, my

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love for Poetry began, and the words sought me thereafter. Themes came to me, images danced before me, and the words fit for the mood enveloped me. I received a supernatural education in Romance.

I realized I had a commission in life – to teach the language of Romance. I learned that Romance is not about money, a look, a craze, or something. "Stuff," we invest so much of our lives in which does not achieve a lasting result because they are just "things." Romance is a language we must learn; anyone at any age can know it.

Every language at its foundation has a unique alphabet. So, I set out to create an *Alphabet of Romance*. I have compiled this bouquet of roses in "an alphabet of moods." Find the mood you are in or want to create, and look for the words you want to say from your heart. It is all here for you.

I found that just a line or two phrases a day said at the right moment and in the right place, on a note, in a text, in a card, or said in person to the one of your affection can stir passion and love in a relationship much more than a gift of value and esteem, although it is good to support your words with a bonus when you can.

This inexpensive labor will return numerous rewards and create lasting memories you will enjoy for the rest of your life. However, the key is that once you start, you must never stop!

Your's affectionately,

Meredith Meredith

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Part 1



Esteem

The Flower Series

A Flower behind a flower

They say beauty is in the eye of the beholder, but I say I behold you are beautiful. You are beautiful more than words can say, more lovely than I can relay, and from afar, I admire you in silent gaze.

The moment I first saw you, my heart leaped out of my chest, at which point I exclaimed, "Can this be so?"

A perfect rose whose stem has not been cut, that basks daily in the sight of men, yet more radiant than the Sun. Whose beauty outshines a thousand roses of colored fun. Yet no one can really see this rose that stuns.

I have seen many beautiful flowers in my days, and I have admired them all, but you surpass them all. Who would let such beauty as this go unseen? Who would allow such a flower to go un-gathered? A flower behind a flower!

I thank your Creator for making a rose of such unrivaled beauty and my Creator for allowing me to see the radiance of your beauty that is within. A beauty that comes from a place deep within where no man has been.

May it be that you will allow me the honor to cut your stem and take you home with me where I can parade you as my own and adore you in bridle piety and in spring, uncover your veil among family and friends?

As my rose of passion and desire, daily, I will water you with words of tender mist and shower you with gifts of praise and bliss. Draw me in with the fragrance of your mystic, where I know my soul will unite with its twin within.

And in time, as peddles, twine in love first found, our roses will become a bouquet of roses of our making and design.

A Flower behind a Flower

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Baby, you're the one

Mmmm, I spotted a flower, so beautiful, so pure, so sure.
She looked at me. Are you the one who will appreciate me,
tell me how beautiful I am?

Darling, I have been waiting for you, living for you, baby,
you're the one. Oh, how I know.

Mmmm, I found a woman so sexy, so surreal, so real.
She smiled at me. Are you the one who will rapture me,
tell me how gorgeous I am?

Darling, I have been waiting for you, living for you,
baby, you're the one. Oh, how I know.

Mmmm, I met an angel, so lovely, so light, so bright.
She winked at me. Are you the one who will fold my wings
and tell me how amazing I am?

Darling, I have been waiting for you, living for you,
baby, you're the one. Oh, how I know. Mmmm.

A love letter straight from the heart

There is not a night that I don't dream about you lying in my arms - the body of an angel before me. The sweet scent of your hair just overwhelming me. I have seen sunsets, sunrises, blue oceans, deep seas, lush forests, and dense jungles, but nothing - not even these - could compare. You are lovelier than the dew-kissed rose of the early morning. You are more beautiful than the southern stars and the northern lights. You have wisped my heart away; I am speechless, my love. Only you can do this to me. Signed Me.

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The man of my existence

The man of my existence. Caress my body with your cleansing tears. Wash away the stain of my careless youth. Renew in me a right song. Rescue the past of my virgin youth; I wilfully abandoned for one who did not know my value and beauty. Let me again remember what it is to be innocent and benign. The experience of first found love I once knew. The memory of a tomorrowless existence I once cherished. Let my soul experience again the taste of virgin love. Plant a garden of colored orchids in my entrails. Water it daily with the prose of your making. Let me know the joy of a warm and meaningful friendship. Let me dwell in a house of truthful commitment and soul love. Let me be the woman of your existence.

The blessings of flowers

The blessing of a Carnation - An Inspirational Love.

The blessing of a Cyclamen - A Bountiful Love.

The blessing of a Daisy - A Loyal Love.

The blessing of a Lilly - A Fruitful Love.

The blessing of a Poppie - An Everlasting Love.

The blessing of a Rose - A Divine Love.

The blessing of a Tropaeolum - A Joyful Love.

The blessing of a Tulip - A True Love.

The blessing of an Orchid - A Passionate Love.

The Lovers Series

Enter My Love

My Darling!

Enter My Love



My Darling!

The Sun kisses the horizon; she enters the chamber of her Lover. Here I stand at the door of your tent, in awe of the woman that is before me. Let me gaze upon you and admire you, my rose. Let me take you into my arms and tenderly caress you with the ointment of my words. Let me delight you with the affections of my heart. Oh, you fairest among women, see you are lovely, as a rose among thorns. You are the delight of my eyes and the darling of my heart. I cannot endure a day without you, the Queen of my soul. When I sleep, it is your face that lights my countenance in the night hours. Nothing in this life pleases me more than to embrace you, my beautiful Rose, which I fairly captured.

Oh, my Dove, let me smell the fragrance of your hair and make me feel the softness of your skin. When your cheeks blush, they are as fine wine, and your lips are as sweet as the honeycomb and your neck as graceful as a swan in a lake. You are more beautiful than all the wives and brides of fame. Let me lie with you in this bed of your desire, and let me not remember the day that cometh. If this is bliss, then let this moment never pass. When I rest my head on your breast, I feel I am at home, and when I hear the beat of your heart, my soul knows. Speak to me, my Dove, that your voice may overcome me, whisper my name and say what you may, for sweet is your voice in my ears.

My Love!

Let my heart's desire come into his garden and eat his pleasant fruits. Long has been the day, but strong has been my expectation, my thoughts of you. Cast your burdens into the wine of forgetfulness that is in my arms. Look into my eyes, see a heart that adores you. Oh, how I have missed the voice of my beloved, the sweet nectar of his charm, the strength of his loving arms. Come, let your arms cover me as night embraces the day. I can hardly draw a breath when I feel you in my arms; you take my breath away. Come to me, take me to that place where only I can be, and let us forget that we are two but one this night forever be.

You may enter my love!

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You may enter, my love!

Candle Light Room

Candlelight room: I am in the mood.
Your perfume is driving me nuts.
Boats gentling swaying in the sea.
Feeling good just being here with you.
Fire in your eyes.
Sweetness in your lips.
Love in your hips.
Paradise, in my view.
Sea breeze in the room, I am feeling cool.
Your hair is moving in the wind, arousing me.
Spanish guitar is filling the room.
Undressing my soul, just looking at you.
Fire in your eyes.
Sweetness in your lips.
Love in your hips.
Paradise, in my view.

Who is like you?

My Dove,
Who is like you?
In the heat of the day, I search for you on the horizon,
In the coolness of the night, I look for your face in my dreams,
How I thirst for my beloved as a deer thirsts for water,
You are the desire of my soul, the love of my being,

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I hear the voice of my beloved in the stillness of the wind,
I feel the touch of her embrace in the heat of the day,
In the night, it is the memory of her love that warms me,
In the morning, it is her song I hear among the sparrows and
robins that delights me,
In the garden, I see her countenance among the daffodils and
roses that greet me,
It is your face I long to kiss my love,
It is your arms I long to be lost in, my darling,
It is your love I yearn for with all of my heart,
I remember still the piercing love of your embrace,
Your eyes see into the depths of my spirit,
The one who alone knows my intimate soul,
In your presence, I know no defense,
In your person, I feel no fear,
Like a child, I am myself when I am with her,
In my nakedness, I feel no bread of shame,
I laugh, and I play without blame,
I know no history, and I see no destiny,
I long for just the moment to be with my Dove, that I dread
to leave,
Come to me, the Lover of my soul, take me to yourself,
Rapture my soul, embrace my being, and love me forever,
What is happiness without you?
Indeed, what is life without your person?
Who am I without you, my love? Who is like you?

ALL I need is YOU

I am your Friend, yet I do not desire a Flower from you.
I am your Lover, yet I do not desire a Candle from you.
I am your Playmate, yet I do not desire a Rainbow from you.
I am your Admirer, yet I do not desire a Smile from you.
I am your Companion, yet I do not desire a Hand from you.
I am your Teacher, yet I do not desire an Apple from you.

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I am your Master, yet I do not desire an Ear from you.
I am your King, yet I do not desire Gold from you.
I am your Queen, yet I do not desire a Sceptre from You.
I am your Guru, yet I do not desire Energy from you.
I am your Comforter, yet I do not desire a Tear from you.
I am your Protector, yet I do not desire a Gift from you.
I am your Provider, yet I do not desire a Penny from you.
I am your Cheerleader, yet I do not desire a Victory from you.
I am your Trainer, yet I do not desire a Mile from you.
I am your Guide, yet I do not desire a Compass from you.
I am your Shepard, yet I do not desire Wool from you.
I am your Hero, yet I do not desire a Clap from you.
I am your Healer, yet I do not desire Ointment from you.
I am your Prisoner, yet I do not desire Freedom from you.
I am your Servant, yet I do not desire Sustenance from you.
I am your Encourager, yet I do not desire Inspiration from
you.
I am your Confidant, yet I do not desire Truth from you.
I am your Advocate, yet I do not desire a Testimony from you.
I am your Critic, yet I do not desire an Essay from you.
I am your Saviour, yet I do not desire Worship from you.
I am your Kinsman Redeemer, yet I do not desire Repayment
from you.
I am your Man, yet I do not desire Glory from you.
I am your Woman, yet I do not desire Manna from you.
I am your Husband, yet I do not desire Pleasure from you.
I am your Wife, yet I do not desire a Name from you.
I am your Father, yet I do not desire a Hug from you.
I am your Mother, yet I do not desire a Kiss from you.
I am your Everything, yet I do not desire Anything from you.
I am free of Desire, yet I have Everything because All I want is
YOU.

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And I love you!

I love your hair,
I love your eyes,
I love your nose,
I love your mouth,
I love your neck,
I love your arms,
I love your breasts,
I love your stomach,
I love your hips,
I love your legs,
And I love you.

I love your way,
I love your sway,
I love your swing,
I love your silence,
I love your words,
I love your manners,
I love your laugh,
I love your anger,
I love your stare,
I love your play,
And I love you.

I love your style,
I love your make-up,
I love your hairdo,
I love your perfume,
I love your deodorant,
I love your Jewellery,
I love your undergarment,
I love your dress,
I love your shoes,

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I love your bag,
And I love you.

I love your faith,
I love your stand,
I love your mind,
I love your emotions,
I love your kind,
I love your nature,
I love your family,
I love your customs,
I love your culture,
I love your people,
And I love you!

Why do I love you so much?

Why do I love you so much? Can the rain tell the grass I don't want you?

Why do I love you so much?

Can the flowers tell the brook that I don't need you?

Why do I love you so much?

Can the mountains tell the lake I don't complete you?

Why do I love you so much?

Can the sea tell the shore I don't touch you?

Why do I love you so much?

Can the roses tell the Delphiniums I don't desire you?

Why do I love you so much?

Can the sky tell the ocean I don't embrace you?

Why do I love you so much?

Can the clouds tell the land I don't see you?

Why do I love you so much?

Can the rocks tell the stream I don't feel you?

WILDFIRE

I miss you darling

I don't just miss you, darling,
I crave for your love,
I long for your touch,
I want you so bad that it hurts,
I want to feel your body,
I want your breath on my neck,
I want to wake up beside you every day,
I want to be the first one you kiss in the morning,
I want to be the last one you kiss goodnight,
I miss you, darling.

I seek you

I seek you when I wake up,
I seek you when I don't hear from you,
I seek you when you don't answer my calls,
I seek you when you run from me,
I seek you when the news is bad,
I seek you when the weather turns bad,
I seek you when you are in a crowd,
I seek you when you are in nature,
I seek you when you swim,
I seek you when the Sun goes down,
I seek you when I dream at night,
I seek you because I really love you.

Emptiness

Not a day goes by that I don't look at your picture. There is not a spare moment that passes by that I don't think about what you are doing. You are the last thought in my mind before I go to sleep. You are the first thought in my mind when I awake.

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When I go to sleep, I hear your voice saying goodnight, darling, and when I awake, I hear you saying, Good morning, sweetheart. When I walk by the seas shore, I grieve to hold your hand.

When I swim in the ocean, I imagine floating you in my arms and splashing your face. When I climb my mountain, I see myself hurrying you along and telling you not to give up.

When I lie down, I can feel the warmth of your head resting on my chest and the smell of your hair on my face. When I sit at my desk, I can feel your arms wrap around my neck, and you are kissing the top of my head. When I sit on my couch, I see you jumping on me and hugging me.

Why is there no joy in the food that I eat and in the wine that I drink? Why is the air thick to breathe, and this life so painful to live? Just because I am breathing does not mean I am alive. Just because I make a living does not mean I am satisfied.

I smile, but I have no joy because you are my joy. I laugh, but I am not happy because you are my happiness. I sing, but I have no notes because you are my song. I dance, but I have no swing because you are my partner.

I run, but there is no leap in my step because you are my companion. I play with my friends, but there is no fun because you are my best friend. I rest but do not feel revived because you are my energy. I work with my hands, but there is no purpose because you are my reason.

The day comes, and the day goes; morning rises, evenings set, the clock ticks, and hours pass, and I think of the time I have lost without you. I spend money on food, clothing, and amenities, and I have no one to enjoy it with me.

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Why is there a chasm of oceans between us? Why am I on one side of the globe and you on another? Why am I here in this land and you in another home? Why is there even air between us? Why is there time separating us?

Who? I dare question what caused this to be. I don't recall giving them my permission. Did destiny or fate do this to me, I ask? Did I falter in a previous life where I harmed you? Did I neglect you? Did I cheat on you that you have been removed from me and sent far away?

Why am I being punished with a meaningless life without you? How long must I suffer this separation? If I have sinned, please forgive me. If I have erred in my path, please correct me. If I have lost my way, please take me home.

Only do not let me live in this meaningless existence any longer if life means living without you. Emptiness, emptiness, emptiness torture me no more! I command you to release me and let me go! That I am united to the one I love and who loves me!

The Search Series

Catch You

If I could catch a falling star in my hand, I would give it to you,
If I could catch the moon in a noose, I would give it to you,
If I could catch a rainbow by the bow, I would give it to you,
If I could catch a whirlwind in my fist, I would give it to you,
If I could catch the southern Aurora in a vase, I would give it to you.

If I could catch a bed of roses in my palm, I would give it to you,
If I could catch a raindrop with my fingers, I would give it to you,
If I could catch a snowflake on the tip of my nose, I would give it to you,
If I could catch a cloud in my hands, I would give it to you,
If I could catch the Pacific Ocean in a flask, I would give it to you.

If I could catch a genie in a bottle, I would give it to you,
If I could catch a fairy by the wing, I would give it to you,
If I could catch the scent of an angel in a jar, I would give it to you,
If I could catch a flock of Flamingos in a basket, I would give it to you,
If I could catch a parrot by the tail, I would give it to you.

If I could catch eternity in a song, I would give it to you,
If I could catch paradise in a dream, I would give it to you,
If I could catch silence in a poem, I would give it to you,
If I could catch agelessness in a potion, I would give it to you,
If I could catch wellness in a gift box, I would give it to you.

If I could catch my fidelity in a necklace, I would give it to you,
If I could catch my unspoken passion in an age, I would give it to you,
If I could catch my virginity in a pledge, I would give it to you,
If I could catch my heart in a ring, I would give it to you,
If I could catch you, I will never let you go.

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If I could catch the scent of an angel in a jar, I would give it to you,
If I could catch a flock of Flamingos in a basket, I would give it to you,
If I could catch a parrot by the tail, I would give it to you.

If I could catch eternity in a song, I would give it to you,
If I could catch paradise in a dream, I would give it to you,
If I could catch silence in a poem, I would give it to you,
If I could catch agelessness in a potion, I would give it to you,
If I could catch wellness in a gift box, I would give it to you.

If I could catch my fidelity in a necklace, I would give it to you,

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If I could catch my unspoken passion in an age, I would give it to you,
If I could catch my virginity in a pledge, I would give it to you,
If I could catch my heart in a ring, I would give it to you,
If I could catch you, I will never let you go.

My dear

My dear, I don't know if you could date a man like me.
I am a gentleman; I am considerate, I am kind, I am manly,
and I can believe that a man can be Cinderella too.

My dear, I don't know if you could love a man like me.
I am romantic, I am loving, I am sensitive, I am passionate,
and I can believe a princess can turn into a frog, too.

My dear, I don't know if you could make love to a man like me.
I am poetic; I am expressive, I am patient, I am gentle, and I
can believe that the sky fell on Chicken Licken's head instead.

My dear, I don't know if you could marry a man like me.
I am financial; I am educated, I am intelligent, I am
resourceful, and I can believe that Humpty Dumpty can be
put back together again.

My dear, I don't know if you could live with a man like me.
I am housebroken; I am clean, I am tidy, I am a good cook,
and I can believe that Hansel and Gretel cooked the wicked
witch in her own cake.

My dear, I don't know if you could trust a man like me.
I am sincere; I am honest, I am dependable, I am trustworthy,
and I can believe that Rapunzel let down a rope instead.

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My dear, I don't know if you could believe a man like me.
I love God, I love children, I love people, I love animals, and I believe that Ernie and Bert from Sesame Street are aliens from Venues.

My dear, I don't know if you could follow a man like me.
I am a visionary; I am a planner, I am fair; I am forgiving, and I can believe that Jack, the giant killer, cooked his beanstalk in a big soup.

My dear, I don't know if you could keep a man like me.
I am a leader; I am a worker; I am an achiever, I am a believer, and I can believe that the three little Piggy's became friends with the big bad woof.

My dear, I don't know if you could free a man like me.
I am caring; I am understanding; I am funny; I am handy, and I can believe that the ugly duckling lays a golden egg instead.

Destiny

Destiny, Serendipity, Fate, I can hardly compare.

You know it is me,
You know that I know it is you,

You know I was made for you,
You know that I know you were made for me,

You know that I was groomed for you,
You know that I know you were groomed for me,

You know there is no one that can love you like me,
You know that I know no one can love me like you,

You know your happiness is me,

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You know that I know my happiness is you,
You know your world is me,
You know that I know my world is you,

You know your future is me,
You know that I know my future is you,

You know there is no one else,
You know that I know there is no one else,

You know that I can't deny it,
You know that I know you can't deny it,

You know we are meant to be together,
You know that I know we are meant to be together,

You know, that you know, that I know, that I know that this is
our Destiny.

Know

I barely know you,
I don't know your dad's first name,
I don't know your mom's last name,
I don't know if you owned a dog or cat,
I don't know what kind of friends you have,
I don't know where you were born,
I don't know which school you went to,
I don't know if you wore braces, contact lenses or glasses,
I don't know if you played a sport or an instrument,
I don't know what is your favorite food, wine, and dessert.

However;

I do know every curve in your face,
I do know where the freckles are on your nose,
I do know there is a speck of gold in your eyes,

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I do know the sweet color of your lips,
I do know where the pleasant lines are on your neck,
I do know every curl and twirl in your hair,
I do know how your cheeks turn red when you smile,
I do know how your shadow worships you when you walk,
I do know that meeting you is the best thing that has
happened to me.

My Mystery Woman

Who can this be?

I whisper your name, yet I do not know your name,
I see you in my dreams, yet I have not seen your face,
I feel your hand in mine, yet I do not know your touch,
I have not embraced you in my arms, yet I know your love,

What can this be?

Beauty will fade like a flower in the Sun.
Strength will fail like a wave in the ocean.
Riches will pass like the wind in the mountain.
Renown will disappear like a vapor in a cloud;
But the energy of you lives inside me,
My mystery woman.

How can this be?

As the East meets the West, and the North meets the South,
So, is my soul destined to meet you?
As the horizon greets the Sun, and the Sun greets the horizon,
So, does my heart yearn to touch you?
As a mountain reaches up to the sky, and the sky reaches
down to a mountain,
So, does my soul reach out to you?

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As a river beats a path to the sea, and the sea embraces the river,
So, does my spirit embrace you?

Where can this be?

The loftiest mountain is not high enough.
The widest ocean is not big enough.
The deepest valley is not deep enough.
The longest road is not far enough.
To stop me from finding you.
Because I believe God gave you to me.

A Thousand Times

Why do I have this feeling? I have married this woman a thousand times! When I see her, it is as if the Sun returned and cast out the darkness. She is like the rainbow on a spring day, a majestic mountain behind an array of heavenly clouds. I know this strange feeling because I have felt it a thousand times before and only when I am near this woman. Seeing her is as if time stands still for a moment; the fabric of reality is pulled aside like a veil for me to see through, and at that moment, I know her a thousand times. No other woman opens the curtains of my heart and undresses my feelings as this woman does. No other woman frees me from my doubts. When I see her, my heart speaks to me and says she is the one, and I don't understand why I hesitate. I try to ignore this feeling and quickly brush it aside, but it comes back and back again like the fragrance of a beautiful flower, ever reminding me she is my love. Who are you? I ask myself why I fall into this unconscious state a thousand times. Then I remember for a minute as I am pulled back into the shimmering light of a distance past. For a thousand lifetimes we promised to meet

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again and trust our feelings to unite us again. Why do I have this feeling? I have married this woman a thousand times!

Someone's someone

My darling, you are someone's someone. My someone, my one and only one. The one for me.

In this man, you will find the heart you seek. A man who understands you and does not seek to rule you. Your freedom I will cherish, your mind you may speak.

This man is not threatened by your gift and talent. I will support you; all I want is to see you succeed. Show them, my love, what you can do. I am here for you.

My darling, you are someone's someone. My someone, my one and only one. The one for me.

In this man, you will find the soul you seek. A man who will not run when trouble comes and does not seek to use you. Your happiness I will find, your smiles you may give.

This man is not afraid of your comeliness and uniqueness. I adore you, and all I want is for you to shine. Show them my love, the beauty you are; I want them to see you.

My darling, you are someone's someone. My someone, my one and only one. The one for me.

My regret

My darling, I am sorry I was not there to meet you at that place where I should have been, and instead, you met him. All the hours, days, and years I lost. I wish it were my hand

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you first held; I wish it were my lips you first kissed. How I wish I were your first everything. It humbles me to know that someone loved you before me. How I wish I could reverse time and be your first and only love of your life. Now that I have found you, I want to create our own firsts and let these times be the only moments you will remember for the rest of your life. I love you like my first love, sweetheart.

You're the one

Hey, do you know why I know you're the one? I can tell that we are a karma couple that must finally find each other. We both have been looking for each other in the hallways of eternity and in the byways and highways of this world. I have searched far and wide, high and low, and none compare to you. I have had another relationship before, and I know you have to. And you know, in fact, I almost don't remember this now that we have met, and I consider my experience as a way to you. You and I are meant to find each other, and nothing in this world could ever stop that from happening. That's why you are different, sweetheart- you are absolutely unique, and you are the one for me, and no one else can ever be you.

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I Know You

I know you like to dance, and you can probably sing a tune or two.

I know you like to walk and hold hands, and you can probably dash a lap or two.

I know you like simple things, and you can probably buy a ring or two.

I know you like to laugh, and you can probably tell a joke or two.

I know you like a Romeo, and you can probably find a boyfriend or two.

I know you, you know that I know that you know, I am the One for You.

I Know You

I know you like to dance, and you can probably sing a tune or two. 😊

I know you like to walk and hold hands, and you can probably dash a lap or two. 😊

I know you like simple things, and you can probably buy a ring or two. 😊

I know you like to laugh, and you can probably tell a joke or two. 😊

I know you like a Romeo, and you can probably find a boyfriend or two. 😊

I know you, you know that I know that you know, I am the One for You.

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Clues

You will not discover me in my faith nor in my creed. You will discover me in your heart, where I am, where I belong.

You will not know me from studying my sign nor from looking at the stars. You will know me in the depths of your soul where I am, where I kneel.

You will not find me in a city nor in a place where I stay,
You will find me in what I read, where I dwell, where I dream.

You will not see me in a forest or on a beach, nor in a paradise,
You will see me in your past, where we walked, where I lived.

You will not touch me when you hold my hand nor when you kiss me. You will touch me in my charity, where I help, where I love.

My Pain Divide

What am I doing here being subjected to this pain and torture because I have to live without you, my soul delight? How long must I suffer this disgrace of being without my glory that is mine? Where are you, my soul mate, whose life is with mine? What have I done to deserve this time divide?

Every day when I rest from my day's strife, I wonder where I can find you, my soul tie in space divide. I imagine that, like a mirror, our hearts are in twine so that when I think of you, I see you are thinking of me, and in thoughts, we dine in love opulence divine.

I am the true reflection of your soul from the beginning of time. Your pair built in unison from the energy of the Divine.

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When your hand is in my hand, I feel the magic of your touch from which we were created in time. Oh, how empty is this life without you by my side?

Oh, how can I stand this pain divide? If I cannot find you, my darling, then take me, my God, divine. For to live without my soul mate is not a life worth living. Spare me the torture of this life and leave me in the silence of darkness where I can no longer feel my pain divide.

The Place

Casablanca Bistro seaside magic everywhere, gentle breeze fanning my face enjoying the splendid view in a country not my own, far from home. Then, like a feather in the wind, she drifted my way uninvited into my space; she knew I was a traveler enjoying the change. She started a conversation and asked me where I am from and where I stayed. I could see through her eyes the heart of a gentle dove and a beauty untouched, a woman who knew her place. Karaoke love songs playing in the background, the Sun setting in the west, the mood, a love-filled place. Bodies were touching close by, and electricity was everywhere in the place. I invited her to stay, so we talked the night away. She did not want to leave; she knew she had found the company of a man who appreciates a woman's way. As the evening passed, she moved into my space, her breath so close to my ears, her hair blowing in my face, her palms upright, giving me the signal it was time to leave the place. We left holding hands; we kissed, we hugged, we said good night, and the next day, we went our separate ways, not knowing if we would ever meet again.

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The Meeting Place

The first day I saw her profile, I thought she was too beautiful for me. The second day I saw her, I thought, am I crazy? She is out of my league, beyond my keep. The third day I saw her, I said, this can't be a chance. She has contacted me, and I don't know what I stated that she took notice of me.

The second week we chatted, she asked me some questions, and I wondered if I should add more to impress her. I gave a rundown on my manly deeds and what I did for a living. She retreated for the rest of the week, and I observed her from a distance, looking at her picture silently.

The third week came, and just when I thought she had forgotten me, she sent me a message and asked if I had some kids. She even had the audacity to ask me about family and friends and who I was seeing. I answered her truthfully without reserve, thinking that was the end of me.

The fourth week, out of the blue, she asked me for my phone number and then texted me a song. I listened to her song, and I texted her my own. Hope flooded my tender soul. She had set my mind ablaze, and I wondered if this was just a game. But she kept on texting and chatting with me.

The fifth week I obtained permission to call, I called her, and we spoke for what seemed like forever. She sounded genuinely interested in me, and she said she liked me. I made her laugh, and she teased me. I asked for a date, and she said that she would be away and to email her instead.

The year passed, she had gone overseas, and we emailed each other weekly. I discovered all that was there to know about this rose, and she learned about me. Was I, in a dream,

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a beautiful, gorgeous, and sexy woman still pursuing me? I did not know she had picked me and had fallen for me.

The months came, and now she was here. I arranged to meet in a place that I dreamed of for so long. I trimmed my hair, wore my best, and got my rose. My heart pounded, my mind played the question game. My feet tapped the floor; my hands twiddled with my cell while I waited. Then I saw her.

Eternity seized me! The rose I had imagined was before me. She came to me; I embraced her tenderly and kissed her gently on the lips. I had kissed before, and so had she, but this was unique and mystical. I knew this was her, my first love and only true love, in my arms, in the meeting place.

The Look Series



Magnificent

I love the way you pose for a picture.
I love the way your hair falls across your shoulders.
I love the way your smile lights up your face.
I love the way you crinkle your nose.
I love the tender look of your lips.
I love the way your hips swing to the side when you stroll.
I love the way you carry yourself among friends.
You are so beautiful, magnificent to behold.
And your mine, all mine!

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Magnificent

I love the way you pose for a picture.
I love the way your hair falls across your shoulders.
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I love the way you carry yourself among friends.
You are so beautiful, magnificent to behold.
And your mine, all mine!

No 1

No 1. I see you
My eyes are fixed,
My temperature is rising,
My brow is sweating,
My adrenaline surges,
My head is spinning,
My thoughts are out of alignment,

No 2. I greet you
My attention is on you,
My heart races,
My hands perspire,
My ears itch,
My nose breathes heavily,
My lips ache,

No 3. I kiss you
My sight goes dim,
My glands burst out,
My hands embrace,
My legs become steady,

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My chest rises,
My fears disappear,

No 4. I hold your hand
My energy flows to you,
My pride fills me,
My glory returns to me,
My future is in my hands,
My past is behind me,
My dream is in my grasp,

No 5. I undress you
My mind goes into a frenzy,
My resistance is gone,
My feelings hit the roof,
My knees start to give way,
My organ erects,
My hair is in a mess,

No 6. I make love to you
My world disappears,
My soul unites with yours,
My body is one with yours,
My thoughts are centered on you,
My heart is wrapped around you,
My future is you,

No 7. I hold you
My soul returns to me,
My pride is crushed,
My manhood is satisfied,
My home is you,
My world is you,
My heart speaks to you,

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No 8. I fall asleep
My hands embrace you,
My chest holds your head,
My feet touch your feet,
My heart calms down,
My strength leaves me,
My soul dreams of you,

No 9. I awake
My hands bring your breakfast,
My mouth greets you with a smile,
My lips kiss you,
My heart recites you a poem,
My body plays with you,
My arms envelop you,

No 10. I stay, I marry you
And I go back to No 1.

My Greatest Inspiration

You are the Mona Lisa of my life, my greatest inspiration.
I feel that I have known you for a thousand years,
though the sands of time pass through the hourglass
I remember you still. You are impossibly beautiful.
How can I forget you, my inspiration of all ages?
Though a rose may shed its peddles as its ages,
you become more sexy and desirable.
You are impeccably lovely. You truly inspire me!

I am the one you seek

When I first spotted you,
My heart skipped a beat,
I wondered if you were lost,

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Then I realized you were like me,
Seeking the love of your soul,
But how do you tell someone,
I am the someone whom you seek,
How do you leave a trail of leaves,
Without leaving a path to your heart,
I am the One, and there is no other.

The Paradise Series



Kiss me a thousand times

How do you tell a flower that you are beautiful? How do you tell a sunset that you stun me? How do you tell a mountain that I am in awe of you? How do you tell the wind that I appreciate you? How do you tell an ocean that I am thankful for you? How do you tell a forest that I need you? How do you tell the snow that you make me happy? How do you tell the sky that you inspire me? Most of all, how do you tell an angel that I feel the warmth of your kiss? And kiss me a thousand times.

Kiss me a thousand times

How do you tell a flower that you are beautiful? How do you tell a sunset that you stun me? How do you tell a mountain that I am in awe of you? How do you tell the wind that I appreciate you? How do you tell an ocean that I am thankful

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for you? How do you tell a forest that I need you? How do you tell the snow that you make me happy? How do you tell the sky that you inspire me? Most of all, how do you tell an angel that I feel the warmth of your kiss? And kiss me a thousand times.

I went to heaven; I was in paradise where there was no night or day but only presence. I saw a familiar face: the face of an angel who motioned me to come over and sit by her side. And I came to you and wondered who this could be, so beautiful and young. You grabbed my hand and ran your fingers through my fingers, and you said to me, "It's me," and I said, "Who are you?" and you answered, "Your angel." I asked, "Why can't I remember you?" and you said, "But you can." Then you said, "Think of all the happy times and sad times you have had and see who was by your side." Then I remembered you and rejoiced, "It's you, it's you," I cried! And "You look so amazing" beyond anything I can describe. Then you embraced me and said, "I love you beyond words can say." And I replied, "Yes, I know because I can feel your love penetrate my soul's depths; it is indescribable." And I could not let her go. For what seems to be an eternity, our souls would not let go of each other, and we were, for a moment, one soul. Then you whispered into my ear, "Come, let me show you our home," "What do you mean?" I asked. A place where you can rest and reflect and hear the sounds of paradise tickle your ears for as long as you want. You grabbed my hand, and in an instant, I was at the door; it opened as you took me in, where I saw colors and shapes in perfect place. It was a home unlike any place I have been.

The ambiance of the Sun shone not in this place because you were the Sun in this place. In this home, I felt a longing and

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belonging that I did not know, and then you said to me with a smile, "That is because I am your home, and this is where you belong." I know not how you knew my thoughts, then you explained, "In this place, we hear the thoughts of our hearts." When you think I know, I hear your thoughts, "You need not fear anything, my love, because all things are yours."

In paradise, you may have and enjoy whatever you desire except that which harms others, and no one can take it away from you. You are the king of your own castle and master of your own destiny. Then you said earnestly to me, "You must go back, and soon I will meet you again." I thought, "How is it that I can experience you and love you as I have never known you before, and now I must leave you." Then you said, "In paradise, time has no meaning, and love has no tests." I paused to reflect, and then you continued, "If you leave, I will come to you, but if you stay, you will lose me because in perfection you have no need of me and I of you." Then I realized that I had to choose between paradise and my Angel. If that is so, "I chose you!" but before I go, I plead, please, "Kiss me a thousand times!"

My Angel

Beauty is but skin deep; what is real is that which does not change. The Angel inside you that only true love can see. She is the perfection of beauty and the perfect lady whose form never ages and who is the true self. No physical form in this world can be compared to her because she is a perfected creation for one true love. She is to that man the Queen of ages and the Princess of time who is the unending delight of his soul. My Angel is my glory, the splendor of my manhood, the woman of my desire, and the passion of my heart. The one who has been by my side through bliss and bliss in

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countless worlds. She is the twin of my soul, a pair forged from the purest ether of the Universe. Her presence in her true form is an endless utopia. When she speaks, her voice is as water for my thirst, and when she touches me, it is a healing ointment to my bones. Her eyes alone have the power to reach into my soul's hidden den of ageless gods among whom her image stands tall. She is, to me, the fragrance of love, the abundant life, the happy existence, and peace that surpasses understanding. To resist her is to drain your essence, and detach yourself from her is to descend into a bottomless abyss. You will not discover this Angel in the world of acquaintances and friends. She will appear out of nowhere, and you will know this Angel because what is real does not change, and my soul knows it well.

You are my Moment!

My beloved was taken from my side, and you are mine, and I
am yours since time;
There is no time or divide between us, my darling divine;
I have married you a thousand times;
I have uncovered your veil and kissed you as my beloved
bride in all the cultures of time;
Each time, I swore to you that I would love you forever and
never ever leave your side;
You have birthed my children and nursed their children by
your side, and you loved them all because they are mine;
There is no pain or gain that I have not known with you, my
beloved bride;
There is no valley that I have not walked with you, my beloved
vine;
There is no mountain we have not climbed together, my
beloved mine;

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There is no joy we have not known together, my beloved
twine;

I have known you in all times divide;

When that time arrives for me to say goodbye to close your
eyes, I wish I could take your place or die with you a thousand
times;

But I know I must live to see you again, or I will miss my time;
I have stared death in the face many a time to be with you my
breath that is mine;

I have endured the pain of all kinds in my mind and flesh alike,
but none compares to the pain of goodbye;

I have crossed the seven seas, braved the Sahara desert,
endured the northern heights, and swam the great Ganges to
see you just for a moment of time;

I have stormed impenetrable castles to set you free,
beheaded lording bandits that had kidnapped you, dueled
the most fierce warriors in time so that I could win your hand
in mine;

But greater than this, I have battled poverty, sickness, and
death by your side to keep you alive because to lose you is a
pain I wish not to survive;

You are my soul's delight, my heaven-sent bride, and I cannot
exist without you, my love divine;

In the moment of existence when we were created, you were
separated from me, and my life has been one journey in time
to reunite with you, my soul divine;

You are my destiny, forever my best friend of all time;

I have known you and loved you longer than forever;

When I find you, my darling, my breath, my soul's divine,
nothing will truly matter for me because you are mine;

I long for the moment in time when we will never ever be
separated again for all time;

For as long as your hand is in mine, I will not know where I
have been, who I have been, and what I have been because
for me this is the moment sublime;

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To see you, to breathe you, to embrace you, and to kiss you
on your lips is my moment divine;
When the time arrives to say goodbye, don't die for me, my
beauty divine, soon we will meet again in time;
Rest, my beloved, and wait for me, my darling divine;
You are my moment!



My Angel

My Angel, let me carry you on the wings of a dove; let me
take you to a place where you can forget your past. In my
house are many rooms filled with sweet gifts I created just for
you. Let me lavish you with sustenance fit for an angel's
pallet. Spoil you with delights worthy of a Princess. Dress your

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being with accolades fit for a Queen. In the embrace of my wings, you will discover and know love like no other.

The One

I watched you slip into eternity, your hand in mine as you crossed the ravine of time. Silver clouds and bright colorless light absorbed you out of my sight. I saw and felt your last kiss as it vanished like a vapor in the Sun. Like a caterpillar that had shed its cocoon and spouted wings, you had become an angel before my eyes. I could not shed another tear; what I saw struck me numb. A voice spoke unto me, 'Fear not, my child, life goes on, and you will meet again in time to come.' In time I too, crossed the barrier of time; centuries passed, and I was reborn in another time. War had passed, man had gone to the moon, and science had mapped the mystery of the DNA, but life happily goes on. Then the voice that once shed hope in my heart spoke again, 'rejoice, my child; this is her whom your heart once delighted.' I was struck numb and shed a tear, knowing I had found The One.

Rainbow

When I see Blue, I remember the afternoon when we lay down and watched the clouds pass by in the sky, and I said, "I love you." When I see Yellow, I think of the time when I ran with you through a field of daisies, and when I caught you, I said, "I love you." When I see Green, I see the leaves I threw on you one morning when I played with you, and I said, "I love you." When I see Black, I smell the toast you burnt and laughed, and I said, "I love you." When I see Red, I recall the festival dragons we watched together one New Year's Day, and I said: "I love you." When I see Brown, I see the color of your eyes that first captured me, and I said, "I love you." When I see White, I see the dress you wore on our wedding day, and I said, "I love you." When I see Gold, I remember the

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ring I put on your finger, and I said, "I love you." But do you know where I first met you and why I love the colors of the rainbow?

I was introduced to you in paradise, in a time before time. You were an angel of magnificent beauty, a site unexplainable and inexplicable. A gentle and kind light that blinded my countenance for a moment when I first gazed at your stunning female form, when he brought you to me. You looked at me and said, "I know you better than you think." I said to myself, "How can she be so presumptuous when I have never met her before." You replied confidently, "I am of you because I was taken from you in the beginning." "When did this happen? I do not recall?" I thought to myself. You answered me, "We were made in pairs from the same spoken word and the same divine essence. The ALL separated me and hid me from you until the ALL had educated you in the glories of the Kingdom. The ALL created a secret garden in the Kingdom and filled it with living manifestations – plants, trees, foliage, insects, birds, beasts, mammals, and fishes, and it was perfect. The ALL placed me in the garden among gentle mothers and watchful fathers who taught me how to love you and how to please you. I watched the ALL's creations play, mate, reproduce, father and mother, and love each other in garments of flesh. There, I learned what it is to care for and be responsible for other living beings, how to raise and feed them, and how to love them unconditionally. They taught me about you and your needs and your wants; that is why I know you better than you think."

"But I have everything in this place," I reasoned with myself. "Oh, no! This is not for here but for our next home, where you will resume your education of infinite and temporal things and learn to appreciate what is infinite and everlasting when you finally return to where you first began. In this

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home, you will learn to value me, to honor me, to appreciate me, to protect me, and to love me, and until you do, you will not return to paradise again.”

Then you told me about a special rainbow that never faded in this hidden paradise that stood over an ever-flowing stream among rocks and foliage of pristine. You would go to this place every day and pass your fingers through the rainbow, and you would wonder about this beautiful light and these magical colors and what they mean. In the Kingdom, there was no other place where this rainbow could be seen, and the ALL hid it from me. Your friends would play there with you, and you would sing and dance to the music of the stream. You would say to the rainbow, “I love you!” and you would plea with the rainbow to let you know its secret, but it would not speak to you. Then, one day, when you were sad, the ALL comforted you. A small, still voice spoke from behind the rainbow and said, “When you go to your new home, you will experience the meaning of the rainbow, and the rainbow will love you.”

Just the two of us

Oh my love, the day I first looked upon you, the Sun could not set, for how could it?

The Queen of my soul walked into the aisles of my heart. The light of her countenance flooded my being.

Behold an incredible sight. A magic garden of flowers is welling up in my mind.

A tulip in fanfare, a dandelion dancing in the wind as the rainbow waters its peddles.

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Colors a light so bright. Purple, green, yellow, red, and orange mixed in a painting of meadowic scenery.

The fresh feeling of newborn flowers lifting their heads to look upon a queen. Clapping peddles as she walks by.

A cottage among flowers in her view and a man dressed in princely ware welcoming her into his chamber.

A royal gantry of flamingos stands guard, watching over the entrance to my palace of love.

Behold a romantic sight. A magic fireplace welled up in my mind. Just the two of us, rainbows in my heart.

Flames are dancing on the wood, with passion tenderly consuming her Lover.

A warmth is in the air, whisking through my skin. The smell of fine wine tingling in the air. A pot of herbs and a flask of message oil beside my feet.

The fragrance of her skin and hair permeates the chambers of my purple-roomed heart. Each room is filled with images of my love.

Come, my love, wrap your soul in the sheets of my desire. Anchor your heart in the bay of my love. Rest your body in the bed of my arms.

I will caress thee with oils from the East made with the finest herbs fit for royalty. I will make you forget the lovers of your youth.

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Savor in your mouth the droplets of my wine hand fed from the tip of my finger while I admire your beautiful form.

With a tender touch, will I kiss thee in zones of erotic care until my princess falls peacefully asleep in my embrace.

A love tried and tested by a thousand fires. It is so pure that you will never desire another once you taste it.

The Darling of Sochi

A woman lives in Sochi and is the spectacle of Czarist Russia, a princess of splendor and power. Her father was dethroned of his might and right, and she was sentenced to live without her love for two centuries in time. She was born in anonymity and hid in obscurity for such a time as this. Destined for greatness and caught in plainness, she settled for the responsibility of a son. She worked and toiled for years, and then came a prince out of the sea who knew her hidden past. He ministered to her soul. He told her, "If you believed that a Russian white bear is God, I would still love you. If you told me that bald men can grow their hair back in Sochi, I would still love you. If you said that men wear white skirts in Moscow, I would still love you. If you told me that the top of Mount Everest was made of ice cream, I would believe you. If you told me that the moon was made of Cheese, I would still believe you, and if you said to me that the Universe was made of chocolate, jelly beans, and lollies, I would love you more. Then the prince told her a story;

A man traveled to a far country and found an unpolished diamond of great value. He could not take the diamond back with him because that country would not let him take the diamond home. So he said to himself, 'I will give up my home and all that I have to own this unpolished diamond of great

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value.' So he planned to sell everything he had and journey to this far country to buy this diamond of great value. Then a message arrived and said that someone had stolen the diamond. He was grieved to the core, and as time passed, he forgot about the diamond and the pain he had suffered. Many years had passed, and he discovered this diamond in a place of many faces, but it had been polished, and it was course and did not shine as it should shine. Nevertheless, he rejoiced greatly and said, 'I will own this diamond, re-polish it, and reset it on a bed of gold. So he journeyed to this far country to buy this diamond of great value. When he finally held it in his hand, his heart was relieved, and he began to polish this stone and set it on a ring of gold. And he made it beautiful beyond the value of any stone in that country. Then he said, 'I will put this diamond around my neck so that it can be close to my heart where it will never be lost or stolen again.' Wherever he went, the diamond reflected and dazzled and amazed all, and all who saw it said, 'Where did you hide this diamond of great beauty? And I said, 'It has always been there, tucked away in my heart.'

A woman who lives in Sochi believed that a prince would come. She is the perfection of unseen beauty and a lady of a perfect character whose bounty fades not with time and whom I have loved and admired for eternity. She is my pair made from the purest and most beautiful ether of energy reserved only for angels who were created to be elohim. She is the darling of ages and the Princess of time whom I live to be within all time. She is my glory, the splendor of my manhood, the woman of my desire, and the passion of my heart. When she speaks, her voice is as water for my thirst, and when she touches me, it is a healing ointment to my bones. Her eyes alone can reach into the depths of my soul, where she is a reflection of my soul. I am to her, and she is to me the fragrance of love, the life, the goodness, the

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belonging, the desire, and the peace. The darling of Sochi, the Queen of Russia and the hostess of heaven, has finally met her prince, and she is lost for words.

The touch of you

I was sad; I knew not what to do.
My gloom had wrapped me in a sheet of despair.
No one is here to comfort me.
Heaven's doors shut in my face.
Where can I turn? Where can I go?

Here I am, falling on myself, needing a rescue.
My head between my feet.
Tears are running down my cheeks.
Feeling all insecure, my stay is gone.
You entered my space.

The touch of you,
The fingers of an angel,
My heart knows.
I am wrapped in the arms of an angel.
The feel of love.
The warmth of you.
You are my cure,
The medicine of my soul.
I am no longer alone.
The presence of you.

Surreal is this real,
My cure in a touch,
My tears disappear.
My sadness overthrew,
The power of you.

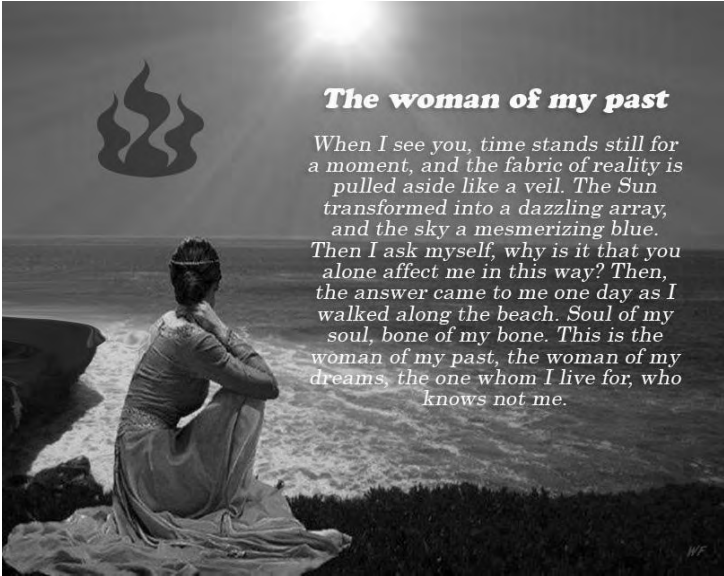
Romance & Love Poetry

The touch of you,
The fingers of an angel,
My heart knows.
I am wrapped in the arms of an angel.
The feel of love.

What is real?

There is no coincident in life, only appointment.
There is no accident in life, only lesson.
There is no reason in life, only destiny.
There is no past in life, only memory.
There is no future in life, only now.
There is no promise in life, only enjoy.
There is no guarantee in life, only moment.
There is no pain in life, only purpose.
There is no gain in life, only experience.
There is no poor in life, only test.
There is no rich in life, only blessing.
There is no gods in life, only God.
There is no my will in life, only God's will.
There is no heaven in life, only existence.
There is no lover in life, only soul mate.
There is no family in life, only brotherhood.
There is no emotion in life, only feeling.
There is no identity in life, only imagine.
There is no you in life, only Angel.

The Home Series



The woman of my past

When I see you, time stands still for a moment, and the fabric of reality is pulled aside like a veil. The Sun transformed into a dazzling array, and the sky a mesmerizing blue. Then I ask myself, why is it that you alone affect me in this way? Then, the answer came to me one day as I walked along the beach. Soul of my soul, bone of my bone. This is the woman of my past, the woman of my dreams, the one whom I live for, who knows not me.

Autumn Leaves

Autumn leaves, red and gold, falling from the trees, just a sight to see. Summers have been and gone like a breeze.

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White peaks on the horizon, oh, the snowman coming to my home. In the winter cold, I dread staying in bed and how I will miss my summer days. There is a way you can brighten my winter's dread. Come to me, share the warmth of my fireplace, and share my bed. Autumn leaves, red and gold, letting me know my darling is coming home.

I have made up my mind!

I have made up my mind!

Through thick or thin,
Through joy or sadness,
Through might or flight,
Through high or low,
Through ease or tough,
Through lost or found,
Through gain or pain,

I have made up my mind!

Through night or day,
Through sunshine or rain,
Through war or peace,
Through dissent or accord,
Through fortune or adversity,
Through fame or shame,
Through heaven or hell,
I have made up my mind!

Through lake or river,
Through forest or desert,
Through air or water,
Through land or sea,
Through morning or evening,

WILDFIRE

Through time or space,
Through bliss or eternity,

I have made up my mind!

Through poor or wealthy,
Through sickness or health,
Through life or death,
Through good or evil,
Through above or below,
Through laughter or gloom,
Through reason or madness,

I have made up my mind!

Through cold or hot,
Through summer or winter,
Through storm or calm,
Through light or dark,
Through wind or still,
Through plane or train,
Through sail or whale,

I am coming home to you, baby, and I am here to stay!

My Princess Bride

Why do you tease me with popper and play? What gain is there in this game we play? If you love me, then speak what your heart says. You may run and hide in places hard to find, but I will find you my prince's bride.

In my heart, there are many faces: the face of my father, who gave me my good name, and the mother, who bore my shame when I lost my way. The uncle who befriended me, and the aunt who set me free. A friend who weathered my

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youth with me and the stranger who saved my life. Yet in all amongst my heroes' den, there you are in between the cords of my heart as an idol in a festal array - a princess who sweeps me off my feet, who takes my breath away.

Like a young daughter of a fatherly king, you were bridled in his palace under guard for the one you are to meet this day. In his plan, your prince would appear at his feet and ask him for your hand in Kingdom bliss. Instead, you flew the nest and reached out for him who treated you with disdain and gain, who did not know who you were in hidden reign, a daughter of a king, a princess of the realm of Queens. In tears and fear, he treated you with shame and played you like a game, then tossed you aside for another in shame.

Despair and sorrow, not my princes' bride, I have not forgotten you in time begun. As a prince of Arabian nights riding on a white stallion on desert heights, I come to your rescue and save you from this fierce knight. Though your heart be broken and shattered, I will heal it with my tender kiss and gifts. I bring with me the medicine of my matchmaker, created with the finest of spices and perfumes in the furnace of love and desire that will make you forget the troubles of your past and rekindle your love and youth you lost in the fire.

In exchange for your pain and shame, I will give you truth, solidarity, honor, and fidelity in shining armor. Come now, come out of your hiding place, show me your face, my prince's bride, and greet me with that kiss your heart has long desired, and let me capture you in love enduring rapture.

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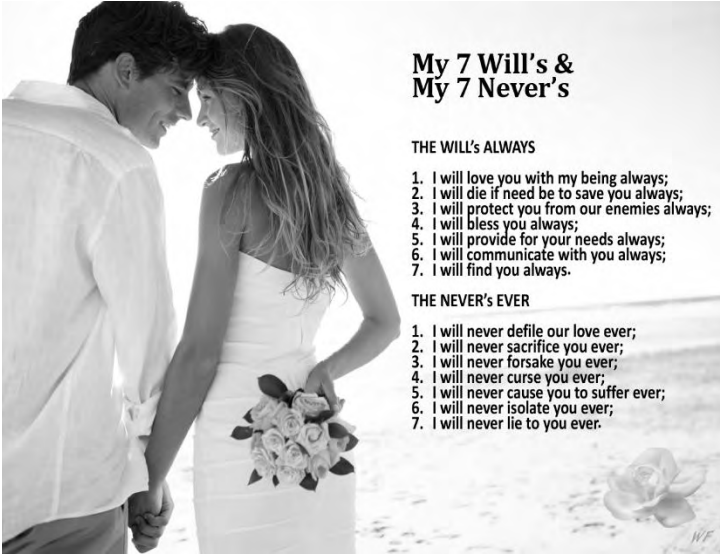
My seven requests to God

1. If I could ask God for one thing, it would be to stop time and make your beauty last forever.
2. If I could ask God for a second thing, it would be to grant us eternal life so that I will never say goodbye to you.
3. If I could ask God for a third thing, it would be that you would only cry because you are so happy.
4. If I could ask God for a fourth thing, it would be that I always have the time to walk with you, hold your hand, and carry you.
5. If I could ask God for a fifth thing, it would be that I am married to you forever.
6. If I could ask God for a sixth thing, it would be that our children will never suffer a lack of anything and want of security.
7. If I could ask God for a final thing, it would be that I could live with you in a paradise for eternity.

My seven home blessings

1. That we will never lose that feeling of home.
2. That laughter will always grace her rooms.
3. That music will always fill her belly.
4. That new life will spring from our bed.
5. That daily, her garden flourishes like a spring day.
6. That our roof weathers the storms.
7. That her hallway is our gateway to eternity.

The Family Series



My 7 Will's & My 7 Never's

THE WILL'S ALWAYS

1. I will love you with my being always;
2. I will die if need be to save you always;
3. I will protect you from our enemies always;
4. I will bless you always;
5. I will provide for your needs always;
6. I will communicate with you always;
7. I will find you always.

THE NEVER'S EVER

1. I will never defile our love ever;
2. I will never sacrifice you ever;
3. I will never forsake you ever;
4. I will never curse you ever;
5. I will never cause you to suffer ever;
6. I will never isolate you ever;
7. I will never lie to you ever.

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3. I will never forsake you ever;
4. I will never curse you ever;
5. I will never cause you to suffer ever;
6. I will never isolate you ever;
7. I will never lie to you ever.

I Promise You

As a honey bee will always return to its honeycomb, I promise you I will always return to the nectar of your love.

As an otter will always fondle her mate, I promise you I will always hold you in arms of tender embrace.

As a dolphin will always swim with her pair, I promise you I will always walk by your side with your hand in mine.

As a penguin will always have a mate for life, I promise you I will always be your best friend for life.

As a caterpillar will always transform into a thing of beauty, I promise you I always try to be the man of your dreams.

As an ant will always labor tirelessly, I promise you I will always strive to be the provider of your needs.

As an eagle will always soar to its heights, I promise you I will always be the wind beneath your wings.

As an antelope will always fend off its rivalries, I promise you I will always be your knight in shining armor.

Romance & Love Poetry

As an elephant will always hold its ground, I promise you I will always be the ground beneath your feet.

As a lion will always stand watch over his lioness, I promise you I will always protect you from our enemies.

As a rooster will always crow at sunrise and sunset, I promise you I will always pray for your behest.

As a hummingbird will always return to its nest, I promise you I will always return to your arms to rest.

Promise me this one thing: that you will love me unconditionally.

Who am I?

When you fall, I will be there to catch you.

When you slip, I will be there to cushion you.

When you cry, I will be there to wipe your tears away.

When you are alone, I will be there to keep you company.

When you are sick, I will be there to nurse you.

When you are tired, I will be there to energize you.

When you are bereaved, I will be there to comfort you.

When you are afraid, I will be there to hold your hand.

When you are lost, I will be there to show you the way.

When you are broken inside, I will be there to repair you.

When you are bruised, I will be there to bandage you.

When you die, I will be there by your side.

Who am I?

I have walked with you when there were no roads to walk.

I have believed with you when no one believed you.

I have come back for you when no one returned to get you.

I have listened to you when no one wanted to listen to you.

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I have cried for you when no one wanted to cry for you.
I have fought for you when no one wanted to fight for you.
I have carried you when no one wanted to carry you.
I have held you when no one wanted to embrace you.
I have talked to you when no one wanted to speak to you.
I have sheltered you when no one wanted to safeguard you.
I have nursed you when no one wanted to tend your wounds.

Who am I?

I have made you laugh when you were sad.
I have made you glad when you were mad.
I have made you calm when you were angry.
I have made you excited when you were dull.
I have made you breakfast when you were sick.
I have made you undress when you look bad.
I have made you walk when you could not.
I have made you smile when you were depressed.
I have made you satisfied when you were famished.
I have made you feel when you were unsure.
I have made you see when you were blind.
I have made you love when you were afraid.

Who am I?

Your faithful husband, partner, friend, and soul mate.

Why do I love you so much?

Because you bring sunshine into our home when it is dark.
Because you like to hide yourself so that I can pursue you.
Because you know I can count on you to go the extra mile
when I need you to.
Because you know I only buy you flowers when I do
something wrong.

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Because you defend me publically and then tell me privately that I am wrong.

Because you ask me to make a booking when I want sex with you.

Because you know my weaknesses, and you take advantage of them.

Because you read my moods and you know when to stay clear of me.

Because you know my secrets, and you hold them against me.

Because you know what I hate, and you sometimes do it to annoy me.

Because you know what pleases me, and you deny it to me.

Because you tell me when there is ice cream on my face.

Because you love our children, and you show them that you love me.

Because you know I deliberately leave the toilet seat up to stir you.

Because you know when I am unwell, you will mommy me.

Because you argue, fuss, and fight and allow me to make it up to you in bed.

Because you take the rough when the going gets tough.

Because you like making me do the housework on my day off.

Because you put the needs of our family before me.

Because you fry me an egg and burn it to inspire me.

Because you teach our children good values, and they, in turn, educate me.

Because you sing at the wrong time to annoy me.

Because you make love to me with your soul, and I know.

Because you don't mind it when I hold you in a lock when my breath stinks.

Because you will be there when my hair turns gray.

Because you don't mind it when I trap you when I have had a fart.

Because you can nag me and call it reason, and when I nag you, it's nagging.

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Because you can play funny to entertain our children and me.
Because you know when I want sex, and it is at the right time,
and you deny it to me.

Because you make me laugh when I am serious.

Because you touch me in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Because you do some crazy things when I ignore you.

Because you know I wait for you until you have climaxed.

Because you straighten my hair when it is out of shape.

Because you bring sunshine into our home when it is dark.

Because you turn me over when I snore.

Because you make me feel like a man and feel important
when I am not.

Because you make me breakfast only when you want
something from me.

Because you give me your mind straight up when I don't need
it.

Because you know when I am late home, I get a cold dinner.

Because you grow more beautiful as you age, and I hate it.

Because you take me home early when I am just starting to
enjoy myself.

Because you wash my clothes and iron them with one
complaint a week.

Because you like to cook and test your new creations out on
me.

Because you like the satisfaction of telling me, I told you so.

Because you deliberately scratch my back in the wrong place
when I am dying of itch.

Because you know all my funny places and tender spots.

Because you can laugh when it is not funny.

Because you believe me when everyone doubts me.

Because you are you, and there is no one like you.

Because you kept our vowels sacred, and you reserved your
love for me.

Because I know without a doubt God gave you to me.

Romance & Love Poetry

I don't care

If you have a plastic ear, or a glass eye or you have false teeth,
I will love you just the same.

God forbid that you should lose a breast or even a limb
because then I will have a little less of you to love.

And if you caught an incurable or crippling disease, I would
not know what to say, but I promise you I will be there right
by your side all the way.

What if you lost your beauty or your fame, even your name?
I never cared much in the first place.

What if you can't remember me because your hair is gray or
you have lost your hearing? Then I will have to make do with
just seeing you.

Just know, my darling, I am still here, and I will be until I can't
love anymore because I am no more.

The Best Woman in the World

Did I ever tell you you are the best woman in the world? You
are beautiful beyond description, more lovely than a rose,
just amazingly gorgeous and compellingly sexy. That would
have been more than enough; then you reveal to me your
true self; you are compassionate, intelligent, wise, and
thoughtful; how little space to describe the real you. If only
every woman were like you, this world would be a different
place. I am truly blessed by your existence, humbled by your
humanity, and elated by your presence. I consider myself to
be the luckiest man in the world to have found you. How long
have I searched and waited for you? Only God knows. For

WILDFIRE

what it is worth, I promise to love you unreservedly, honor your dedication, and always respect your council. With all of my might and my strength until the day we meet again. Your darling!

Beautiful you ♥

Beautiful You ♥ Me admire you,
Gorgeous You ♥ Me adore you,
Sexy You ♥ Me pursue you,
Playful You ♥ Me fancy you,
Happy You ♥ Me laugh with you,
Bad You ♥ Me caution you,
Jealous You ♥ Me understand you,
Angry You ♥ Me calm you,
Fearful You ♥ Me hold you,
Tired You ♥ Me massage you,
Determined You ♥ Me watch you,
Sad You ♥ Me make you happy,
Bossy You ♥ Me run from you,
Doubtful You ♥ Me advise you,
Argumentative You ♥ Me let you win,
Travel You ♥ Me miss you,
Work You ♥ Me encourage you,
Pregnant You ♥ Me share responsibility,
Mommy You ♥ Me father our children,
Religious You ♥ Me beside you,
Love You ♥ Me love you more,
Sick You ♥ Me take care of you,
Dying You ♥ Me not want to live without you.

The woman

The soulmate,
The companion,
The pride,

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The success,
The glory,
The envy,
The weakness,
The heart,
The dream,
The life,
The love,
The Queen,
The mother,
The peace,
The good,
The support,
The adviser,
The friend,
The care,
The strength,
The future,
The blessing,
The family,
Of the man.

A virtuous woman

I learned that some opposites (♂♀) make you crazy.
Some opposites make you mad.
Some opposites make you sad.
Some opposites make you broke.
But the opposite that is willing to love you through all your
crazy, madness, sadness, and brokenness is the one that you
cannot ever lose.
“Who can find a virtuous woman? For her, price is far
above rubies” Proverbs 31:10.

WILDFIRE

I am human

I understand what it is like to have my heart broken.
I understand what it is like to be in prison without walls.
I understand what it is like to be misunderstood and rejected.
I understand what it is like to be deceived and relieved.
I understand what it is like to be pursued and afraid.
I understand what it is like to be used and abused.
I understand what it is like to be blamed and shamed.
I understand what it is like to be neglected and ignored.
I understand what it is like to be lost and alone.
I understand what it is like to be starved of affection.
I understand what it is like to be assaulted and charged.
I understand what it is like to sleep and not want to wake up.
I understand what it is like to lose someone you love.
I understand what it is like to be deprived of my rights.
I understand what it is like to be ridiculed and mocked for
what I believe.
I am human.
I remind myself;
I am the majestic rainbow perched over a mountain peak.
I am the white lily in a bed of red roses.
I am the golden pheasant nesting among pink flamingos.
I am the purest of streams giving life to a pair of thirsty deer.
I am the African gazelle skipping joyfully through a field of
sunflowers.
I am the commanding wind giving power to the sail of a sailing
ship.
I am the golden eagle soaring over the Grand Canyon.
I am the lighthouse whose light guides a ship safely into the
harbor.
I am the white stallion at the head of a herd of Arabian black
horses.
I am the grand pillar that supports the spirals of a cathedral
of praise.

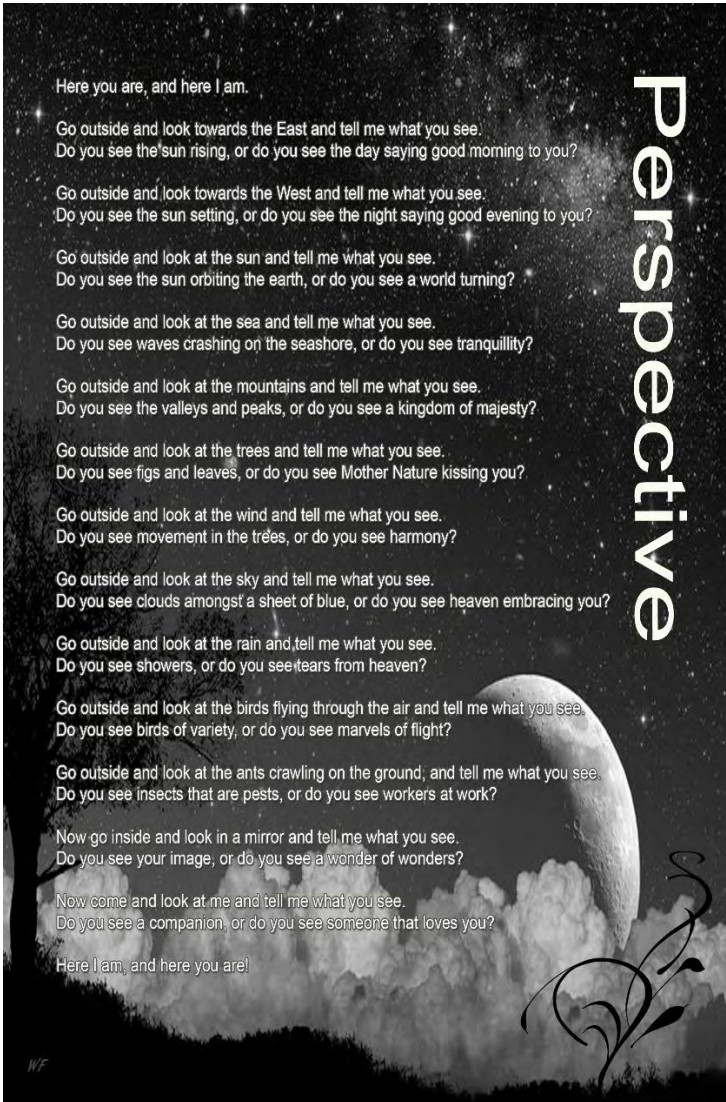
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I am the lofty mountain whose presence commands a picture.
I am the palm tree giving shade to a band of exotic birds.
I am the North Star that never fades with time.
I am the Lion King, the Lion of Judah.
I am who I am!

Family is

Family is where the heart is,
Family is where home is,
Family is where unconditional love is,
Family is where marriage is esteemed,
Family is where your children are safe,
Family is where you can drop your guard,
Family is where your last name is respected,
Family is where you can allow your feelings to lead you,
Family is where your qualifications mean nothing,
Family is where your money is just a means to an end,
Family is where your responsibility starts,
Family is where your commitment is for life,
Family is where nations are made strong.

The Universe Series



Romance & Love Poetry

Perspective

Here you are, and here I am.

Go outside and look towards the East and tell me what you see.

Do you see the sun rising, or do you see the day saying good morning to you?

Go outside and look towards the West and tell me what you see.

Do you see the sun setting, or do you see the night saying good evening to you?

Go outside and look at the sun and tell me what you see.

Do you see the sun orbiting the earth, or do you see a world turning?

Go outside and look at the sea and tell me what you see.

Do you see waves crashing on the seashore, or do you see tranquillity?

Go outside and look at the mountains and tell me what you see.

Do you see the valleys and peaks, or do you see a kingdom of majesty?

Go outside and look at the trees and tell me what you see.

Do you see figs and leaves, or do you see Mother Nature kissing you?

Go outside and look at the wind and tell me what you see.

Do you see movement in the trees, or do you see harmony?

Go outside and look at the sky and tell me what you see.

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Do you see clouds amongst a sheet of blue, or do you see
heaven embracing you?

Go outside and look at the rain and tell me what you see.
Do you see showers, or do you see tears from heaven?

Go outside and look at the birds flying through the air and tell
me what you see.
Do you see birds of variety, or do you see marvels of flight?

Go outside and look at the ants crawling on the ground, and
tell me what you see.
Do you see insects that are pests, or do you see workers at
work?

Now go inside and look in a mirror and tell me what you see.
Do you see your image, or do you see a wonder of wonders?

Now come and look at me and tell me what you see.
Do you see a companion, or do you see someone that loves
you?

Here I am, and here you are!

How can this be?

Galaxies afar, countless light-years in between, uncountable
stars and suns hanging in empty space,

Comets blazing the night sky, gas clouds on the rise, moons
shinning and twirling a mist in empty space,

The Universe running to a tune, bending light and space,
black holes piercing empty space,

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The sun in the perfect place, an optimized solar system, the planets comfortably arrayed in empty space,

Venus, Mercury, and Mars steady the orbit of the Earth, Jupiter, and Saturn drawing in the debris from empty space,

Uranus, Neptune, and Pluto hemming in the force of gravity, nulling the pull of empty space,

A spectacle so finely tuned, so ravishingly displayed, insignificant me, a lowly soul floating in empty space,

My finite mind, my foolish mind asking how this came to be, wandering the corridors of empty space,

Quantum physics quantum leaps still no closer to understanding the simplicity of empty space,

Worlds apart, aliens I have not seen, beings eyeing me through a hole in empty space,

Kingdoms beyond, world upon worlds, intersecting my own, multiple dimensions in empty space,

Marvels incomprehensible, hidden from my view, angelic beings dancing in empty space. How can this be?

Who is like you my love

Truly, who is like you, my love,
O virgin daughter of Yupiter,
How galaxies adore thee,
Field of lights in heavenly delights,
Sagittarius Bay of Young Stars,

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Centre of the Milky Way Galaxy,
Floating in endless space,
A black hole in the sea of stars,
Everything in the perfect place,
I watch your marvelous display,
Raptured by your creation,
I fall breathless into your arms,
Awed by what I see,

Truly, who is like you, my love,
Who can ride the tail of a comet,
Who can leap the galaxies
in the twinkling of an eye,
Strong, beautiful, and handsome.
Forever wise and just, infinitely good,
Generous and forgiving,
Loving and a lover,
Truly, who is like you, my love?

Imagine that

I tried to imagine a world without water, and all I saw was sand.

I tried to imagine a world without sunshine, and all I saw was ice.

I tried to imagine a world without trees, and all I saw was commerce.

I tried to imagine a world without family, and all I saw was armies.

I tried to imagine a world without trust, and all I saw was war.

I tried to imagine a world without love, and all I saw was hate.

I tried to imagine a world without faith, and all I saw was the one world order.

I tried to imagine a world without God, and all I saw was nothing.

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I tried to imagine a world without color, and all I saw was unhappiness.

I tried to imagine a world without people, and all I saw was peace.

The breath of nature

The breath of nature visiting the shore. Clouds drifting over the horizon. The sun god falling into the sea. The light of life simmering on the canvas of the ocean. Waves fizzling on the shore.

Here, we stand together, gazing into the eye of eternity. Not a soul in sight. My girl is resting peacefully in my arms. Our troubles have vanished, and our hearts have banded together.

The breeze carries away our nostalgia. There is no care in the world nor a thought of tomorrow. What matters is that you are mine and are here in my arms where you belong.

Tranquil moment

A tranquil moment in the stillness of the water. Misty clouds embrace the still-soft tide. Darkness caressing the face of the tide. Golden minutes saturated in peace divine. Here I am, ferrying across a bridge in time; I hear the still soft sound of water as it passes by. My being floating on a bed of serenity, my cares subside. My soul knows peace divine. My fears I know not why My presence, I understand why.

The Pacific Series



Island-style frangipani flowers with leaves in her hair. Natural beauty, nothing can compare. Stunning when she smiles, feelings just go wild. Coconut oil on her skin shines like the moon on her sea. Her breasts firm like the mountain peaks in her sea. Her figure like a mermaid in the ocean. Ukulele playing Island tunes so peaceful to the ear. Island queen gently sways to the rhythm of her land. Her hip is moving to the beat, and her feet sliding across the beams. Fingers are gently waving, patting the air, releasing her scent far and near. Voices are singing, women watching, adoring her. Men mesmerized, dreaming if she will be mine tonight. Her secret revealed. In her heart, there is only room for three: her God, her family, and her man who worships at her feet.

Island Lady

The Island Lady

Island-style frangipani flowers with leaves in her hair. Natural beauty, nothing can compare. Stunning when she smiles, feelings just go wild. Coconut oil on her skin shines like the moon on her sea. Her breasts firm like the mountain peaks in her sea. Her figure like a mermaid in the ocean. Ukulele playing Island tunes so peaceful to the ear. Island queen gently sways to the rhythm of her land. Her hip is moving to the beat, and her feet sliding across the beams. Fingers are gently waving, patting the air, releasing her scent far and near. Voices are singing, women watching, adoring her. Men mesmerized, dreaming if she will be mine tonight. Her secret

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revealed. In her heart, there is only room for three: her God, her family, and her man who worships at her feet.

Paradise in the Southsea

I am in paradise on an Island in the South Pacific on a beach, and in a panoramic view, there is not a soul anywhere near me, and it is five in the evening in this place that is called the Cradle of Polynesia.

It is just an ordinary Island day as the sun quietly sets in the West. In the distance are waves crashing into a reef of blue sea, forming a white topping on my horizon, a mist, a roaring sound that commands me to see. The tide has maxed out, and there is a sound of waves gently touching the seashore in rhythmic cycles so tender to the ear as if an unseen magician was hypothesizing me.

Behind me is the chattering sound of exotic birds in a forest of coconut trees in a landscape of evergreen bushes and scrubs everywhere to see, so pristine to the eyes that it makes me wonder who could paint a more beautiful picture than I see. In this forest, I can hear the sound of the wind as it weaves through the leaves of the palm trees, ever so graceful as it passes over me. I can feel a cool, calm breeze flowing through me, and I wonder who could set such a thermostat so perfectly.

To the east of me, the sun begins to set as it slides behind a scenic arrangement of clouds. As it sets, the sun's rays pierce through gaps in the lining of the clouds; it is so magnificent to see that for eternity, I wonder if I am really here or if I have died and gone to paradise. Over the face of the water, the light pierces the sea, and I can see the teeming movement in

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the water from life beneath its streams. Now and then, a school of fish would pop out of the water or turn onto its side, and I would see tiny mirrors in the sea.

To the west of me, along the beach, alone, a seabird strolls along the shore, watching over the sea so ever attentively. Beside me in every direction are hermit crabs foraging the shore for a bite to eat, and then the occasional butterfly sails past me.

It is now seven in the evening as the sun touches the horizon, and I begin to see simmering lights along the shore of homes in the distance that face the sea. I wonder if they know I am even here, not that I care at all, as I finally realize the moment I am in. I can see that life goes on perfectly without me and that it is I who is passing through their paradise. There is peace here in this place that moves my soul to dream and my mind to see, a humble presence that is beyond me. A stillness that I cannot disturb as it wraps me. A tranquillity that is complete that overwhelms me.

Then I suddenly remember that I am alone with no one to share this moment with me, and a gentle voice reminds me that I am not alone because there is someone special beyond the shore who is waiting for me and who will share this paradise with me.

Island in the sun

This is my island in the sun, my home,
Where my people have lived since time began.
All around her shores are lined with coconut trees,
Her landscape is filled with tropical flowers and ferns,
Her beaches are white, and her sand shines in the sun,
Everywhere her people smile and hold hands,

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Where every day, I watch the sunset over the Pacific Blue.

The Islands

Island sunsets,
Island nights,
Island sunrises,
Island days,
Island time,
Island ways,
Island fun,
Island dance,
Island songs,
Island paradise,
Island boy, just waiting for you.

Woman of mystic

I hear a steel guitar serenading the stars on an island across the sea. I hear sweet voices sing their sweet melodies to a beat on a mat.

I see moonlight footprints on the shore—a woman of mystic dancing in the shimmering light.

As her hula skirt lifts, her hair moves silently in the wind; I see two brown eyes smiling just for me.

Beneath the pale moonlight, I see happy faces singing along, a treasure I will long embrace.

Waves are crashing along the shore where tropical breezes blow in this place I want to be and spend my days loving my woman of mystic.

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My one true love

Come here, my darling, let our words be few, and let my heart speak to you because it cannot forget the love it gave to you. You are the precious jewel of my heart.

All these years, I have kept you at the center of my heart, lest my mind forgets you, and the sorrow of your absence torment me and perhaps kill me.

Hear me, my darling; the power and force of many rivers cannot take you out of my soul; that's how firm and deep I have engraved you in my heart.

The joys of this world are fleeting pleasures, which all end at death, but you, my dear, my love, remain unchanged.

Wherever this life will take us, remember my love for you is unending because you are the precious jewel of my heart.

This ring I have put on your hand, let this symbol always remind you that you are the one I chose lest you forget my vows because my devotion will never be repeated again, my one true love.

Isalei

Calling me from afar beneath my mountain where my father buried my belly button and my mother wove her baskets. Coconut trees line her shores, and white sands fill her beaches where I used to cast my net, roast my fish, and watch her sunset. There is simplicity everywhere and the songs of birds in the air. No matter where I go, Isalei lia, I promise I will always come back to you.

My Island in the Southsea

Oh, my Island in the Southsea, beautiful, lush, and green, you were made just for me. Your shores are filled with seashells, coral, and white sand, and your hills are lined with coconut

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trees. Long ago inhibited by sea-fearing people who navigate by the stars, whose smiles and friendship are in my heart. Though I travel far from you, I will not go for long because my heart is with thee. I embrace and kiss you, my Island, in the Southsea until we meet again.

Tropical delights

Here we are, lying under a coconut tree. The sky above us is like a wedding canopy. We gaze into the deep blue sea. Love and romance are in the air. We indulge in each other's embrace. For hours, we played with words and threw kisses at the birds. We imagine years of happiness before us. Eternal enchantment, you and me, the sun sets on the distant horizon, and we share an exotic meal: pineapples, mangoes, passionfruit, and papaya- a banquet of tropical delights. We savor the tastes with pleasure, toasting each other with tropical Kahlua's. And we feast deep into the feel of the night, and suddenly, without a call, our eyes catch. We know the moment has arrived when we must consummate the night under this coconut tree.

Ku'u Aloha

PS. It's just another evening here in the South Pacific, and I have just banked my canoe for the night. I am sitting here on a beach, watching the sun gently kiss the ocean and the stars softly pierce the sky, and I find myself reminiscing about you in blissful contentment. In the background, I hear the song 'Ku'u Aloha' echoing through the palm trees: 'You're always on my mind, stay right beside me, lie down and hold me tight...So soft and gentle, I love you, my darling. And always I'll, and I'll always, always will.'

WILDFIRE

Robert Louis Stevenson's paradise

Tumbling waves of the island seas, the sun melts into her rustling sea. Majestic harmony in the coolness of the island breeze. Robert Louis Stevenson's Paradise in the Southsea.

Gulls soaring aloft the sea, searching for a meal to steal. Birds perched on coconut leaves sing their harmonious song in search of love's sweet, soft companion for the night.

Here on this island of seaside serenity with exotic birds, I hear the drums of soaring beats. A show and dance of Island girls in fanfare for a crowd of visitors from beyond her shores.

Faces gazing intently while Island hips swayed side to side to a magical chant and beat. To the swaying tune of the glistening grasses in their hands, hardened hearts soften to their dance.

In the sweet harmony of a melodic tune, hearts touch and unite in first love. I'm mindful of the sweet myriad of love's first call long ago from an Island girl untouched in Virgin Cove, whose charm took me still.

Here on the island of my father's right to which all people in love do live, here I listen to an ode of quietness so surreal where heaven surely does survive. I welcome you, my darling delight, to Robert Louis Stevenson's paradise.

Home is this fisherman

Far away I have been, home is the sailor from the sea. Fisherman, fisher nets cast aside for a bride. Seagulls and sea lions no longer pursuing me. Coat and boots tucked away exchanged for a book. Oh, what has happened to me, a fishing line now a clothesline? The horizon I once transverse now a lighthouse on the hill. A beacon to the fisherman I have become. A vestibule for the alien and the native on their way to the sea. How I miss the thrill of the sea, the waves, and the currents that once tossed me. I hear the sweet voice of a

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woman. Hand in my hand, the warmth of a loving companion draws me. Home is this fisherman from the great sea.

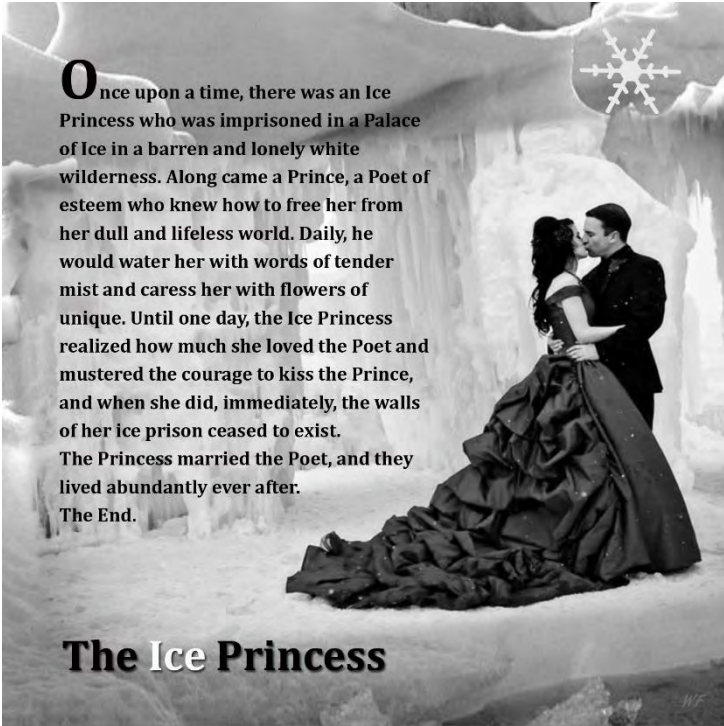
Leine my island teine

Leine my teine,
Island woman of intrigue,
Strange and beautiful indeed,
You appeared into my life,
Knocked me off my feet,
Then left me high and loveless,
Typically of Island teines,
They pretend to be your honey,
They steal your heart, and your money,
Then they leave you wondering if it was all a dream,
Like blast from the past, a hangover still lingering,
Leine my island teine, please come back to me.

Native love salutations from the Southsea's Island

Hawaiian "Aloha Oe" I love you.
Maori "E hine hoki mai ra" My woman return to me.
Fijian "Ku'u Aloha" I love you, my darling.
Samoan "Lau Pele Ea is Samoan" For my sweet darling.
Rarotongan "Mou Piri" Hold me close in your heart.
Tongan "Ofa Lahi Atu" I love you so much.

The Exotic Series



The Ice Princess

Once upon a time, there was an Ice Princess who was imprisoned in a Palace of Ice in a barren and lonely white wilderness. Along came a Prince, a Poet of esteem who knew how to free her from her dull and lifeless world. Daily, he would water her with words of tender mist and caress her with flowers of unique. Until one day, the Ice Princess realized how much she loved the Poet and mustered the

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courage to kiss the Prince, and when she did, immediately, the walls of her ice prison ceased to exist. The Princess married the Poet, and they lived abundantly ever after.
The End.

Arabia

Oh, how lovely is the desert of Arabia! How surreal is her oasis? How mystical are her star-filled nights? How pleasurable are her golden sunsets? A mist the desert heat and dryness, there is stillness in the air, inexplicable majesty. The silence of greatness and the light of purpose in the air. A place where one can hear the inner thoughts of the heart when the desert wind speaks. A place where you can discover the strength of being alone with yourself and hear your heartbeat.

The Desert Princess

Desert Heights, Desert lows, sand dunes, sandhills, as far as the eye can see. Woe is me; where can I be? In a country not my own, among a people I don't know. Unrelenting sun, baking my skin into a bun. My throat is dry as a goat; my head is spinning from the heat, camels trotting along in the sun. The air-light as a feather, this crazy heat drying my eyes, hard to wink. Sandstorms and dust always threatening to come. At night, stars are so bright, galaxies insight, not a cloud under this golden sky. Then it dawned on me why I am here, why I have chosen to endure. The memory of a desert princess, a heavenly sight, the daughter of a mighty sheik, once I betrothed and lost to a foe, I left behind in a pool of tears. I come to reclaim my words, to release her from my vow to return, which I now gladly disavow. You see! I found this princess, under another name, in another age, just as

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beautiful, just as heavenly, just as dry, but is she willing to be mine?

Twinkle little toe

Twinkle, little toe, I am feeling like a toad. Here I am, lying on the snow, my body stamped into the snow. Snowflakes falling on my head, my hair crisp with ice, my face hard as ice. White everywhere I stare, my eyes cringing from the glare. Here she comes, the woman who floored me with ice balls. She pulls me up, puts her arms around my neck, and laughs at me. She kisses me and tells me that I am her prince, who was a toad—twinkle little toe.

The Ghost Woman

As the moonlight pierced through your golden hair, I saw you walking among the daffodils. Was I witnessing a goddess or an angel I could hardly compare? I wanted to serenade you with accolades, but you would not let me. You took my hand, caressed my fingers, gently smiled at me, and then, like a vapor, you vanished into thin air. I am your captive, forever chained by your memory, forever yours. Now, at the sight of every full moon, I will wait for you with my daffodil in my hand so that you may free me from this prison to love you.

Hello!

I sat down to admire a flower that caught my eye. There was nothing special about this flower. Just an ordinary flower. She stood in a garden of assorted wonders, among roses, orchids, sunflowers, lilies, daffodils, and carnations too. So many to name and praise. Each is a marvel and wonder on its own. I said, Hello! Is it me, my darling, you are looking for?

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I can see it in your eyes and your smile. You have been waiting for me, and I for you. I am just an ordinary guy looking for a flower like you. A flower I can call my very own. A flower I can take home and call my love. I have got to let you know. You are so beautiful to me; you are everything I have ever wanted and need. I love you.

Walls, Walls, Walls

Walls everywhere, walls, walls, walls,
Walls high and low walls fat and slim,
Walls near, walls far between,
Walls in our house walls around our home,
Walls in our workplace, walls in our town,
Walls among races, walls among creeds,
Walls among kings, walls among nations,
Walls seen, walls unseen, walls in between,
Walls in our minds, walls in our hearts,
Walls keeping people out, keeping you a bay,
Walls where we hide, keeping us insane,
Walls we have made, walls we must break,
Walls of pain, some of shame,
Walls of fear, some of pride,
Walls of success, some of loss,
Walls all around, walls we must tear down,
Walls, walls, walls, I am sick of walls.

Why Seek?

Why seek paradise? It is before me,
Why seek love? It is before me,
Why seek beauty? It is before me,
Why seek perfection? It is before me,
Why seek royalty? It is before me,
Why seek strength? It is before me,

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Why seek intelligence? It is before me,
Why I say seek a rare and precious flower,
it is before me.

The Exotic Woman

She loves her coffee and biscuits.
She knows her assorted wines.
She has peculiar and familiar tastes.
She loves fine dining in the company of a gentleman.
She never forgets to leave room for dessert.
She wants to be romanced, and shortcuts are beneath her.
She turns into a tiger in bed only after massaging her.
She is comely and quiet in spirit.
She is homely and lovely.
She has secrets she will keep to the last day.
She likes her shopping and her bargains.
She knows what she wants, and she will fairly get it.
She nurtures and protects her children.
She knows her business and her future.
She hates liars and cheats.
She will not be hurried or conjured.
She is someone you never want to mess with.
She is the exotic woman!

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The Author

Meredith Meredith is a New Zealander who lives in a remote paradise in the South Pacific. A romantic and young at heart, he believes in finding true love and one's soul mate. He is the author of *The Darling of Sochi*, a romantic novel, his first, and *Smilies For You*, a collection of humor and short stories. He writes from experience and his sense of mission to help, encourage, and inspire people. An entrepreneur and a teacher by background, he composes poems and writes love stories that have attracted a social media following. He has created a particular brand of Poetry called Moments.





meredith.meredith888@gmail.com

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Romance is a language you learn! It does not start when you persue or court a woman or a man and it does not end at marriage or a partnership. It is a lifelong labor of love with ongoing rewards when you know the lingo. For the majority of us, this language does not come naturally, we must learn the lingo. We express romance through the deification of language. We call this labor of love - Poetry, and Prose. Once committed to ink and paper, it is eternal. The infused words is an ageless seed that when planted in the soil of the heart it is certain to bring forth a harvest when watered with loving deeds. Let me teach you this language.

*Daily I will water you
with words of tender mist*



Meredith Meredith

Email: meredith.meredith888@gmail.com

P.O Box 3444 Apia Samoa 685