

Anthology of chanel96

chanel96

Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

To my happiness and sorrows of life.

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Salty Tears

Salty Tears

I often think of you. I think about the way you could make my spirit smile. The way you made my blood rush to my face. The joy I felt when I knew you were coming around. The strength and warmth of your hugs. They meant so much to me. The security of a man I imagined was mine.

The reality was you never were. My insecurities held on to you. The thought of you only wanting and looking at me as if I was the only one that received that stare. The pure feeling of lust and what I felt was love.

You were my 2019 internet friend before anything else. Then we finally met a couple of years later. The way we met had me believe we were going to become more. Everything felt so perfect that day. You took me out to eat, we dressed up and just talked like we had met a thousand times before. Those dates suddenly became second nature to us....until they didn't anymore.

I will always replay our walk to the park in my head like my favorite romance movie. I will always remember our pure innocent moments together. Now that you are gone. All I have left are my salty tears. My heart will always be dull for you in the same spot that shined when you were in my life.

I will always have a love for you that will never fade....even though we ended with pain.

Hourglass

Hourglass

Filled with a fresh glass of hope, possibilities, change, a clean slate. Never turning a new hour glass over with the same thoughts or intentions.

Filled with a few debris.....a few rocky layers starting to show through. The passage is beginning to roughen up. Thoughts of turning the glass over to help smoothen things out cross my mind.....but that would disrupt the natural flow.

I continue to allow the process to take its course. Allowing bystanders to watch and judge as well. The same thoughts they are throwing out have been in my mind as well.....but this is my hour glass, not anyone else's. So my nurturing defensive mentality begin to launch out towards the on lookers. I throw my self over the hourglass like a protective shield allowing the piercing words and thoughts to hit and damage me instead. Filled with pain and agony, I continue to smile for the hourglass. It is completely blinded by my glow of hope and love. As I am to.

The hourglass has finished its natural course. I stare....and wonder if it was worth the time, judging, pain, vulnerability, the agony of wanting to start the time over. Then I think to myself. Even though the process was bittersweet.....it was still able to complete its purpose...its journey.

The time had a lesson. A chapter. A reason. Now I'm left with a new hourglass I haven't turned over yet.....when it's time, I will allow the same process to take its course. Passage to passage.....chapter to chapter. Feeling to feeling.

Frosted Thrills

Frosted Thrills

I remember the cold breeze resting on my cheeks. I remember giggling and smiling so broadly by you and your warming presence. I remember "accidentally" bumping into your masculine structure through out the night.

I remember feeling peace and calmness around you. You're so kind, sweet, caring, and gently spoken around me. I admire every word and tone that comes out of your mouth. You truly do intrigue me.

I have never met a man that can make me feel so care free and loved.....flowing with every glance of you. My eyes dilate at the thought of you. The beginning of a story I would love to create with you. If you let me.

Unwritten stories and unwritten love languages submerge me when I'm not around you. I just want to be near you....I want our bodies to collide like a rocket ship to the open sky. I want to taste your lips on mine.....I want it all. Every aspect of you. How lovely.....to imagine these thoughts of you.

What a wonderful man you are.....the night you held me....I could feel my heart beating through your chest.....what a wonderful night that was....as we allowed the shadows of the night to carry us away. How I wish you would've lifted my chin and pressed your lips upon mine....what a lovely thought that lingers on my mind.....of you.

How lovely of a man you are. Thats what I remember.....of you...as the frosted thrills settled in my stomach.

Why.

Why.

A man comes into my life.....he gives me the world.....the way he feels the world is supposed to be given to a woman he "cares" for. I took the world you gave me.

I took the warmth and happiness that came with it. I came into your life....I gave you the world....the way I felt the world is supposed to be given. You accepted it. The love, the warmth, the nurturing. You took it all.

Then you got bored....you became dry....even cruel and empty. You became ghostly. So I tried harder. You began to tell me if anything were to happen between us you would never have anything bad to say about me....so you knew we wouldn't make it. A man that truly loves a woman would never say anything like that because he would see her in his future.

I tried....I tried to love you until there was nothing left to love. I succeeded at that. You came back after you left me the first time.....and tore me even deeper. 5 months later you replaced me like I meant nothing for the last 2 years. And you gave her something I wanted from you for years. So easily. I feel anger, confusion, sadness, irritation.....but I know it will all fade away with time. Even though my heart cries. I simply wish you both the best....because I am a good hurt person.

Forgiveness

Forgiveness.

Forgiveness is one of the hardest things you can go through. The feeling of anger, confusion, frustration, pride, jealousy, comparison. They all come together as one and feed off of the fuel you give them by holding on to a situation you have to let go of.

That is the only way God can fix the issue. God wants us to trust him and let go. He understands the pain we hold with the situation.....he knows the details of the issue frontwards and backwards. There's no hiding away that fact.

The longer you hold on to the weight of unforgiving thoughts.....the longer you will drown in the endless pit of darkness. It will not get better. And the person that hurt you will continue to walk freely while you drown.

Just let it all go.

God will catch you. He always has and always will.

A Silent War

A Silent War.

Everything is so loud when you are at war.

All the sounds....all the yells.....all the screaming of anger, fear, sadness, loss.....

All the unexpected sharp pains. The hiding spots helping you feel safe.....

But then silence hits you.....not a sound....not an explosion of yelling at once. No draining of the body....but this silence.....the silence is the most underrated.....powerful weapon of them all. It means defeat. Someone won.....

But deep down inside you know it wasn't you....so you become worried....you crave the yells....the fear....even the pain....Because If there's silence.....there's defeat.....there's no reason for the enemy to attack you anymore.....at the moment that is.....because his plan finally worked.

Now you are empty inside....knowing you failed. But don't give up....there's hope. You can win back your badge of untouchable faith.....just keep praying....just keep moving....God will pull you out of this confusion....he will heal every scrape and bruise....because he loves you. Forever. Amen

Flowers In A Waterless Vase

Flowers In A Waterless Vase.

For years I have seen the beauty in others. Just like a flower....they were beautiful to look at.

But the longer they stayed in the waterless vase....their true colors started to show. So I gave more water. I started to notice their colors would mature and blossom more.

They became more enhanced. More vivid to the eye. I didn't realize I was giving too much water.....the beauty started to cause more pain and damage....because eventually the stems of the flower would weaken and swell.

So I stepped back....blaming myself for providing too much water....but I thought that's what was needed for them to grow.

Then I realized.....not everything is meant to grow....sometimes things are only meant to last for a season....and you have to let it go. You have to take a step back and cherish the moments of beauty the flowers did give you. Their time has past...and at last you will see the growth of new flowers growing. Just don't forget the growing process.

RU.

RU.

Him....gasp....pupils dilated. Can you fall in love with an imagine of a man. Can your heart melt? Mine did. This mystery man still has my heart 3 yrs later.

But he doesn't want me or my heart. Am I delusional? Maybe? I just fell for a man's image.....but do I personally know him? No....but my heart knows him through the music he shares....his music allows me to connect with him through another sense....a sense of hearing....and taking in the notes he takes in as the music plays through my speakers.

That's the only way I will ever know him. And that's ok. I'm ok with my psychic fantasy world of him.

Acceptance

Acceptance.

I gave you two yrs of my love. My patience's, my being. And now I know you can't give someone all of you.....it can be too much for some. And if or when they leave.....you are left empty and shattered. Broken....and in pain. You are left wondering.....was I to overbearing?

The last month of our relationship you became more distant....more dark. You mentally clocked out of our bound. You were not the man I fell in love with. My sweet man that wanted to be around me almost everyday.....the man that couldn't wait for me to get off from work. You tuned out. Yet I still fought....I fought for us until I had nothing left. You broke me....and you never should have had that power in the first place.....but I thought you were the love of my life. Deep down I still do believe you are the love of my life.....

You expressed to me that you were in a dark place....and you couldn't balance our relationship.....for months I have asked you what's going on....and you would always shut me out and avoid anything was wrong. You hated conflict. You didn't want to fight for our relationship.

But on our final goodbye.....you hugged me....and I wanted to stay there in your arms.....because your arms used to be my home. When you said goodbye I motioned you over for one last hug.....you became watery eyed.....that's all I ever wanted from you....to open up and show me your emotions and everything you felt deep down inside. But you are a lockbox. You will have to be the person to find that key and open up to others. I will always love you.....and it still hurts you are gone....but I must accept it. Or the thoughts and memories will drown me alive.

More Soil.

I'm Tired

I'm so tired of giving so much love to people in my life and then receiving only half.

I want my glass to be filled evenly. With the same amount of purity. Not empty air.

I want my ice cubes to be made equally. Not with sharp ends and holes. I want them to be smooth with the same amount of work....working together to create the perfect temperature.

I want to feel hole with one person....not just me doing all of the heavy lifting. I'm one person. I want a team member on the same team as me....to support me....to not give up when the river gets too high.

I want someone to plant the same love I plant in their heart.....I want to be accepted for who I am.

Pretty Girl, Pretty Tears

Pretty Girl, Pretty Tears

She's loving, she's generous, she's in love, she's upset, she's confused, she's irritated, she's confronted. She's anxious, and she's muted.

She's told to let it go, she's told to get out of her head, she's told to silence the situation, she's told to mask it all in. She knows the thoughts will continue to taunt her and her relationship.

She doesn't want to lose her love....but the thoughts feed off of the anticipation. It feeds off of the silent treatments, the apologizing, the threats, the roller coaster of a situation that keeps on happening.

She knows deep down inside that someone is going to walk away. She feels it in her sad heart....the warm pretty tears continue to fall down her matted face. She's tried to fight off the thoughts, the feelings, the what ifs....but it just makes it worse. She holds her emotions in whenever she sees him. She smiles and apologizes again.....but in the end all she wants is certainty and the security that she is the only woman he sees and wants in his life to love. She wants to be number one. When she loves....she loves hard. She just wants the same thing in return.

Delegate Rose

Delegate Rose

On a cold winter morning....the tress, the flowers, the grass, all of Gods precious gifts are frozen away. Just for a moment.

But my love for you is always blooming. The beauty I see in you is never frozen. My love will thaw any frozen particles you may have on your majestic heart. If you let me.

Guarded.....with all the love and warmth I have giving over the years to frozen situations....you think I would be guarded with my warmth...but no, I have so much to give. But will the same amount be giving to me.

God has placed so much love and warmth in my body and soul. I just want someone worthy enough to accept it all. I want the look of love in your eyes....I want time to be a figment of imagination in our world together. I want you to warm me when I'm cold....and on the verge of becoming frozen.....because I have giving so much of my warmth to the world.

I love....that's my gift....I love. Love me back....make me feel like I'm the only rose you want to give warmth to in the winter days to come. I want to be your rose....for eternity.

Fear.

Fear.

Love.....every relationship or friendship starts off with love. Flowers....kisses....happiness....road trips....exploring new things together are always fun and spontaneous at the begging. You are trying to build something with this person in your life. Once you feel you have them in you get "comfortable" ok I've seen all this persons flaws....what makes them happy...what makes them sad...what turns them on.

My mission and task are accomplished. Now I want more. That thought stays in your head....it marinates. It possesses you. In ways you don't even notice. Suddenly your life starts throwing stuff at you. The happiness you had at the begging is starting to fade. The love is taking an unexpected u-turn for the worst.

While the other person is just fine....but also feels something is going on inside of you. So they fight....they fight for all the good times and the bad times. They fight for love harder than they ever have before. They feel fear and emptiness inside because they feel the darkness trying to take over your relationship. You cry inside....you break inside.

But is the other person really happy. No....but they still adore you...it's not you that's the problem. It's life its self. But you tell them you want to fight the good and the bad days with them....because that's what loves about. Imagining a world without that person shreds the insides of you.....so you continue to fight until you simply can't fight anymore. Why?

Because.....

LOVE.

He Does.

He Does.

When I see you or feel you are near

My body reacts in such a soothing relaxing way. All of my worries and fears of everyday life disappears. Being around him makes time feel like a lucid thought. All of my time....I wish could be spent with you. Your energy shines positive vibes all over my body and inner self so effortlessly. You are truly a jewel.

The love I feel for you is too powerful to fully express through this poetry. But yes indeed. You make my soul, spirit, energy waves....and everything else that is stored in me shine like the richest stone on this earth. You are my heart....my smile...my joy.

Black Door.

Black Door.

On both sides of a black door, my inner self and another side of me I don't like or understand face each other.

I'm afraid, confused, lost, who is this other side that is trying to take me under.

The thoughts forced upon me by this other side are very troublesome. My good side is confused and becoming buried. I pray it will leave me alone. I pray for it to exit my body.

I don't deserve to feel this way, the thoughts are so strong; they are convincing me the thoughts are normal and it's me thinking them.

That is true.....but I would never think of things so dark, and toxic.

Help me Dear Lord, for once in my life I am happy with another....a person that actually cares about me. Pays attention to me....and never leaves me lonely. But this dark side is trying to pull me away from him. Please make it stop Lord.

Please.

Water To Sand.

Water To Sand.

Like water to sand, you submerge me in with your eyes of crystal blue jewels. Like water to sand...you bring me in all at once with your soothing tone of voice.

Like water to sand....I want to only be brought in by you, covered by you, and loved by you.

Like water to sand....you leave me soft and vulnerable....you have me in your grasp.

I will continue to allow you to bring me in with your strong waves of love. I won't hide or shy away from you.

Like water to sand...I continue to be submerged by you. So natural....so real. Like water to sand...we remain beautiful in each other's world.

I.**I.**

I have decided I will be putting myself first. Unapologetically. No more apologizing for who I am...and what I believe...or how I feel.

I have decided that this is my life, and who belongs in it will accept and love me just for me.

No more muting my true feelings and thoughts....or even my concerns to make others comfortable. Life is too short to put on a censored sticker for everyone. When they don't care to do the same for me.

No more allowing people to say what they want and just accept it. No more chasing and trying to understand why I may not fit in someone's life.

I am a proud strong black woman who will be happy regardless. Now that I have distanced myself from certain people and their actions...the time alone has brought me closer to myself.

That's all I needed. (*self care* *self love*)

Mine.

Mine.

For some time I have been wanting and craving a man that would cherish me, love me, seduce me, carry me...through all the tough times...and stay consistent with me.

I've been wanting a man that honors the time we have and share together. I've been wanting a man that looks at me like I'm the one he's been searching for as well. Like I am the most beautiful thing on this earth to him.

I have been wanting a man that makes me nervous to give him my all....heart body and soul. A man that is a mountain and I am the jumper wanting to feel a rush of love submerge me when I jump in head first.

I have been wanting a man that makes me feel love...love so deep that I want to shout it out to him....but I know it's way to soon. His chocolate skin, his perfect complexion...his White perfect teeth...that smirk he gives me when he knows he's got me right where he wants me....is everything I have wanted. I feel he's finally here....and I know I can't let go. So here I go....holding on for dear life. Love me. As you do. ?

TXT.

Yeah that's true....but it molds us all in some way.

I've gotten to the point of just not caring anymore. I know people are unpredictable so I don't give all my emotions or time to most anymore.

Alone.

Alone.

Wake up....approach the day. Go off to work, put on a big smile...don't let them see you frown...don't let your guard down.

Mission accomplished. Go home, wind down. Then welcome silence back in. Welcome loneliness back in. They have been up patiently waiting for your return.

Stare straight ahead at the blank white wall as they try to consume you. Try to push them away with music and social media.

That is only a little fix until it is time for bed. Endless flicks of your past begin to play....was it my fault? Was it their fault? Either way you toss and turn all through the night.

You must pray...read, write, sing...anything to fight these dark times. Everything will be ok...because the mind is in control of everything. Let it know what you want to feel....and you should be on the right path...you will always be in charge of yourself..... (Always) not them, not it...(you) chose your peace.

Be happy. Breath.

Hatred.

Hatred...

Full of peace, love, patience, and understanding doors for others.

But from the looks of it, I'm the one that needs all of the above...because I have felt mistreated, used, and taken for granted many times to be considered a happy loving being at the moment. I am roaming with confusion.

Like leaches, they have sucked all of my true qualities away.

I am under construction.

Never in my life have I ever felt the word hatred...but it is trying to take over. It's time for me to meditate. This too will pass. I am

Not hatred...I am peace, love, and patience.

To much

To much.

I am heavy...heavy with love.

I feel I have to much to offer.

Does it overwhelm others? Does it scare them away? I am bleeding...bleeding with love, want, adoring stares...everything that I have always had in me.

Now I am starving...starving to give it to another person that deserves it.

Someone that will be patient with me, and for me. Someone that will understand my roller coaster of emotions.

Someone that will wait for me, because they know I am worth it.

Someone that will hold my hand even when I may be holding on to old weight...negative weight and fear, I so desperately want to release....but how can I when it just continues to build?

Broken

Broken.

You told me your main priority was for me to be happy.

But in order for you to do that you had to leave me alone. You felt you were the reason for my unhappiness.

I can surely tell you with a straight face that I haven't been happy since you left us in the dark...in the past.

There isn't a day that goes by that you don't cross my mind. There isn't a day that has gone by where I don't want to cry all of the pain out of my soul...but it doesn't want to budge.

I can say that I miss you dearly. It hurts so bad...I can feel my heart crying....this feeling is way to familiar.

Come back to me.

Noticed. (23)

Noticed. (23)

At 18 I was taking off my feet unexpectedly by a love able force. By the age of 20 I was let down by the same force.

21 I was playing with a chapter that was already closed. Continuously being poked at, played with, fumbled with, and held by a string for fun. Just an open book waiting to be torn out of again and again.

At the age of 22 I was finally renewed. Although still wounded. So I flew to other escapes. I flew into dark places I did not belong. I saw a mirror and didn't recognize ?the reflection looking back at me. But I didn't mind it...this unknown girl taught me how to feel...I felt pleasure, reckless decisions, I tasted lust. I was dark...but I liked it.

By the age of 23, I was still in deep, with my unknown reflection. But then I found another force...this one was nice, patient, caring, understanding....tried to always put me first. My reflection started to appear as me again...my worth was pushing through again. Bright as the sun. But then I got to comfortable....to needy.

Still at 23....I'm alone building myself up again. I feel strength and power. I feel reconstructed. Yet I'm still under construction. Finding my entire self again...renewing myself again. #23.

Opened Up.

Opened up.

I finally aloud myself to semi open up to you.

I finally aloud myself to release the tension, the sadness, and the anger that came with the thought of you.

I finally aloud myself to accept that I can't always have what's in front of me...even if it's right in front of my face.

I finally aloud myself to cry, wonder, and tell you what was on my mind.

Hearing how you felt was a wake up call. You have your own life you're trying to figure out right now. You have your own dreams you're trying to make a reality.

With all this information you put in my mind....I still can only think of your presence, your touch, your caring loving heart...and your gentleness when you comes to me.

You're a gift in my eyes, and I pray you will be able to make your way back to me when it's all set and done.

But as in for now...I too must focus on my dreams...and goals to better myself as well.

It's just the thought of you forgetting
about me or moving on that scares
me.

Sand-Breeze

Sand:

You sucked me in like an angry ocean on a stormy day. You played with me...my emotions...my head...my mind...my heart. My entire being. You had me triggered with lust...and love? So I thought...no it was only infatuation.

Breeze:

You came in my life, in and out...like a windy day. You lingered your way in my life, while I played around with different shells on the shore overlooking your beauty. You caught on and let me have my share pick of options. You waited for your glow to entice me....now you're mine...and I am yours.

You Came.

You came.

You came in my life for one sole reason, to detach me from my past. That is exactly what you achieved...I was hesitant at the moment of our pleasure ride...but as we begin to meet each other and explore each other's mind and body and talk more I began to get emotionally tide in you. I wanted you to contact me more...I wanted to feel like our energy was even. I wanted you to want me the way I emotionally wanted you. All though you made your intentions clear at the beginning of our festival....I felt the 2 months of our communication and meet ups would shape you into wanting to be in a happy passionate relationship with me. As the months went by and the meet ups continued I realized that wasn't so. I thought if I brought the discussion up to you maybe your feelings would of been mutual, but they weren't. So I left...I was only sad you didn't fight for me to stay.

Robotic

Robotic.

I was cold in your presence...I was lost, empty, emotionless. But then you kissed me, I liked your soft wet lips on mine...but as you felt on my body, memories forced themselves out of my inner core. I told myself to pull it together, I apologized to my Heavenly Father and aloud myself to let go....I had another man on me...slowly working himself inside of me. Everything I carried from my past flowing out with every touch, kiss, rub, and stroke. I no longer have only "him" inside of me.

I am a new women. Telling myself it's ok to let go. Although I know it's not. But I enjoyed every minute of my uncensored ways with you.

Mornings

Mornings.

The mornings are always fresh.

Fresh of new thoughts, thoughts with left over thoughts from the day after. Mornings are rough. Do I want to force myself out of my security blanket?

My insecurities are secured in every fiber of my human made cocoon. I lay, seeing all my past fly above my bed, with laughter, pain, anger, confusion? Why are they flying above me?

My emotions are skin to razors in the AM.

I am forcefully pushed back into my bed by my past and insecurities.

But my will power will win...I fight, I push...my painful thoughts aside...and fight for my new fresh day. I win...once again...yes, I win. I am happy. While I wait for another AM.

Empty

Empty.

My soul feels empty, my being here seems shallow, my thoughts are heavy weights dragging me down with each day. Pain has permanently found a home with me, with all of the needs of living. My heart is the color of nothingness.....empty with no strength in my mind.

Pretending to be the "happy" "ok" "bubbly" girl others know me as, so no questions will be asked of my current well being. Yet everyday I wake with a deeper scar, a scar screaming for help, but I bandage it with more layers of pretend wellness. I am unhappy, and it's simply because I remember the things that used to make me happy. They and him are gone. So, even with me being around family and friends, they can't seem to heal me the way I so desperately need.

But...I will be ok.

thoughts

Thoughts.

First thought in the morning

You.

Last thought at night

You.

First love

You.

First kiss

You.

First....

You.

First heartbreak

You.

You were my first of many things. We taught and made mistakes with each other, we fought to make up with each other. I saw my future in your eyes. But with me, you saw a goodbye. Why was my love stronger? Why did I love harder. We drove each other. We held each other. But you left me....that one was your doing, not mine. That was not together. That was all you. My smile remained the same for you. Cheeks rose red for you. But your smile became dull....distant. You became distant...with me. So I say bye bye. My pain is now here, another thing, from you.

thoughts.

H.B

H.Beat. (heart beat)

At a point you were my H.B.

My Happiness, The Smile On

My Face.....The first person on my mind in the morning, and the last person on my mind at night. I loved you like no other. I was willing to give up so much for you....because my soul adored you. You being near and with me made me feel more safer then if I had bodyguards on stand by at all times. But then a storm came. You took the boat without ME. You left me behind....with unbearable pain, and no life jacket to protect me from the continues storm of heart ache. Times have gotten better, but they aren't the same. Time is what keeps me going. I pray one day we will be together again. I pray God allows it. Because you are my H.B.

?Little ? Marble ?

Little Marble.

My happiness is currently in a little marble rolling around showing the world how beautiful my soul and joy can be. My happiness is rolling around all the places I left my most cherishing memories with the ones I love and "the one" I loved. I'm not sure when this marble will return with my happiness.....but as for now, I don't mind it's absence. At least my happiness is being productive. Right?.....so I will let it roll, until it's outer core can no longer handle the stress of the pavements.

Come To Me.

Come to me.....

I can see in your eyes, I can see every emotion you refuse to let go; I can feel your current mood. You have become so open to me, so open that the closing of your mouth or the plastic smile on your face can not fool me. The emotions are glazing through your eyes....constantly.

I mentioned I can "feel" your emotions...they rise like worshippers. You try to shelled yourself, but I can see and feel your hazy emotions.

I know it is difficult for one to open up to another, that takes time and trust...strong trust; the kind that is very ware to find in this lifetime.

So I am telling you, come to me, rest on me...and let everything go in that moment. Rest, sleep, refresh, breath....loosen yourself. Loosen your mind your pride and your ego. Let it go. Don't let it take control of you any longer.

I want to soothing you.....remind you that everything will be fine, just like you have told me....

Mist.

With all the confusion from others...and even you at times, my love for you hasn't died. *sorry*

MLK.

MLK

Thank You God for this Angel. Thank you for your powerful words, and fearless soul. Thank you for not giving up. Thank you for pushing.

I Adore You.

I adore you...

Nothing is fair....

Life isn't fair...time isn't fair...nothing is really fair right now. The soul I want to myself at this moment in my life is so close but so far away...we want each other's embrace, and comfort, the intimacy in our touch...all gone now, as we slowly realize we just can't work out right now. It all hurts. The absence of your loving fantasizing hugs...your playful yummy blooming kisses...all in the distance now. It all isn't fair. I ask myself...am I willing to wait for you? I don't know. I just know I want your embrace right now at this moment....I want you for myself. All of you and only you.

Under The Stars With You.

Under The Stars With You

Sitting under the stars with you is everything I ever wanted. Our connection builds as the moon shines upon our skin. Relaxed by the heat around us, taking away by the stars and darkness with a hint of moon light. We come together, letting each other go with the building vibe. I lay my head on your chest, hearing your heart beat pound for the first time. Taking away by such music to my ears, you are beautiful, my love for you will never fade. You hold me into the night, as I hold you as well. We build around the dark sky, our favorite jewel from the earth.

I take you in, you take me in.

The Key.

The Key.

Your home my home.

Confusing thoughts have been born.

But no confusion when it comes to this.

Love me...caress me....kiss me...hold me.

Only we know this world. Only we have the key to this world. I'm waiting for you....the feeling only we can create. It's been dull for quite some time. The craving the thought....is strong. Take me....love me....through the complications. Escaped from the world just for a little while.

A glimpse*

A glimpse*

The lens of the camera see me, because you see me. The lens of the camera captures me, because you capture me. The movement of my body smoothly roams the earth as if I were alone, but I know you are there, I always know when you are near.

We carry each other's energy like the solar system holds the planets beyond the seeing eye. You capture my pure moments of movement to the earth, you capture me.

In your photogenic world I am forever yours. Never fading, because the moment has already been captured, and forever enclosed in your memory. You watch me, and capture the moments of me...you fantasize me.....with your beauty of art. I remain honored to know you want to capture the moments of my unknowing....my purest state, taken from you.

StarDust.

StarDust.

When two bodies collide, it can be mixed with aggression, or a mistaken gesture; it can be playful. When two bodies collide it can be fixed with love. Pulled in by the dust of the roaming building love. Feeling the connection which is magnetic. The body is like a galaxy, the right star can cause a whole new service, pressed the right way can cause a unknown beauty unknown to many, but felt by the open minded. My body calls for your dust....its attracted to your dust. Building and building.....the service shifts. This is what the greater power created.....the dust of two humans, creating, exploring, and creating and building a richer connection. The feeling will never fade.....

An artist.(j)??

An artist.(j)??

Among this world there are hundreds and hundreds of different artists. Every person on this earth has the ability and gift of being one. It was stored in us through the womb. Music....artists that give us music is what I want to talk about. Music...created by the angels and God his self. Music brings the best and the worst out of us all. It holds memories of joy and pain. Jhene is one of my favorite artists...she sings what I feel....and she writes what I can see. Her persona is enchanting. I do not know her personally, but when I go through tough stages in my life, she seems to come out with a new piece of art. Her recent piece got me through one of the toughest times in my life, and she continues to feed my soul with a poetry book she has just released. My thoughts and soul is happy and fulfilled, as I continue to shed the pain I endured over these past few weeks.

Blue Waves ?

Blue....Waves...

.....I hear the sounds of the birds, their wings flapping in the soothing breeze. I hear the waves of the ocean, crawling onto the sandy white shore....with every wave I feel a dab of blue heaven splash on my skin. Beauty, I see and feel beauty between my toes..my hands...and the bottom of my body. Paradise from the outside world...slipped away from traffic lights....smokey factories, and unpleasant people. I want this paradise to last forever. I want my next lifetime to be the beautiful ocean...and only the ocean...I want to only carry the weight of seashells in my hands. Hearing only the voice of the heavy waves against the shore, controlled by the moon its self. My planet my mood...my love. I feel it I hear it I dream it.

Sip Sip Release ?

Sip Sip Release.

These pass 3 days without you have been hell. You broke my heart on 11-7-17 2 weeks away from our anniversary. Yes our situation is different from most. But I still wanted to hang on to you. I was willing to fight for you, but this distance between us gets easier and easier to handle every waking day. I will always love you. I just hope you haven't taking my love for granted. Until the day we may meet again, or until the day you come around with a phone call or txt apologizing about your dismissal in such a harsh painful way, I'll continue to Sip Sip....and release the smooth liquid beside me.

Soulless picture.

Soul less picture.

Today I went to the place you and I treasured so much. A place I adored, a place you introduced to me. This place holds all kinds of memories of us. The beautiful trails we would walk together, the piggy back rides you would give me. The laughing and giggling that bounced off the bark covered tress from us being in love. They are still there, but covered with the past. As I walked the grounds we used to walk together, I begin to pray to my God. I prayed on your safety, your mental state, and your drive of pushing forward. As I know how you would get under pressure. I prayed that if it should be between us....then it will be. As I held your picture and the cross of my God, I looked out near the distance. The view I saw was once a view we shared together. As I realized I was alone....I begin to feel the presence of the Lord. The feeling was beautiful. I wonder if I should let the thought of you go...or hold onto wishful thinking, thoughts and hopes. I don't know, but I do know my love for you is still placed in me. I don't mind it. But is the feeling the same for you.

Tonight.

Tonight.

Tonight I watched the moon and the clouds submerge them self's in each other, shadow by shadow, shelled by shelled.

As I watched the way of the solar spheres cover each other. I began to think about my current situation, my life. What I have become over these past few years.

Covered by another...may that be a human force, or a certain obstacle. I began to think about the love I hold for people, all kinds of people around me.

I give so much (love and kindness) to others, and in the end, I'm the one covered by the clouds, my light being covered.

I do not regret my will of giving love and kindness to others, that is simply who I am. That is my soul, my personality.

But what if I went through a tragedy, would I still be covered by the clouds that shelled my light? Or would I simply become the clouds?

Soft....but still filled with mystery and....

?

Winter.

Winter.

Like trees in the winter, my memory of you falls and falls, fades and fades. Our closest moments are beginning to fade slowly into the distance. I am afraid, I want them to stay. But it appears the longer I am away from you....you simply begin to become a stranger, someone I struggle to believe I had intimacy with. The thought of losing that thought and memory of you is breath taking.....I struggle to grasp the warmth of your memory....everything you stored in my mind, my heart, and my soul. All though my heart and my soul are connected. They have always been on the same route, the same road. So like leafs in the winter, our memory....our love begins to fall...fall...and slowly fade...fade....fade. Until we are crushed.