

## Love and Passion

Who is this person who has touched me, this Passion as she goes by and embodies so? How can I know her when knowing me is hard enough? To know another seems impossible enough to make me feel even gruff. Furthermore, she is not the she I knew before. She is different, the same, both; I do not know. She is all I know about nothing, she is. It is here she exists all in possibility.

For I have felt her person where words have no say. Something in nothing, like a “lucky 13”, a place of magic she is there. Her essence is like a deep peaceful pool of wonder touching all who enter, in peace or as a fool. What do I know about me and her? I know I brushed the surface of her being such that it tickled so. Like dipping my hand in a beautiful lake and seeing the ripple of my presence expand until I was there but not. In this place, I find myself rewarded with the gift of sight, to see her with all my might.

She is different today in my new sight. Her clarity before had not revealed, for cloudy was the day past, already annealed. As she touches the world around, touched by the world is she; for she embodies love and passion too.

Passion is strong as her body shows, graceful as her body knows. It is passion igniting love within and without, sparks fly as she comes crashing in. As if hit by a lighting bolt; a heart explodes to life like the birth of a sun. A new day begins with a fiery start, nothing but love and passion filling my heart. The fire of new life, of new possibility, turns concern to dust. My life with passion rings in this new fire, cleansing another heart for the world to know.

I find in this world I met another and have forged my heart like a brother, so I may hold this other like a mother, so she may know I willingly bother much like a father.

I show her a family all wrapped in one. It is only complete we can come to the other and find love we wish in another. It is then we can look at this person to be and know she can see me true. A chance to be two into one, always complete in one half or the other; life is born again with another. Creation celebrated with one other, beginning in time when all is fine, ending in rhyme when all is time.

To know Passion is to know lightness in dark. To look upon Passion is to know beauty defined. Her dark skin radiates warmth, the fire of her heart tempered by those soft brown eyes Her powerful body shows her true, that sexy little swagger enough to make me stagger. To see her light shows you knew, all along what is true. For you have found love; and know Passion too. This love is me. It is new to be true as I have found you. Passion lit my fire as I began to tire. She is near as I find no fear for now I am here. I feel so smart knowing Passion has a place in my heart.