

Summer Love

Summer love
does not wait
for long-winded diatribes.

It does not fester
and spring upon the fool
who sits by the shore
and waits for the perfect wave.

It falls in love with the swimmer
who sees his possible fate
and continues
into the unknown.

Bliss bequeaths the abyss.
A shrouded mist.
It shifts your fits of certainties
and clouds your dull dichotomy.

But this sweet puff of precipitation
that wrecks of allure and anticipation,
it pulls you in,
and finds your deep temptations.

Do you check yourself
and list your fears
before you take the leap?

Or do you free your mind
of jeers from peers
and see what lies beneath?

The Path

Find your secret
dressed in Scarlet
naked to the call
of inner longings
ever sweet
guilty in the fall

If you seek freedom
be forewarned
The cost is never
clear
Until you have it
you can not know
the source
of all you fear

Hold my hand
and trust your heart
The empty night is calling
Don't waiver from
the path ahead
its amber bricks
enthraling

The treasure that awaits you is
never what's expected
no enemy will stop you except
your own reflection

Help will come along the way
as your shoulders turn to stone
friends will lighten
extra weight
so you know
you're not alone

The wind will blow
flames will dance
the ice will freeze your
tears
but should you stumble
and curse the ground,
just know that
I'll be here