



A Lovers Poem

When the moon descends and the new day dawns,
I think of you.

When the waves roll in and the white peaks crest, as though they're sent in to
shore from the beating heart in our 'great mothers' breast,
I think of you.

When the heavens open and rain pours down, when lightning flashes,
and when the clouds collide making the thunder loud,
I think of you.

When I'm on the beach and the tide rolls in, I think of the cliffs eroding over
time into tiny little grains of sand,
and I think of you.

I think of you alot.

But when I walked along the pavement this morning, with the sun streaming
down and the steam rising up, the softness of frangipani's were just above,
the lights went on.

It is not the beauty of nature's parade that makes me think of you. It is the
softness, the passion; it is the gentle wonder of love that has unfurled inside
me. It is you who have opened my heart, my mind and my eyes, to see, to feel,
to breathe in and to be a living part of the majestic and magical world around
me.

And that's why I think of you.

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