

The passion of love is like an eternal flame,

A flame that never goes out, but burns forever with fume;

It turns and twists and invokes a sacred holy heart of fire,

It is the passion of love that sounds like a lovely heavenly choir.

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The passion of love is like the deepest burning desire,

For a man and woman the most natural thing to do;

It beats and burns and urges and oozes in the blood,

In the purest and holiest form the passion of loves like mud.

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But the clarity of the perfection of the burning passion of love,

Is something born of glory as is fashioned from above;

Like God is the Greatest and has the strength and might to win,

That the passion of love can exist in no other form but sin.

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The passion of love is the knowledge and truth of right,

That the power and the passion of love is the true delight;

And the voice is calling in sweetness to come to bed and sleep,

Thinking getting is better but giving receives love deep.

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The passion of love is like an eagle that took to flight,

Like a bird of paradise is the passion of love at night,

A word that dances at everyone's hot and waiting lips,

A sweet sound of music in the air to go across the tips.

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The passion of love is like a deep unsearchable secret,

That the answer to the question is on the surface of a sea bed;

And the thing about the beauty is the look and lust of love,

That the passion of love purrs and beats like a swanlike dove.

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**Signed,**

**Better a brilliant mind**