

Here is sit alone I love,
As traffic goes by as music or dove;
The women there waiting demanding my mind,
Is lost out of sight and I'm confused if she's mine.

I've been here thinking what is life all bout,
With dreams in my head and passionate doubt;
Picking and choosing and getting mixed up,
Like of searching for the grail and suffering cup.

That woman there waiting to know of my heart,
Her beauty astounding and smart;
But the cruel hurt of pain deep in my soul,
Has gnarled me and twisted my thoughts to the fole.

Because I'm mistreated and lead to the grave,
Like some kind of animal or some bodies slave;
Here in the hear where there is real love of God,
The soul is perplexed by a good women a bit odd.

So when alone in love with God as your friend,
And the pain and the suffering are all best penned;
The willingness to relate and speak of your mind,
Are only allowed in prayer, allowed to be kind.

So really if the problem is just longing for that woman's kiss.
And the trouble is doubting just whether you'll miss;
The best thing to do is to go out there and look,
That you'll really find her not only like t his poem in a book.

Signed,

To love in the lord.