

The thoughts of fathomless insights

Written by Joana

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Bound in times' memory

Tattered nylon threading

Cease to bind its beauty.

Sweaty palm stained cotton

Reveal the scented decayed roses

On a cover that has lain

On many a heart's desires.

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You, nonchalantly, laid it on my table

I, non-expectantly, laid it on my lap.

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The nylon threads gave way to discipline

Unfolding the hidden depths of their secrets

Opening triumphantly the way

To my confirmation of a dream in search.

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Heart sings a melody

Eyes walk through the print

Ears perceive the fantasy.

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A love fathoms idealism

As the mind succumbs to emotion

As the "I" falls passionately

To the depths of appreciation

for the one man that is all in one

and one in all.