

**Title: Reflections of Love**

**Subtitle: Poetry**

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Summary: A poem encompassing parts of the essence of love.

Loves a complexity;  
Yet so simple,  
It's quite a perplexity.  
Attracting poles,  
Of equal reflections.  
Yet along come corrections,  
And interjections,  
Defending rejections;  
So entwined in redemption's,  
Reminding us tensions.  
Thus changing the magnetic field,  
So that all that we might yield,  
Becomes congealed.  
Effort is needed,  
To understand the events;  
To work on what was meant.  
Love is always giving;  
Fear is demanding;  
Trust is understanding.  
To keep expanding,  
Without misunderstanding,  
Careful communication handling;  
Partnerships take time to get grounding,  
So don't go on rebounding,  
As divorce rates are astounding.  
Trust isn't earned,  
It's freely given;  
It's just a choice,  
An inner voice,  
Sometimes stopping our heart rejoice;  
Yet sometimes as something enticed,  
So don't always take this as advice.  
So is love a roll of the dice,  
Because of something nice or maybe it's precise;  
Yet one thing is hearts splice,  
Regardless of the suffice.  
A reflection of paradise,

Until we start to find a vice;  
Which could cause us to end in sacrifice.  
No longer finding finesse,  
Instead only oppression and possession;  
They become an obsession,  
As it takes progression;  
No longer a reflection,  
Only discolouration of correction.  
Love's inspection,  
Further injection;  
Quite an infection.  
As hearts reminisced,  
Of when they first kissed;  
Of love's first tried,  
And love's first died.  
Not always implied;  
Yet often verified.  
Once allied,  
Now over applied;  
Hard to take in stride.  
Removed on which we relied,  
No longer duplicated,  
Only indicated;  
Partially related,  
Over instigated,  
How over complicated.  
Yet fate plays many cards,  
Some not always hard;  
It's just not getting tarred or scarred.  
We try to safeguard,  
With a churchyard;  
Yet we still live in a barnyard.  
If only we saw to be adored,  
Is a global accord.  
Many scored,  
Many just bored;  
Which is why the logic is flawed.  
Life needs to be loved,  
It's a gift from above;  
Yet people shove,  
As it shouldn't hurt being in love.  
We need truelove,  
Where all is beloved;  
Often circumstance,  
Will make that chance,  
To yet enhance.  
Often with no knowledge in advance,  
Makes it feel like a lance;  
Without the romance,

It's the final dance,  
At first glance.  
Until someone new likes our stance,  
Make another acquaintance;  
Part of sentience,  
Bit impatient.  
Slightly intolerant,  
Further to relent;  
Seeking the same supplement,  
Trying to circumvent,  
Discontent of past arguments,  
Just to augment;  
Similar prejudgements.  
A world going round as gravity is falling;  
The world's heart dies,  
From many loves stalling.  
So maybe something else is calling,  
Rather than the media industry selling;  
Many yelling,  
Churches well in.  
Yet our children are rebelling,  
As that's the love showing;  
It all seems over compelling,  
Rather than dispelling,  
Positively really telling,  
A way we can all be loving.