Title: Reflections of Love

Subtitle: Poetry

Author: wizanda

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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 then 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.