# Title: Relationships
## Subtitle: Poetry

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Here is the reason,
We do not see,
Lust can hold us back.
We think this is OK?
Listen to what we've got to say;
It can twist the mind,
Makes us want;
The desire can set us on fire.
Are we only animals as well;
Is this why we live in hell?
We all have souls oh so pure,
This is what we should adore;
Not go hunting for more,
Something real for sure.
It's the inside that counts,
This is what it's all about.
If we are in love,
It's as we should;
Not go seeing if the grass is greener,
This truly is meaner.
We lock the door,
Leave someone behind;
It plays with their mind.
Tell the truth,
Don't be aloof;
End the confusion,
Because of illusion,
Ends in retribution.
It's OK to adore at times,
Go along with their rhymes;
It will end in time,
Can't always get on fine,
Many people there are,
We all could go far;
Yet we're under pressure,
Instead of leisure,
Keeping each other as treasure.
Instead of just be free,
Blending like the sea;

Floating past each other,
Like two rocks as it could be.
Not attaching,
Then comparing,
Starts the staring,
Comes the catching;
Why the latching?
From infatuating,
Then contracting,
Makes it idolizing.
Why do we ensnare,
Are we not aware,
This causes the affairs?
Relationships get bare,
We want more flare;
Though they still care,
Maybe we all should share.
Be like the sea,
Teach who ever we see;
Maybe then we all could be,
In Perfect harmony.
Instead of leaning too much on each other;
Within this the end is mistook,
It's even overlooked.
Do we live as the sea does state;
Rather than hate,
Just create,
All make something great.
Don't hold on until it is too late;
Change our fate,
If we can't help adulterate.
OK we like their breasts,
That is just a chest.
OK we like their look,
Why only look at their butt.
Doesn't that make us feel sick in the gut,
Are we really such sluts?
Where is the way a child has been,
Simple and pure,
And oh so clean.
Learn not to lean,
On all that we've seen,
This is where we fall.
They're nice,
At what price?
All to impress,
We are under duress,
Oh what stress;
It makes us less.

Round we go for one another,
Just to find this perfect lover;
As angels we should flow,
Teaching each other what we know.
Helping along as we go,
We all change,
Rearrange,
Then start acting strange.
Men and women are just the same,
Different angles of the game.
We try to tame,
This is a shame.
First lovers,
Then like sister and brothers;
Sulking under the covers,
Thinking about another.
Try to choose our own lover,
We can't tell,
What's in the shell.
Eggs always come in batches;
People play how many catches.
Unless our yokes truly match,
Both souls truly hatch;
Hearts just latch,
Won't even have to catch.
Yokes attract,
Truly our match.
Doesn't need to be a contract;
Love is complete,
Nicest person we could ever meet,
Even feel it in our feet.
Tingling that grows,
Love truly shows,
Future can glow,
As the love just flows.
On the same track,
If it is to be a fact;
Don't hold them to a pact,
That can make them react.
Why make a contract,
Unless to hold them back;
From a feeling of lack.
True love is completeness,
There is no weakness;
Unless we add the duress,
Don't put love to the test.
Give of our best;
God will do the rest.