

Love is Just A Word
Between *lovat* and *Lovecraft*,
The plaid garb maker; with a horror undertaker.

Love comes in muted tones; and exuberant utterances.
At times, unconditional –
and often,
under the only condition we can't give into.

When we fall in Love –
it take our eyes,
our limbs,
our stomachs,
and twists them in knots.
The cure is: to never think a lot.

It spins our head, our body, our loins to passions unbelieved –
It drowns itself in sorrow, and thinks of make believe.

When between *Lourdes* and an a *Love Song* by Eliot
The tomb has cures; the writer – wishes on his mind.
As we pass through, this time, this enchanted faith-filled evening
We find Love is just not a word, but a world – our senses are reeling.

The meaning of such a word takes on profoundly tender passions –
To win love, we search the seas, mountains, the very air we breath.
Only to discover: that it can not be...

Between an *Apex* and a *Zenith*, two celestial bodies can be in the same.
They inhabit a moment of pure joy; the culmination of the game.

But is not a game –

Tender hearts, with wispy words, bring love down to nothing.

For to just say, "Love," is meaningless.

But to love *again* – – is more than just a word.