

As I Sit by My Window

As I sit at my window, I close my eyes and think of times gone past
I think of the pleasures that you have given me, and all of the erotic moments that
through memories, in my heart shall forever last

The rain is falling now. Through my window, I can see it, touch it, and taste it
But by your absence, this perfectly intimate backdrop that God has created has become
nothing more than wasted

A wasted opportunity, for me to confess what it is that my heart needs to confess
A wasted opportunity for my soul to profess what it is that my soul needs to profess

I love you, but like a single voice wailing in the midst of a thousand men
My admission of love for you falls as silent as a child's cracked whisper into the gusting
wind

But I love you, and I will continue to claim this with each wish that I have wished.
Claim this and proclaim this until it is your lips that once again my tired lips have kissed.

I love with every ounce of my soul, with every ounce of my soul I love what it is that is
true
Beautiful woman that you are, wherever you are. Come home to me. So that once again
with every ounce of my soul, I can look into your eyes and say baby that I love you.

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