

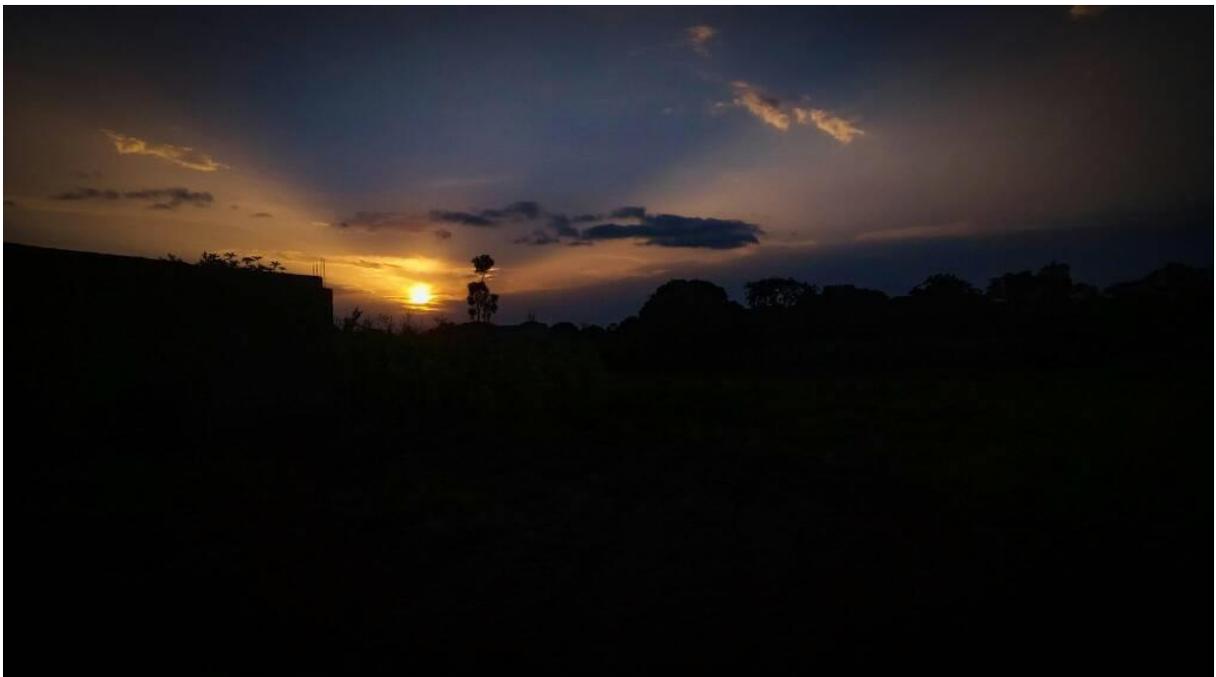
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The Place Where My Heart Is

A Short Poetry Collection About love and Romance

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WRITER'S NOTE

Last year, I wrote a similar free PDF poetry collection for my closest friends. The truth is, I do not consider myself much of a poet. I consider myself as an ardent student of the creative art. Writing these interesting lines has been much of a journey because I rarely consider love and romance to be my greatest writing tool, but it is relevant to most people who want to escape every other vanity in this evil world. I hope that something herein connects with your being and make the nature of love that much easier to communicate.

I can be contacted at the email address, epeter495@gmail.com.

Thank you.

Looking forward to reading your responses.

Special thanks to Joshua Amile Ibrahim, (Nayt) Justice Sati (JayMoni) Lucreez Immanuel, Shitnaan Parlong (My perfect muse) Kiyani Mercie (Best writer) And my big bro. Neoman Adams Peter.

This book is entirely free and for fun purposes. Read and enjoy..

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1. AS WE LAY HERE

Hug me in this sweet deceit,
As we lay here in this sheet
Of nylon, silk, and nimble feet,
Reason bears no single fit,
We collide in the storied sweet,

I kiss your full-on pouted lip,
That's sweet as cakes sweetened tip,
You roll your tongue just as deep,
Into the void of my hastened sleep
Where you cage me to this lust-filled heap.

You kiss me back into the bliss
Of lust inertia in a kiss,
The naked dream I dare not miss,
As I journeyed through your naked split,
Dreams recede to life's grand show.

We tremble in our unclothed thrust,
The push and pull of our livened trust,
The sweat drips forth, and counters dust,
Till it finds us deep and seated in this lust,
Of tired moans, and lotioned thighs.

We are lusted high in deep release,
The sweetened blow reaches a crescent lease,
Stars flung far now must show,
The glow and seat of calm and please.
We roll over side by side to our unease.

We are strangers still here,
The sweetened dread has long been pulled,
Little scrapes of memories and hair,
Tips the tales of our secret lair,
But the scars never left there.

I felt it straight in the narrow way
We love to love until we are lust,
We lust in love, until love is lost,
We take the most until we must
Face the gourd and drink the day.

When love has laid its final straw
And our war is left to the last draw,
We laid here calmly chasing glances
Of the withered hope of our murdered love,
Staring at what used to be

Then you talk

And I talk back
You push
And I push back,
We are warriors still
But the war is past our pill.

As we lay here
Wondering how and where,
We stilled love's reasoned step,
By wading into the lair,
Were you the one?
Were you?

We are love deep until we are lust
Skin deep in naked lust,
Lost in lust,
The love we knew was the lust we lust,
We are only lovers when the naked comes.

Then you said "hi"
And I said "Hello"
We made a few words past the moans,
The thrust faded into trust,
Now we must make the most of our time.

As we lay here
Threading our dreams
I hold your hand
You hold mine
The sun smiles past our open view,
We have finally found the truth.

We are lust until we are found,
By love's eternal bond,
The pulses race not for the time,
But for the moment out in the sun
And the day we will say I do.

I'd find you
As you lay there
I'd make you beautiful
You'd make me too.
We are only as good as the feeling we give.

2. THE PLACE WHERE MY HEART IS

The place where my heart abides
Is a storied place
Culled from brevity's finest muse

The poetry could not appeal
The greater beauty of her sense.

She is beautiful
Her elegant path makes me a fool.
Though her feet could walk with mine
Our paths lay differently in mind.
She is human enough, to be my flaw.

The place where my heart is,
Is a beautiful air,
Built from the smallest details,
Of God's wonderful hands,
Perfect enough, for just one me.

Call me stranded,
A prisoner of mild escape,
As our lip rush forth for the edge,
I waved my protest aside,
This I know; is my hearts perfect prison.

3. POEM (AYINPOYI'S VERSION)

I love you
In a poem, that says that love,
Is a bottomless wave,
Of laughter and sunshine,

I love that you smile,
And glow when you're sweet,
I wait for your voice,
Its childish charm.

I love that its hard
To say it out loud,
The weight of the secret,
That lingers on,
That I might just like you,
Enough
To lose myself in you.

I love that I can watch,
The way you walk with your feet,
Tenderly gliding,
Across this maze of dust,

I love that you're beautiful,
You buttered me into a fool
My eyes are fixed on only you,
My eternal dream

I love that you stand,
On beautiful feet,
The walk that you walked
Took my knees in stride,
I'd follow you any way
Into all dreams
As long as there's you
Holding on to me

I love you in a poem,
This poem I wrote,
Filled with beautiful words
That could not describe you,
The candid word hence,
Is made from our eyes.
I stare you look
I smile,
You blush,
We meet,
In this centre-stage
Of love's tale,
I embrace you,
In love filled care.

I love you in a poem
Because it is true,
That the only thing that's love
Has always had you.
You are my poem.

4. APHRODITE

Beauty runs
To the soles of your feet,
Men fall,
At the cusp of your dream.

You're every woman's dream,
You are the dread of every wife's home.
You know how to love,
Even if the lover is taken.

You drew great men beneath,
The tender reach of your bosom,
You are the cowards leech,
Empty men, you seldom reach.

Aphrodite,

Your beauty reeks of folly,
What gallant waste
To know much love
But still be stranded.

My lover awaits,
I will not be delayed
By a thousand wishes of your kiss,
I'd rather the journey home,
An odyssey no doubt.

For my lady will wait
As far as the world can go
Waiting for the day
That I would return.
To be the man she loved
On this altar of life.

5. FINE LINES (EVELYN'S POEM)

She said,
"You're honey sweet,
Sugar tipped tongue"
" A blinding piece,
That invades my heart"

We poke around,
The convenient dough,
Chess players,
Studying checkers,
Hoping the lines don't take us.

Each move we must,
Hide the pain of trust,
As we unravel in the dust,
The hearts thumping thrust,
We wade in on our guts.

I'm caught in the moment
Of an Allen Poe,
Writing the sweet letterings
Of my own Anabelle Lee,
Still caught in the rush, are we?

We are measured in deceit,
Concealed in our deed,

Smart enough to know,
These plays are all for show,
Under the fading light we are,

Love's history regaled,
On painted canvas of words.
The flurry
The flutter,
The rooms chatter.

We are chess players
Circling the depth,
Each minor move scaled,
As we check our hearts
For the checkers final move.

But you won.
You won, you know!!!
With those eyes that always move,
With the sun's reflection plastered through.

You won with one bright lease,
On love's sweet release.
You kept that hearts leash,
While I faded in a wish.
On a fine line.

She said
" You're love deep,
But shallow as a fool"
" to not know I loved you even when I didn't "
Nothing seems clear in this game.
We are just checking
Till we are checked.

It's a fine line
You see.
It's a line.
Between love and all its cause

6. DESIRE

Let the honey run forth,
The tenderness of your lips.
My hands will caress,
Its sticky slime.
And I will taste its sweetness
With my searching eyes.
Tongues run around,

Your touch ignites.
Clear as the day,
You're desire's song.

Can we lie on the sight,
Of the morning sun.
The waves of your body,
Sway with mine,
Water down the dry home,
Let me return to paradise,
A due conversation,
You sparkle in the rift,
I lay with you,
We are one under the sheets,
Of desires song that still plays

I drift,
To the sweet nectar of your day,
You're the flower that draws the bees,
Buzzing,
You wave the scent of every lost sin.
Cage me with your smile,
Enslave me with your kiss.
I am the child of desire.
Caught up in reflections of you.

7. SIX SHADES OF A BEAUTIFUL YOU.

Now and then,
We know not when,
Where time will be,
What fate are we?

We are sun in vow,
We glisten free,
We know it now
What shade we'll be.

The mirror, the case,
The brush, the stroke,
A smiling toward the amiable chase,
That love is all the hallowed smoke.

The spasm
The cull,
The chasm,

The call,
Of your sweet voice.

There are six shades of the beauty you are,
The first is the heart that is art,
Fine lines and reflection,
The spot of infinite hope.
The second is the mirror,
Calling back to you,
Seeing that you're true.
The mirror nudged the truth,
You're only as beautiful
As the scars that made you.

The third shade
Is time,
Made in earnest
For souls that meet,
The bitter sweet enchantment
Of now and then
The fourth is hope
For the things that we know today,
And the phase we see tomorrow.

The fifth is the route
Of love's perfect muse
The sudden glow of youth,
The purity of truth.

These shades all carry depth,
Shallow as no river that flowed.
We are,
Young and naive,
To the sudden spark of the grave.

The six shade is you,
As all that time could see.
The fog deepens the sea,
Water thread no hidden scheme.
We carry forth,
All we made.
We are only as beautiful
As the memories we make.

Every shade you are is love.
We are love as true
As the words we've been through.

8. HENRY AND THE QUESTION OF VALOR.

"Henry loves me now"
She thought
When all is all that it could be.
If the storm cast its eye
And I be not,
The best of me.
"Will he love me still?"

Winter came,
Too soon tonight
She lay
Uneven and grey.
The rooms knew her every day.
And Henry!
He came to read her a tale.

The world went dark
For her one day,
The many colours
Were just one tint.
Henry still came,
To hold her hands
And sing her favourite tune.

Days came
She talked no more
Dim and sore.
The walls and her light
Falling apart
Still he came,
To hold her still.

"He loves me even now"
She sadly mused.
"How would he love?
When I am gone"

Her grave was marked,
"The Love of My Life"
It was coloured,
By the flowers that came
Every day.

"Why every day?"
I asked Old Henry now
"A man must keep his word"
He said.

" I promised to love her

All my life"
That is but a little
Of the love
She gave me.
Even till her death.

We are nothing great,
We are made by our hope.
We are children of our love."

9. ALL THE LITTLE LIGHTS. (NORAH'S POEM)

I know how to get lost in your smile
It's sudden rush, the thrill in my mind,
For your love's hold, I'd run a many mile,
Till all that's you is mine.

Your arms is honey, dipped in solace,
A special place for my mild foray,
Your hold on me is flawless.
I'm drawn to your shine and ray.

We talk of certain sights that eyes can see,
There's none as bright as you to me,
Many times, the day may be hard,
But your voice takes me off guard.

With you, there's no page for worry,
Our pages, written with love fulfilling,
Not one word missed, nor made in a hurry.
We are love's perfect tale retelling.

I am lost in every bit of you
I'm every bit a fool for you,
I'm every bit in love with you.
And every line I did say is true.

10. I HEAR WHITNEY AT THE DOOR (SERAH'S POEM)

I hear Whitney
At the door
Of the room
We called our home
She seemed to wander in haste
But her voice stuck to my head

"If I" "If I"
She softly sang.

The Promises made

For many a maid

"If I" "If I"

I softly thought

"Could love you as much as we craved,
What a wonderful love we could be?"

If I could love you past the sun,
As bright as a love that could shine the stars
If I could love you all the same
In many pages, but just one name.

If I could be, but just a day,
What a wonderful day I'd say
With arms cradled in your perfect hair.

"I wish you"

She sang again

The many words numb the pain,
The days speed fast,
For the empty promises we gave
Was more than the love we shared.

I wish you had sunshine, mild and free,
To clear your frown to perfect smiles.
I wish you time in shades of blue
With only love and peace to you.
I wish you happiness and dreams,
The best of all I could give.
Yet I wish it all, the perfect wish,
That you can have the best of me.

"I will always"

Whitney sang

And that moment felt like us.

I held your hands

Felt your eyes

Our hearts is the music

Beating as one.

"I will always love you"

I said

Whitney echoed from the door.

We are the memory of love's perfect bliss,
I will love you all over again.

11. THE DOOR ROLLS ON

The door rolls on,
Swinging in swing,
Mood tame and swing,
The candour we tinge,

This is the moment
Of our enviable reprieve
We were lovers hence,
The door rolls on.

12. A MESS OF OUR OWN

You talk,
I talk,
Nobody hears,
Not one ear.

We want,
I want,
You want,
We don't know our needs

You say "I"
I say it's "me"
This broken room
Bleeds from our scream

I blame you
You blame me
We stoke the war
Of our own demise

Now love dies
Helped by our lies
Our hope has severed ties
We are the missing dice

I look west
You look east
Each to his own
A mess of our own.

13. KISS ME TENDERLY

Let our lips collide,
For a few tempered touch,
The trembling of our feet we hide
Down the slippery tamed couch.

Let our tongues be charmed,
In fervour seldom set for fools
In mindless passion we calmed,
The sultry aim of our tools,

Kiss me tenderly, my love,
Let your lip be my drug,
Let us feel the tender span above,
In silence of the love we dug.

Kiss me tenderly,
Let the passion be souled
In the tender feel of your lip.
May honey be it's tip.

14. **THE POEM OF SHEILA**

I know how to love you
Though you would not
Think me true,

This seasoned gasp I wear,
Shows love is,
Gone nowhere near.

An imperfect shade,
I weighed on the paper, thin,
Wondering all the way
If I made the colour blue.

There is none that is love
And pure in love as you.
There be none, that I love,
And love so much and true.

The many dreams we fit through,
Left us deep with no clue,
The sober notes of me and you,
Things we could have been.

I love you in every sun
The light that beams your smile,
You may be his in love and all,
But my love has all been yours to take.

15. **MANY SONGS FOR A FOOL**

Many songs carry a fool
His journey hardly made in chaste,
Patience is hardly his tool,
He runs through life in a haste.

Many songs make a fool
He hardly knows the right tune,
He is all the songs, hardly the one
Chasing every dune,
Falling in every sand.

Many songs carries a fool
Who loves not the one he loves,
To love in earnest, a fool must be one
A dear entrapment to his measured mind.
He seeks all rooms, but never stays.

16. **I LOVE YOU**

I love you,
Words we wail,
While feigning deceit.

I love you,
The pillar of doubt,
Are you in or out.

I love you,
That is the hurt,
A song of many wars.

Love is war
We own the scars
Of the battles we wore.

Love me now,
Love me not
Love me forever,

We are soldiers still
On love's long fight
We journey home.

I long for your heart
My battle cry.
Love is still war
That you should know.