



HEADSTRONG

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@TheHBIA

CASS' CORNER

Kissing Flowers



Peonies and daffodils,
crocuses and mums . . .
Love, care and under-
standing, you always give us some . . .
Your attraction's like a river,
an everflowing brook,
And when I'm in your
close embrace, I
Realize I've been hooked . . .

Nothing about you is phoney,
your concern is never fake,
You are a goddess like a river,
flowing into a depthless lake . . .
On top are ripples and currents,
sinking me in your love,
Which has no known deterrents,
like the piercing blue sky, above
(you're the ornament atop the cake . . .)

I have never not adored you,
you are my angel, my divine . . .
and any/everytime I need some-
thing, I am proud, that you are mine
Not as in 'possession' servant
or a slavery . . . but respect
and admiration of your utter bravery
your ability to do anything,
Apparently infinite powers . . .

I reel in admiration,
you are my kissing flowers . . .

