

Passion Burns

The path of my life has been
a solitary one; filled with sorrow,
desperation, destruction.
A pitched battle against sadness and joy.
A sadness of such depth it seemed
I was forever lost to it.
A subtle fleeting taste of joy
that aroused the senses and put forth
the seed in the fertile field of the mind
to germinate in its own season.
The seed lay dormant as seeds sometimes do
buried beneath winter snows
and dark places within the heart.
A heart in stasis, caught seemingly forever
in the icy fingers of a captive season.
You touched my heart with your words,
opened my mind to new possibilities.
The heart fluttered, began to beat once more
And passion burns...

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