

# His Love Is Complete

*A Compilation of  
Love Poems, Short Stories, and other Libations of the Heart*

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*The Glow Of Love*

Like a red rose glistening from the morning dew,  
love blossomed with the warmth of the spring sunshine . . .  
caressing itself in the shelter of its womb . . .  
finding nirvana in the sweet, softness of your heated whispers.

How can I tell you how much “love” has meant to me?  
. . . to show you how saying “yes” has set me free?  
Liberated by the power of a stare . . .  
the intensity of a touch . . .  
the passion of liquid kisses . . .

My heated vessel encloses a life source  
that can only exist in your presence.

My world is now colored with songs of laughter and solitude.  
Alas, I am a work of art!  
. . . laboring in your love.

*Just For Me*

I dreamed it, I prayed on it, and I believed in it.  
At first dawn, I only caught a glimpse of what could be.  
But by sunrise, it was blaringly clear . . .

A mate just for me . . .  
just for me.

New life . . . new hope . . . new beginnings . . .  
Spring is symbolic of the newness of our life and journey together.

May God continue to bless, guide, and nurture our union . . .  
my husband, my wife . . .  
my friend, my life.

*After You . . .*

Driving through the busy downtown streets of Washington D.C. like a New York cabbie in rush hour was not going to get me to the office any faster. A ticket maybe, an accident involving a pedestrian likely, but definitely not at my desk in 10 minutes. I should've caught the bus, but I woke up too late for that. Geez! I set the alarm, even woke up for my usual 5am bio break, but here I am racing through the streets praying Father Time will give me a break. On top of that, I'm going to have to pay an exorbitant downtown D.C. parking fee. I can hear Momma in my head telling me in her island soaked voice, *get your rumpas 'n the bed at a decent 'our and there won't be no trouble*. Easy for her to say! She never had to work ungodly hours or suffered from insomnia.

Driving into the parking garage, I moaned a sigh of relief when I saw no sign of the boss man's car in its reserved parking spot.

"Great!" I thought as I grabbed my briefcase and sprinted over to the elevator bank before my luck changed. Eric, our new CEO, is usually in the office at least two hours by the time I roll out of bed. He expects everyone to follow suit, which is hard when you're working 12 hour days with a regularity. Pressing the button for the second floor, I heard Momma chiding, *"Let 'em tink you're the last one out. Tat's gonna get ya far up da food chain*. How long would I have to keep up that schedule before it pays off?

"Good Morning, Lena," the "too sexy for my shoes" summer intern said before throwing up her index finger and tending to the phone system, which lit up like a Christmas tree all the sudden.

"Hey, Bridget. Is Eric here?" I inquired after she came up for air.

Completely oblivious to any confidences that may have been compromised in divulging such information, Bridget proceeded to give me a five minute run down on the drama that transpired between Eric and

his wife the night before. Eric called it an “unforeseen circumstance”. We called it a shame. Bridget went back to answering the phones as I headed to my office contemplating how I could get away with using Eric’s parking spot for the remainder of the week.

Dropping my briefcase on the desk and checking my schedule, I suddenly had the cursed urge for a café libation from the new coffee shop across the street. I could almost smell those heavenly beans from my second floor window. After 20 minutes of checking email and trying to shake the thought from my head, I got mad when I realized I could have gone and been back in that time! I grabbed my purse and headed for the door while Momma’s chastisement followed closely on my heels. *Just becuz the boss man is out don’t mean you gotta be cute.*

As I was about to grab hold of the door handle to mocha latte paradise, it opened from the inside and right smack front and center was the most gorgeous man I’d ever laid eyes on. A chocolate drop from heaven! An athletic build on this 6’0 frame, the angel wore a fitted navy Armani suit accented with a reddish-gold *la corbata*. The chisel in his chin, the perfect alignment of his pearly whites, and the slight squint of his eyes seeking protection from the sunlight left me speechless, and that was a good thing. I took him in like an inviting bowl of cherries, and the last thing I needed to do was talk with my mouth full.

“After you,” the sun demigod finally uttered with an expression that made my heart do that fluttery thing, which was cut short when I heard that annoying voice from Momma rocking in my head. *Keep it movin’, young lady. Don’t eat all ‘our cookies in one sitting!*

“Thanks.” I said catching a waft of Davidoff’s Cool Water dancing from his skin. I quickly made note of his left-hand before unlocking my trance. I’ve embarrassed myself in the past by not paying attention to the “left-2<sup>nd</sup>-digit” and now was no time for a let down. Momma didn’t raise no fool.

Mr. “Fine-As-Hell” proceeded to step aside as I sashayed into the caffeine lair of addiction. I wanted so badly to turn around for one last peek at this incredible man, but doing that would certainly have Momma’s voice in my head for a good part of the day. I took in the sights and sounds and briefly considered my waistline, which was unforgiving when it came to the new habit. I smiled graciously and waited my turn at the trough.

“Tall, Black Mocha,” I bellowed, giggling at my private joke. So fitting that I would like my drink the way I prefer my men. A string of relationships with all flavors and sizes always brought me back to that truth. I’ve decidedly and happily rested in my fate.

“\$4.95,” bellowed the caramel frap taking my order. Just as I was opening my wallet, Cool Water splashed all over me and just like Christmas in July, a navy blue arm reached from behind and produced a twenty. So close was he that I was sure I had been dipped in chocolate!

I paused and waited for Momma’s voice. Nothing. She decided to let her daughter go this one alone. So, I took a quick moment to gather myself before turning around slowly and extending my hand.

“Thank you very much . . . Lena.”

“Victor,” he said as he stuffed his change into his wallet. Again, I checked the ring finger just to be sure I wasn’t tripping.

“Do you have a minute?” he said flashing a disarming, megawatt grin while tilting his head and stroking his goatee. Dang, he looked good enough to swallow whole!

“I might have two,” I said grabbing my cup and trying to maintain composure for fear Momma may make another appearance.

“After you,” Victor said with a gesture towards an empty table. His eyes took me in full and hard leaving no room for guessing what might’ve been going on in that perfectly round, bald dome. I giggled at Momma’s silence surely put off by his blatant approval of my assets.

## HIS LOVE IS COMPLETE

As we sipped on our gourmet delights, exchanged pleasantries and numbers, and took in every syllable and movement, I thanked God for waking up late and “unforeseen circumstances”. I thanked Him for latte addictions and chocolate drop dreams. I thanked Him for aligning moments to spare with good conversation. I thanked Him for a Momma’s voice from beyond that still speaks in the still of life. I thanked Him for a Momma that taught me His ways, which echoes in me always.



*Perfectly & Divinely Yoked*

Two souls . . .  
One path . . .  
The appointed time.

A special prayer went forth,  
A heart's desire conceived.  
Vessels bound in faith, hope, and love,  
were reciprocally received.

Gingerly ordered,  
My steps lead me to you.  
Cloaked with His promise . . .  
Orchestrated by His kindness . . .  
Strengthened by His greatness.  
On this day,  
I pledge my forever with you.

Like a quiet storm,  
Our love will beautifully illuminate through the darkest of hours.  
And with the morning sunshine, bring forth dandelions and daffodils  
with splendor and power.

Purposefully . . .  
Divinely . . .  
Perfectly Yoked.  
Guarded in His grace . . .  
Sanctioned by His love . . .  
Blessed by our faith . . .  
Truly a gift from above.

*Embracing the Process*

I was OK with seeing him today.  
The conversation was not stressed.  
The emotions were checked, but at best, I was a wreck.  
Hard to release him from my system.  
Hard to let go of what once promised to be right,  
although with further insight and prayerful consideration,  
a continued relationship was not part of the Father's equation.

Torn but not broken,  
I must go through the process of seeking Him more,  
and wanting him less.

*Passionate Love*

Ours is a passionate love.  
Lined with lavender and jasmine oils,  
scented candles,  
walks on pink sands,  
talks under moonlit skies,  
dreams of forever times,  
and hopes of peaceful and loving hearts.

Ours is a passionate love.  
Etched with silent stares,  
crumpled tissue,  
raised eyebrows and voices,  
hard choices and swallowed thoughts and pride,  
bouts of alone time and struggles inside.  
Rainy days  
cast away  
as nonchalantly as they came.

Ours is a passionate love,  
that sees beyond the sunshine and rain,  
rejuvenates,  
and make whole again  
in the oneness and fulfillment that God can only bring,  
when two come together and with a joyful noise sing.  
His praises . . . because  
His passionate love endures forever.