

REFLECTIONS OF LOVE

by Katrina Relf

*My heart would have me speak volumes,
But, in truth, what words are there to say?
What words – that haven't been spoken before
By every age of mankind,
By every lover since time began?*

*Words written on the wind,
Or whispered against the softness of a woman's breast.
Catherine, I would give every part of who I am,
Every thought of love that I possess –
But to what purpose?*

*To merely speak of love –
To tell of longings that implode with every touch –
Is but a timeless invocation.
A voice lost in the wind.*

*For what comfort can be found in feelings only spoken,
And what power is there in love that can only exist through words?
It is but an illusion.
For love is beyond definition –
It needs expression.*

*Or are we forever bound to accept a reflection for a sunrise,
And a poem for a kiss?*