

Directions to my Lover

Take the time to know me
In an intimate way
You'll have to keep me clothed
For my mind has much to say
Take the time to ignite a spark
That flickers deep within my heart
Take the time to explore
And you'll find treasures ever more
Take the time to pause instead of constant pursuit
Revel in the journey instead of the destination
And in the waiting
I promise you'll be astounded by me
For you'll soon discover the hunter becomes the prey
As I inch toward you

So, hold back that moment of the breathy kiss
Stay the touch of bliss
For time is necessary my friend
For all wounds to heal, some yours and mine

Take the time to capture that virginal part of me
For there are still untouched parts of me
By both thought or hand
So, before insisting on the parting of my thighs
Take the time instead to peel back those layers
Some encrusted by neglect
To see the jewel locked away

There's yet a key to unlock
The mystery of me
Still none has asked for it
Perhaps, your reading this will inspire you
To relish the wait
And we'll both enjoy the discovery

Intrigue me with your patience
Surprising me with me
These are the best gifts I can think of
Your conversation and smile
As we linger a while
In the anticipation
Calculating just the right moment
To stretch our hands across the distance between us
For our fingers' introduction

Take the time to appreciate the silence
When the heart speaks louder than our cravings
Each breath reverberating in the room
And find one day, we inhale and exhale in harmony

Yes, my lover, take this precious time
For without it
All I have to offer is this shallow woman
Often touched and even mishandled
She's unkind and insensitive
Perhaps a self-defense mechanism
And I don't want to do you any harm

Take the time, Beloved
To war with me
Pushing me past my own fears and beliefs
Open me like springs first bloom
Unfold me Beloved by your tenderness
Then wear me on your lapel

I beseech you Lover, to take the time
Take the time, indeed
To look into my eyes
Look long and hard Beloved
Till you know the language of my tears

Take the time to know that my wetness comes in many forms
Why would you ever touch my skin and not my heart?
Why kiss my lips and keep truth at bay?
Why taste my warmth while offering me
the cool aloofness of that awkward moment after
when we have nothing to say?

Lover, please, I'm begging you
Protect me from our monsters within
Spread wide the light in your eyes
And watch my walls tumble for you
As we take our needed rest from life's pursuits
Rest your head in my lap
While I stroke your forehead
Content to be this close
A place we'd never known, had we not taken the time
If you're unable to take this time
Perhaps you're not a lover after all?

Assembly Required

Stones heaped in ruin
Where walls had been
My mind wonders
as I sit and ponder
My enigma sits quietly
Will this me, be foe or friend

Who are you, this me within
Approaching with caution
Tapping finger to chin
My mind wonders
as I sit and ponder
What shall I make of you?
Where to begin?

My mind wonders while I sit and ponder
Finally opening the manual
Looking at the diagram
Assembly required?
Sighing, I'm already in a jam.

Possibilities abound
My mind wanders and I sit and ponder
I don't know how to let you "be"
Alive, beautiful, even adored
So I sit and ponder, How?
Without interference of the me before

All sterile and clinical
My enigma, is
Nostrils breathing
heart's beating
I suppose even mind thinking

Aside from her eyes
She's as life-less, as a blank canvas
Snapping my fingers
I finally get it
It's impossible
An unsolvable riddle
She and I can't share the same space
This ground has no middle

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Her evolution I'm not to see
But instead embrace goodbye
To this obsolete version of me
As I sit and ponder just a little longer
Flooding the room with tears
The letting go, I don't mind
Of fears, cheers and jeers
To stay would be unkind
So I die to keep her alive
I kiss her cheek
And fall to the ground
As she arrives.

The Eyes of the Beholder

(M. Rice 12/31/81 - 3/18/06)

The eyes of the beholder
Watching the world might find
Humanity is dying
But some eyes are blind.

The eyes of the beholder
Looking inwardly would find
The images are reflected
From the mirrors of their minds.

While you pick out colors
I see a rainbow
You cry, "a new day is dawning"
And I welcome tomorrow.

When the eyes are older
And searching for identity
Eyeing reflections of reflections
Ask: Which of them was really me?

Viewing disjointed shadows of the me, I was
Half-notes scattered yet to be sung
All fears removed by blessed servitude
Courageously smiling, obedience comes.

The eyes of the Beholder on the face of her Master
Unveiling His beauty's fear
Separating mystery from truth
Held within each tear.

In naked devotion before Him
Both soul and body bare
Adoring eyes of the Beholder
Stare!

And when the eyes see past themselves
To love the Me inside
The acceptance of myself
Now lacks a reason to hide.

Master's beauty in full submission

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Folds into a pose
He leads, she follows
Where ever He may go.