

The background of the image is a white surface covered with a dense, swirling pattern of black ink. The ink is thick and viscous, creating various shapes and textures. Some areas are more concentrated, forming dark, almost black, patches, while others are more diluted, creating lighter, greyish tones. The overall effect is organic and fluid, resembling a microscopic view of a biological specimen or a abstract artistic rendering.

LOVE, LOSS AND
LIFE

The Dream

**Love is never lost.
It is exercised.**

**To love someone, to be loved by
someone...
this is the joy of of the human
experience.**

**The dream is to find someone to share
this joy with.**

I found you.

Summer

Amused

How are you? She asks.
May as well ask me to describe the color
blue.

Still pumping blood, still shedding and
multiplying cells by the billions.

What cleverer answer could I give to
describe my state?

I am *fickle* and it is a property of fickleness
to be changing.

Maybe, "**flowing?**" Yes, that's a good

answer.

Even better, I'll tell them that I had eggs and
tuna for breakfast.

That's a response that does more justice to
how I am doing.

If you guessed my conversations these
days tend to be brief,

You are right, except with my chosen
circle.

Who needs a hundred friends when you
have three?

The last time one of them asked me how I
was doing, I responded..

Amused.

Three Hazelnuts & A Cat

A cat came home.

It sniffed around for familiar territorial nooks,

And settled into a corner of the couch.

It ate when fed and slept when tired,

It talked about young ambitious people burning out,

Under the stress of society's expectations.

Purring when stroked and resting in a temporary home,

The world seems safer and easier to navigate,

Under the banner of unconditional love and attention.

The thing with this cat is it cannot be cajoled,

It comes when it pleases and disappears just as suddenly,

And it always leaves behind three hazelnuts in a white bowl on the table.

Autumn

What we have...

A kiss is just a kiss,
A touch is simply a touch.
But in your lips and your hands,
They are moments of transcendence.
What we have is spiritual.

A kiss is just a kiss,
A touch is simply a touch.
But when we kiss and touch,
A thousand days shrink into a second.
What we have is spiritual.

Can't Fight Away This Love

I lay siege on your unwelcome heart,
Waiting patiently as the ramparts rise,
Its safety secured, imprisoned by your
logic,
You are justified in shutting yourself.

The cannons are loaded,
Defensive mechanisms ready to go on the
offense,
Prepared to protect what you hold dear,
You are justified in shutting yourself.

Look up from the high walls you built,
Lower your defenses for a moment,
You will find one man standing outside,
Unarmed, exposed, vulnerable.
You can't fight away this love.

Winter

Release. Accept. Peace.

I am letting go,
Releasing.
All that I hold dear,
Was never mine to own.

A daily practice,
Accepting.
That what is now,
Is the best it can be.

A blanket descends,
Peace.
The mist and fog clears,
And what's left is — I am.

Longing

My heart aches for you
Distant street lined with stars for street
lamps.

Forgotten sphere, locked in the longing of
desire
Hidden in the deepest intention of
knowledge.

Home for the ages, home for the here and
now
Past lives meet again for an encore.

Unwrapped in bliss is the wisdom of the
unknown
That somehow it *fits*.

Spring

Caged

We put in cages the things we cannot
tame,
Wild desires enclosed in bars of steel.

Keeping our emotions out of harm's reach,
Separated by a barrier tough to breach.

The untamed, wild and dangerous,
Is just as much in me,

Caged.

A Place Beyond Sadness

My heart is conflicted,
Torn.

I've exhausted my sadness,
At the thought of losing you.

In the place beyond sadness,
Exists a truth.

The thoroughfare there is paid in tears,
The journey obliterates my fears.

This freedom fails to quench my quest,
To feel alive.

Bind me again in your cage,
I desire the captive chains of love.

For now without fear,
I laugh.

The chains fall at love's true beckoning,
As we dance on carpets of white moss.

The quest continues,
To find a new way to love. ..



Jeremy Brian