This book is a collection of my thoughts of different beautiful women, who I've dated, loved, and had the pleasure to have not met yet! And so I've put these thoughts into a form or poetry.

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This book contains #37 entries.
If I was to begin at the beginning of what has taken me years to acquire, then the perspective would be about a woman, but the plot of the story would be about my mind, but the end would become the moment that I could actually touch a woman and hear her in my hands.

But the randomness of fate and chance will not allow me to share this dance, where I can't see the end come to my destiny, where I don't know why you placed it on me to write about a woman who placed a song in my unconscious mind, that blossomed into a desirable dream, as I only knew what these words truly mean, if not to begin at the start of these thoughts.

But this is only one thought into which I reminisce about writing the orientations of a thought of a dream of a woman, when I don't know what to do.
When the repressed desires are the ultimate cause of the feelings that will always over ride a need when a woman becomes infected with a helpless delight. Then elusively will these feelings remain hidden beneath the physical seduction of pleasure tinged sure to be delight and known in her lovely eyes, so when hope and frustration becomes a part of the game, then those mixed signals are only the start of these wanting repressed desires that are a dynamic excitement to the reveries, if you are the target of her lustful sensual desire.

So then,

When a woman offers a total release from the beaten beaten sexual fantasies that may only last a moment in time when she is charged with an impossible appeal of pure pleasure, then the illusion of trust will be a true dancer to the limitless основе if you should delay in satisfying her greatest of needs, as if your spontaneity will put her at ease:

But if a woman could truly feel desired when you give into her repressed loneliness by accepting the wild side she hides, even when you become distracted with youthful ideas of tasting her all through the night; then how could you say that the tithe doesn't match the lines you read, but who's to say that I'm right, I wasn't just telling you about my desire.

"So un-thinkable."
There was a time when I thought about
A woman whose love I felt, where she would bring unconditional affection
To make me up when the world has put me down,

And every time I think
Upon this I become aware of each moment we've shared that takes
Away all of the hurt times. That's a true reality to the life I live.

As she
Would help me to see in small ways why I could believe so deeply in trust
That hers would never waver or break. That I could experience great joy when my
Fears have cleared the decisions I make, as she showed me many reasons why
I chose love or hate.

So as I think about this unseen love she so
Willingly gives. I bless her from my soul. Now that this affection has finally
Come exclusively to my mind, as I never have to think to take a step back. As I allow her to take me higher in mind and deeper into the
Soul.

Now that I think back to a time so long ago.
I REMEMBER STANDING AT THIS WALL OF SILENCE
AS MY WORDS ARE ONLY LVRED BY ME ALONE, QUIET, SILENT, AND WITH NO
BREATH TO FEEL THE COLD AIR THAT'S SURROUNDED EVERY SPACE I OVEIL.
AND WITH NO VOICE BUT MINE, IS THE ONLY SOUND I HEAR INTENTLY IN
MY EAR:

BUT STILL I STARE INTO THIS DARKNESS IN MY THOUGHTS, AND
WHEN THIS DAY IS ALMOST COMPLETE I SEE A VISION OF HEAVEN AS YOUR
VOICE SAYS TO ME THAT HEAVEN IS WHERE WE SHALL MEET,

BUT STILL I
LISTEN TO THE SILENCE OF THE END OF WHAT I STILL DON'T KNOW, EVEN AS
THE WIND BLOWS SO SOFTLY OVER MY FACE AS I REALIZE THAT THIS TIME,
I DO CONFESS THE HAPPIEST TIME IN WHICH I HAVE TO USE IS STILL OF
REMIT, THAT I'M STILL TWISTED WITH THESE THOUGHTS OF YOU INSIDE
OF MY MIND AS YOU ARE FAR AWAY;

SO WITH THIS SILENCE OF TIME
I FIND YOU STANDING IN THE VISION THAT FEELS SO REAL THAT'S HANGING OVER
MY HEAD; THAT THE IMPRESSION OF WHAT YOU WERE AND STILL ARE BREAKS
THE SILENCE, THAT I STILL STARE AT THIS WALL OF SILENCE INSIDE OF MY CELL
WITH ONLY YOU IN THE CONIFINS OF MY MIND:

"BUT LIFE GOES ON"
I imagined a sexy woman with butter pecan skin somewhere inside of my dreams, and her eyes were deceivingly beautiful as a reflection of something that I've only seen in a few women in vision. I wanted to go into the mud that I've become today, but when this image became truly defined to where I could take to view its loveliness, then this woman becomes a perfect thought inside of my mind as I allowed her to blossom into a female that I may come to see hopefully one day.

Because in a system of infinite possibilities it's amazing how my mind finds its way past the affect and cause of a situation that I can't procrastinate in my efforts if I wait until a later time in making this image come alive.

But it did progress that her image was so lavishly put-together that I didn't want to leave her only inside of my dreams. But she led me so provocatively in my actions that I'd to leave and think about my next course of thoughts. As she was very enticing to my touch. But with finess she allowed me to play the game. Maybe next time she would give me her name?

"I imagine"
(If we could) Have moments that we could
Walk away from them, I wonder would we deny the emotional
release that would ease our minds as we realize that these
moments were some of the best of times when we replay
them in our minds even when those moments are gone.

And if
We could take back certain memories that caused so much pain,
But, we found true happiness in that moment that caused our
hearts to be renewed; that all will work out fine, I hope that
When we look back, that we can know that not even time could
change what we took from those moments and what we learned
as time passes by.

So only will this moment matter as nothing
Is sure to what may happen when this day is complete, So I anticipate
The moment I will have with you, so that I can see back in mind
And reply these words when our moments arise, as I find that
These will be so true when I found a special moment with you:

"You made them"

Thoughts come true
If I knew that you would've changed my very concept of my understanding of the emotions that give way to a purity of what love could reveal, then I wish we could've meet on the other side of time where I could've found you and inspired you to drop me a line; for 21 are a (serendipity untold) who has elevated me back from the pain I hold that with such an overwhelming compression of love you obsession inside of my eyes as does a caterpillar to a butterfly uniquely unparalleled now that you've conquered sight of my soul.

For I've never met a Cassy Vision who thinks of others before she does her self, a woman who smiles sparkles beyond her eyes and keeps such a boundless pride, but a woman who has zero tolerance for any type of lies and deceit, so you are half and half of an angel and a demon that controls my every wish.

Beyond the meaning of perfection that has spoken life into reality, it is replaceable to say the least, a special treasure hidden in the confines of my deepest of thoughts, so you changed the concept of what all I thought I knew.

What a jest, I shall never find again.
"The First Kiss."

I CAN STILL RECALL THE VERY FIRST KISS THAT I HAD THAT I BELIEVED TO LAST A LIFETIME. I CAN EVEN REMEMBER THE SOFTNESS OF HER LIPS, AS THEY TOUCHED MINE WHEN I FELT AN EXPLOSION THAT HIT ME FROM MY HEAD TO MY TOES, AND WHEN THE FEELINGS CONTINUED TO GROW, I KEPT MESSING AROUND AND OPENED MY EYES TO ONLY FIND THAT SHE WAS LOOKING AT ME THE WHOLE TIME, AND IN THAT MOMENT SHE TOOK MY BREATH AWAY AS WELL AS MY SOUL, AS I COULDN'T STOP KISSING HER ALL THE NIGHT LONG.

But I remember how I craved for more, but she wouldn't let me seal the deal when my hands went too far, as I think back to the very first kiss with a woman that blessed me with a precious seed, but I could only speak about it only in the orientations of a woman that kept me in a dream.

Because she stripped me as a butterfly inside of a cocoon, a first of many feelings and sensations and it started with my very first kiss. Where I didn't have to try so hard to please, as she just wanted me for me, as she gave and gave something so surreal that I still can't say how she truly felt when we let go, but I ask where did I save this thought, and where did we go after the last kiss and I walk out of the door. !!!!
No sooner can I speak to define
you as I would be described a mean piece dripping honey as it
covers every space on this taste. Delight that you've become as a
star burning in the Heavens, that your beauty adds another element of
disgust inside of my mind, and hopefully that this occurrence has not
been upon itself to waste this moment of vogue as I specialize
for apologies if an unforeseen future starts to unwind in the layers
of need outside of these thoughts as I can no longer speak of you as my
only want, because you are the most sensational. Fantasy the mind
could have as it arousal strong emotional stimulations that can set the
balance when ever you are around, now that I've to find bright hope and I'm in
know why I can no longer type what my mind has in mind:

"Every time"
you cross my mind
Special moments and precious memories are just two of the things I hold inside of my soul when you come to mind. Just as a mirror, a surface capable of reflecting sufficient zindefusuffu light to form a virtual image of an object placed in front of it; but a miracle is an event that appears inexplicable by the laws of nature and so is how to be supernatural in origin or act or God.

So when I have hate on my thoughts and tears running down my face and a feeling of despair that surrounds me and keeps me up into a difficult lonely night, you are that miracle that gives me hope beyond hope when I realize how you are still there beyond a reasonable doubt. For at the end of my day when this time seems to close all doors of me seeing you face to face, even when the illusion begins to fade away.

So precious moments and special memories are just two things I hold inside of my soul when you come into my mind.

Memories of

Time.
In that moment of time I saw the true depths of your soul, that you are just one inside of perfection of the Thought of (you as the place) your essence in beauty, and placed it upon my mind.

So I will be your loyalty in which you can depend on in your hardest of times, and I will be your secret diary in which your heart can confide in when everyone else seems to have let you down, because for you to trust in me has such meaning that it's very hard to be explained. As an intimate detail, my master plan where no one can be trusted to be the middleman.

So I will be your loyalty, as a lock to its key, that only a master key can unlock the two things in which you can trust me to keep, because everyone's trust was the premise I was born to teach. For you are a temptation that has no cure, but my lips do become sealed as you show me secret after secret asking me what will I really do.

You never have asked.
IN A MOMENT OF THOUGHT I KNEW THAT
My days without you is as fire without the flame, and each
day you become more mysterious and more colorful and un
forgettable to my mind as I remain to ache with time, so
somedays I become frightened when I think to believe that you
are about to disappear with no trace of finding you again.

Because

sometimes I feel as though I'm standing on shifting sand where
I'm sinking in your love faster and faster with each moment of life
that passes away, so never do I want my emotional state to affect you
as an infectious disease to the point where your mood and emotions
are tossed and your mind has spent its last thought.

But I do

enjoy the chase and I do anticipate the wait of your return, that
I could see the expression written upon your most smiling face; so many
days without you around has me confused to what's real;

so my days

without your tender touch are days that hurt me to see, as I can
vividly recall each moment we shared in your warm embrace.

Each time

I think of you.
Then and now

I think of it every time the sky lights up and shines, as I accept the fact that love is not destined for you and I, for even as I write these words feelings are emerging from the portals of my entire being, as thinking of you helps me to soothe the pain that this wicked world has to offer or drink that I should pay.

And a lifetime could pass away and nothing could be left to remind us that there was a truth that I would have of you, as I take it to my grave screaming your beloved name; for you are a angel sent from God, who can only remain faithful and true to the purpose in which it was created and sent to do; for as we touch a shoulder with heaven is how I felt The Time To realize how heavily you lie upon my mind, when I find myself thinking of you.

Because I imagine making your dreams a reality and to help you see the same, to your style is a quality that captivates me and leaves my eyes open wide, and that leaves me to reflect on how I missed all that I thought I knew, when I closed up heart as if I thought I forget about it.

But I do miss hearing your voice when I think that I have not thought of you.
Can I be
forgiven?

If truly I could re-write my story of
being behind this invisible surface of these broken chains,
then I would recount the moment of salvation, such a simple
but complex of circumstances, where it could be perceived as
being easily fixed.

But if it is to be back from the start, then
I would never not confess to the lies and take responsibility
for the weaknesses I've caused, and only if I could make my parents
proud to call me their son. Then truly I would accept the
path I now had.

So I can't call myself a saint without saying
I was saved by His loving grace, but I can't call myself
a man because I forsake the responsibility of life, for a prison
mate.

So I can't call myself a father when my child dislikes
even his own daughter in the eye, so I can never not say of a truth
that these things weigh heavily on my heart, that I can't even
say if the father will have mercy on me, even if my story is told
in part:

Because deep inside of me I was taken to the throne
room of God, and this was the reflection of my soul. As these
three questions stand out: Will you choose her, will you use
for her, and will you remain true? As I thought, I can't say.
My thoughts of Valentine's Day is to never forget the days you have lost, cherished and loved. Just as sharing with those is nothing left but good, and that is when you find out that God is all you need. And since I've personal known you for most of my life, I will not lessen this day to be just another day as the world seems to be.

For you are sweet and good as your actions refine everyone. I can't care, because you've missed me to be a person who thinks before he acts, and to choose love when I could have chosen hate.

So I admire your strength as well as your drive, each time I think of you tears flow from my eyes, as I realize I've nothing to give.

For the countless years you've given to me.

So I respect your sacrifice that you put me before yourself, now that it seems that I've nothing left.

Why did you think about me on Valentine's Day.
My imagination
learns excitedly at the thought of a
encounter
That tells my body to ask you instead.
So
Take me as I am and respect me for what
I do,
Because my imagination is very deceptive
If my feelings ask questions when our time is tenuous,
For complicated
It seems to understand the desires of just,
Because sometimes are
very easy to live with if you never put
words into the air.
So respect me for what I do and take me as
I am,
As I imagine a
sexually intense encounter
with you:

Only if u
Ski & Co.

A.L.
I've always prayed

When I recount the moments that I've prayed
For someone as inspiring as you, then there would be no stars in the
Sky to wish upon a shining star to make this wish come true, and
If I could tell you how sorry I'm, that the promises I give vous
Or wish nothing if I don't try to make those promises come to pass,
And if I allowed my actions the time to show my true intent, as
Every time I've ever said couldn't mean anything to me to secure
Your heart and keep you close, when you don't know what to do, then my
Praying for you would all be in vain.

And if your pain is more than
You can bear, then please share your pain with me, because there is no
Surviving that I wouldn't place upon my shoulders and be willing to take
Your place, as if there ever was a time when life dealt you a bad hand
That your mind broke down and could not even think then I would take
It instead that you may be free, as I give you a small piece of me.

Because

I recall when I prayed for a beauty such as yours,
When I say we are Down by Contact it means when we've connected our hearts and souls, it's when we combined our ambitions and put aside our individual goals, it's when we could and can say without shame it's what it is, it's when we enjoyed the laughter and comfort of each other's tears, it's when we knew to call on Jesus when the Devil brought to life our greatest fears, it's when respect and honesty for us became more valuable than riches and fame, it's when we stood firm in our belief while controlling our public and private space, it's when we show a strong affection to one another and trust as if they were born by you and me.

Down by Contact is when we held a score of zero towards one another because we are all that we have, and it's when we say forever and truly mean what we say and feel, as our word is our bond and it was as pure as mined steel, it's when a woman or a man have been destined to meet and embrace their true love out of hate.

Down by Contact is a message from God to the orientations of a thought of a dream of a woman and is a gift to you.

Down by}

J.A.

A.L.
I find seat on top

Encounter and then I see you in the mirror than

I was gifted with

Gifts.

So for you I smile at the early

Morn or dusk or night when I think

These true thoughts.

For you I enjoy pain when I

Think upon your name.

And never in shame do I take

Back what you mean. For your

Tears does first the

Eyes.

But my heart wasn't made of

Stone.

And for you do I cry,

And so when the pupil0 creases wide, it's

Because for you my excitement shows

That letting (20) is only best.

So,

Even without light what (200)

Is seeing when I don't

Have you.

"Searching for you"

Without sight.

A.L.
I've seen petals
Of roses in the summer's air
That the scent it generated
Is a deep passion mixed with pure
Summer's rain.

But when I saw the
Softness of your rose petals that have
A life of their own that explosed
With juices of nectar so sweet that it
Thousand honey bees felt
On the hunt.

So I've seen sweet roses when
They were made to bloom, but when you
Can't I know new beauty, as you are
A pitch that roses know from your
Stem
Now that you came to life
Within me.

"Truly you are."
A Lovely Lonely White Dove

Sits on a window sill looking at freedom so close at hand, that she starts to shed a tear,

and so into the sky she takes flight looking for a mate to soar the skies again, and with pure white

white feathers she glows with an inner beauty you would have to check twice to see a beauty such as hers, as this

is the reason she was born to fly;

and she without thought she sees a black male dove

just beyond her reach, but unlike her self she decides
to move closer without a second thought as the wind

flows on, and as she comes closer she sees that his feathers

are more red than black as she wonders how could she’ve missed

something as special as that;

She has never known why as the wind carries him this way, and then he sees her

confined as a bird on a cloud, very beautiful beyond belief,

and as he wonders if she could be the one to fly with

him to soar the heavens where their souls are intertwine;

she takes a breeze to meet him in the only place where they

could touch, for she is a dove with golden sapphire eyes that

has frozen his heart in place;

She reaches him and they

merge together in a sea of unspoken, unutterable love,

that a new destiny has yet to be seen, but it was the

extraordinary wind of love that brought them together

as two parts that fit as one;

"Sently The Wind"

Doves.
If a sense of even a memory could tell of what I've lost when I lost you, then it would have to be such an extraordinary sight that could never be believed to be real, for you to define time when you accepted me without the seed of corruption to evolve in the recess of your mind, and from there on you are a rare flower in which I fought after even as the seasons turn from one to the next, that it would be very hard to find if I failed in my search.

So even if my memory fades as they seem to do, then I knew that a simple touch from you spurs deep emotions where in you I get lost in time as I face the check my heart to see if I will ever be fine...

So lost in thought I find myself where I shall never find again, that when I think to myself of how I may never get the chance to see what we could've been, that only if I could reach out and shape the universe to my will, then I would dismiss back all the moments I left with you.

When I look back in time.
If this was the day that I last looked upon
your breath-taking beauty, then I would've liked to have shared with
you a dance of the most purest of kind, that transcends pass what
we think to be unquestionable real.

Because if then was then, and
now is now, but if then wouldn't have ever been, then there would
be no now to show, because if then was a true Di'jana to come,
then I wish I could've remembered all that I had seen.

So I inhale

todale your soul's touch to send my thoughts beyond where's reach
that I can dance, a dance of eternity's peace, where forever we shall be.
For if this was the last time I breath in my last breath, and I could
invision just a thought of you then this dance would be capture and
Di'jana is a fate I would gladly meet.

Because if I've now, then I would
never want to go back to then, because if I never saw your breath-taking
beauty then my now would never have been and then I would have never been
able to dance this last dance before you were taken from my sight, but
if this is the last time I looked upon your face, then my now is where I
need to be this day.

"I REMEMBER YOU"

SO OFTEN.
IF THE EMOTIONS CAME OR PALEST OR DEHER
CAPABLE TO FEELING OR TOUCHING TO FEEL TIREDNESS, THEN YOU BRING
LOVE TO MY HEART, SOUL AND MIND EVERYTIME I THINK UPON THIS
LOVE THEN I BECOME AWARE OF EACH MILEAGE WE SHARE THAT TAKES
AWAY ALL OF THESE BAD TIMES I SEE AS YOU HELP ME TO BELIEVE IN
SMALL WAYS WHY I BELIEVE SO HEAVILY IN YOUR POWER OR NEED, AS YOU
BRING UNSPEAKABLE JOY WHEN MY FEARS HAVE CLARIFIED THE DECISIONS
I MAKE AS YOU SHOW ME WHY I CHOOSE LOVE OR HATE:

BECAUSE THERE
WERE MANY DOUBTS I FACES WHEN THE WEAKNES SEEMED TO BE RIGHT, BUT YOU
WERE THE ONLY ONE THAT GAVE ME PROMISES ON HOW TO CHOOSE THE RIGHT
PATH IN SPITE OF HOW I ASKED WHEN WE WERE ALL ALONE IN THE DARKNESS
OF A HARD NIGHT.

SO AS I THINK ABOUT THE UNSEEN LOVE YOU SO
WILLINGLY GIVE I MESS YOU FROM MY SOUL WITHIN, AS YOU BRING LOVE
TO MY SOUL, HEART AND MIND, AS I NEVER HAVE TO TAKE A BIGGER STEP
WHEN I ALLOW YOU TO TAKE ME HIGHER IN MY SOUL TO MY MIND:

"WHEN 21 LEFT"

— —
There have been times in my life that
made me speechless to voice my thoughts, because if I do that
I can't take them back.

So I hope that I've not spoken
words to make you doubt in me, but that I've given every
reason that what we share is a destiny fulfilled from above,
A treasure well worth the wait, as seeing is believing and
there is no time to waste.

For I crave your touch and the
feelings it brings to me. When we are close, it's just as a prayer
that's sure to come to pass. That craving your touch would
be all well and fine.

So I hope that this time will be-

Different from before, for you are the perfect woman who
makes my world so captivating that my soul desire has come
to life, and I can't stop thinking and craving your touch.

Intimate thoughts.

A.L.
I wonder will you remember me if you never
Again was to see my face and would I even cross your mind even
After knowing what you already know of me, or will you cherish the
Moments we spent side by side, or was it all a trick I learn to help
You pass your time away before you walk out of this prison cell
With no thought of me at all:

Because freedom to me is just
A word that moves my feelings and emotions to cloud my actions
Of what people may question if I do choose a choice that can
Confuse the mind, but to pursue it only means that in the
Next life I will find that elusive dream.

So I wonder will
You change my insecurity of less that I know inside of my mind,
Or do you find these words as if they were nothing but a lonely
Man's broken dreams. Because a man in chains has no freedom to end
You to those lonely dreams.

So once again, I wonder will you,
Or will I do the same if you were in my place:

When I put These
Thoughts in front of a
Mirror.

A.L.
So after all the things I've said I know
that I shouldn't have said, as you gave me everything and
left nothing out to the point I lose all control when all
the things I couldn't have said I never thought to say.

For I knew I would do things to make you not trust me in the
end, and all the lies I told where just reasons to push me further
in hopes I could find a way to escape. As I remember that you
never let your tears show the hurt I put in its place, as it
killed me to know that I destroyed the vows I gave when we
were lost in love.

So you are everything I've ever wanted
to be displayed in myself, and so lost in my dreams of love
that I refuse to let you my true essence one last time. So if this
was a time where I could say all that I needed to say then there
is no other soul out there to make me love myself better than
you, as your words are 100% pure, and I should've said this instead
of all the things I did say.

So after everything has been said,
I wanted to say this about your love:

"I never had"
We have all fell victim to the Devil and the manipulation of the mind, playing games with the emotions and setting a fire within my heart and anger set in my eyes. And as I gave my all I pray and hope that God opens his eyes to take on my fight in which it could have been my demise, if the Devil should win this round.

Because if I so happen to fall and (let Debin) in this face, I wonder will I have the courage not to hold my head in disgrace within God shows to me the evil that I have done in his face.

So I have played in the game for my eternal soul. But if the blood of Jesus Christ is the reason why my name is written in the lands book of life, then this cannot end in a draw.

So we all have played victim to the Devil and the manipulation of the mind as I was sent to tell the story of how I once played a pawn for the Devil for my eternal soul, as I wonder can a beautiful woman say the same, as I reach out to her in this moment and time.

"Visions Of A Checkmate."
A past of time is called to my thoughts that can't be denied to the fact that I turned my back against the emotions of love; why? Because complicated you make my thoughts when you speak the truth and I've to think twice before I respond and say anything out of my mouth, because the pleasure and pressure and purpose are all the things I find myself thinking of you when I realize the truth.

So it's amazing that I've never encountered a female as you who has your type of style, very well spoken and a tempter to match, you hit me hard and I didn't know how to react, and even at this point in time I'm very confused to which road to take because you have me doubting if I've made a deadly mistake. For the person I imagine you to be, is just as a flitter that can only reflect what it sees.

So, I can't say that if this is the last time and test I take it you are to see through the bullshit you say I will make, but you have everything so complicated when you invite me in, and so I have to admit this time in prison can only show the path of a past that calls to my thoughts, where your beauty has reached past all of my defenses and made everything too complicated to bear.

But you...
I've to closely watch and control my thoughts from the desires and emotions I have in mind when it comes to you. Because I was given these feelings when (name) made you in his mind.

So I work even harder to conquer your respect instead of trying to deceive, for truly I care of what may be your worry, and the pain you feel, that even if I could feel your pain as if it was my own, now that I have shared a moment with you.

Because I perceive you to be more than just an object of attraction when my gaze has pictured you from afar as I see more deeper than mere flesh (name) saw, and I would do well to be very careful in giving you the absolute truth, if I am to gain such a rare prize. That when (name) calls my actions into question before his very eyes.

So I would closely watch my intentions when my heart is at war with my lust when dealing with you. But I would rather watch you instead.

Dangerous
in
love with?

A.L.
There have been moments of times where
I've had my heart in one place and my mind in another, where
I've had my tears in my eyes and such pain in my soul as I
reminisce on how I'd to separate my mind from my heart.

So there will always be a view of what's not
Being said as we un-lock the truth of what has happened,
that when I tell myself that you are more than just an
image inside of my thoughts, as a moment of honesty that
reflects my heart cry.

All the while trying to recall my
favorite moment of love, is when I realize that love can be
untrue at times, so I gave wrong thoughts to my feelings
on how my actions could bring profound impressions to the
choices that have yet to be defined when my heart is in one
place and desires are in another.

So once again I find myself
in a battle of wills, as an image in a mirror, it may seem more
closer than it may appear, that when my feelings and emotions
are at the center of this suspicion and the paradox reveals
itself and now becomes the only target of question, as fate took
it upon itself to give to me this time to stop time with you, and
forever will you be stained on these sheets, when I can't find a
solution to you, when I find my heart to be in one place and
my mind is in another.

I felt trying
To find
You.
As I lay in my bed I envision your face, as I hear your name
2chains in the stillness of the air, but the wind is silent and confusion
takes over my thoughts, even as I blow this breath I was holding out.

So as I lay here trying to sort out these feelings and emotions that haunt me in
a heart that is not comfortable with these chains that bind me in
a state of fear, that helpless I become because this heart you've always
had and now I seem to realize this intense pain of not having you here
and reminiscing on how you made me feel only adds to the almost fallen
tears that slowly run down my tattoo cheek.

Because I do feel you present
with each breath I take as I close my eyes and your lovely eyes have taken
me from the confinement of my mind, as the doors to my soul have opened
wide, a place I thought never closed to the visions that never lets me
forget what it means to be free now that I perceive this silence that
lingers so close around me.

So as I lay here thinking of you I toss and
turn hoping to push away the pain of knowing you seeing that warm smile and
touching you in the most sincere of ways, as I know that you are not here to
stay, but all I am able to do is lay here thinking to myself, why of all days
Did I feel your presence so close to my soul and mind, as if your essence is
somewhere inside of this cell and I missed it somehow, as I lay back down
and watch the day come by.

Why today?

A.L.
I hear those silent cries of those emotions that take me to a time when I found peace in my soul, so if I get caught up into my emotions I need to know if what we have will last, because your feelings for you have made me realize the understanding that has been with help from me since I found a time of peace.

So I ponder on the potential consequences when the truth reveals that my words were tested when I believed I needed them the most, then putting my words to air has its time and place. That what I think I shall read will not be what I shall receive.

So when I felt that I touched something inside of you, that's when I found my eternity of bliss, as those emotions take me back to a time of peace.

"Such peace"
A new start of thoughts filter through many levels of mental processes. That leaves me in disarray, that I sense the pull of a unique substance that I can even see it forming around my body. So I knew that I've fallen to a place where my thinking has no affect, and hence these words do take fire:

So I recall when my tears ran like the rain that my emotions ran like the rain, as a new thought of it comes to life, as I never thought I would see a day where I had no emotions to give, but I never left my emotions where I couldn't find them if fate has changed my course.

So if you sow into the flow of time, never knowing the influence of the other forces that seek a hand in the outcome of your fate, but if you are expecting to reap the rewards of a prize well fought, then sadly you will not receive a victory, but a devasting effect that will hit you in the mind as you realize you should've understood that fate was in control the whole time.

30,

There was a time when I knew a new thought of you as my tears ran like the rain, as my emotions were running to tears, but fate took me you where not meant for me.

My true

emotion's of

you
When I came awake that my mind could travel to different levels of realities, I was surprised that the mind could think so! But when I searched for the definition of the mind, I was thrilled of how it has the ability to confront and deal with this reality by using the creative power given to it by the conscience awareness of the mind.

Then I paused in thought, for in a system of infinite possibilities, how could the mind find its way pass the cause and effect of a situation where fear has enter the fight, and when the mind becomes aware, does the mind reflect on the cause of the first line you’ve read?

Then if I said that nature has exposed a portion of time to send a message of a Dejavu to keep the mind aware that what lies next was not meant to be, for the mind is a linear system written on a zigzag pattern where the Dejavu has come and gone. As the Dejavu has delivered a second Dejavu message to save the mind’s life, for a time is sure to be in this maze.

So if to push past my old habitual ways of thinking to see the depth of the beauty now that I find myself lost in time, as I try to be a person to the mind within expressing feelings to shut-down, and as every encounter where I closed my eyes to a more conscience level of reality where I find I’m to be as my feelings are pressed to a point that I can’t describe, until I turn back to the days of my existence.

"When I come awake"
(If a woman would allow me to taste her mind
As I would one of my favorite pieces of candy.) That I could
never turn down each time I see this delicious specimen
(beyond of my mind).

That Deceptively Attractive She Must
Think to get if this Deception has to have a view of attack
To accomplish this mission for her to take this candy back,
That the imagination of how sweet this could be that even
Decides the mind into believing what is real was never real
To the eyes if I'm to make such a statement out loud.

But if
The mind of a woman has already seen the deception, then the mind
Was never given to let this trick slip by without checking for a

But if a woman was to read those words, I wonder would she
Agree that she could be a sweeter treat, or has this delicious
sensational specimen proven the better of the two and I seek for
The deception that decides even me.

"But if so,
Sweeter now."
My feelings for you have made me realize the truth that has been with me since I can remember. So I hope to have an understanding that I'm very genuine to have you consider my internal letter of communication. For I imagine you to hold a certain quality that surpasses my thoughts. So I felt it best to send this instead, for what I face does not come clear to, mind, know that I received this understanding message that makes my pressure past the point of no return.

OK, with these words

Reach your hand; I would like for you to understand that I'm just a plain man that has fallen deep into my desires, and hope you can perceive the entire process in which I feel so confused. I need to clear my spinning head as much as you believe a new sensation in which I find myself having to do.

But if you find my words to your delight, then you can have the pleasure in knowing that you can pray for me all through the night, and still you may miss my insight. But I do have a deeply and profound belief in proportionality, that life gives you the opportunity to have a choice or the will, and at this moment you're inspired and defined me into your soul somehow eventually lost between the layers or time.
So true to tell you intensely every thought
I could have when I think about a woman so it's no wonder
why I keep an open invitation that I written the time, and this
is so much the better a letter of communication from me to
you, as I find myself testing thoughts of you inside the creation
of a thought at a dream of a woman.

"This is just"
"The start"

Central soon:

The Orientations
Of a thought
Of a dream
Of a woman

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