A COLLECTION OF LOVE POEMS

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Herein lays a collection of Love poems dedicated to my future Wife that my Heart shall Love now and evermore. Thank you sincerely 4 all that you’ve did, all that you do, and all that has yet 2 be done. My Queen We Got This!! *Kisses*

done
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MRS. PURDY
(Listen 2 Your Heart)

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This began as a poetry book 4 my then fiancée. It ended up being a volume of various Love poems that I composed 4 various Lovers over the years. I was tempted 2 throw all it away but a God sent friend of mine convinced me 2 send it in hopes of it helping someone else. If you get anything from this you can thank Dee Dee Viney 4 encouraging me 2 publish what would otherwise have been discarded. Even I must thank you Dee Dee.
INTRODUCTION:

Do excuse the countless mistakes that are 2 be found in the various Love poems collected herein. I was tempted 2 put 4th the effort needed 2 correct them but refrained from doing so. Because as with the actual stages Love must travel thru as it journeys towards its instinctive destination of full maturity, mistakes being made are inevitable...

And although the concept of Mrs. Purdy still proves 2 be but a figment of my vibrantly vivid imagination that I so eagerly await 2 manifest out of Romance's fanciful realm of fantasy into actual reality...my emotions are already hard at work nurturing a Love that is intended 2 be lavished upon whomever you are...whenever the Spirit compels you 2 make your great debut...without further ado...

And He answered and said to them, "Have you not read that He who made them at the beginning 'made them male and female,'" "and said, 'For this reason a man shall leave his father and mother and be joined to his WIFE, and the TWO shall become ONE flesh?"

"So then, they are no longer TWO but ONE flesh. Therefore what GOD has joined together, let not man separate."

MATTHEW 19:4-6
YOU ALONE ARE ENOUGH.
YOU HAVE NOTHING TO PROVE TO ANYBODY.
- MAYA ANGELOU
Mrs. PURDY

Listen 2 Your Heart

CONTINUOUSLY PLAYED ON REPEAT

You are the rare rose that grows-
Through the center of my scarred heart,
You are what my Heart constantly longs 4-
Whenever we are forced 2 be apart.

You are the melody that gently plays-
Through the steady rhythm of my heart's beat,
A Love-song that only I can hear-
That is eternally being played on repeat.

You are the reason why my words sing-
Every time I passionately speak of you,
You are the only woman my Heart desires-
2 send Love-letters and poetry 2.

You are my passion...You are my desire-
The Wife I long 2 spend the rest of my life with,
You are my past, my present, & my future-
You are a childhood Love with whom I shared my 1st kiss.

You are a precious rose, a unique butterfly-
The missing pieces that make me complete,
You are a Love-song that only I can hear-
That is continuously being played on repeat.
UNJUDGMENTAL

Love
She said she loved me without words.

We sign language a conversation,

Then held hands and wandered about.

Heading towards no destination.

The sanctity of her confessional-

Allowed me 2 bare the grief of my soul.

Overlooking the sites of my shame-

Her eyesight wore a worn blindfold.

Her Love is so unjudgmental...
LOVE SPOKEN IN BRAILLE

An Author of an authentic Love-letter
Is considered a gentle caresser of Humanity,
The admired addressee is left spellbound by
The force of Love's passionate intensity.

Those who openly foster tender attachments
Naturally gesture an unspoken expression,
Like words spoken in Braille of enchanted tales
Of how Romance's sensuality seduced an obsession.

Like an impression chiseled in marble stone
Or a poem graced with the late Maya Angelou's touch,
Well
An art form composed solely with written words
Its poised silence makes the Heart feel so very much.
"The Heart never forgets-
How you made it feel,
Like reading a Love poem written 2 you
That was composed in Braille."

- 'Had

Learned will
"I've that people forget what you said,
People will forget what you did,
But people will never forget
How you made them feel."

-Maya Angelou
LOVESICK

My Heart is big but it beats quiet-
Silent Love unexpressed overwhelms me,
Taken aback by abandonment spoken aloud-
As Lovelorn openly consoles me.
So just hold me closely... from afar-
Whomever you are, from wherever you’re at-
Day-dream 4 there together we sat-
Alongside the remembrance of our Heart’s regret.
WITNESS LOVE SAY, "I DO..."

If what you & I share isn't Love-
Please care enough 2 explain what is,
Because I've witnessed his world become hers-
As her Heart naturally became his.

I've witnessed Love grow rampant-
Right there where anger had once grown,
And compassion envelope my Soul when-
The hurt others caused her Heart was shown.

I've witnessed heated arguments cause-
Me 2 give and then receive her cold shoulder,
And then Love be forced 2 realize-
Even our disagreements have a way of drawing us closer.

I've witnessed passion desperately yearn 4-
The intimacy you and I naturally share,
And infatuation fixate on inner beauty-
When you're the object at which I stare.

I've witnessed time come 2 a standstill-
Whenever I'm in the presence of you,
Yet I want 2 witness us share our first kiss-
After stating vows & solemnly saying, "I do."
A Gesture of Love...

Rachelle even when you are near me-
I can't ever seem 2 get enough of you,
So whenever you're away from me-
I think of creative ways 2 say I Love you.
Each time I consider what you mean 2 me-
Immediately my emotions carry me away,
Because what I feel 4 you I can't fully express-
So I regret what words will always fail 2 say.
But mind you, that is not 2 say that-
My words 2 you have no meaning at all,
It just means that my heart feels so much 4 you-
Language alone could never express it all.
So I now ask you, how I can say I Love you-
Without having 2 actually say these three very words?
I'll just write you often in hope that thru these-
Small gestures my unspoken Love is & remains heard.

This poem is but another small gesture of Love...
LET ME LOVE YOU AS ONLY I CAN

Let your emotions carry you away-
As I proudly carry you over a threshold,
Let the brightness of your gorgeous smile be-
The sunlight that makes my emotional rosebud unfold.

Let the joy of your humorous nature-
Be the source of my Heart's happiness,
Let the full lips in between your hips-
Be the only lips I yearn 2 kiss.

Let the same arms you hug me with- 
Uplift me if ever I shall fall,
Let my memory's museum have portraits of you-
Adorning each of its granite walls.

Let me Love you, let me hold you-
Let me comfort the parts of you that ache,
Let me cuddle with you at night-
And be the first face you see when you awake.
Let your absence make me miss you-
But don't ever make me miss you 4 far 2 long,
Let the sound of our bodies colliding be a catchy melody-
And your moans be the lyrics 2 our secret Love-song.

Let your passion move you towards me-
If ever distance itself fights 2 keep us apart,
Let your mind know that even when we're apart-
We carry the most precious pieces of each other's Heart.

Let your emotions constantly carry you away-
As long as they carry you right into my open arms,
Let my Love cover the most delicate parts of you-
Liken unto Mother Earth covering the rosebush's roots from harm.
I' M GREEDY ❤️ LIKE HER

When you're away from me I long 4 you-
Like no other man ever could,
So turning my back and walking away from you
I pray at Heart you know I never could.
I would never intentionally hurt you-
Instinctively I will always shelter you from harm,
I will always pay attention 2 you when you speak-
I will always woo you with seductive charm.
I will never manage 2 get enough of you-
I will never fail 2 always put you first,
I will never fail 2 remember that you gave me-
Your best while I was still at my worst.
I will always be satisfied with you-
Still
Even at your worst...you I will still adore,
So forgive me if I'm selfish when it comes 2 you-
You give me your all and yet I still want more.

I guess I'm greedy like...
MY MAGNIFICENT GODDESS

I would open every car door...

I would throw my favorite jacket over every puddle...

I would always go out of my way 2 make you smile that gorgeous smile of yours...

I would use the might of my body as a means 2 protect you from physical harm...

I would use the might of my mind 2 protect you from mental anguish...

I would use the strength of my heart 2 comfort you from emotional distress...

I would bring you candy, cards, and flowers just because...

I would catch butterflies 4 you 2 symbolize our Love is still as innocent as it was during the days of our most memorable childhood...

I would revive chivalry by pulling out chairs, opening doors, and treating you as an equal as a means by which figuratively placing you upon my heart’s pedestal...

I would give you gemstone pendants 4 birthdays...
I would give rose gold jewelry for special occasions...

I would give you diamonds, pearls, and handwriting poetry for anniversaries...

I would proudly pick you up and carry you over our threshold...

I would bathe you in scented bubble baths after reconciling from passionate arguments...

I would surprise you with dinner by candlelight...

I would caress you ever sensually while basking in the pale glow of the soft moonlight...

After a long night of mind blowing love making I would awake you with your favorite breakfast in bed...

After a long day at work I would give you toe curling back rubs...

After a tender hug you I would passionately kiss-

After a tear were shed your back I would gently caress-

In hopes that it would eventually express-

I worship the ground you walk upon my majestic Goddess...
THE HEART OF MY WORLD

Although I do think the world of this precious relationship we share, I won't exaggerate this beautiful truth into a lie by saying I truly believe that the whole world revolves around the Love that has taken up permanent residence in the heart of You & I.

Yet I can honestly say that when the world as I know it appears to be completely falling apart all around me...a kind gesture from you, the sensual sound of your voice caressing my ear drums, a beautiful card with your caring words sprawled about it :0), a drawing from our beautiful Girls, a letter from my highly admired mother-in-law, the daily reprieve of daydreams of the historical moments we've shared amid the fleeting innocence of our childhood, nightdreams of the future we shall share one day, and me openly soaking in the beauty of the priceless portraits of you that proudly adorn all of the granite walls of my memory's museum...brings my troubled world an unspeakable sense of peace.

My Love I can truthfully say that when the harsh reality of my prison environment causes my heart to harden and momentarily grow cold, it is the warmth of your burning emotions that blankets my Soul and in doing so keeps our Love alive.

Admittedly I don't show you nor express to you my constant appreciation of all of your hard work, Love, support, and unyielding dedication as often as I should. 4 this I sincerely apologize. Prayerfully my apology is completely accepted so that my faults can be overlooked. Yet may I now take the time needed 2 say that in light of all the mistakes I've made in life...undoubtedly my biggest accomplishment is the unmistakable realization the my world is and shall forever remain 2 be complete as long as You remain in it. So may You alone always remain 2 be the Heart of my Motherland now and evermore. Soul mate even when it doesn't appear 2 be so there is one thing I can always assure you of: We Got This!!
THE HEART SPEAKS WITHOUT WORDS
(READ IN BETWEEN THE LINES)

I already see what makes you smile-
That gorgeous smile that takes my breath away,
I see that even without vows stated we are married-
Because you saw me at my worst and chose 2 stay.

I see that there are no goodbyes between You & I-
When we part ways we carry pieces of each other,
I see so clearly how our perfect imperfections-
Is what makes us so perfect 4 one another.

I see what those before me have failed 2 notice-
Yourself worth can't be measured by material possessions,
How does one access the worth of what is priceless?
It is easier 2 place a price tag on the value of Love's affection.

I see what you have yet 2 see in yourself-
In you I see a reflection of me at my best,
This means only the sight of you beside me-
Could ever put my troubled Heart at rest.

I see what lays in between the lines-
Each time I read a Love-letter you’ve sent,
What remains unspoken speaks volumes-
So I fully understand what is meant:

2 listen 2 your Lover’s Heart-
By reading in between the line…
IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER

"...let Faith be
The bridge you build
To overcome evil and
Welcome good."
-Maya Angelou

It doesn't really matter that-
Various obstacles keep You & I apart,
Because true intimacy means-
No matter what, we'll remain close at Heart.

It doesn't even matter that-
I'm not beside you as you lay down 2 sleep,
Because I've given my all 2 you meaning-
The best of me shall always be yours 2 keep.

It doesn't really matter that-
What I felt 4 you we knew I could never fully express,
Because your ears are the pages of my diary-
Where my shame can roam about without regrets.
It doesn't even matter that-
My Heart skips a beat whenever I hear your voice,
There's no need 2 ever thank me 4 Loving you-
In all honesty, I never even had a choice.

It doesn't really matter that-
The only thing of value I can offer You is myself,
Because God has given You eye's 2 see-
Upright character is the true measure of wealth.

So the only thing that really matters-
Is the You & I inspire each other 2 be better,
So let no Man, Woman, or circumstance formed against us-
Tear asunder what God ordained 2 be together.

(Genesis 2:24/Romans 8:31/Proverbs 31:10)
Expressions of Heart's Regret

Forgive me not who I now am -
But rather the Man I've yet to become,
This true failure of not measuring up -
To the potential from which we come ....

Although the sum of one's failures -
Rarely outweigh their ability to succeed,
Although a plant can thrive after it's withered -
Dreams are rarely sought after once they recede ....

Indeed, life entails a plight of hardship -
And so we're effected by;
The various obstacles we encounter,
Scars therefrom distinguishes one's nature -
As we emerge from the substance;
Of what we all once were ....
Though we change, essence remains the same.

So assess the face value of one’s self worth,

This is an unspoken apology in the form of-

The hurt of not living up 2 Love’s join worth....

Please take the time needed 2 really listen 2 our Heart,

Never let them break us apart....
My dear fiancée,

do know that we got this even when it doesn't appear that we do. I commend the struggles you must endure on ur own 2 make this love we share remain 2 blossom abloom. Do know that I'm here 4 you, moms, and the Girls however I can be. It takes a special kind of strength 2 weather the storms we are in the midst of. You're my Shero whether you know it or not. But please not allow the hardships of today be the reason we fail 2 labor away at planting the seeds that will prove 2 be the abundant harvest of our tomorrow...

*kisses*

Mr. T. Al-hakim Purdy
INGREDIENTS OF ENCHANTED LOVE....

more than an intense attraction, an evolving thought, a wholehearted commitment, relentless devotion, a kind thought spoken without an ulterior motive, a kind gesture, a string of poetic expressions, a desperate longing, the willingness to endure hardships, the constant keepsakes of ever so priceless promises fulfilled in the face of acceptance in spite of... the desire to write a Heartfelt Love-letter it tells the self of its willingness to give, well nourished with insight and encouragement, to endear itself to you because, missing one coldness of heart, a repeated effort of wandering, a wait that doesn't ever repeat, or die away, is of unrequited devotion.

2 more of the things that has been missed as all the ingredients that it took to write a line that makes me who you now are 2 me:

It has been explained, it isn't necessarily that I love myself but rather I love myself and the Faithful of God that one thing with that matters the most in life's journey and that we know what matters the most in life is what we matter 2 me. Now that I understand this I hope this understanding was mutually shared between you & I. So we'd know beyond the doubt that despite the hardships this rare Love of... while it is blessed beyond measure 4 being afforded the ability to take the scenic route back 2 heaven. *KISSES*

*WE GOT THIS*
Eternal Love

The overwhelming joy I now know-
Is so readily seen in Her reflection,
I now know that food 4 my starving Soul-
Is a delicacy known as Her affection.
While we're apart my Heart longs 4 Her-
Like an addict addicted solely 2 Her touch,
I think of the greatest Love stories ever written-
And just know that we are in the thick of such.
A Love story that ultimately ends with-
The customary, "They lived happily ever after."
4 assurely our Love is meant 2 remain intact-
In this life as well as the one hereafter.

Because what we share is,
Love that is Eternal....
Our Sacred Garden Of Eden

Even when you are so far off at a distance that it does not appear 2 be so...I assure you that thoughts of you are constantly being entertained, admired, acknowledged, studied, and therefore cherished by me 2 the highest height of my heart's morally pristine esteem...

Which is not the same as saying that my so openly admitted infatuation of you has lead me 2 make a foolhardy attempt at dedicating every waking moment of what remains of my days 2 lavishing your compassionate heart with the focal point of my mind's undivided attention...

But it is 2 say that the essence of who you are 2 me at heart has become so transfixed at the center of my world that you have not only become the breathtaking sight of brilliant stars adorning my night's sky, you have also become the proverbial Sun and Moon that now faithfully orbits the world that I alone once was, a world that you have permanently become the precious Motherland of, a world which we now peacefully cohabit in...as our very own God given...variant of Adam and Eve's sacred Garden of Eden.

Andrea M. Parker
Observing The Times

At times the Heart is given-
Other times it is outright taken,
At times while alone we are together-
Other times while together we are forsaken.

At times words are eloquently spoken-
Yet understanding remains misunderstood,
Other times a mere moment of silence-
Is why a crowd standing ovation stood.

At times it's the burdens we bear that-
Become the very weight of our success,
Other times it's the weight of our success-
That becomes the burdens we grow 2 regret.

At times the deepest meaning of life-
Is our Heart's intended destination,
Other times it is the journey itself-
Along with the time spent in its preparation.

Listen 2 Your Heart!!
A lone tear rolled slowly down the left side of Criminal's grief-stricken face. A tear shed not from fear of death but rather from the heartfelt regret of knowing how devastating the impact his death would be to those chosen few who he held near and dear to his otherwise guarded heart.

Knowing his meeting with death was quickly approaching made him feel like the weight of heaven, hell, and earth had been awkwardly stacked on his conscience. Yet instead of procrastinating Criminal calmly hit the weed as deep as his lungs would allow him to inhale before dropping what remained of the blunt to the car floor. The adrenaline that surged through his veins caused his hand to shake slightly as he grabbed the butt of the plastic .40 Glock that sat in his lap.
Lil' Hati

[Italic] Heavenly Father please watch over my family while I'm gone. May their hearts know the bulletproof love my heart had for each of them. [End Italic] Game Criminal's silent prayer.

As he exhaled the weed in his lungs Criminal slowly raised the .40 Glock and took two quick shots at the sea of police officers that lay ahead of him before ducking underneath the dashboard as his right foot pushed the gas pedal to the floor. Even over the rap music blaring out of the two fifteen inch subwoofers in the trunk the roar of the police's volley of bullets being fired at the stolen car he drove could still be heard loud and clear.

In the time it took the Caprice Classic to cover the sixty feet of open highway that stood between him and the police roadblock Criminal managed to reach close to forty miles per hour and take four gun shots to various parts of his unguarded body. After crashing into the back end of a police car Criminal had just enough life in his body and animosity in his heart to jump out of the wrecked car firing his gun at the swarm of police officers who were now running for cover opposed to standing their ground. Since running for cover was no longer an option Criminal stood his ground and fought a losing battle in the same fashion of a true Zulu warrior; courageously.

Ghad Purdy @Fb

Zoe's lean six foot two inch frame was layed flat on the
living room floor. The house stereo system was softly playing a mixed C.D. of slow jams from the early to the late nineties, oldies, and famous love ballads on repeat. Samayah's petite frame was glistening from a light layer of sweat that covered her entire body, her eyes were closed tight, and she was breathing hard as she rode Zoe's dick in a reverse cowgirl style. With a slight smile on her beautiful face she frantically bounced up and down on Zoe's dick like she was actually in a saddle, on top of a wild mustang, and galloping off into the sunset. As Samayah rode Zoe's dick bareback she shamelessly played with her clit in an attempt to prompt her pussy to climax for the third time so the sweet nectar of her heavenly flower could coat the full length of Zoe's manhood and she could taste herself while pleasuring him with her mouth.

The Asain Goddess of Zoe's dreams well toned creamy mocha complexioned legs were straddling Zoe's face. Her narrow hips slowly gyrated back and forth as she grinded her slightly swollen and extremely wet pussy lips across Zoe's face. Like a master pianist tapping away at the keys of a Grand Piano while playing a quick tempo piece composed by Beethoven, Zoe's tongue relentlessly played with her clit. With her eyes rolling into the back of her head her dark milk chocolate nipples stood erect on her perky 34-C breast like Sudanese statuette soldiers standing at attention.

Under normal conditions Zoe was totally against putting his mouth on a female's pussy during their first sexual encounter. Doing so was how many of men received the unwanted gift that
Lil' Hati

keeps giving: herpes of the lips. But to Zoe his Asain Goddess' neatly trimmed pubic hair and her extremely plump pussy lips, that poked out and made her pretty pussy look like it was pouting, looked as beautiful as the model worthy female they belonged to. And just maybe it was the drugs playing tricks on him but Zoe would have sworn on a stack of bibles in an open court of law that the woman's pussy juice actually tasted like chocolate covered strawberries with a hint of brown sugar sprinkled on them.

Zoe felt his Asain Goddess' body shake for a few seconds before it tensed and then completely lock up on her. A moment later he felt the warmth of her heavenly rain begin to flow like a running faucet. If Zoe hadn't tasted the strawberry with a hint of brown sugar he would have sworn that she had just pissed on him. With her body still as stiff as a board Zoe lifted her petite frame from off of his face before he ran the risk of being drowned by her pussy juices.

"Samayah we need to switch these positions up." Came Zoe's single command.

Chad Purdy @Fb

"What's the nigga's name Diva?!" Calvin yelled, hatred dripping from his strained voice.

Diva shook her head frantically from left to right.

"What's...the...nigga's...name...Diva?!" Calvin screamed at her hysterically.
The force in Calvin's voice was all it took to push Diva to her breaking point. Right there on the spot Diva broke down and begun to sob lightly before she managed to push a single word out of her mouth.

To Diva's surprise the name had the opposite effect on Calvin than she expected it would. Instead of blowing up and lashing out Calvin slowly lifted her chin up, gently wiped at the tears that were flowing down her cheeks like steady river streams, and then gently kissed her quivering lips. The soft yet sensual kiss sent shivers down her spine, caused her palms to sweat, and made her weak in the knees to the point Diva had to reach out and wrap both of her arms around his neck to prevent herself from falling.

"Diva don't trip, we got this..." Calvin spoke into her ear with a gentle conviction that stirred an unspeakable passion in the deepest depth of her soul before enveloping Diva in the loving warmth of his tender yet protective embrace.

Chad Purdy @Fb

Holding true to his threat he raised his gun without warning until the barrel was level with the man's chest. Before the words of protest that were forming in the mind's mind could be spoken two shots rang out so close together they sounded like they had been fired simultaneously. The force of the second shot slamming into the man's chest swept his feet from beneath him causing him to fall backwards.
Lil' Hati

The shot knocked all the wind out of the man's lungs, made his body feel like it was suspended in mid air...slowly free falling from atop a mountain peak without a parachute, and caused his life to flash before his eyes in a blur.

Without warning the vibrant colors of the fragmented motion picture of his life faded as the fast paced images abruptly slowed to an awkward snail like crawl.

(Italic) So this is really how it ends for me? By the hand of my best friend...(End Italic) He thought to himself as he frantically strained his mind's eye to focus in on the faded black and white image of his family looking at a rest in rest mural of his face.

His face being memorialized in a mural was the last sight he saw, a soul shattering feeling of anguish and regret was the last emotions his heart felt, and the sound of glass shattering was the last sound his ear's heard as his back crashed through the living room coffee table a split second before his world went pitch black and he sensed the tug of his spirit being ushered into the cold soul numbing abyss of Hade.
rock bottom
became a
SOLID foundation
on which
I rebuilt my
life
THE ULTIMATE LIST

1. GET MORE SLEEP.
2. DRINK MORE WATER.
3. GET MORE EXERCISE.
4. READ MORE.
5. GET MORE ORGANIZED.
6. CLEAN MORE OFTEN.
7. EXPLORE MORE.
8. RELAX MORE.
9. HAVE MORE PATIENCE.
10. FORGET DOING ‘MORE’.  
  Just try your best.

I’m trying 7

Shad