LOVE POEMS - THE LOVE FOR MY CINDY.

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NO HOME ADDRESS

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FORGET CHOCOLATE, EXOTIC LINGERIE OR MARRIAGE COUNSELORS, THE ONLY PROPS YOU'LL EVER NEED, WHETHER YOU ARE IN LOVE OR OUT OF IT, ARE THE POEMS IN THIS BOOK. THERE ARE VERSES HERE TO CONSOLE YOU WHEN THE PHONE DOESN'T RING OR THE DIVORCE PAPERS HAVE BEEN SIGNED, AND POEMS THAT CELEBRATE THE JOY OF BEING IN LOVE, FOR THE FIRST TIME TO WALKING DOWN THE AISLE. THESE POEMS WILL TELL YOU ABOUT THE TRUTH OF LOVE.
ADVICE TO LOVERS

THE WAY TO GET ON WITH A GIRL IS TO DRIFT LIKE A MAN IN A MIST, HAPPY ENOUGH TO BE CAUGHT, HAPPY TO BE DISMISSED.

GLAD TO BE OUT OF HER WAY, GLAD TO REGAIN HER IN BED, EQUALLY BRIEFED OR GAY TO LEARN THAT SHE'S LIVING OR DEAD.
SYMPTOMS OF LOVE

LOVE IS A UNIVERSAL MIGRAINE, A BRIGHT ON A VISION BLITZING OUT REASON.

SYMPTOMS OF TRUE LOVE ARE LAUGHING OF JEALOUSY, LARGELY DANGERS.

ARE OMENS AND NIGHTMARES LISTENING FOR A KNOCK, WAITING FOR A STRAIN.

FOR A TOUCH OF HER FINGERS IN A DARKENED ROOM, FOR A SEARCHING LOOK.

TAKE COURAGE, LOVER, COULD YOU ENDURE SUCH GRIEF AT ANY HANDS BUT HER'S.
IT'S ONLY LOVE

IT'S JUST THIS JUDGMENT BYPASS, NOTHING DRASTIC. I'M TOLD THEY DO IT WITHOUT ANAESTHESIA. IT LEAVES YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS AS ELASTIC. ONE OF THE SIDE EFFECTS IS MILD AMNESIA; FACES GET RESHAPED, PAIN SLIPS YOUR MIND. SOME BLINDNESS IS NORMAL. SUFFERERS CLAIM TO SEE HEAVEN ON EARTH, STARS IN DULL EYES, WITH UNKINDNESS. THIS COMMONLY RESTS ALL TREATMENT GIVEN. IT'S NOT ALL BAD, GRANTED, NO FLAME RETARDANT WILL WORK, BUT STILL, THE TOXINS ARE A TOXIN. THE VIRUS LEAVES YOU SELFLESS, BRAVE AND ARDENT ANYWAY; ONCE YOU'VE GOT THE THING, IT'S CHRONIC. MOST PEOPLE LEARN TO LIVE WITH THE CONDITION. WHAT'S KILLS THEM IS THE TERROR OF REMISSON.
FIRST LOVE

I NEVER WAS STRUCK BEFORE THAT HOUR WITH LOVE SO SUDDEN AND SO SWEET, HER FACE IT BLOOMED LIKE A SWEET FLOWER AND STOLE MY HEART AWAY COMPLETE. MY FACE TURNED PALE AS DEADLY PALE MY LEGS REFUSED TO WALK AWAY, AND WHEN SHE LOOKED, WHAT COULD I TELL MY LIFE AND ALL SEEMED TURNED TO CLAY.

AND THEN MY BLOOD RUSHED TO MY FACE AND TOOK MY EYESIGHT QUITE AWAY, THE TREES AND BUSHES ROUND THE PLACE SEEMED MIDNIGHT AT NOONDAY. I COULD NOT SEE A SINGLE THING. WORDS FROM MY EYES DID START. THEY SPOKE AS CHORDS DO FROM THE STRING. AND BLOOD BURN'T ROUND MY HEART.

ARE FLOWERS THE WINTER'S CHOKE? IS LOVE'S BED ALWAYS NOW? SHE SEEMED TOO HEAR MY SILENT VOICE; NOT LOVE'S APPEAL TOO-KNOW. I NEVER SAW SO SWEET A FACE AS THAT I STOOD BEFORE. MY HEART HAS LEFT ITS DWELLING PLACE AND CAN RETURN NO MORE.
When I am sad and weary when I think all hope has gone
When I walk along High Holbourn I think of you with
nothing on.
A RED, RED ROSE

My luv is like a red, red rose that's newly sprung in June
My luv's like the melody that's sweetly played in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass, so deep in love thee still,
My dear still a the seas gang a'rye.

Till a the seas gang a'rye, my dear, and the rocks meli wi' the sun;
I will luv thee still, my dear, while the saucers o' life shall run.
And fare thee well, my only luvie, and fare thee wheel awhile.
I and I will come again, my luvie wheeze if I were ten thousand miles.
THE LOOK

Sirephon kissed me in the Spring, Robin in the Fall, but Colin only looked at me and never kissed at all.

Sirephon's kiss was lost in jest, Robin's lost in play, but the kiss in Colin's eyes haunts me night and day.
They were in love, but neither would let the other know and while they were dying of passion, Hairee was all they'd show.

They parted at last, and only in dream did their love live on. Long ago they perished, and scarcely knew they were gone.
WILD NIGHTS

WILD NIGHTS - WILD NIGHTS! WERE I WITH THEE, WILD NIGHTS SHOULD BE OUR LUXURY:  

FUTILE - THE WINDS - TO A HEART IN PORT BORE WITH THE COMPASS - DONE WITH THE CHART.  

ROWING IN EDEN - AH, THE SEAS MIGHT I BUT MOOR - TONIGHT IN THEE.
UNFORTUNATE COINCIDENCE

By the time you swear you're his, shivering and sighing, and he vows his passion is infinite, underlying - lady, make a note of this this, one of you is lying.
Saturday Morning

Everyone who made love the night before was walking around with flashing red lights on top of their heads: a white-haired old gentleman, a red-faced schoolboy, a pregnant woman who smiled at me from across the street, and gave me a little shrug, as if the flashing red light on her head was a small price to pay for what she knew.
PERMISSIVE SOCIETY

WAKE, FOR THE DAWN HAS PUT THE STARS TO FLIGHT AND IN MY BED A STRANGER. SO ONCE MORE, WHAT SEEMED TOO BE A GOOD IDEA LAST NIGHT, APPEARS THIS MORNING, SOBER, RATHER POOR.
NEVER SEEK TO TELL THY LOVE.

NEVER SEEK TOO TELL THY LOVE, LOVE THAT NEVER TOLD CAN CAN
BE FOR THE BREEZE WIND DOES MOVE SILENTLY, INVISIBLY.

I TOLD MY LOVE, I TOLD MY LOVE, I TOLD HER ALL MY HEART,
TREMBLING, COLD IN GHAStLY FEARS, AHH! SHE BOTH DEPART.

SOON AS SHE WAS GONE FROM ME, A TRAVELLER CAME BY,
SILENTLY, INVISIBLY, HE TOOK HER WITH A SIGH.
I'M REALLY VERY FOND
I'M REALLY VERY FOND OF YOU, HE SAID.
I DON'T LIKE FOND. IT SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING YOU WOULD TELL A DOG.
GIVE ME LOVE OR NOTHING.
THROW YOUR FOND IN A POND, I SAID.
BUT WHEN I FELT FOR HIM WAS ALSO WARM FRISKY, MOIST NOSED, EASIER AND COULD SWIM AWAY IF FORCED TO DO SO!
LOVE POEM

SHARING ONE UMBRELLA, WE HAVE TO HOLD EACH OTHER ROUND THE WAIST TOO KEEP TOGETHER. YOU ASKED ME WHY I'M SMILING IT'S BECAUSE I'M THINKING I WANT IT TO RAIN FOR EVER.
MAYBE

MAYBE HE BELIEVES ME, MAYBE NOT. MAYBE I CAN MARRY HIM, MAYBE NOT. MAYBE THE WIND ON THE PRAIRIE, THE WIND ON THE SEA, MAYBE, CAN TELL. I WILL LAY MY HEAD ON HIS SHOULDER AND WHEN HE ASKS ME I WILL SAY YES.
PROPOSAL

LET'S FALL IN LOVE - IN OUR MID THIRTIES. IT'S NOT ONLY WHERE THE HURTS IS.

I WON'T GET SMASHED UP. SHOULD YOU GO AWAY FOR WEEKENDS - WE BOTH KNOW.

NO TWO PEOPLE CAN BE COMPLETELY ALL SUFFICIENT, BUT TWICE WEEKLY.

WE'LL DINE TOGETHER, SPLIT THE BILL. ADMIRE EACH OTHER'S WIT WE WILL.

BE SPLENDID LOVERS, SLOW, WELL TRAINED, TACITURN, GRACEFULLY UNRESTRAINED.

YOU'LL KEEP YOUR FLAT AND I'LL KEEP MINE. OUR BANK ACCOUNTS SHALL NOT INTERMIX.

WE'LL MAKE THE WHOLE THING HARD AND BRIGHT. WE'LL CALL IT LOVE. WE MAY BE RIGHT.

THOMAS W. CURRAN, JR. © 8-18-
Child

Your clear eyes is the one absolutely beautiful thing. I want too fill it with color and the zoo of the new.

whose names you meditate - April snowdrop, Indian pipe little.

stalk without wrinkle, pool in which images should be grand and classical.

Not this troubles wringing of hands, this bark ceiling without a star.
It occurs to me now, I never see you smiling anymore. Friends praise your humor rich, your phrases turning onto a thin dime. For me your wit is honed too killing sharpness. But I never catch you simply smiling, anymore.
**Go Now**

Like the touch of the rain she was on a man's flesh and hair and eyes, when the joy of walking thus has taken him by surprise.

With the love of the storm he burns, he sings, he laughs, well I know him how but forgets when he returns as I shall not forget her go now!

Those two words shut a door between me and the blessed rain that was never shut before and will not open again.
I CANT FORGIVE YOU. EVEN IF I COULD. YOU WOULDN'T Pardon me FOR SEEING THROUGH you AND YET I CANNOT CURE MYSELF OF LOVE FOR WHAT I THOUGHT you WERE BEFORE I KNEW you.
Mr. Thomas W. Curtician Jr. is an inmate at a Pennsylvania State Prison. On March of 1988 in Butler, Pennsylvania USA, he had met a woman named Cindy Myers at a rollerskating rink. And Thomas and Cindy started dating. Thomas and Cindy had a relationship for only a few months. Thomas had committed a crime and was sent to prison. On August of 1988 he was raped by two black inmates at SCI-Pittsburgh in PA, Pennsylvania USA.

For 26 years he been tracking Cindy, and had wrote to Cindy's family, but her family contacted the Pennsylvania State Police and the Pennsylvania Department of Corrections and had issued a non-contact order against Thomas. Cindy had married in 2009, and 3 weeks later, her husband beat her. Cindy had came to work all beatened up. Her husband was demoted at his job. On August 27, 2014 Cindy's husband had died of a major heart attack. Thomas is glad he's dead. Cindy's husband will never hurt her again.

Thomas always thinks about Cindy and misses her. I love you Cindy Myers!