

The Kiss (1984)

Desire fills the depths of soul,
the touch that joins us makes us whole.

Heaving chests with passion filled,
in anticipation our hearts are stilled.

The warmth of love is simply glorious,
as we're elated in euphoria.

Our breath is held, our hearts could burst,
each time as magic as the first.

And as we separate the bond,
the excitement in us far from gone,

we feel as though between us passed
the love that will forever last.

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Sunshower Reflections (1984)

I can see, second-hand and indirectly,
reflected and therefore all the more artistic;
The clothesline has become a jeweled necklace chain,
bearing diamonds of sunbeam speckled rain.