

Lust, Love and Land



The fevered pull between need and knowing, where the body remembers what the mind resists.

The Belfast smile.



To experience time in searching for the smile of the one you love.

Wondering the streets aimlessly and without a destination, without expectations.

It is time spent enjoying the setting sun, her dreamy eyes feasting on my body; she makes dreams come true.

I experience time wandering the streets, holding hands, her passion and spontaneous actions bring a smile to my face.

When time is spent wondering if what I feel is real, then I cannot be without expectations.

In time, I'll miss the grace of her walk, in time I'll miss the tenderness of her voice.

Time spent meeting people, laughing about, and wondering which street to follow.

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By Her Beauty.

I forgot reason in her beauty, With splintered fragments in strength and vulnerability,

Comes an unknown feeling
Ignorant and in good will,
I'll praise those feelings,
In both heart and mind,
And among those thoughts,
I'll handle myself in a manner that puts me on edge.

Wondering if this mysterious beauty will tell me her secret,

Attempting unwillingly to wake up at her side.
But in fascination of her precious character,
Comes a difficult decision of time,
Like a curse coming from another world,
Feelings will go to slumber.

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