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The Poet Is Born

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Not that it matters
 If you love me back.
 It is not love, if
 The intentions are impure.
 To love and to be loved
 Makes one the possessor
 Of the invaluable; but
 Even the incompleteness, sometimes
 Enables one the harsh realities endure.

Not that it matters,
 If I should wait for you
 Someday, the poet will
 Discover the self.
 Someday, someone will become
 Capable, of not incapacitating
 The soul, of reaching the bounds.
 The poetry is still
 In progress, see to it.
 The heart is lit and pure,
 The mind is craving for more.

Not that it matters,
 If this body gets trapped
 The triumph belongs to love, because
 The poet is born.

An Appeal to the Beloved

Beloved,
 Do you see too?
 The leaves are turning blue,
 Yearning to possess
 The twinkle in your eyes.

My Beloved,
Cynthia is striving
To enlighten you, but
The stars are fainting
Disgracing the sky.
Embrace it, my beloved,
These leaves offer you love.
They are the fairies in hue
They are the servants
Of Eternal love.
It is Spring, beloved.
Do not live in the past
The darkness will engulf you.
Yours is this moonlit night, my beloved,
The leaves are euphoric in hue.
Let it go, beloved,
Let yourself shine.
You enlightened my soul,
Let Cynthia enlighten thine.
