

Absence

by ryall Saturday, Oct 31 2009, 7:40am

international / prose/poetry / literature

she's gone
like a doe
through the trees



puck

But things are not quite as they were before.

It seems solitude is a jealous lover; few are able to contend - the secret is to embrace and persist with her; she will soon open like a rare flower and offer sweet ambrosia to those that endure!

Voids are transitory spaces quickly filled; such is the nature of things; why fear opportunity/becoming?

What is foreign to social convention and accepted norms is usually exotic and alluring; however, some find unfamiliarity, terrifying!

I have yet to understand why pain and despair accompany bliss and ecstasy like two illegitimate sisters vying for the throne.

The simplest things can sometimes escape the scrutiny of eagles. Just as well!

Once Loved always Loved.

Sweet peace to you forever.

We are ONE inseparable, unified Being. I could no more withdraw Love than the

universe cease to exist.



- 🔊 [Amy Winehouse -- Wake up Alone](#)
- 🔊 [Land of Make Believe - EasyBeats \[of Oz\]](#)

Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-1706.html>