

Poetry Series

# Infinite Flowercloud

- poems -

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# Infinite Flowercloud()

# Aries

I think of him  
When he is away...  
I hunger  
I yearn  
I lust

But when I am graced with his presence  
He gives me ecstasy  
Raw passion that falls upon my lips from his

I am waiting for him to come home...  
To dive into the fire with him by my side  
It's just  
How many minutes... Hours... Or days will I have to wait to be warm again?

Infinite Flowercloud

# Seeking

I don't know what is what  
He speaks of love  
But I only detect lust

Sure there are women that you could turn to because of proximity

But maybe they don't provide the allure I do...  
Maybe this is just a foolish conquest of a traumatized young black women looking  
for some sort of genuinenity...

Validation...  
Comfort...

After spending these early adult years alone

So I rack my brain observing both sides and I come up with no definite  
conclusion

So then I write. Vent. And consumed in uncertainty for my heart's welfare.

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