

She wears her beauty like a crown.  
Her vanity like slippers.  
Her youth tied up in skirts.  
Her pride she hides in giggles.  
She walks like a princess in exile.  
She talks like she's seen the whole world round.  
She knows everything but doesn't  
have time to explain it.  
She conquers mind, body, & soul.  
Her will is free, & her innocence untainted.  
She's been to hell & back  
& has heaven for her conclusion.

She is a miracle.  
Compassion is her oracle.

She weaves time & space  
like a dragonfly in a field of poppies.  
Dancing through the breeze of pettiness.  
Proving grace amidst the horror.  
Singing while she moves.  
Knowing she must be strong  
for far too many reasons.  
She emotions to defend herself.  
Using patience as her guide.  
She gives what she can  
w/out taking what she needs.

A goddess in all regards.  
A temptress & a healer.  
She knows it'll come back to her  
if only she'll let it.

She's like Nature herself.  
Always ready to understand.  
She's like the Universe herself.  
The contradiction of all or nothing.

I love her forever & forever.