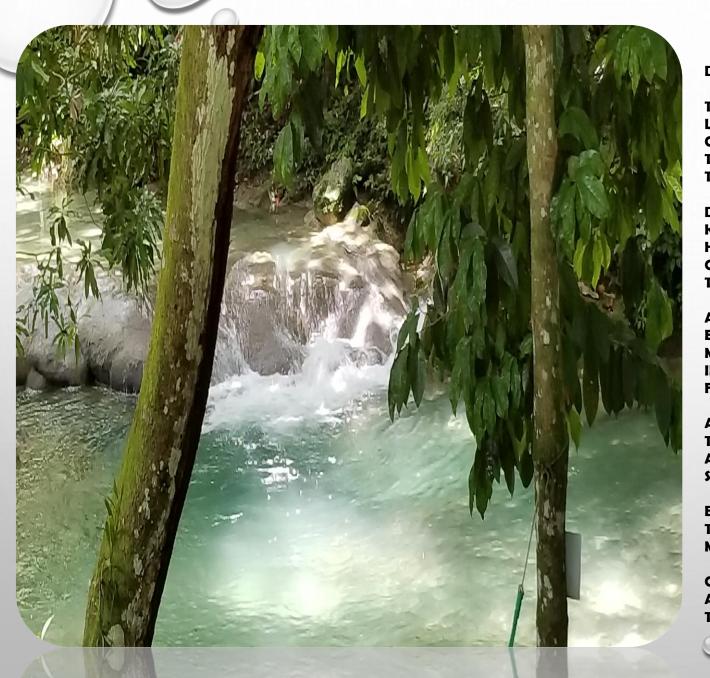
ABSTRACT LOVE

EXCERPTS FROM THE ABSTRACT THOUGHTS OF A POSITIVE INSANITY

JAMES EARL PATTERSON



DON'T STOP THE FLOW

THOUGHTS OF YOU TRICKLE DOWN INTO ME LIKE FRESH WATER SPRINGS
GRANTING EXOTIC NEW LIFE
TO THE PREVIOUSLY STAGNANT ECOSYSTEM
THAT WAS MY SPIRITUAL SELF

DEEP POOLS OF INTRIGUING IDEAS AND GIANT TREES OF EXACTING KNOWLEDGE

HAVE APPEARED WHERE WHAT WAS ONCE ONLY BARREN WASTELAND OR DRY DESERT SAND AND I EXPLORE AND RELATE THROUGHOUT THE EXPANSE THAT IS MY MIND

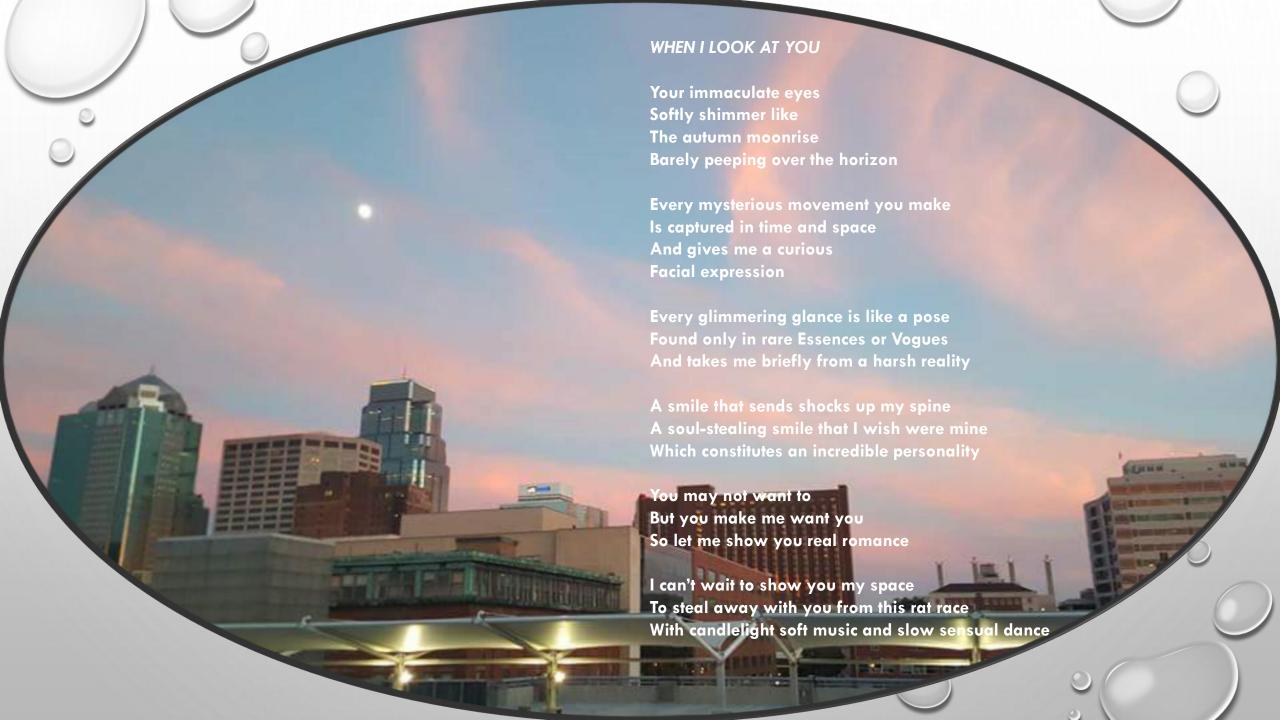
AS I SURVEY THESE WONDERFULLY NEW LIQUID MENTAL STREAMS OF EXISTENCE

MY ALL PERCEIVING SELF THE HIGHER "I" OR SIMPLY MY SOUL INTERCEPTS A FORBODING WARNING FROM THE YOUNGEST TREES ACROSS THE SMALLEST STREAMS

A WARNING THAT DISRUPTS THE SOFT SERENITY
THAT RESIDES WITHIN SINCE YOUR INTRODUCTION
A SUBTLE WARNING LIKE THE WISE OWL'S OMINOUS CALL
SOMEDAY SOON YOU WILL DEPART AND THE DROUGHT WILL RETURN

BUT MY "I" KNOWS THE MYSTICAL NATURE OF FLOWING STREAMS
THEY ARE AS DIFFICULT TO STOP AS THE RISING SUN OR THE SETTING
MOON

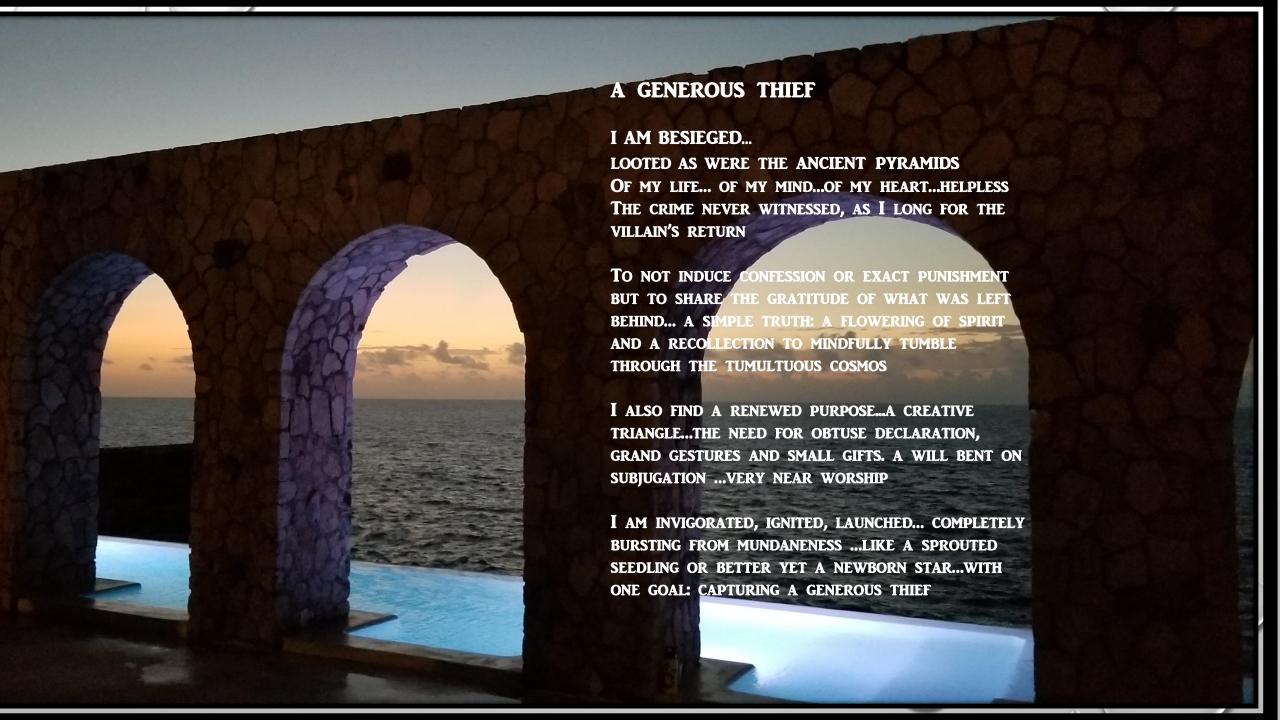
ONLY ONE'S PERSPECTIVE CAN FETTER ONE'S ULTIMATE PERCEPTION AND I MUST CLASP TIGHTLY MY PERSPECTIVE OF YOU TO RETAIN MY PERCEPTION OF THE FLOW





SENSATIONAL SENSUALITY

To see her Illuminates my life like the rising sun To touch her Stimulates my person like the soft subtle beams of the setting moon To hear her Escalates my already itching anxiety to the brink of raging bliss To inhale her scent Is like spring mists and autumn fruits meshing into glorious vertigo To taste her passion Is like a lifetime of tender succulent morsels of divine sweetness To think of her Is all that keeps the forever creeping insanity from invading When the entity Distance disrupts my sense medium



- Twould love you forever if you would accept me.

 Twould offer you the moon if only to see my reflection in your eyes.
- Twould speak only your language if Could depend on your reply.
- Twould touch you gently, until it hurts, to gain your release as a right of my passage.
- Twould anticipate your desires as if your mind was bare to me if you would but give me a drop of intention.
- Twould break any barriers that erect before your goals if you would allow me by your side...
 ...but until then, Twill just wish

THE FLAVOR I GET
FROM YOUR NECK KISSING SPELL
IS MORE AS I INHALE
THE VANILLA AND CARAMEL
OF YOUR BEAUTIFUL PERFUME.

AS IT IS MEANT TO BE
AND YOU LEAVE TO A DEGREE
THAT SCENT WITH ME
AND THE AROMA I ASSUME,

LINGERING...LIKE CLUB KIDS WHEN THE LIGHTS COME ON



LOVE LIKE HONEY

To own a taste of love is all I desire
Like a drop of sweet honey resting on the tip
of my tongue
Beckoning to be swallowed.
Immaturity, the evil of the young
Helps me to deny the honey's demands
But my mouth feels so empty...so dry... so
alone
Without that single sweet taste

To belong to myself is to be selfish
As a distant black hole...
Only receiving never giving
Sailing constantly through the void of
introspection
To find self-satisfaction
An unreachable goal until the end
Like claiming my worth... too elusive to
personify
Instead, I thirst for the bitter taste of lust
Which comes often and leaves diet soda
sewage
Lingering only to be brushed away by another
flush of lust

Forever hoping that if given the honey and swallowed
That I won't wake up sore
The fear of swallowing will continue unti my mouse like courage
Becomes cornered and must attack or perish

CORNER ME! I scream like the piercing sound of the summer locust
So, I can give like a newly born star or a drop of water
I need to give to live.

To give a drop of honey seems like child's play with a world's full of mine to offer.

To discover a drop on your lip, will that make you happy
Would you try to taste or dab your napkin?

If you would wipe it away would you do
the same with a
Larger sweeter drop smeared like gloss
glistening...
Like the sands of time falling into place
While I fall towards you from the

While I fall towards you from the void of space...