

The background of the entire page is a light gray gradient. Scattered across this background are numerous water droplets of various sizes and shapes. Some are large and prominent, while others are small and subtle. The droplets have a realistic appearance with highlights and shadows, giving them a three-dimensional effect. They are distributed across the top, bottom, and sides of the page, framing the central text.

# ABSTRACT LOVE

EXCERPTS FROM THE ABSTRACT THOUGHTS OF A POSITIVE INSANITY

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## **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**





*WHEN I LOOK AT YOU*

Your immaculate eyes  
Softly shimmer like  
The autumn moonrise  
Barely peeping over the horizon

Every mysterious movement you make  
Is captured in time and space  
And gives me a curious  
Facial expression

Every glimmering glance is like a pose  
Found only in rare Essences or Vogues  
And takes me briefly from a harsh reality

A smile that sends shocks up my spine  
A soul-stealing smile that I wish were mine  
Which constitutes an incredible personality

You may not want to  
But you make me want you  
So let me show you real romance

I can't wait to show you my space  
To steal away with you from this rat race  
With candlelight soft music and slow sensual dance



## ***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***



A stone archway with three openings, overlooking the ocean at sunset. The sky is a mix of orange, yellow, and blue, with the sun low on the horizon. The water is dark with some whitecaps. The archway is made of dark, textured stone. The text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

## **A GENEROUS THIEF**

**I AM BESIEGED...**

**LOOTED AS WERE THE ANCIENT PYRAMIDS  
OF MY LIFE... OF MY MIND...OF MY HEART...HELPLESS  
THE CRIME NEVER WITNESSED, AS I LONG FOR THE  
VILLAIN'S RETURN**

**TO NOT INDUCE CONFESSION OR EXACT PUNISHMENT  
BUT TO SHARE THE GRATITUDE OF WHAT WAS LEFT  
BEHIND... A SIMPLE TRUTH: A FLOWERING OF SPIRIT  
AND A RECOLLECTION TO MINDFULLY TUMBLE  
THROUGH THE TUMULTUOUS COSMOS**

**I ALSO FIND A RENEWED PURPOSE...A CREATIVE  
TRIANGLE...THE NEED FOR OBTUSE DECLARATION,  
GRAND GESTURES AND SMALL GIFTS. A WILL BENT ON  
SUBJUGATION ...VERY NEAR WORSHIP**

**I AM INVIGORATED, IGNITED, LAUNCHED... COMPLETELY  
BURSTING FROM MUNDANENESS ...LIKE A SPROUTED  
SEEDLING OR BETTER YET A NEWBORN STAR...WITH  
ONE GOAL: CAPTURING A GENEROUS THIEF**



*I would love you forever if you would accept me.*

*I would offer you the moon if only to see my  
reflection in your eyes.*

*I would speak only your language if I could  
depend on your reply.*

*I would touch you gently, until it hurts, to gain  
your release as a right of my passage.*

*I would anticipate your desires as if your mind  
was bare to me if you would but give me a drop of  
intention.*

*I would break any barriers that erect before your  
goals if you would allow me by your side...*

*...but until then, I will just wish*

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

IT IS MY APHRODISIAC  
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 until  
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  
void of space...