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Inspired by one of my favorite poems We Have Come to Be Danced by Jewel Mathieson. Disclaimer: Any reference to male and female is not to be interpreted literally, love is love, sex and gender is faceless in the light of love.

We have come to Be Loved

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Not the shallow skin deep illusion of love.

But the Earth shaking, Life changing, incarnation of love.

The bringing of precious moments to our

Souls, Bodies and Minds.

We have come to Be Loved.

Not the Drive through fast food kind of love.

But the exploring of the Sacred Temples releasing our inner Slaves love.

The wind to blow the edgy sand of fear from our hearts love.

The volcanic eruptions to bring our senses to new highs love.

We have come to Be Loved.

Not the look at me, look at her, look at us love.

But to look at each other with a clear vision envisioning our own trail.

To set free the inner animal from its cage, to take a leap to the Universe and back love.

A visit to the starlit library within, writing in the Guestbook of Life kind of love.

To be the storyteller of one's moments love.

We have come to Be Loved.

Not the woman do this, man do this kind of love.

But the quest of awakening the Light of Humanity love.

The shaping of ones own destiny kind of love.

We have come to Be Loved.

Not the love caught me, love is enslaving me kind of love.

But the I found love and I choose to worship it.

The understanding of giving and receiving our breaths with love.

We have come to Be Loved.

We have come.

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