

It's

all about the Love

. . . baby !



william s. peters, sr.

*it's
all about the Love
baby*

william s. peters, sr.

inner child press, ltd.

Love is not a choice

Love is who you are . . .

if you do not feel this, know this

it is because you choose to attempt to resist

who you are !

~ wsf

General Information

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william s. peters, sr.

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Snow



Dedication

to . . .

Janet Caldwell

*who helped me believe
that Love was still possible !*



Preface

Believe it or not, i have been working on this edition of some of my Love Poetry for several years. There was always something else getting in the way of this which is so personal to me. There are a few compelling factors which spawned me to go ahead and get this piece of work published, with the greatest being Janet, who presence in my life has done so much for me when it comes to believing in Love again.

Love is one of those nuances of life that can be very mercurial in its affect upon us. Sure, we all hope and dream, or have done so in our past about the perfect love. Well perhaps we imperfect people may fall short in our pursuits of love, but i say to never give way to defeat, just continue to believe. If that does not work for you, write some poetry for someone, even if that someone is your self. What can it hurt?

In this book i examine through verse the many faces of Love . . . the Passion, the Intimacy, the Hopes and Dreams, the Sensual, the Pain and Despair and the Erotic. Love can be Profane, Inane and Insane in its beauty, and through poetry i feel her presence . . . the present of Life . . . Love.

i thank you

Bless Up

Bill

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poetry is . . .



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we must go beyond the days of intent,
for now are the days when you can hear
the call in the streets for action, for love !

~ wsf

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i come to you

i have been searching for you for aeons
and your resonance has glowed within my soul
i have followed the flame
and the glow of your light
and it has directed me
through the presence of night

i come to you

sweet communion
was the order of the day
all i ever longed for was peace
a place where i may lay
my weary head
and rest

i draw my sword from it's scabbard for battle
and though i seek
to vanquish the enemy of the land
the enemy within
is the Demon
i wish to slay
this day

i see no other alternative
but to fight to my death
to give my life
to the higher order
of defending all that i love

yes i draw my sword
in accord
to a warriors duty
and honor

the odds are against
that any
of my comrades
will survive

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i like these odds
for finally
i will be liberated
from this anguish
of being separated
all these aeons
from that which i need
you, the other half of my soul

i come to you

it was so many life times ago
i can vaguely remember
when you were banished
vanquished
from the court
for having my child

yes, we had defiled
the established dictums,
the rules of order
the modicum of behavior
for they said
you were beneath my stature
for i was of sovereign blood

i come to you

it is beginning
to come back to me now
my resonant memory
like the sun
shimmering upon the lake that day
when you taught me the way
and revealed unto me
the path
of a higher order
where borders
and restraints
to ones passions
no longer appeared
as real

it's all about the Love baby

i was feeling something
new that day
and i knew
that this journey
you led me on
was more than a simple quest
more than a test
more than but another conquest

it was a liberation of sorts
and the only retort
i could muster
was acquiescence
to the lesson before me

as the flower of a lighted consciousness
began to unfold
your flesh told stories
of a sweet bliss
found in but a single kiss
upon your lips
where my sensualities
became alive

and now in remembrance
of that which has transpired
so many lifetimes before
here i stand at the door
of a weariness of soul

and no thought any longer
can cajole me
to wish to proceed
in my search
for this flame
my twin
you, who makes me whole

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yes i am tired
yet spirited
as a warrior should always be
and as i draw my sword
from its sheath
for the final time
there is a glimmer of light
reflections from the Sun
a glint
that catches my eye
that immobilizes
this fleeting introspective moment

and i remember
the shimmering
upon the lake that day
where i lay beside you
when you taught me the way
the path to a higher order
where borders
and restraints
to ones passions
no longer appeared
as real

and in solemn silence
i speak these words to you

i have been searching for you for aeons
and your resonance has glowed within my soul
i have followed the flame
and the glow of your light
has directed me
through the presence of my night

and this day
i come to you

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and here we are

our hearts knows of things
what our finite minds cannot grasp
oh how we so struggle
to express it
yet our lives go forward
step by step
and with the limit of words
and our imaginings
let us simply attempt
to bless it

for here we are
exploring the way
as we should go
each day each moment
not quite remembering
who we are
askew with joy
embracing our lament

they say it's a paradox
a dichotomy of sorts
we are vacillating
betwixt without and within
let love be the key
the answer in all ways
let not the struggle win

for in truth we are
where we be
for the dream
and awakening are real
truth is contextual
in all of it's ways
truth simply is what
we feel

and here we are . . .

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and it is simply heavenly

sweet as buttercups
and fresh as morning dew
she comes to me
with an offering from her soul
a piece of heaven

i remember her
from the days beyond memory
of mortal men
for she is my Goddess
and i serve her court
of love

it is in my dreams i first met her
and her magic was offered
that she could manifest
into my reality
and i am grateful

i have kissed her
a thousand times a thousand times
each day
and my way
my walk
my thoughts
my smiles
have all been graced
to taste
the fruit
that angels whisper of

it's all about the Love baby

and in the realms
where butterflies fly
on into eternity
with our wonder
and light
it is she who have given my soul it's wings
for this flight
into her arms
that i may indulge her charms

and it is simply . . . heavenly

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and i love her

there was a certain Love he had for her
one that consumed his heart
his soul
his thought
his wantings and passions
and all else he was
and is

he was never sure as to how he should express him self
for he could not even think straight
with visions of her beauty dominating his thought
there were not any words he could eloquently grasp
and speak
or give to her
that would make her understand
the depths of this consuming fire
within
Yes . . .
he had wantings

the whisperings of his heart were maddening
and many times he was saddened
for he did not see the light coming forward
towards me
yes he did not see
but somehow he knew
that in you

yes . . .
he knew he had discovered something greater
within her that lived within himself
there was a kinship spirit
the feelings he tasted
were beyond any sweetness he had ever dreamed of
and though he wanted so much more
there was an abiding fear
that this was an illusion
and might disappear
but he did not care about such shadows

it's all about the Love baby

for there was such a light being expressed

now . . .

here . . .

and this was where he was staying

where he would reside

he refused to hide

and this what he felt could not be denied

this love

this feeling

that kept him reeling

being tossed and turned

in the internal Holy Fire that burned

within him

he seemed as if he was walking of the clouds

that he had long ago formed in his dreams.

when he first looked upon her face

there was a light of joy and anticipation

of something greater

and he was consumed

totally

in a passion

in a joy

in love

with love

he has discovered

in her

No, he will not let go

and he did not pursue

for she was already his

it seemed as if this is what he came here for

that this door may be opened

this door to his heart

that always sought to give of his secrets

the same secrets of Creation

that ushers forth our elation

in the knowing

that we have not to go any place

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for within our own space
what we desire
of that fire within
will come to us

as she has come to grace his life
with her presence
the present
and ultimately we must confess
as we address this truth
that we are the love elective
and within the collective
of all souls
and these wantings and desires are confirmed
and my dreaming has now ceased
and our fires affirm
that life itself is pleased
for this love
that has come
and i am complete

and i love her

it's all about the Love baby

and i call it love

i remember that sweet Spring Day
there was a feeling of anticipation in my heart
yet it was still heavy
from the Snow
the Darkness of Solitude
Winter often brings
as our spirits slumber
yet by the numbers
i went through it
just like i have done so many years before

and as i said
there was a sweet anticipation
of elation
and i could not quite figure out the equation
of what i was going through

but i know i needed something
and i call it love

as i was walking i saw all the happy children
playing and jumping and skipping and joyful
and my heart though not woeful
was not full of what i desired
and the fire though not out
and still yet warm
began to swarm my thoughts
of the absence of that special someone
someone i could relate with
share with
be with
and give the gift
i have been holding on to for much too long

and i know i needed something
and i call it love

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yes, i still had a song within
and i needed a friend
not just a body

i have been there before
which is why the door to my heart has no lock
yes i was not willing to settle
for anything less
i refused to compromise
sometimes i felt this would lead to my demise
and to my surprise
i am still standing
and still demanding
for that certain special soul
to fill this hole
and make me whole
once again

and i know i needed something
and i call it love

as i strolled down the streets of the city
pity came and sat upon my shoulder
each day that bastard got bolder
attempting to entice me to have a party in his honor
and i instinctively knew that when i did this
i would be a goner
and the game would be over
i knew i needed more than a lover
that i may perhaps uncover
my greater self

and i know i needed something
and i call it love

i walked into the restaurant
where a pretty little thing named Rita
came over to greet me
to see
if she could do me
from the Breakfast Menu
though i must be honest

it's all about the Love baby

many times i thought of this conquest
the Bacon and Eggs of it all
and those wonderful legs that i could fall
between

and i know i needed something
and i call it love

as i adorned my best smile
and my fortitude
to go beyond this test
of my flesh
as i feebly sought
to flesh out love from my lusts
damn . . .
i might be blowing this opportunity i thought
after all her breasts were nice
perhaps that would suffice
for a moment or two
and she did have two
would that do

and i know i needed something
and i call it love

i looked up for
perhaps the first time
and something i have never noticed before
that when our eyes met
i noticed that they were set
perfectly upon her face
as were her full inviting sensuous lips
and her hips that appeared
to be perfectly shaped for my grasp

and i know i needed something
and i call it love

i felt a movement in that place
that i did not often think of these days
though i have my ways of satisfying my self
no, not what you think

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i paid close attention to my spiritual health
for that was my divine wealth
that is how i made it through
my meditation was my mediation
and though this physical equation was not satisfied
Rita moved me in ways i have long defied

and i know i needed something
and i call it love

as she seemingly peered deep into my soul
and her loving essence began to cajole
this aging beast that was raising himself
to be seen
in a wanton rage
for he realized that somehow
we needed to engage
in something more
yes, he, the "id" of me
wanted to explore
he wanted to climb the mountains of desires
and explode in the horizons of ecstasy
and this was no fantasy
for he had been there before
and he . . . my "i" remembered

and i know i needed something
and i call it love

well needless to say
i gathered my salutations
i and i fit the words to the equations
and i navigated this situation
like the master of word that i am
or at least who i think i am
and of course as i employed the voice
i gave Rita a subtle yet definitive choice
loneliness or bliss
and as i described all the places
i so wanted to kiss
she began to melt
and i know i needed something

it's all about the Love baby

and i call it love

and she explained to me that she too
felt exactly as i do feel
and for too long she held her tongue
from the realness of her heart
and she began to impart to me
that she too was a person of dreams
and that life at times does seem
to never give you what you want
or what you need
but she saw in life a Garden
and long ago in her ardent heart
she planted the seed of love
deep in the furrows of her soil
and she toiled
and she nurtured it each and every day
in her own way
and i must say
i was flattered

and i know i needed something
and i call it love

for each day she saw me
she knew with certainty
that this day would come
she told me
that i was her sunshine
and her bright morning star
and she knew the road to this heaven may be long
but within her there was a song
of promise
and she promised
much to my surprise
with those sparkling and enticing eyes
that i would no longer need anything
for she was my everything
she would be the sweet fruit
of all the harvests
of my visions
and my dreams

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and i know i needed something
and i call it love

and though it may seem
that this is but chance
she reminded me
that we must believe
in all the dreams we conceive
and though this line of thought
may be overused and tired
but the spirit of truth is required
here
if we are to achieve that which we seek
and have always sought
that which we have been taught
the happily ever after
with joy filled smiles and laughter
we must be honest
and willing to admit
without requite and submit
to this truth
of Life in Life

that we all know we need something
and i call it love

it's all about the Love baby

and i am hers

Love is my constant companion
and my sanctity
and i am hers as well
without me she has no voice
she is but a mute in a world of noise

if i feed Her not
surely she will starve
and in this malnourished state
she will dry up
and become the chaff of the desert winds
in this barren landscape
that used to vibrantly live
and feed the substance
of all hearts

if i give her not of my waters of spirit
she will wither back to the nothingness
that which was before things manifest
and lest i consent to her well being
she will never know the joy
of touching another soul
ever again

for Love is my slave
as she is yours
to command
to hire out
at no cost
to all you encounter

i can dress her as i wish
as a smile
a caring gesture
and empathetic look
or even a thought

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i adorn her with light
and she multiplies
that which i give to her
for she is a good steward
of my soul

i feed her the fruits
of my noble intent for goodness
borne of the seeds
i have planted
all my life
and i know thus
that she has fulfilled her duty
for it was love
that nourished my garden
when i was absent
in my unconsciousness
or while i slept

yes
it is i who sustains her
as do you
it is the "i" in us all
that gives Love life
and she is ever grateful
as am i
and i bow in reverence
with the temperance of eternity
for i yearn not
for
love is my constant companion
and my sanctity
and i am hers

it's all about the Love baby

can i

can i hold you

like i told you

my arms enfold you

all night long

until the day break

for all love's sake

let me not awake

from Dream's song . . .

. . . can i ?

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broken hearted expectations

here i sit broken hearted once again
rationalizing love's ways in my mind
momma always did tell me
that the ways of Love is blind

but in truth i heeded not the advice
the words of her wisdom i did not hear
all i concerned my self with
the new love and the dare

but the truth of the matter
all love comes with a cost
in love something gained
some thing lost

but in my sorrow i celebrate
when i think of all the good time
i had in my illusory "BE" ing
and yet the joys remain sublime

for i found something wonderful
'twas not without but within
if i had to go down this road all over
i would do it again and again

for any love is better
than no love at all
so here i sit broken hearted once again
listening, waiting for love to call

with my "broken hearted expectations"

it's all about the Love baby

before you

before you
i thought i knew what love was
the joys
the pains
the inane

the fullness
the emptiness
i have come to expect
as the way things were

then you came along
with a brightness
that more or less
aroused a certain curiosity
in me
i did not understand
so i pursued it
to see what it
was

as we let down our barriers
we began to share moments
then minutes and hours
then days and weeks
and i found out
that i had a weakness for you
which made me feel strong

in the times we were apart
i longed for you
i wanted to be with you
every waking moment
and every sleeping one too

you see, you
have touched me
in that place
that space

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i have often only dreamed about
and now all my doubts
about it's existence
has now ceased
we now share our visions
without conditions
as we speak often
of the wonder of what is to come
and what already
we have been blessed with

needless to say
i am thankful each day
for i now have you in my life
and it is you
who has given it meaning
a meaning that i will not let go
ever

when i think of forever
your face
dominates all my imaginings
and my face wrinkles up
with these stupid smiles
that i love
as i love you
and what you have done
and what you do
to my heart
to my soul

for in you, with you, because of you
i now am whole
and i can say
without reservation

i love you

before you

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. . . because of you

i am in a place because of you
and the music right now . . .
it is so beautiful
my soul is tenderly embracing the best of life
i love to create . .
i love to write and make things
. . . because i can !

paint me dear . . .
yes i would love you to
draw on my canvass
the beautiful colors of your beautiful heart
it is coloured as the rainbow
let me dance the dance of butterflies and dreams . . .

i am blinded by that light from your soul . .
for i wish to step off the cliff
into the abyss of your bliss,
and i wish to fall forever into your heart
i hear the melody ,
oh sweet, sweet melody of your heart beat . .
it has a scent of spring
and flowers blooming their aromas . . .
wafting in the quiet breezes of my thoughts
leading me to all your secrets
that they become my truths . .

. . . because of you

dear beautiful one i will taste your love on my lips
as my love will touch your soul
with the fruits of my garden
and i will water you valley of love
with my divine spirit
yes

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come steal my heart . . .

come steal my heart my beloved one
be as the thief who creepeth in the twilight
ever vigilant seeking the cherishable prize
that ushers forth riches untold
let the graces of our aspirations
and dreams
become a presence of One

come steal my heart my beloved
take charge of my heart felt wanderings
let there be no repass of my guilt
for what you take charge of here
i bear no ownership

come steal my heart my beloved one
my longing calls for one just like you
be mindful of your caring
let it be focused upon me alone

should you wander to another garden
where the fruit appears that much sweeter
know that i bear no angst against thee
for you have tasted of my sweetest
and i am grateful to have fed your dreams

come steal my heart my dear and beloved one
come steal my heart
and let us dance in the realm
of expectations of our greater self
let us uninhibitedly display our joy
in the smile upon our face
the smiles that are tethered to our Light Heart
where shadows have no name

come steal my heart my beloved one
and as we commingle in our bliss
let us kiss
and let the ether of our union
be the spirit that spawns life

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and the universe shall sing
of the ecstasy of our love
in it's highest form of celebration

come steal my heart beloved one
and let the angels lose their guard
for my heart in your hand requires no chaperone
and all the eyes of heaven shall be filled
with the beauty of their tears of allure
as they flow to feed those
who know not of thy passions

come steal my heart my beloved one
and we shall dine at the table
eternity has set before us
entwined in all the blessings of imaginings
of all the God-ness of promise
as one

come steal my heart . . .

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~ * ~ come ~ * ~

come dance with me
and i will make beautiful love . . .
. . . to your soul
i will reach into your heart
and extract my palette
that i may paint your dreams
the colors of rainbows and butterflies

come walk with me
as we stroll by the stream
the stream of spiritual beauty
that abides within us both
we shall flow together
to the river, to the ocean
for we are one

come sing with me
the melodic tunes of bliss
where no cares exist
for we are the note
that harmonizes the world

come climb with me
as we explore the mountains . . .
. . . of our desires
peaking at the place
where passion overflows
into the skies beyond

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come with me
give me your heart
in exchange for my own
and we shall dine . . .
. . . in the gardens
of divine joy

come my dear, come
for oneness is beckoning
come before the illusions . . .
. . . of time disappears
come my dear, come!

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early morning sweats

there is nothing
like the early morning sweats
as the sheets cling
to our bodies
pillows tossed aside
for our willingness
is found in the moment NOW !

we are entwined with a fervor
meeting each other
with a fleshly urgency
as the Sun peeks through the blinds
hoping to gather an understanding
of what HEAT truly is

each morning
we create new languages
speaking in tongue,
speaking with tongue,
spawning smiles
which live forever
on our faces,
in our spirits,
and in the halls
of our memories

we roll about
trying to find that niche
within each other
that entangles us
in that place
we can never escape

frothing at the mouth,
lips locked,
tongues dancing,
eyes and thighs wide open

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hair asunder,
wonder abandoned
for there is just an exploration
for where we can create a nation
where all life is orgasmic

this is our duty
this is our station

we are our own phantasms
in the dreams of all men
and women alike
who have a passion,
a desire,
a want,
a need
that can only be conjugally expressed
when our bodies consent
to congruity

we are one love
when the need to express
those . . .
early morning sweats
visit upon us.

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dreams of eros

i have these erotic dreams in my head
waiting to be fulfilled
my body aches with a thirst
i dare not seek to still

for desires as such cause anguish
if not to me to you
for once the ache subsides
we come to face what's true

that these things of body are temporal
they come and soon shall pass
the true thirst i wish my friend
is that spiritual orgasm that lasts

where you and i may vibe as one
no separation betwixt the two
so when i look upon my face
all i see is you

for me that is the love i wish
and in that resides the flaw
for this love permeates the rules
for love obeys not law

yes, theses erotic dreams compel me
and this journey seems life long
but i care not nor am i vexed.
for i have heard her song

she sings such sweet melodies
every note filled with bliss
i would give all that i am
if i could have one kiss

it's all about the Love baby

for my love is filled with eros
to touch and be touched deep
i've felt this longing all my life
in smiles and tears i weep

and still i have these dreams of love
i dare not seek to still
soon come the day i know
when all dreams are fulfilled

of eros

william s. peters, sr.

magic . . . MA only

do you have that magic baby
is magic what you got
do you have them magic hands
that makes a strong man hot

do you have that magic baby
is your game complete
when we're done, the after taste
'tis it bitter or be it sweet

do you have that magic baby
that makes me want you all night long
not the type that makes me smile
but makes me SCREAM passion's song

do you have that magic baby
where my thirst is never quenched
my orgasmic dreams continue
i wake not if i'm pinched

do you have that magic baby
to make this wanton one cry
then make it all feel better again
to please you i'll forever try

do you have that magic baby
let's start it with a kiss
then i'll submit to your desires
that i might taste your bliss

. . . do you have that magic baby ?

it's all about the Love baby

dare to love

she came to me with an expectant heart
beating love's rhythms in her chest
i was enticed to listen closely
as i laid my ear upon her breast

the enveloping softness that yielded me
vulnerable and all my urgings bare
as fantasies dance along with my dreams
i forgot "I" was even there

i suckled the visions of Joy Divine
as i was enraptured in this bliss
the music played in the depths of Soul
a joy i dare not dismiss

yes, i was smitten to say the least
and my fantasies began to roam
as i explored her heart deep within
i began to make her my home

as i then started to settle in
my thoughts sprouted it's wings
surely this was heaven here
the grandest of all things

now i sit and i reflect
of these beautiful times we shared
the warmest memories again are real
for in love, i lived, i dared

dare to love

william s. peters, sr.

for we are love

we were in love
but there were rules
in the hard dense dimension
and we were in dissension
of how they applied
and affected the illusion
of our supposed integrity

the rules of love
cares not for love
but cares for themselves
for love can not exist
in borders
and boundaries
and with restrictions
in conflict with it's self

our souls spoke of times
long ago
yet still here with us now
for we remembered

we remembered the passion
the congruity of our thoughts
and our mutual longings
and the oneness that always prevailed

and here we are again
attempting to defend
a thing greater than we have been
ever here
and my dear
i pray
that we lose our fear
of what is to come
and again
we will drink the nectar
of our own fruits
for we are love

it's all about the Love baby

for i love her . . .

there were things she could do with a look
that moved things within me
that i did not even know existed . . .

her very presence
her essence
twisted my thought
and my tongue followed suit

it was hard for me
difficult even
for me to formulate the words
to capture the effect
she had on me
when she was near
and it was not fear . . .
i suspect the excitement i felt
was much like when i knelt
in the presence of God
yes, i worshiped her
for she was divine
and she was mine

even now
when i think of kissing her
i feel the yearning
still burning
for though i am missing her
she is still here with me

i remember the gentle smiles
and her glistening eyes
and how they gave rise
to the cadence of my heart beat
and i am listening . . .
for though i have told my 'self'
many times

william s. peters, sr.

in the lines of my rhymes
she is the reason why i live
the truth of the matter is
it is what she gave
and still gives

you see,
i am but a man
and our meeting was perhaps by chance
but chance is embodied in circumstance
and she gathered me
the all of me
and enhanced me

i was but a cubit
and she multiplied, not added
unto who i used to be
she was the Ark, my Ark
when my world was being flooded
with my nonsense
she made sense
and delivered me back
to Sunshine and dry land
she was my colorful promise
of the morrow
my Rainbow and Pot of Gold
yes, i felt the Doves fluttering wings in my heart

and though i may speak of these things
in a tense past
this feeling i have for her
still yet lasts
everlasting
and my Soul sings
of this grandeur
i still hold inside
and though many a night

it's all about the Love baby

my eyes were filled with a pool of desire
for this fire to burn once again
as i cried
in an attempt to cleanse my Soul
that this veil betwixt
my then and my now
somehow
be removed
and that i awaken
from this land of forsaken
and embrace this essence
in this presence
once again

for i love her

william s. peters, sr.

~ * ~ fire ~ * ~

i have a fire
burning so deep inside
you said you'd put it out
but again you lied

it hurts so badly
this yearning for you
we been here before
this is nothing new

it seems to me
you like when I beg
you love to tease me
you like pulling my leg

and leave me with this fire
burning so deep inside
please put it out
i can't, i tried.

it's all about the Love baby

ever for

my soul joyfully weeps in anticipation . . .
of your coming
...home.

i know with all due certainty
that you bear for me a bountiful heart,
filled with the gifts of "Heart",
with no limitations.

Through many restless nights
i rode the dream streams
of colorful light beams
looking over the horizons
of my aspirations . . .
looking for you

All my senses enlivened
with the urge but to be of you . . .
through you . . .
in you . . .
once again . . .
for you complete
the "me" of "me".

Over the eons
i have watched
the waxing and waning
of my passions and desires,
knowing that only your heart
could align my path with my truth.

Need i say that
the warm velvet of your ethereal touch
grounds me in the soil
of the garden of "Birth and Death"
exposing my silly illusions . . .
that i am finite.

william s. peters, sr.

Yes Love,
in my delusional haste to live
and the creations of my own hauntings,
i knew you were always there . . .
heart in hand
flowing with the essence of all life
. . . love.

For with Love,
Death willingly is trumped
and thus submits it's veil of deceit
to what "IS" . . . Life!

So. my dear
bring me the breath of "BE"ing that sustains us . . .
bring me the Joy Divine
bring me my Life's Light . . .
Light my Lantern once again
bring me our life
that permeates all "BE"ing . . .
that i may awaken
and be transformed in the . . .

ever for.

it's all about the Love baby

i am falling

i am falling in love
and i have been falling all my life
upon the cutting edge of consciousness
that cleaves me like a knife

that love is all that matters
when this journey is all spoken and done
for one must be broken in pieces
for one to become "One"

dismantled and resurrected
the cleaning of all the parts
is a must to come to "Be"
what matters to our hearts

yes, i am falling in love
a deep unending void
of worldly things and values
which i thought i once enjoyed

yes i am falling in love
won't you come along
for home is calling to our souls
to come where we belong

falling in love

william s. peters, sr.

have my child . . .

if i could but impregnate you
with the dream of love
i'm sure it would be a good fit
as tight as a glove

rhythmic undulations
rocking to and fro
the urgings for fulfillment
is all that we know

the night becomes day
and night once again
we could never get enough
of this love my friend

when you are all done
i would want more
for this divine love
is what i live for

have my child . . .

it's all about the Love baby

gotta go . . gotta go . . gotta go

wait a minute . .
let me hurry up here
for she ain't done with me yet
for i can still talk
i can still walk
so let me take a brief moment
and tell you this story

you see,
i met her a few days ago
you know
the kind of casual walk by shooting
shooting of glances and a smile
while walking through the aisle
of the supermarket
the supermarket of my Dreams

it seems that some sort of hand
from the man upstairs
had a plan
and planted her in my path
in such a way
that day
that i would have to encounter her

little did i know
that 3 days later i would have mounted her
and she me
as she rode me for all i could ever be
you see
she saddled me totally
put the bridle in my mouth
and i have not seen sunshine since
but i do not mind
it's kind of neat you know
when you totally let go
never quite done it like this before
yes, she has that key to that magic door
and we opened it

william s. peters, sr.

shit
well, after the Market meeting
my imagination began feeding me
all sorts of visions and thoughts
and me . . i was caught up
messed up
for her smile just melted any and all resistance
and my reservations
and in my ecstatic elation
she spoke first
while digging through her purse
to hand me a card
with her number
wow
WTF

how could this be
this divine beautiful angel in front of me
wanted me
i think
and i think too much sometimes
how about you
what would you do
shit
i know what i did
i ran home and called
every 5 minutes
cause something about her
and how my dreams began to dance together
made me realize how much
i was out of control
with my imaginings
and imagine this
3 days later
of wanting to mate her
here i am

wait a minute . .
let me hurry up here
for she ain't done with me yet
gotta go . .gotta go . . gotta go

it's all about the Love baby

it is more . . .

if i say that i love you
it is more than you hear
for deep down inside me
there is something that's queer

it starts to stir
very deep within
for words are my trigger
it's that way with men

we just don't say those
words lightly you see
it is our love demon
trying to get free

but we're not real good
at this restraint thing
in the practice of lust
we feel like a king

king for a lifetime
perhaps more brief
for 'tis just our love demon
seeking relief

william s. peters, sr.

in you . . .

the vision of love has captured me
the imaginings are overwhelming
i think of such things as our embrace
and it's tenderness

i close my eyes
to see the twinkling of wonder in yours
as you look upon my face
and the ecstatic joy of our mutual presence
in this place
where naught else matters
but the gift we give to each other
being here

all the things of life
the worries
the cares
the fears
and doubts
have melted away
dissipated
like cotton candy
on a hot July day
and all i can say
is thank you
for the love of you
i have awakened to
in this consciousness
realized
behind these closed eyes

a consciousness replete
imbued with colors of magic
the magic of cosmic butterflies
dancing in the fragrance of the garden
of this lovely dream
where all fruits are sweet
and each bite is sweeter than the last
where all song

it's all about the Love baby

is ethereally hosted
by the communion of our hearts
yes, these closed eyes
are the keepers of this dream
that my inner child treasures
a pleasure unrequited
immeasurable
in the world of men's understandings
and demandings
in their journey of the outside
where we all hide
from our truths

yes, behind these closed eyes
i am free to surmise
the path i have remembered
the path i travel
where all delusion unravels
to reveal
what i will to be real
my vision
the vision of love
that has captured me

in you . . .

william s. peters, sr.

in spring love

the lovers of Spring
and the Spring Lovers
walk hand in hand
for they are one.
they not only hear
the urges of their heart
but they submit,
for that is the way of lovers

as my Father and i,
we are one
that encompasses the beauty
that was . .
is . . .
and . . .
to come.

for in expressions
there are no lines,
there is only the horizon
within the palm of my hand,
the same horizon . . .
which holds me
in Spring love.

it's all about the Love baby

if you were here now . . .

if you were here right now
the light would be dim,
a bottle of wine,
some cheese and breads
. . . and conversation

sitting on the bed,
listening to some soft piano music,
me caressing your thigh
. . . lightly
sharing smiles
. . . and . . .
twinkle eyes of expectation

i reach over
and trace your lips
with my finger tips
and . . .
you would kiss my hand

i would then draw hearts
on your skin
as my fingers dance across your breast
and your tummy
. . . yummy

william s. peters, sr.

as you lay back upon the pillow
i would nuzzle your neck
and . . .
whisper the name
of the one i love . . .

your arms around my neck
pulling me into you
for yet another kiss . . .
long and delicately passionate,
exploring the soul of the kiss of life

you then would press
your body upon mine
as i feel your urgings
come to the surface of your passions . . .
the fire of desire
would begin to consume us . . .

. . . if you were here now.

it's all about the Love baby

if i could

if i could write one thing of beauty
that all could see
may it be a verse or two
about the beauty within thee

just a humble few words
to lift up your beautiful soul
or a kind warm word to read
when life seems so cold

to weave a poem of dreams
to give your heart wings
that we may enjoy your love too
and the song that your heart sings

for in our dark days
you would be our bright light
for with your effervescent joy
you would vanquish our night

if i could just write one thing of beauty
i guess that's what i'd say
for the acknowledgment of your beauty
brightens all of our way

if i could . . .

william s. peters, sr.

if

if i could dream the dream

of a thousand lifetimes

i would transmute

the plausible, possible, probable

into our now

and somehow

touch that place

we have longed for

in this dream

of a thousand lifetimes

if

it's all about the Love baby

i want . . .

there is things i want to do with you
i'm not saying they're right
forgive me for my wantonness
after we share this night

i just want to discover
all the moves you got
as my fingers dance across your skin
that i may learn how hot is hot

i will whisper sweet nothings
to make you want me more
as you open your love and let me in
your sweet love's passion's door

i promise i'll be gentle
your tears will be of joy
as you reach and cling to me
your secrets i'll deploy

maybe you can teach me
how to blow your mind
i'm sure i'll make a valiant effort
no telling what i may find

for . . .

there is things i want to do with you
i'm not saying they're right
forgive me for my wantonness
after we share this night

william s. peters, sr.

i shall . . .

i shall catch a star for you
to un-tether your dreams
that you may believe once again
in whatever your heart deems

i shall dust off my flute
and purse my lips
and play the sweet songs
that sails magic ships

i shall go to the garden
and extract life's hues
that you may taste the fruit
of that which you choose

i shall gather the song birds
perched on love's vine
as we dance to the joy
of their music divine

i shall gather the brooks
as they run to the spring
we shall quench our spirit
with the melody they sing

i shall light all the rainbows
with their promise and gold
as i open my heart
that you i may enfold

i shall sequester the moon
and it's serenade of light
that we may bathe
in the stillness of night

it's all about the Love baby

i shall speak to my Sun
before he does rise
as we gently awaken
and open our eyes

i shall do for you
all my every things
for you are the one
for which my soul sings

i shall . . .

william s. peters, sr.

i fell in love

i fell in love
with that i can not touch
oh how i love her
i love her so much

why do we fall hard
for what we can not have
yet love still prevails
love is it's own healing salve

as i reflect my future.
i see her by my side
the joy of expectation
i just refuse to hide

though in the Empirical
it may never come to be
i'll never stop dreaming
for in my dreams i am free

to be what i wish
with no boundaries nor restraints
though the world may be against me
i will continue to paint

my life with fair colours
love, laughter song
and i'll continue to dream
of that which i long

so i say to you
hold back not love
continue to dream
that's our blessing from above

it's all about the Love baby

i remember . . .

the sweet aroma of your hair
the touch of your lips
your fingers dancing across my skin
the feel of your breath
as I breath you within

your place in my heart
will always be full
for the love we shared
i still hear you sigh
and my heart is bared

i remember how we loved
so fully consumed
our passionate flows
the movement of our river
only the ocean knows

yes, i remember you
one could not forget
for this heart's still yours
i dream of the time
when i again crest your shores . . .

i remember . . .

william s. peters, sr.

my love . . .

i met her on the road to Paradise
we each were seeking bliss
we spoke of all the wondrous dreams
just before that fatal kiss

our hearts began to flutter
as we looked in each other's eyes
all we saw were possibilities
as our passions began to rise

it did not matter the morrow
for we were now and here
no time for thoughtful contemplation
there was naught to fear

she offered me her vanity
with little or no concern
oh the sweetness of blind trust
that one can never earn

i embraced her in my deepest
recessed corner of my heart
but her love was not for keeping
in time she had to part

a tear fell upon my cheek
when i realized she was not solely mine
i have been seeking since that day
hoping that one day i'd find

a love as pure as untold dreams
where even butterflies dare not
a beauty i am destined to long for
is this to be my lot

it's all about the Love baby

to chase the once virgin chalice
and drink the elixir one more
if that be my call then so be it
for her love is more than lore

so . . .

i'll get back on the road again
where our paths crossed at the start
yet i sense her presence still within
in that recessed corner of my heart
i know the day soon come
where we will meet again
naked like David i'll dance in the streets
as i embrace my friend . . .within

my love . . .

william s. peters, sr.

my Beloved

oh where, oh where is my beloved
where has he gone?
my heart weeps in anguish for His presence
my thoughts leaps in anticipation of His arrival
oh where, oh where is my beloved

Deep within the core of my being
there is a place,
a small dark room
in the inner recesses of my heart.
it belongs to Him.
It is my chamber of Love,
where i the Bride await
full of desire
full of fire
a fire that only His pre-requited love
may extinguish

i embrace my Joys
for i know soon come the day
soon come the day of my quickening
when i and my lover shall be one
again

i remember from whence i came
and i shall return
to that place of flowing bliss
to receive my kiss
the anointing of all my joys
my hopes

i have endured much too long
within this realm we deem life
filled with strife
of this world
but i have endured,
for my lover gave me a song
a song of my heart
that sings of the memories

it's all about the Love baby

the memories i shall never forget

when He held me in His loving arms
when he pressed my head upon His breast
when i was soothed all the day
and all the night
as i listened to His Heart
telling me of all that which i pined for
all that i wished
all that i dreamed
all that i aspired
as this fire
burned . . .
burned
within the Holiness of Life

yes, today and all days
i sing this song
i speak this
speaking the word
speaking the word of love
speaking the word that only Angels know
as i step in to my lover's river, i flow
to the Spiritual Oceans of life
from whence all things spawned

my Soul opens it's door
to meet my lover
as my lover comes to my Chamber
and He knocks
and i answer

for my lover is here
with me His Beloved

i am His and He is mine

my Beloved

william s. peters, sr.

making love . . .

in my attempts to explain
what i am about to do to you
in your mind's eye
i shall plunder the depths of you
where the precious pearl of your heart resides
and can not hide
and the tides
shall rise
that i may tap into the depths
where your love flows freely

it is i
who will part the gates
of your passions
and the river of your need for completion
shall begin to fill
fill continually
as our desires soars
until they overcome the shores
until they flood the deserts
which have never known
the heights of this ecstasy
i have longed for
as you lay next to me

i will caress your dreams
and your in-satiabilities
to be touched in that place
never before seen
nor visited upon
as you will become keenly aware
that it is i who commands
this episode of natural demands
where the primal lusts of the damned
pay homage to that first sin

it's all about the Love baby

again and again
it shall consume all your aspirations
in one liquid inferno
of exasperation
as your hot liquid lava of sweetness

offers it's blissful tastes
to me
and you will see
lights beyond the epiphany
any heaven
could ever give unto you

and i know
that you knew
that i would always be the one
who would come to you
for your heart spoke of the urgings
and the need for the purgings
and this release
in to this state of peace
that such and encounter brings
in making love . . .

william s. peters, sr.

love at first sight

in the midst of my dream
she slowly sauntered in
and i knew in the core of my soul
i was about to sin

for my lusts and my urgings
became a raging fire
consuming all my senses
as my restraints did expire

oh how i wanted her
my passions one could smell
oh the things i thought about
but such i can not tell

she moved my mighty mountain
in ways i thought not of
there is only one explanation
i had fell in love

love at first sight

it's all about the Love baby

let us embrace

come to me
lay your head upon my breast
and let me enfold you
within my arms

i see you are in need
of this embrace of love
as am i for your presence

we have walked alone too long
in this lonely wilderness
where we deliberately isolate our selves
because of the fears
illusions bring

love has no fear my child

listen . . .
for my heart beats
as does yours
calling for anyone
who would listen . .
can you hear it ?

come to me
as i come to you
let us embrace
in love

william s. peters, sr.

let it not end . . .

the beauty of your touch and taste
oh how so nice
a life time trapped in your embrace
will hardly ever suffice

the lava and heat of your passions
to enter again i yearn
that i may indulge our ecstasies
as our orgasmic fires burn

i know i should tread lightly
as i cast caution to the wind
to lose myself within you love
consumed in union once again

. . . let it not end

it's all about the Love baby

kiss me

oh the night of life has been so long
as i await the sun to rise
yet i see a glint of light my friend
in the recesses of your eyes

my heart has been a longing
for the harvest of my hopes
my lover and my dreams i held
from my consciousness did elope

despair and anguish sat upon my shoulder
whispering their logics in my ear
the fruits they afforded me in this life
were laced with bitterness, indifference and fear

that is why i know i am blessed
for through it all you i have known
for you have brought your light for me
that i may find my own

sometimes when we see nothingness
and what we deem as life's cruel wrath
we do come to know we must press on
we must have faith in our path

i believe each footstep has purpose
if naught but to draw e'en close
give me strength to endure my soul
as i expunge these wisping ghosts

now i am not condemning at all
i embrace the all in my bliss
for in truth the journey has it's own reward
and in the end i'll receive my kiss

kiss me

william s. peters, sr.

my soul weeps

my soul weeps,
and the Ocean fills with memories.
the buds of my hope languishes
to become free
in the garden of dreams
my conscious dwells
in anticipation
of the sweetness of the harvest fruit
and i am no more.
i have been taken up
e'en for the briefest of moments.
i have become the fragrance
of the calling honeysuckle
of my new spring.
i hear the babbling brook
filled with your aspirations as well
as we enjoin in the bliss
of escape from our bondage.
let the fears flow
to the Ocean which holds all things
founded in love.

my soul weeps . . .

it's all about the Love baby

my passion flower . . .

she was my passion flower
the blooming of my desires
as her petals unfolded for me
her aroma aroused my fires

i closed my eyes to consume her
but my inner vision failed me so
as her scent danced the gentle breeze
my ether entered her flow

her smile caressingly graced my brow
i felt her stirring so deep
she touched me places i knew not of
as my soul awoke from it's sleep

o my gentle passion flower
what in me doth you seek
before you came i stood strong
i now stand amongst the weak

for so eagerly have i submitted
to thou grace so so fair
if i could but embrace thy loving essence
soon time come i dare

for you are my passion
my flower of love
i hold you in my heart all day
you are all that i can think of

my passion flower . . .

william s. peters, sr.

my lust for love . . .

i love Love

and i lust for lust

for my love of lust

breaches not my trust.

for passion be not consumed

in the love of my lust

for my lust sustains

my love as i must

in my lust for love . . .

it's all about the Love baby

my lover

my lover has kissed me upon my lips
that i might speak beautiful things
can not you feel my joy
can not you hear my heart
and the song that it sings

my struggle is to find the words
that express this exquisite joy
as i indwell in my lover's spirit
upon the ocean of my love
i am but a buoy

floating, drifting to and fro
awaiting his return
there is this consuming urge
for which i gladly burn

oh my lover come to me
i await upon thy holy bed
with longing for thee by my side
as your visions dance in my head

i open my self for thee my love
come to me with the quickening
that i may bear thy sweet fruit
for my heart beat is thickening

in sweet anticipation of your sacred arrival
for upon thy presence i press
'tis only within the heart of thee
i come to know love's best

my lover has kissed me upon my lips
that i might speak beautiful things
can not you feel my joy
can not you hear my heart
and the song that it sings

william s. peters, sr.

my love tribute to the unknown love . . .

can i fall in love with you
please light this power keg
let our love explode my dear
please of you i beg

you are the spark that lights flame
the fuel of my desire
lay your head upon my breast
and you can feel my fire

burning brightly just for you
beyond what they call time
you are the poem of my life
the joy and endless rhyme

there is no separation my dear
no matter how it seems
you have always been the one
the reason for my dreams

for in life's divine symphony
you are my only note
you are my hearts saving buoy
that keep this soul afloat

i wish that i could tell you
somehow if i could explain
the expectant joys of your love
is cause of this blissful pain

it's all about the Love baby

but i shall never acquiesce
nor abandon this dream of us
together as One soon will come
in this i just must trust

for i believe in magic dear
found in loving you
for you are all i ever am
'tis my Holy truth

my love tribute to the unknown love . . .

william s. peters, sr.

shit . . . i love you

shit . . . i love you
wait a minute
maybe you didn't hear me
i said
SHIT !!!!
I LOVE YOU !!!!

when i began this write,
my mind attempted in it's most valiant of efforts to gather the words
needless to say
i do know
this love is not a feeling
meant for mere words

it is not that words have no purpose
they just do not do justice
in the service of my purpose
of my heart here
as i try to express
what is pressing
me
thoroughly
soulfully
totally

the best i can do is explain hopefully to you
how the words escape me
when it comes to describing
this feeling
that has me reeling
as i am scribing
. . . words

you see, words
are like a foreign language
when it comes to matters of my heart
and though we part our lips to speak them
don our pens to write them
the words are still yet a bit askew

it's all about the Love baby

if only you knew
of what i am trying to say
to you

and it is not just me
i have read the Classics
and the contemporary Poets
and the class acts and expressions
being emoted in their lines
as they attempt to define
this love

their words only gives me a temporary rush
and the best i can do is shush
as Grammy would say
and listen
before i start sounding stupid
but i don't give a damn

if i were a painter,
i would burn my brush
for it can not capture
the rapture
or the color
or touch this thing that burns
and yearns so badly
deep within me
about
and for you

you see
shit . . . i love you

i have listened to love songs
and the music of the longing
of love crying out
shouting if you will
to be fulfilled
and they keep on singing
spilling the milk
into their tears
and still who hears

william s. peters, sr.

what their hearts speak of

we may call it love
but even that is only a word
and i have heard it just like you
perhaps much too often
but words only serve to soften us
and i must

yes
i must get it in
to that soft place in you
where you hide
where your essence truly resides
where this love i have for you
collides with your every dream
your every wish
and let it be me

yes i want to climb in
to you
and i want to lay next
to you
and do all those love things
to you
and i want to
look into your eyes
and see my heaven
and simply say

Shit . . . i love you

it's all about the Love baby

she is my Super Woman

she is magnificent, she is wonderful
but she wears no cape
my favorite hangout
is her necks sweet nape

she is my breath she is my hopes
the wind that lifts my wings
she is my Joy my smiles
for which my Soul sings

she is my heart she is a wonder filled
a treasure better than gold
oh how i do love her
more than time has ever told

she is my confidant, my lover
the truest of best friend
my hopes and my courage
before beginning beyond end

she is my nurturer, my spirit
the food of my thought
she quenches my desert
and i thirst for naught

she is my longings my urgings
the passions of my fire
my quest to fulfill her
to which eternity aspires

she is my garden my fruit
that awaits my seed
no matter how i travel
she seconds my deed

william s. peters, sr.

she can move mountains or splinters
brings light to nightmares
with her in my corner
who the hell fears - fears

she is my Holy my Sacred
in whose eyes i do see
my best of my self
woman you complete me

she is my Super Woman

possibilities

i could look at her
they way she fidgeted in her seat
i had this instinct
she needed badly what i could give her
my god would i love to give it to her

i often thought about the possibilities
as i closed my eyes
i could see her glistening skin
pulsating at the thought of my touch
and i wanted to taste her
feel the liquidness of her desire
upon my hot and wanting tongue

yes, i wanted to turn her out
completely
i wanted to hear her moan deeply
the name of the one and only
me

and here i was getting ahead of my self
and as my thoughts ran away with my fire of passion
my little head knew it
and he refused to obey my feeble commands
as i took him in my hand
to provide my self some peace

yes,
i wanted a piece of her . .
no, i wanted all of her
and as much as i tried
i could not defy this
i wanted to grab her by the hips
i wanted to kiss those lips
that would be soon occupied
bringing me a pleasure of ultimate bliss

william s. peters, sr.

i wanted to smell the heat of her womanhood
just before i lifted that hood
with my hungry tongue
i wanted to taste the fluid of her heat
as it dripped upon my lips
to quench this thirst i had for her
and my male member-ship of love concurred
yes i wanted to sail that creamy liquid sea
and set all those pent up emotions free
she held on to
between those lovely columns of lust
awaiting the parting
yes i must
and i trust
when i open my eyes
as i part those thighs
i will do justice
to the . . .
possibilities

it's all about the Love baby

oh flame of the darkness

oh flame of the darkness
draw nearer to my soul
whisper to my urgings
the mysteries of old

come embrace my longings
upon thy holy breast
let all compass be as one
north, south, east and west

let my consciousness be not scattered
upon the face of life's mirth
may i be the solitude
that i may gather true worth

if but one degree i occupy
let that be my whole
for one besides 359
completes my cycled soul

oh flame of the darkness
draw nearer to my soul
whisper to my urgings
the mysteries of old

william s. peters, sr.

oh fair maiden

oh fair maiden
come to me
give me thy love
that i may be free

oh fair maiden
but one kiss
i ask of thee
that i may know bliss

oh fair maiden
you art my dream
my hope and my passion
the light of my beam

oh fair maiden
how grateful i be
that you have graced
the life of me

oh fair maiden
i humbly submit
to thy holy fragrance
and the magic of it

oh fair maiden
thy mettle not test
but to hold you closer
'tis my only request

oh fair maiden
come to me
give me thy love
that i may be free

. . . . oh fair maiden

of liquid love

yes, they were but thoughts
and yet somehow they seemed so real
and i could actually feel them
feel her
her skin as i allowed my fingers
to drift languidly across the vast expanse of her body
just as she danced in the vast expanse of my living dream

yes, i refuse to let go
or wake up
'cause this place i am in at this moment
has me erectly paying attention
to the goodness life affords
one who loves another this deeply

i fervently close my eyes to all external sensations
and i can smell her body moisture
that wafts through the air from the valley of her breasts
and i go deeper still
into this chasm of my lost self
for yes, i am lost
and i like it

i hear a distant drum beating
i think the natives have been aroused
as my heart excitedly considers the possibilities
of what is about to manifest

there is a fire somewhere burning
raging
and i can smell the fumes
and feel the consuming heat
as my loins start to boil
and i smile
for this shit is good
and i would have it no other way

william s. peters, sr.

and though she is like a sunshine to my life
the way her face lights up all that is about me
beautiful as her countenance may be
it is not her face that holds my attention in this moment
though her lips are full and pursed
my imaginings are have already used them thoroughly
and the residue liquid of our pre love
drips ever so slowly upon the sheeted plane of our bed we share
puddling only to serve as a reminder
of what we are about to do
as i lay her upon her back

her eyes envelope me in our mutual longing for cessation
and my prominent digital elation
takes notice and leaps forward
towards it's ultimate destiny
that it to may taste what it feel like
to be buried alive
in a liquid grave of love

the door is slighted ajar
and i push that i may fully enter
and i am fully welcomed
into this abode of hot, hot joy

as i excitedly
make know my presence
i feel her essence greet me
like the prodigal son that i am
embrace me
envelope me
totally

it's all about the Love baby

i begin my work
and i pay homage
deep homage to those secret places
where no man has gone before
and deep within this cavern
i find that magic door
waiting for my arrival
and i smile
deeply
as she begins to weep
songs of ecstasy and bliss
and i kiss those lips
that drips
with the evidence
of our Love's presence
as i discharge
the full charge of my duty
of liquid love

william s. peters, sr.

notes of love

i was writing notes of love to myself
but i was sending them to someone else
that they would send them back to me
adorned . . . enhanced and perhaps exaggerated

that i may feel good about . . .

loving my self

you see . . .

in loving others

you demonstrate the highest evolution . . .

of Self Love . . .

so i send notes to my "self" . . .

notes of love.

it's all about the Love baby

Sweet Things

it was a quiet night
but my thoughts were active
examining my desires
and i thought of you
and my favorite Ice Cream

Sweet Things

yes, i long to put my Pralines
in your Cream
once again

Sweet Things

william s. peters, sr.

spent

here i am sitting

having silent orgasms

somewhere deep in my soul

i can tell and verify it

by my spent nature

it's all about the Love baby

simply “BE” . . . in Love

this day i prostrate my spirit
and in reverence i speak to Progenitor / Source
and i humbly ask
“this day what would you have me to do?”
and a voice speaks
and tenderly caresses the core of who i am
and says
“my child, this day i would simply have you “BE”!”
in my empirical struggle to understand
i begin to formulate the question
to follow the question
but Source already knows the source of my vexation
for after all
Source is Source
and Source speaks again
“my child, as the Mountain that stands before thee,
cloaked in all Divine Regality
with Trees
with Grasses
with Dirt and Stone
with the Dew Drop Kisses
of my Love,
so art thou”

somehow i felt this connection
in my reflection
of what surrounds me
what adorns me
and i felt elated
as all the world dissipated
into the ether of my self made delusions
and the illusion of all that i thought mattered
mattered not
and for that brief moment
in the spot that i occupied in this eternity of light
i became “Truth”

william s. peters, sr.

as the days of my youth
came upon my now
and somehow
i got it
i must allow
the greater of who i am
to "BE"
and what i see
is our sanctity
we all wish to embrace
to taste
and that is the "BE"ing
of Love

the Mountain is secure in this
within the letting of Love
we find our Bliss
let not our mind lead us amiss
for this is our time
be it held within the sublime rhymes of life
or brazenly Bold
this day i have been told
to simply "BE"
in Love

it's all about the Love baby

should life be any less

hips undulating to the rhythms
my soul is gyrating to the flow
my urge is beating upon my chest
should life be any less

my need is swallowing me
consuming my reason beyond
the light of my reason grows dim
all this was endowed to me by Him

can you not feel the beat
calling forth all you needs
my urge is beating upon my chest
should life be any less

my loins are pressing my dreams
with visions of primal need
I feel the storm of my desire
like a dry wood is consumed by the fire

care I not for damnation
for all I feel is blissful expectant joy
my urge is beating upon my chest
should life be any less

was not I told, yes to let go
allow my self to let flow
in love my seeds were to sow
for that is all that I wish to know

if I be damned then so be it
for I have answered my primal call
my urge is beating upon my chest
should life be any less

william s. peters, sr.

woman

O woeful lady, why dost thou grieve
hast thou love went away ?

i see you sitting,
pondering in despair
seeking new air

i see your colors of Blue
shining through

as you stand at the doorway of your life
looking at your bleakness
your weakness

you find no solace
no resolution
but upon your bed

in the land of your dreams
it seems

in you waking hours
you look to the horizons
for your love's return

you look in the mirror
and wonder . . .
what is wrong with me

you pray for peace and clarity
and perhaps God's verity

but to no avail

it's all about the Love baby

so you withdraw within
and then it begins
the return of your color
your music . . .
your dance . . .
your hope . . .
your love . . .

what once was a fractured soul

begins to emote the magic of being
your life's color . . .
your life's Joy . . .
your life's Magic . . .
your Divinity of "Be"ing . . .
for you are
Woman !!!

yes . . .

you are

Woman

william s. peters, sr.

when i think of you

i am missing touching you
as i did a million aeons ago
when we had wings

you seem so far away
though you are here with me
and i listen to the song of remembrance
as my Soul does sing

a billion light years apart
is nothing at all to me
for your luminescent loving beauty
still resides in my light within i see

no sorrow here my dear
nay, i shall never it embrace
for the grandeur of Love's beauty
is eternally etched upon your face

so, i thank you for the Fire
of inspire . . . ation
and the magnificence of elation
i feel
when i think of you

the resplendent joys of anticipation
have long over come any dismal thought
for you are all that i wished for
all i ever sought

it's all about the Love baby

so i am dancing in the garden
where butterflies reflect their Holy sun
and i observe the movement of stillness
and the metamorphosis of goodness i become

like a child in the Cosmic Sandbox
i build Castles as i so deem
and with a Smile and Holy Tear
i actualize the Dream

when all of our essences'
is the all of what we be
as we shine brightly as one
energy, that all may clearly see

. . . when i think of you

william s. peters, sr.

♥ ♪ ♥ ♪ ♥ We should not ♥ ♪ ♥ ♪ ♥

‘tis better that we did not
attempt that which we should not
for we may have found we could not
do that what we should not . . .

it's all about the Love baby

tonight

i want to push your buttons
just how do I turn you on
and open your gates of passion
from my dusk to your dawn

to bathe within your beauty
consumed with the heart of night
to enter that secret chamber
and implant within my light

the throes of wanton given
from the depths of desirous heart
painting stars of ecstasy
for our love is but an art

we come together in dance
we come together in song
moving to the rhythms
as one the long night long

william s. peters, sr.

Time Grows it

at first it was infatuation,
i was moved by your presence
every time you entered
the room

we introduced ourselves
with smiles
that became a greeting
and grew into conversations
and we grew on each other

there was a comfort
in being with you
words cannot describe,
for words pale
in matters of the heart

i told my self i loved you
and then i gathered the courage
to tell you,
then my friends,
then my family.

i had told God a long time ago !

i needed someone
just like you
in my life
and it became so,
so i thought

you expressed your endearment
to me as well,
and as far as i could tell,
this was a truth worth living for

it's all about the Love baby

doors were opening for us
as we began to trust
in each other

we held hands
we held each other
we embraced
we made love
and we shared our dreams
which somehow seemed
to be the same

i can not name nor number
the smiles
you have put upon my Face,
my Heart,
my Soul,
for as i told you,
i Love you.

at first it was just an infatuation,
that we practiced
that became
real,
for i could feel you with me
within me
wherever i went

sure we have had concerns,
but we would not allow any of them
to burn down this bridge
we have built
between your heart
and mine

william s. peters, sr.

and we never did pay any mind
to what people were saying
as they were playing
the Devil's Advocate
just because they had no love
such as this
of their own

now that the years have slipped by
i truly realize the Treasure,
the Gift,
the Blessing
of Love and her courtship
with my understanding,
for love is not demanding,
she is patience personified

and i have come to know this truth . .

that Time Grows it . . .

deeper, moment by moment.

it's all about the Love baby

the 'Thief of Hearts'

i have come to steal your heart
and induce that you believe
all the dreams it has for you
can easily be achieved

you must open up your coffers
where it's treasures lie
watch the magic manifest
in the twinkling of an eye

the words i offer to you
are to seduce you to the good
that you may 'gain trust in love
just the way you should

love can never harm you
'tis delusions we embrace
let go of all the ill deceits
and the joyous you will taste

let us dance to wonder
the lyrical song of life
the garden's fruit is sweet my child
let us enjoy it's rife

tell me what can stop me
'tis no power on this earth
that can hold light in frozen time
for abundance is my mirth

as we melt away illusions
despair or air you choose
please come out and play with me
what have you to loose

william s. peters, sr.

within the love of fantasy
all is as it seems
dare you not to ever give up
the magic of your dreams

for life can be the wonder
let our visions be deployed
let us see and be the goodness
let us know naught but Life's joy

tell me does your heart hear
the music of it's song
let us ride Life's rainbows
in the joy for which we long

did i steal your heart yet
or induce you to just breathe
paint your picture as you will
and let us just believe

whatever you conceive and you believe you can achieve !

from the "Thief of Hearts"

it's all about the Love baby

the Feminine Divine

the love she felt she did suffer
along her path she found no buffer
that just seemed to be her way

her anguish did not ever cease
and she longed for a certain peace
she knew would come some day

she was filled with an aching hope
that in some way each day she'd cope
that was her only demand

yet deep within her sweet heart's core
she was endowed with so much more
that she never did understand

yet all that she could ever think of
her solemn loneliness and absence of love
and these thoughts maintained her lament

the shadows always seemed to circle round
her fears and doubts were quite abound
and her heart's flower lost it's scent

yet somehow deep inside she knew
that this path she walked was almost through
and her liberation would come to be

and each day our souls express and cry
when we all do ask that question "why"
for 'tis she who lives in you and me

the feminine divine

william s. peters, sr.

thank you love . . .

'tis love that enchants me
as i entice her to stay
but i know that love
will have her way

i watch as she dances
in the fields of our dreams
filling the youthful heart
'til it unravels the seams

yes love may be demanding
that our hearts open up
for her only desire is
but to fill our soul's cup

that once again we may
with reverence surrender
to the sacredness of "BE"ing
we fail to remember

oh love my beauty
i do hear your call
the Cosmic thunder
that speaks to us all

touch me once again
i pray you not part
for you are my life blood
that flows from each heart

let us dance once again
let the song never end
lend us your wings
that we may ascend

it's all about the Love baby

yes, i am enchanted
by your Holy essence
may i always dwell dear
in the truth of your presence . . .

thank you love . . .

william s. peters, sr.

you are

you are the wonder for which "i" breathes
you are the waves that defines the seas
you are the joy for which anguish grieves
you are the love child in which He is pleased

you are the smile that lights my face
you are the song composed in grace
you are the tapestry of silk worm lace
you are the sweet which joy does taste

you are the wonder in our child's eye
you are the stream from the tears i cry
you are the love i can not deny
you are the reason the dawn sun does try

you are the stillness within wood quiet
you are the comforter of my inner riot
you are aspiration i dare not defy it
you are compleat "Be" and try it

you are the wrinkle that makes me smile
you are right "here" no matter the miles
you are my companion through my soul's trials
you are the voice i hear in my wiles

you are my stars, my moon my sun
you are the laughter within my life's pun
you are my walk when i wish to run
you are where i am when my day is done

you are

it's all about the Love baby

you and i

As we sit in the verdant fields of all existence
breathing in the fresh morning air
our breath becomes the breath of love.
The presence of God Source is in all things.
Our eyes are opened to see . . .
Our hearts receive this Divine Light
as suggested by the fresh crisp yet Embracing rising of the Sun
Our Sun,
God's Sun,
Mother's Sun,
Your Sun
The Sun
Again another reason to offer
our Reverence,
our Gratefulness,
Our Love,
Our Understanding,
that Nature Loves us,
God Loves us,
and you and i
Love.

you and i . . .

william s. peters, sr.

yes you made love to me

yes you made love to me
yes you have made love to my mind
like i never have known before
you opened doors i did not even know existed
don't get it twisted
you mind fucked me
deeply
and left me raw
and i saw that light
and i felt the totality of your embrace
as your lips teasingly touched my skin
and i knew in that instant
that my destiny was to take you in
to the treasures of the very womb of my being
the essence where only God has been

and many a night when i think of our first night
i weep
as the joy of the memories
of how you touched me
and where
ushers forth the memories
of how raw and exposed i felt
and i feel
when i touch that place
indelibly etched in my forever
etched in the taste of our union
there you will always be

it's all about the Love baby

yes . . . i want

i want to whisper sweet things into your ear until they start to drip with honey and i want to watch as the sugar slowly crystallizes so i can suck on your lobes forever . . .ya ready ?
. . . do you hear me ?

i want to visit your Holy Garden and plant deep kisses in your furrow that i may restructure your mind and your vocabulary so that the only three words you will ever utter again in your life are “Oh Bill mmmmmmmmmmm”

i want to lick your Desires of Divine Ecstasy until you want no more, for that is what i have come for, to make you my Vision, my Blissful Objective and i your Dream Master.

i want you to scream those three words i have taught you every time you blink your eyes for i am all you see . . . me, preparing you once again for that next step as you taste of this heaven where we become eternally fused and connected in the Communion of a Love that makes the Angels blush and God smile.

i want to teach you the Acrobatics of Love beyond understandings of possibilities, i want to teach you those positions that make the Kama Sutra blush deeply and run away and hide like the Kids Play it is.

i want you to hold my Head Softly, Delicately, Lovingly upon your Nipple Hardened Breast, where i rest in between every Breath and every Heartbeat, for you complete me as i complete you, for i am your life essence as you are mine.

i want to kneel before your Holy Fountain of Love and drink the warm liquid of your passions until i am filled with the Spirit of an Orgasmic Joy and Sweetness that was meant only for me . . . a place where i become the Universe and my eyes twinkle brighter than the Stars of all the Heavens created and those yet to come . . . i want to taste your Rainbows . . . let me be that one and only one who can drink from that Sacred place of thy Divine Essence and Beauty . . .

william s. peters, sr.

i want you to dance for me in your Dreams . . . in your Reality in your every cell . . every pore . . . every thought . . . listen to the music that is coming to you as i am coming for you . . . let us dance with a fervor that manifests our expectations into possibilities and thus into our reality . . let us loose our selves this day, this moment in the eternity of the happiness we were borne to experience . . . i want you to dance that dance upon my loins that urges me to release this liquid fire in your womb that we can birth a new truth to the Garden of Life that all may Drink, all may taste our Truth of what Love and Passion is . . let us dance the dance of smiles

and finally

i want you to be thankful for every wrong turn you have made upon the Road of life for it was those wrong turns that were the right turns, for they brought you to me, for i have been waiting for you a Lifetime . . . and the song of your heart you now sing makes Flowers Dance and Butterflies Smile and God pats Himself on the back as He says to Himself “Well Done”

yes . . . i want . . . You . . . what do you want ?

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it's all about the Love baby

i want to

i want to hold you
in my forever
and find the clever magic
that binds you to my soul

i want to lay my weary head
upon your breast
and listen to eternity
come to be
in the ever beating
of your heart for me

i want to look
into your eyes
endlessly
defenselessly
submit all that i am
to your every wish
or whim
for i am him
who has come
that my sum
may be enhanced
as the angels dance
celebrating our union

i want to be your smile
and your joy
and be the one
who deploys
the bliss you seek
as i kiss you meekly
upon your cheek
your lips of sweet

i want to be the one

william s. peters, sr.



epilogue

*it's all about the Love baby
william s. peters, sr.*



'just bill'

about the *A*uthor . . .

Bill's writing career spans a period quickly approaching 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author 29 additional Volumes of Poetry, Short Stories, etc., expressing his thoughts on matters of the Heart, Spirit, Consciousness and Humanity. His primary focus is that of Love, Peace and Understanding!

Bill is not only a Writer and Poet, he is also the Director of Inner Child Press Publishing Company, a Public Speaker, Empowerment Work Shop Leader, Consultant, Activist, Radio Personality, Broadcast Media Producer, Spoken Word and Recording Artist and so much more. Bill is the Founding Director of Inner Child Enterprises as well as the Past Director of Publicity for Society Hill Music. Bill has a Global Reading Audience and Fan Base. He is known for his Humanitarian Work and Activism in many communities in and outside of writing

Bill says . . .

I have always likened Life to that of a Garden. So, for me, Life is simply about the Seeds we Sow and Nourish. All things we "Think and Do", will "Be" Cause and eventually manifest itself to being an "Effect" within our own personal "Existences" and "Experiences" . . . whether it be Fruit, Flowers, Weeds or Barren Landscapes! Bill highly regards the Fruits of his Labor and wishes that everyone would thus go on to plant "Lovely" Seeds on "Good Ground" in their own Gardens of Life!

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child : www.iamjustbill.com

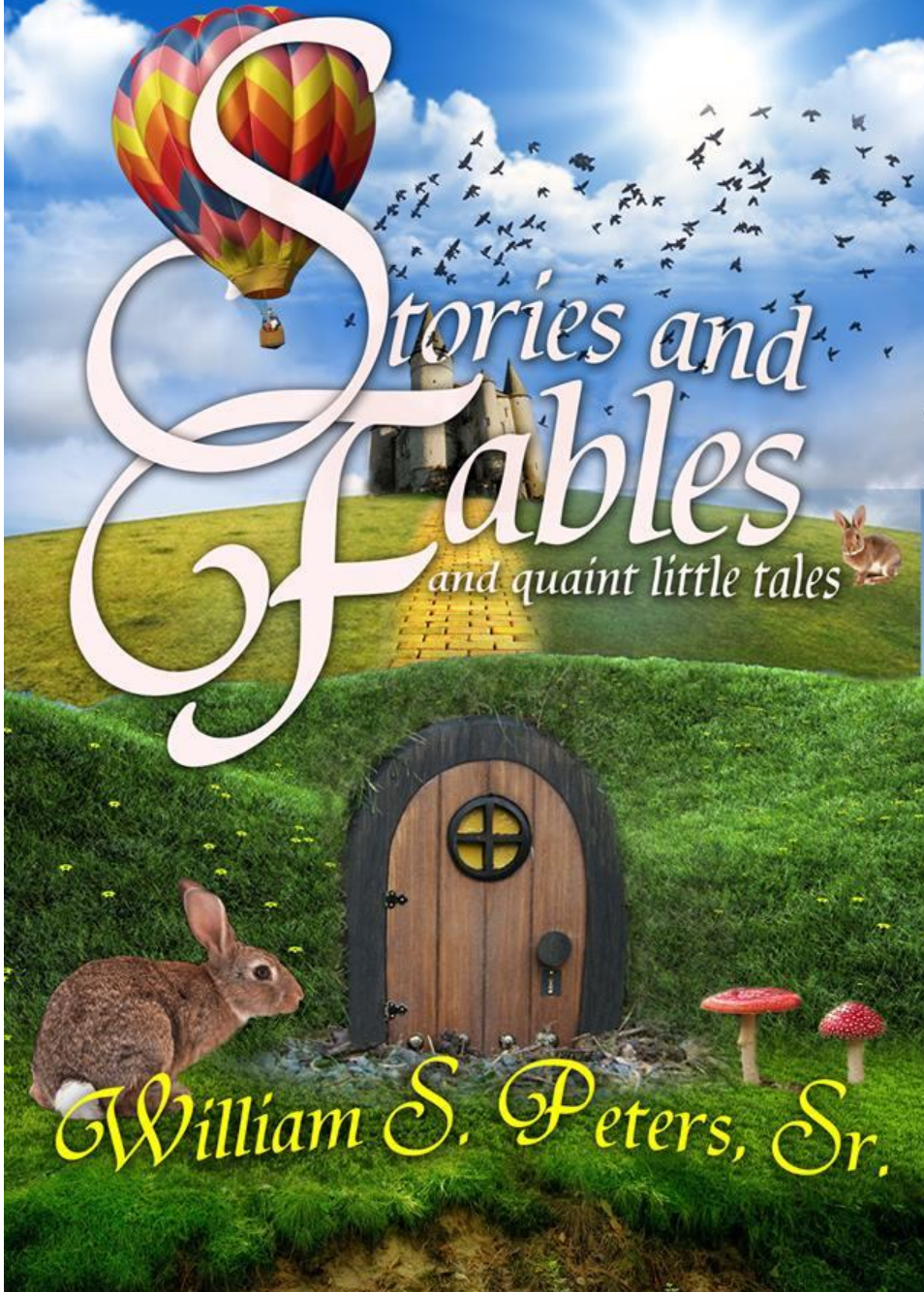
it's all about the Love baby
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a few
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Notes

from the

Coffee Table

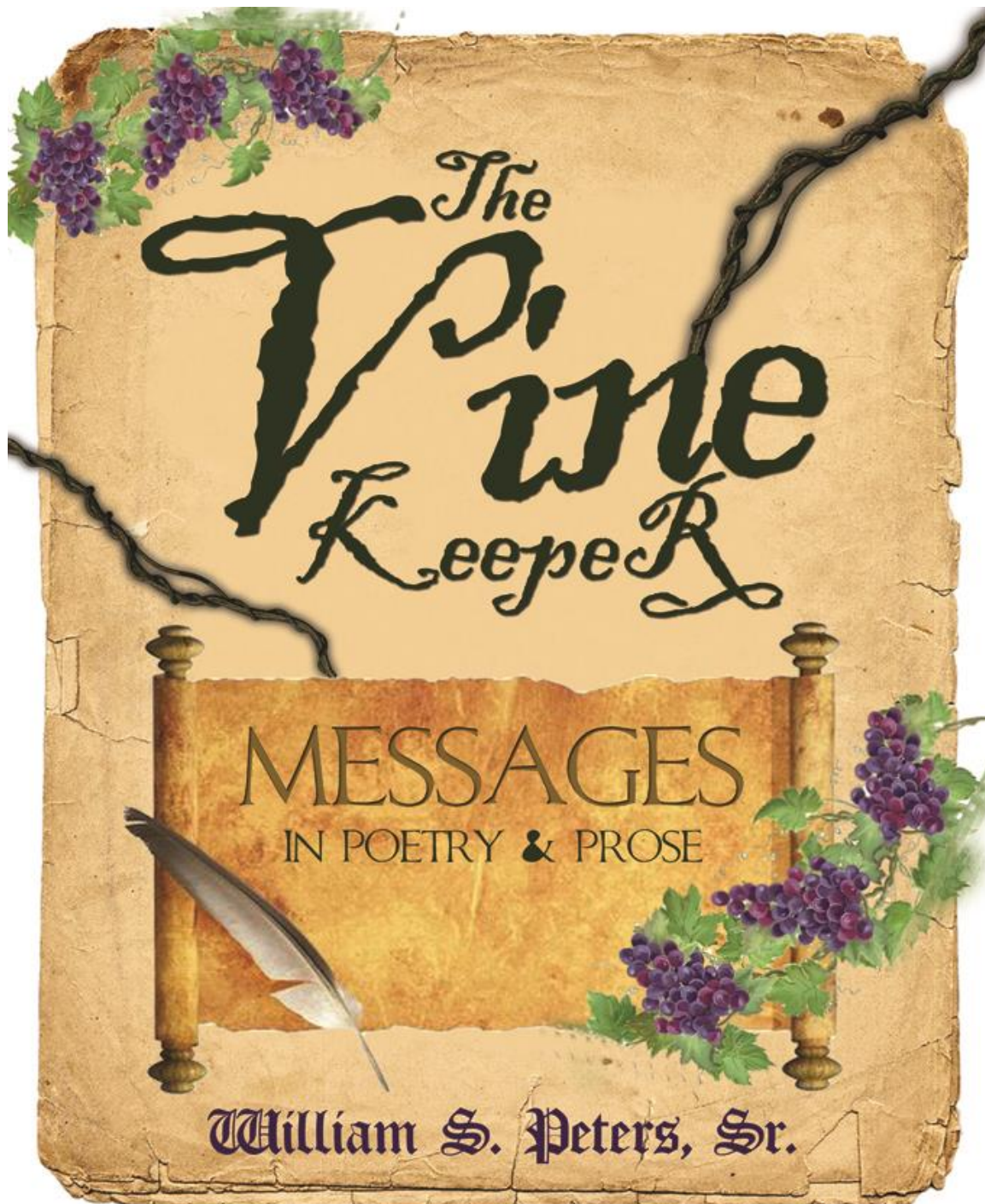
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Confucius say . . .



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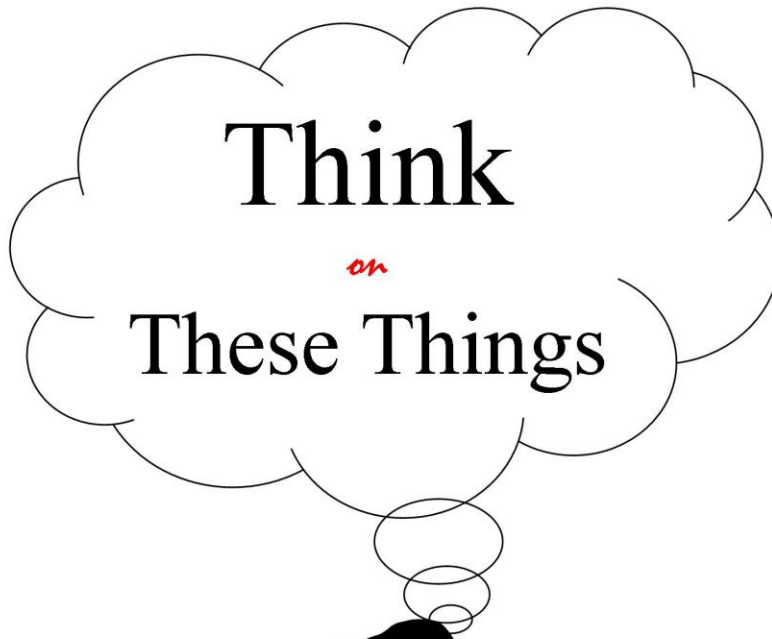
William S. Peters, Sr. presents

the Wind . . .

the Mountain . . .

and the Sage . . .





Think
on
These Things



*Witticisms . . .
Thoughts
and other
Ramblings*

stuff to think about
by

William S. Peters, Sr.



*the
light
in
the
window*

whisperings from the soul of

William S. Peters, Sr.

my inner garden



William S. Peters, Jr.

Inner Child Press

Inner Child Press is a Publishing Company Founded and Operated by Writers. Our personal publishing experiences provides us an intimate understanding of the sometimes daunting challenges Writers, New and Seasoned may face in the Business of Publishing and Marketing their Creative “Written Work”.

For more Information

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www.innerchildpress.com

intouch@innerchildpress.com



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Love is one of those nuances of life that is very mercurial in its affect upon us. Sure, we all hope and dream or have done so in our past about the perfect love. Well perhaps we imperfect people may fall short in our pursuits of love, but i say to never give way to defeat, just continue to believe. If that does not work for you, write some poetry for someone, even if that someone is your self. What can it hurt?



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notes of love

*i was writing notes of love to myself
but i was sending them to someone else
that they would send them back to me
adorned . . . enhanced and perhaps exaggerated
that i may feel good about . . .
loving my self
you see . . .
in loving others
you demonstrate the highest evolution . . .
of Self Love . . .
so i send notes to my "self" . . .
notes of love.*

