

## A Romantically Inclined Samaritan To Jonathan, Love Michela

Written by Katharine McLennan

You've stumbled upon a woman finding herself at a new stage
You call it roaring 40's, but is it really just the age?
Or is it a calling so vibrant and so raw?
For a man's touch and his wit, his honour and his awe.

In return I will open my Pandora's box
Of quirks, of insecurities, of laughter and loss
Of life in its messiness, in its glory rarely achieved
Except in small moments of stillness and reprieve.

I think I talk too much, and I move too fast

For an introvert, I've learned how to play with too much sass

But I long for a lover who'll show me how to relax

Who will accept WHO we are at the min, at the max.

Who laughs at the absurdity of human laws so random
But honours our core Essence with wild abandon
We all are born with beautiful intent
We simply neglect to look again, to see what is meant.

You'll need to have patience, I am always wise, Except in my mind, who oft hides behind disguise.
I long for a teacher, gentle and soothing,
Who wants to love, to caress, my passion so moving.

Who needs to feel free, to come and to go,

I fear we'll disappoint and maybe we won't know,

Remembering False Evidence Appearing Real

Will we sense what is false, when the layers are pealed?

I'd like to please you, your mind, body, your soul
I'd like to experience what it's like to have my senses unfold
While still knowing the tenderness of two hearts so alive
Nourishing each other yet individuality never deprive



We honour parts of everyone crossing our path
Which is why I think I search now for your lust and your laugh
That extra massage, that honesty, that nerve,
That thrust, that libido, that whispering word.

Take me with your words and take me with your hands

Take me for a journey without knowing where we'll land,

I'm willing for it to last for just one glass of wine,

Or for it to be often or just once upon an exceptional time.

How will we know; maybe "chemistry" won't exist . . .

But maybe it will, and for your body I'll insist

To feel you within, to feel ourselves shudder

Or simply hold your hands and celebrate friendship together

So, lift your glass, and toast the moment.

That's all that there is, no need for torment.

About pasts that can't change, about futures that don't exist

About flaws, about jealousies, about pain that persists.

Thank God for our humanness, and thank God for this life.

Thank God for this music which seems so rife.

It teaches us of love, of tenderness, and care,

Of friendship, of honour, of giving beyond compare.

God grant us the serenity, God grant us the love
And steer us towards Heaven, which need not exist above.
Show us the way to Heaven here on Earth,
I trust Your guidance, and I honour Our worth.

To Jonathan from Michela

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If you would like to have a poem written on your behalf, please contact me on <a href="mailto:kath@timetoreflect.today">kath@timetoreflect.today</a> or +61419751812. My name and logo will not appear on your poem. You are encouraged to select photos and script style. You are also welcome to adapt my draft, which will be based on the information you have given me to express. Your information can be as detailed as you like. More information and samples of poetry I have written can be found on my website, <a href="https://www.timetoreflect.today/">https://www.timetoreflect.today/</a>

