

M.L. Woodward

SOUL SEARCHING

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This book is dedicated to the little girl inside of me who never healed from her trauma. I love you!

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Until time...

Passion was closer than I expected..
Change was needed,
but not just in this moment..
I was clearly head over heels for you.
Time made no sense,
but sin did..
Love had no meaning like, lust did.
And true enough I died on that battlefield..
But it was worth it.
Loving you was childbirth
And though, I didn't have any children
I imagined it so.
Loving you was like a Pedal stool
but don't touch it- its broke.
Your love like a whole in a boat
nothing keeping us afloat..
But still I drowned in that water with a smile..
I was hopeless..
But child that passion grew inside me like wild flowers..
More like weeds but who's judging?..
I still smell the scent of the stolen flowers you got me on our anniversary..
Cold reminder you forgot
but that aint mean shit to me..
As imperfect as you are

you were meant for me
And ill be dying til I die
as long as your next to me
Painted Pictures and sweet memories
Tainted visions of you loving me..
Vested living like this miserbly
But we locked in...
Back and forth I ride with you
side with you
lie for you
Desire you...
And no one else...
Passion was closer than expected..

-M.L. Woodward

