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## Untitled

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## Untitled

*Tiffany Ann Sopczak*

Place your hand in mine  
And look into my eyes,  
So you can see that we share one soul

Let me lead and follow you  
Through the chapters of our love,  
As I document them within these pages.

I don't know why I made you wait  
Perhaps we both needed a break  
From our eternal roundabout of reincarnation.

... Perhaps we needed to grow  
... in order to comprehend  
... what has been bestowed upon us

It frightens me to know that this  
Love is forever  
When forever seems inconceivable

Loving you is like a curse  
Because none other could ever come close  
... or even far

Hold onto my hand so that we  
Can fly to another realm  
Free from space and time  
... and rhythm and rhyme

So we may look down in pity on  
Those who will never understand  
What this feels like.

Let me lead and follow you  
Through the chapters, novels,  
and volumes of our love.

Although it angers me to be bound to my pen

Love has no language

... no words

... no dialect

... no bounds

Because when I am with you

I can hold your hand and

Look into your eyes and

View the soul that we share.

It once was one, but somewhere

Along the lines it was torn in half and placed in different

... bodies

... countries

... personas

Only to travel back together again ...

For good this time.