

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Candice Witherington()

Empty

There are dreams that sometimes come true and there are those that never come to pass.

Perhaps our love was not destined and the fates knew it would not last.

It seemed at the beginning that we were compatible in every way, then why was it so easy for you to walk away?

Did I somehow fail to show you the love that was in my heart?

Did I read your intentions wrong from the very start?

Now that you have left my side, there is emptiness within;

How do I erase the pain? Where do I begin?

I am left with unanswered questions that perhaps should be left alone;

Yet I can't help but miss you and wish you would come home.

Candice Witherington

Forever Isn'T Long Enough

Forever is not long enough to walk hand in hand with you through this journey called life.

Forever is not long enough to look deep into your eyes, seeing the love I have for you reflected back at me through the twinkle I see

Forever is not long enough to feel the warmth and protection of your strong arms wrapped tightly around me through both day and night.

Forever is not long enough to taste the sweetness of your tender kisses, each one telling me "I love you."

Forever is not long enough to feel the passion and desire as our bodies become one when we slowly make love to the rhythmic sounds of the world around us. Forever is not long enough to lay in the sweet smelling grass of spring, gazing up at the clouds and making promises of a "happy ever after".

Forever is not long enough to let you know just how much you and the love you show mean to me.

Forever is not long enough and there is no amount of time that would allow me the honor of experiencing all that you are and all that we are together.

Forever is not long enough.

Candice Witherington

Imagine

Imagine soft, full lips and pink tongues dancing the dance of seduction.

Imagine warm chocolate skin presses against milky white flesh in the fervent heat of passion.

Imagine salty sweat that drips from our bodies like a soft summer rain.

Imagine womanly nectar like liquid satin that flows as hands begin to explore secret places.

Imagine manhood that grows red hot like molten steel as moist lips and hot mouth stoke the fire within.

Imagine soft cries of ecstasy, gentle moans of pleasure, and a breathless whisper of desire that is the language spoken by us tonight.

Candice Witherington

Just Then

Just then; you walked past me, no words were exchanged but the scent of your cologne lingered like a sweet melody.

Just then; I heard your voice down the corridor and my heart began to pound wildly in my chest.

Just then; our eyes met across the room and I gazed into them, hopeless against their power.

Just then; you held me in your arms and my body became weak like a newborn babe.

Just then; you kissed my cheek and your lips were like a sweet fire against my flesh.

Just then; you made love to me and the world began to spin wildly, the earth shook and our passionate cries echoed into the night.

Just then; I walked down the aisle to see you waiting for me at the other end knowing this was the moment my life would finally begin.

Just then; we sat on a porch swing hand in hand, gray hair shimmering in the sunlight as gentle summer breezes swept across fragile skin.

Just then; I held your hand on my chest and whispered I love you as you slipped away into the abyss.

Candice Witherington

Summer Dreams

Summer Dreams

The day is bright and warm as we walk hand in hand. Tender blades of grass tickle our toes as we stroll along with no particular destination in mind.

Our laughs echo across the hill tops and fill the air with happiness. No one is around but you and I and even the birds seem to give us our privacy as they silence their song when we pause to kiss.

We embrace each other, looking deep into your eyes, I see the years of pain and suffering that has taken its toll on your heart and you can see I have suffered the same.

You and I were made to erase each other's pain. "Let me love you" you whispered as you gently kissed my ear. "Let me love you" I replied as I held you near.

We stopped beneath a majestic oak that has stood for more than a hundred years and promised that we would love each other for the rest of our years.

"Let me be your husband" you asked as you gently took my hand. "Oh yes" I replied without hesitation "for you are my gift from God and I accept you without reservation."

It is not common to find your missing puzzle piece. It is not often you find someone that makes your life complete.

Thank you my darling for giving all your heart and rest well in the knowledge you and I will never part.

Candice Witherington

Talk To Me, Kiss Me, Hold Me Amd Make Love To Me

Talk to me, Kiss Me, Hold me, and Make love to me.

Talk to me. Tell me your deepest fears. Let my words of love bring you comfort.

Talk to me. Tell me your dreams and allow me to make them a reality.

Talk to me.

Kiss me. Kiss me gently. Let me feel your love flow from your lips into mine.

Kiss me. Kiss me passionately. Let me feel your desire for me with the eagerness of your kiss.

Kiss me.

Hold me. Hold me as If I am your anchor in the storm.

Hold me. Hold me and know that I will lead you from the darkness into the light.

Hold me.

Make love to me. Make love to me and let me feel your body connect with mine.

Make love to me. Make love to me and let our love making be an expression of the love we have for one another.

Make love to me.

Share all that you are with me. Give me the honor of loving you for the rest of my life. Give me honor of finally being your wife.

Candice Witherington

When

In the early morning as the moonlight glistens on soft, sweet dew that covers tender blades of grass; my arms are longing to hold you.

When the twinkle of the stars gives way to the glory and warmth of the sun as it slowly climbs over the mountain tops; my lips long to kiss you.

As low abstract shaped clouds that cover the sky finally relinquish their hold to Blue skies with brightly colored birds floating on gentle breezes, singing their song of happy abandon; my body aches to have you near.

When the white hot heat of the formidable sun burns at its brightest and the people of the world are moving frantically about like bees gathering pollen; my breast craves your tender lips.

When the moon begins to push the sun from the sky to make way for the multi-colored sunset and faint twinkle of the night's first star; my slightly parted lips whisper your name.

When the darkness of night blankets the earth, moon beams and starlight play with shadows and the roar of Mother Nature silences; my soul cries out for you.

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