

Poetry Series

Maurice Harris
- poems -

Publication Date:

2014

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Maurice Harris(29 April 1971)

I am a Logistics Manager, former USAF and USAFR Civil Engineer Officer, World traveler and all around good guy! I spent a lot of time traveling the world both before and during my Air Force active duty career!

I have lived overseas, but I am back and not going anywhere for a while!

I enjoy reading and writing my own poetry, I have a website with about 450 of my more than more 700 poems! Please let me know if you would like to read any of them and I will make sure that you have the opportunity!

I care more than most for the simpler things in life and I always show as much respect for others as I feel I am due in return!

I have 2 children of my own, Abigail and Gabriella, who I love very much!

I love both participating in and watching sports of any kind, I am very into UFC/MMA! I am a diehard New England sports fan, I have been my whole life, good, bad and ugly times included!

I was VERY briefly married once, technically...but it was a hopelessly futile attempt at nobility, I knew in my heart I could not do it, but I had to try for my daughter's sake! It lasted as long as the time it took me to end it,4 months! ! I do not regret having tried though, even though it cost me my best friend at the time! !

I am equally comfortable being the center of attention or left alone. I enjoy learning and experiencing new things and have a knack for being able to remember just about anything that I have ever seen! I have an Eidetic memory and have been compared to both Cliff Claven and Will Hunting! LOL

I am very polite, to the point that others have become uncomfortable! I use the terms: Sir, Ma'am, Thank you, Please, etc...I guess that makes some people uncomfortable! I hold doors open for strangers, let others in front of me in lines and never raise my voice in anger!

I am very intelligent and I know it, which seems to make others very uncomfortable as well, perhaps it is a sign of their perceived inadequacies, I am not sure! Sometimes people mistake me as being condescending as a result of that! I am almost never wrong, but when I am I will be the first to let you know!

I have been called 'old fashioned' and idealistic, but I have also been called other, not so nice names! !

I have traveled extensively all over the world, so if you have a travel-related question, I may have the answer! I very much look forward to being able to continue that passion again very soon!

A little bit of history for those that may not know me, or may not have been paying enough attention:

I am a Mescalero Apache, Cherokee, Mic Mac/French-Canadian. I self loathe the French part; no, surely, I jest!

I am a voracious reader; a sesquipedalian; amateur poet; historian and appreciant of all things beautiful.

I am a world traveler, who has been to austere locales on deployment, to countries far afield; seen all the remaining Ancient Wonders of The World, as well as many other UNESCO WORLD Heritage Sites, but I have also been to many other places as well. I have learned a lot in each of these places, and have it all neatly catalogued in my eidetic memory banks; I owe a debt of gratitude to all those who have helped me along the way.

I am a sort of modern day Renaissance man in both technical and artistic endeavors.

I am a survivor of Earthly death; and, I mean that quite literally.

I am an extraordinary man, with an extraordinary ability to persevere, adapt and keep battling through, no matter what the challenge. I relish any opportunity to help someone, but require nothing in return, but a mere 'thank you'.

I am not afraid to cry.

I am a former Civil Engineer Officer in both the USAF and USAFR, where I was discharged Under Honorable Conditions, from each.

I am able to love completely, unabashedly and without apology all that which I love most ardently. My family and friends are my world, I come second. I will give you anything that you need, want, desire, like, etc., and only ask for your gratitude in return.

I value ideals, but I do not LOVE them. For example, I value, covet, and am enamored with things such as: Honor, Courage, Duty, Sacrifice, etc..; I LOVE My Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ; my Country; my Beloved, friends, and family, and, THEN, I afford myself some that is left over, because I possess a plentitude of same for all who need it, including myself.

I am a Mormon, or, more correctly, a Latter Day Saint.

I am all of this, but I am merely a vessel of my Creator, Our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, it is through Him that I may achieve such lofty heights and attain such lofty goals.

It has been a long, long road just to get HERE. Now, the possibilities are endless.

Anything else that you would like to know, please do not hesitate to ask!

Thank you,

-Maurice

...And You Are My Tomorrow

Today is tomorrow's yesterday, you are my tomorrow-
Please become my today and wipe away my sorrow!
Hear I do very little, yet what I do provides hope,
Just when I think I can't go on, I am able still to cope!

I look forward to re-starting my life, anew,
Happier I shall be, each passing day, with you!
Love, as our's, binds us, through our whole life-
Take a road shall we two, making us Husband and Wife!

I have faith in the truth allowing my redemption,
Ne'er shall I fall prey again, to others' contempt!
I know what it is to love another completely,
Love, for me, fills my whole heart, repletely!

I love thee, for all you are and what you do make me,
Love thee do I for all of the 'places you take me'!

Maurice Harris, 3 March 2008

Maurice Harris

...Because Of You

As I gaze adoringly into your eyes, my heart, melodious with jubilation:
I hold your hand, witness your grace-and it leaps with exaltation!
Forever in your debt for the gift you did bequeath,
Ne'er wane in your belief of such, I do beseech!

Your emenence ever growing, with the passing of days,
Though your beauty and charm, all the while-ever stays!
Each day spent, more alluring than was the last-
Until next I behold your visage, I keep memories fast!

Separated are we now by many miles-
Though responsible are you for each of my smiles!
Look forward do I, to days spent together:
When there begins our forever!

Days ever more replete with love so true-
My heart doth swell...because of you!

Maurice Harris, 13 October 2008

Maurice Harris

...'In Him, There Is Justice'

Constant is the struggle, betwixt truth and deceit-
Whyest then do most tend toward belief
Of largest of lies, until same crumble before their eyes?
Why is that the world, for a time, believed your lies?

More to the point, what were your reasons for such?
Again, why would you stray from 'yourself' so much?
Is not our family's import above all else?
Why then would you leave Father, gravely wronged, by himself?

What was so important at the time and since?
Why also, would those better in the know, respect your nonsense?
How many mistakes, lies and omissions need be there-
For Justice to emerge out of the seeming thin air?

Says The Good Book: 'in Him, there is Justice'-
That said, soon shall we see, the edge of this precipice!

Maurice Harris, 23 December 2007

Maurice Harris

...Keep Me Strong!

Sing me a song, whereof I do belong-
Vocalize a tune for me, keep me strong!
Be my muse, I, the man you choose!
Be for me, the offer I shan't refuse!

Pay respect, yet homage; to mine own visage-
Boundless are thoughts of thee-nary are they a mirage!
Wondrous and magnificent; glorious and resplendent-
The amazing, enduring search is over-you, is where it has ended!

For you, lo, for me; this is what life is to be-
We, as a family, the world, destined to see!
Merrily, through life, we do now loiter-
Ever thankful of our eternal reconnoiter!

Limitless thoughts of thee do surely abound-
Nary a place doth exist, extrinsic to us, around!

Maurice Harris, 13 December 2007

Maurice Harris

...Yet So Very Close

So far...yet so very close,
Is the one I love the most:
Though you are not near,
Still, I hold thee most dear!

Each night, as I do sleep,
Promise of consort I do keep;
Each morning, as I wake,
The glory, reality does take!

It is now mostly fanciful dream-
Omnipotent, real it does seem!
Each day, as I faithfully pray-
Perhaps one closer to that day!

Alas, as my dreams and reality do unite
Nearer still to me, you, I do invite!

Maurice Harris, 24 August 2009

Maurice Harris

1 February 2012 (Happy Fifth Birthday Gabriella)

'Not one day has ever passed MY life, ...since your Blessed birth,
Where I would not have traded my own life, for one day of mirth-
Which I know our long-sought consort would bring to me again-
As my heart's lament is never-ending, until this is what we win! '
This I would utter, if ever again I saw the Glorious sight I know to be
My Beloved Daughter, Gabriella Enisi Harris-if God could show, to me
For a brief fleeting moment, this vision of loveliness, and Her Sister-
And I could impart the sorrow I have felt at her absence, that I missed her
Each and every single day since last we parted-
Each of which I have lied down at night, broken-hearted
Both by her absence in my life, and that of mine, contrariwise-
I could surely then lie down for an Eternal Respite, more the wise,
Knowing I did all that I could, and prayed all that I could-
To be there for her at each and every time that I should!

Maurice Harris

1,000 Nightmares, Since I Dreamed

You were all I ever wanted, yet, fear was my nemesis;
I stand now before you, undaunted, due the amorous armor that is the emphasis
Of the ardor I do now feel, deep in my soul!
For a second chance, I beg of you-
With it, we may recompense for what time and circumstances stole.
I only ask because I love you
And need to know you are aware
That in my most lofty aspiration,
Of my longed-for future, you are there,
To serve as my futurity's inspiration!

I know I should have listened then,
But did not, because I knew not how;
I lament that I did not listen when
Your heart begged of mine, but I listen now!

You are far too noble to express regret,
Yet, I may not claim such nobility;
My heart disallows that I forget,
Thus, I was not gifted this ability!
The past is gone, no one may now, change it;
I may only look now to the future,
With the hope that I may arrange it
To include you, as my broken heart's suture!

I have lived 1,000 nightmares, since I dreamed;
It has been many a Moon, since it seemed
I was safe, as when content in your arms-
Since I was happy, as when beguiled by your charms!
Only we may turn back time, and only if we work together-
Together, we may love one another, for the rest of forever!

-Maurice Harris, 7 August 2011

Maurice Harris

1,000 Times, Again

It is true, what they say: 'ignorance IS bliss! '-
If I hadn't protested when I experienced the same, I would be remiss!
Hitler once offered: 'the bigger the lie, the more people will believe it! '-
Sometimes, it is one so audacious, you would never conceieve it!

I was purloined from all, by another's failing,
How could she not 'see' her mind was destructively ailing! ? !
Where was my aegis, why was none fastly offered-
Why, when I needed it so, was it maliciously coffered! ? !

I am a man of ideals, who values greatly the most basic principle-
Alas, to speak the truth, you neglected something so simple!

All who know you have been made the worse
By your negligent handling of your mental curse!
You believed your rudimentary knowledge of a warped jurisprudence
Would subvert true justice's inevitable occurence! !
How singularly naive of you, to assume
That truth, waylaid by paranoia, would not resume!

Initially, upon consult, some surely advised
That I look past it all, even what they despised;
Yet, your despicable behavior continued, unabated
Until you transmogrified from 'my love', to someone I hated!

You did not only, from me and others, abscond;
You've removed temporarily our Daughter's paternal bond;
No longer have we privity, to her inspiring grace-
We must 'thoughtfully admire' her, from our far away place!

The material objects that you thieved
Matter very little, it is their memories I grieve!
Their replacement is but a monetary matter-
That, and an intrepid, global consumer's gather!

I am not your only victim, just its most obvious-
There is no '6 degrees of separation' from your actions, most devious!
Yet, you are not the sole perpetrator, many are vicariously, to blame-
The part the played in all of this, is a God-forsaken shame!

For their part, they too, shall be made to present answer
For what has metastacized as a most virulent Cancer! !

God does certainly work in a mysterious way,
He challenges me, yet my Faith has ne'er strayed;
He ensures I know of evil and all of its doers,
To allow that my appreciation of its antithesis ever endures;
He caused for me to make court, with the Devil herself-
For lament and heartache, that for many moons, I have felt-
So that whence He proffered my Faith's reward,
It was not until He was satisfied, it had endured!

Just as surly and displeasing as was my past-
So too, beautiful and inspiring is its reward-sure to last,
As its presence supplants, with each passing moment,
The contempt of my mind and my heart's lament!

Had I known my reward, in advance of my grievous pain-
I should want for naught, in fact, I would do it 1,000 times, again!

Maurice Harris, 20 March 2010

Maurice Harris

11 September 2001

On that fateful day, though much indubitably was lost,
The world shown-our spirit they may not exhaust!
Our world, their world, they have altered forever-
Yet, they have failed miserably in their endeavor!

Surely, many ways to espouse the ideals they advance-
Yet, their hate seems to have no basis but in ignorance!
Attempt made to inculcate in us great and abject fear;
I say 'We are the free, the brave-fright lives not here'!

Stealth is their tact, not even a combatant's courtesy,
They commenced upon their own self-fulfilling prophesy!
Awakened has been, our conscience to evil's existence,
Never to falter, nor fail in our dogged persistence!
Their wicked cause seems only the masses fright,
Bear witness now terrorist, our righteous might!

Maurice Harris, 12 September 2009

Maurice Harris

14 August 2009

Today, I celebrate with all, the day of your birth-
Causal art thou to this, my magnificent mirth:
Gifted to me was this, without but a choice-
This beauty-this day! I do now rejoice!

Once a wondrous vision, now again so very real-
Once coffered, not able now am I to conceal!
Celebratory for you, yet apart by many a mile,
My thoughts reside with you though, all the while!

Obliged am I for the gift you proffer to me,
In recompense, my amity I offer to thee!
May your day be full of happiness and glee,
And remind you of that which you extend to me!
May many days as this bless you further still,
May too, all of your life's dreams fulfill!

Maurice Harris, 14 August 2009

Maurice Harris

3 March 2012 (Happy Eighth Birthday Abigail)

Abigail-your Father's joy, even in your absence;
Your beauty is felt every day, despite your presence
Kept from the eyes of your own Father, for so very long!
I have kept your memory alive, through a Faith so very strong
That it has literally helped to fashion miracles!
These are not just some insignificant spectacles,
They are Signs that the very Hand of God Guides me!
Though, I am surely not the only one, He also Guides thee
As well, on a Path where we shall meet again, one day!
There, our relationship will truly begin-one day!
But, for now all I have are Birthday wishes-from afar,
And since I know not otherwise, I must gather
That the time for our consort's reprise, is rather
Close at hand this day-no matter where we now are!

-Maurice Harris,3 March 2012

Maurice Harris

A Blank Canvas

</>The many years I have lived without your embrace
Should suffice as penance, so that you may face
The prospect of forgiveness, vis-a-vis my once-held fears
That cost us a life together, while gifting only tears!
What is past is prologue, yet a blank canvas remains
With which we may paint a future together, to erase the pains
Of all that my mistake has taken from us.
All we need is the faith in our hearts, and some trust
In the serendipity of our divine re-acquaintance-
Where once there was anxious trepidation, there is now only patience
And the conviction of a soul, which needs for its mate.
My life is obsequious to the powers of fate,
Which brought us back to one another, so that we are now nigh-
Close enough to give one another try!

Maurice Harris

A Book, Never Read

Many, many years ago, I experienced a loss most profound;
Now I view the same as a blessing-a dichotomy to confound;
I no longer need solace; I no longer grieve-
Any sense of loss I may have felt, I begged its leave;
I think not of moments lost; nor of a life, without;
My mind has removed, forever and always, any doubt:
For, my most heart-wrenching loss is now my gain;
My heart's poignant relief, supplanted its deepest pain!

Nary hath a moment come, since this day of change,
Where my former sense of loss, seemed anything but strange;
I am begotten from what I lost, though there, it ends;
I live my life with this knowledge, no matter where it sends
Me, or any other I may love-for, he is now and ever, dead-
Gone forever, forgotten completely-as though a book, never read!

Maurice Harris

A Conflict Between Love And Hate

</>Years ago and a world away from here,
There was the naive man I used to be-
A man, who steadfastly refused to see
That you were the very last woman that I should have come near!
In retrospect, it is the worst decision I ever made,
Except for the one precious gift you cannot take away!
But for her, thoughts of you would not take a day
Of my precious time; I have ardently prayed
For a resolution to this conflict, between love and hate-
That I may forgive you for all that you have done,
And move past the hatred that continues to complicate
The quest of a Father, to make his Daughter number one!

For the sake of her alone, I try to leave hate in the past,
To forget all the reasons for same that I have amassed!

-Maurice Harris,30 July 2011

Maurice Harris

A Daughter's Prayer

'Dear Lord, though my Mommy does not speak of such,
The man who lives with me is not my Daddy;
He has been with me for about three years, I know this much.
But, I deserve to know my Father-and this is not caddy!
Please allow that he may again be able to see
Both the Daughter I have become, and shall always be.
I feel more forlorn each day, with the void of his absence-
I want very much to be privy again to his pleasance! '

It remains to be seen how the Lord shall answer
What is surely the heart-felt cry of a lonely child;
How might the Lord render reply to such a cancer! ?
How may He bring back one who has so defiled
His Very Name, as any who sees to continue such separation-
That would seek to further such a grievous devastation! ? !

The Lord must reckon with one of a wicked kind:
He must now and evermore cause remind,
The most important concern is the author of the 'letter'-
Until she no longer feels this void, naught shall ever be better!

As has always been the Lord's Modus Operandi-
In His own Way and Time, shall come reply;
Meanwhile, until an answer comes, as satisfaction,
The little lady shall repeat this prayer, with faithful repititon!

-Maurice Harris,17 August 2010

Maurice Harris

A Eulogy (For Memories Past)

</>Soon, this regrettable experience shall be in the past;
While there are memories which are sure to last,
I hope to leave behind, all that I am able-
Circumstances around which, Aesop could fashion a fine fable;
That said, there is perhaps even more, still unknown
As I prepare to leave here, as I came-all alone!
Perhaps, as the past fades, into utter inconsequence,
The future will marry my imagined magnificence!
A heart, full of hope and lots of faith, is all I shall take
From here with me, to help fashion the future I shall make,
From the ashes of a past I am not allowed to forget-
Into the all-empowering abyss, go memories I am not too proud to forfeit,
For the sake of both my health and my sanity,
The death eulogized with one last profanity!

-Maurice Harris,12 October 2011

Maurice Harris

A Father's Lamentation

How long is a lifetime?
Surely, it is measured
In inspiration sublime-
Must, by all, be treasured!

Is then a lifetime longer
Than only two years?
Why do I feel no stronger-
Measuring my pain in tears?

If 'God is my might'
And she, 'The chosen One'-
Why is this now not right?
Why has my life not begun?

When does my light shine again-
When does my life truly begin?

Maurice Harris, 21 November 2009

Maurice Harris

A Father's Prayer

A Father's prayer...but to be with his ladies, unseen:
To see and aid them as they e'er too rapidly, grow;
Not a greater pleasure and honor in my life, will I know!
Has it been forever, since last I have seen?

A monster, named fear, took me away,
As though a death sentence to me each day!
All was tried, to rationalize actions taken,
Left was I: forlorn, heart-broken and forsaken!

I am the antithesis of all that about me, was said;
If there be truth inherent-wish myself would I, dead!
I have been asked to pay for crimes, not my own,
For others though, I have indeed penance, atoned!

All I have ever asked, was for the truth to emerge-
Surely it has indeed-soon to remove us from this scourge!

Maurice Harris, 8 March 2008

Maurice Harris

A Father's Prayerful 'Conversation' With His Daughters

I wonder: do you yet know the power and import of prayer?
I ponder upon this, as surely you long too, for my presence there!
I miss thee as no means of word may properly expound;
The depths of my heart's lamentation is truly profound!

Upon that wretched day, lo so long ago, it was ripped to shred,
Each new day whereupon I lack thee, is a day I do dread!
Those that have sighted thee, tell me of your grace and lightness,
This is little consolation, I yearn still witness of your ladylikeness!
Nary a moment does pass whence thoughts of thee are not near,
Daddy is fighting for both of us-of this have not, any fear!

My return to thee is written by Him, it is all of which I ruminate;
What hath been imposed upon us is loathsome, this does obviate!
He said unto me: 'My child, much pain I have brought to bear
To assure you, the import of the child for which you shall again care;
For she is the most obvious form of the love I have for thee;
Nary is there to draw compare to the fidelity of thine own-she
Too, for thee, though comprehension full escapes her yet,
She doth pray for same, and has, since last you each met!
Her's is a devotion sans pareil, I question it not for one moment,
Each is ameliorate due the other-soon you shall see My affordment! '

My beloved Daughter, as He hath spoken, unto me and thee, same-
We each may take comfort in what remains to come, not, what came;
Our past is but a prologue, for our future's unity is indeed, bright;
Restored, our covenant-then, e'er, you shan't be taken from my sight!

As we do await this, our reunion, ponder upon memories, precious-
This shall allay any all moments you may have of my return, anxious;
In my absence, I assure thee, nary is there, than you, more import-
I, as you, am exceedingly anticipatory of our impending consort!

Maurice Harris, 29 November 2009

Maurice Harris

A Floral Fantasization

Lilies of the Valley dance amongst the Sunflowers,
Each ever-blossomed by beauteous, bountiful showers.
Intermittent, zephyrous wind meanders through each-
Bringing their magnificence within their very reach.
An expanse of blue, green, white, and yellow as far as the eye may see:
One compliments the other as well as may be,
With undulating fields of flowers, rolling seemingly forever-
Both are beautiful separately, yet more beauteous still, together!

Perhaps this exists now only upon fanciful mentation,
Yet, its reality's render is my life's solitary vocation;
Should time itself expire before this comes to pass,
I shall be ever-grateful still-but sullen too, as alas
This glory's loss would most certainly be profound-
If fleeted with time or in reality, my floral fantasy shall abound!

-Maurice Harris, 30 August 2010

Maurice Harris

A Gathering Of Two Spirits

With nary a moment's hesitation,
You proffered the gift of your amity:
I do here and now affirm my acuity
From whence I gather my elation!

Soon to be partners, walking life's path
Beside one another, to each other's benefit!
A thought that to each does befit,
A sharing and compassionate love we two hath!

From our genesis, humble it was indeed
Came this powerful emotion felt today!
Doubt have I not of it's power to stay,
As was that day our love's seed!

A gathering of two spirits, kindred-
Each to the other- love everlasting, enamored!

Maurice Harris, 17 October 2008

Maurice Harris

A Greater Love

I must be a glutton for pain-why else might I seek your consort again?
It has as its source, the only part of me I may not control, my heart!
Our relation shan't end, more than a score of years ago, did it begin-
Though, it's been said, my thought's genesis as a man saw its start!

Began it did, when I was a child, before I was able to appreciate-
Perhaps, if I had, we would never have parted ways;
Memories of thee persisted, all that is beautiful, always stays-
Gathered I had with others, a poor means by which to compensate!

All paled, whence compared to thee, lacking they were, your beauty!
Always have I been one to brag and boast,
Though, upon myself I have exercised this the most-
Blessed as I am, to make the world know its source, my duty;
An Angel, in human form, sent to me for my love and to care
For me, and I, for her-a greater love, ne'er, nowhere!

Maurice Harris, 11 January 2008

Maurice Harris

A Heart To Heart (With My Heart)

</>'Hold on', I encourage it, '...a little longer! '
Soon, victories will be had, to make you stronger,
Both in literal and figurative senses-
Do not think how long it has been, since this
Has been more than wishful rumination,
To emboldened me-it is your station
To be my strength-all that I may need!
Prepare me now, for the call I may heed,
'Tomorrow', or certainly before I am fully prepared-
All call you have wanted, but I have only dared
To consider, as a possibility in most lofty thought:
To finally be allowed to be the Father I ought!
The hurdles have been many, as have the days-
I have the patience and the will-provide me the ways!

-Maurice Harris,28 July 2011

Maurice Harris

A Heart, Aflutter

I remember you fondly, each and every day;
Though we now live lives, most disparate,
You have a place in my heart, where you'll always stay;
I wish to profess my love, and with the whole world, share it-
So that all, whether far afield or nigh
May hear of the love story, first fashioned as a fanciful dream!
If but our hearts were to consort, and our souls, ally,
All would then know this Angel held in my highest esteem!

Take a chance-all my amorous dreams fulfilled, the reward-
Allow your heart and soul to consort, with what they ardently adored,
For many moons, though mostly, from afar;
No need to bide any longer, come as you are-
A place has been reserved that only you may fill;
A heart has been set aflutter, which only you may still!

-Maurice Harris, 23 November 2011

Maurice Harris

A Heart's Metamorphosis (Gain From My Strength)

A fragile, weary heart, gives way to the indefatigable power of love;
As though Divine Providence, from the Heavens above,
I was literally reborn-into the loving embrace
Of an Angel, who comforted this haggard soul, in search only, of solace;
No one else, but I, could take their place, amongst the chosen-
Where the erstwhile ravages that time bestows, are frozen,
Then reversed, in a most miraculous fashion;
This is an enigmatic truism that defies any attempt at logic or ration.
I but know of its resplendent reality,
Because I am a product of this causality:
Heaven itself may be envisaged in her angelic eyes-
Yet, I too, was afeared, until I began to realize
That resistance of any kind, to this beneficence
Is futile, so I offer infinite thanks, and a most humble acceptance!

-Maurice Harris, 1 December 2011

Maurice Harris

A Hope For Tomorrow

I would very much like you to grow accustomed to my unceasing adoration-
For to covet thee is but my solitary vocation!
It took many a year and several, a time-
Yet, now it seems that you are at once, prime;
I was always ready, though not at all unfeared-
Of the spectre of amorous attraction which had then appeared,
Which called me ever-toward its magnificent resplendence-
I marvel each day at this hitherto elusive transcendence!

Though our parting was my soul's sweetest sorrow,
Its evidence inspires awe, as I ponder tomorrow
And all that it most certainly shall behold-
It is in this futurity's brilliance, our story shall be told;
I am forever indebted and always grateful-
Our amative yet to be, recompense for a life spent, always faithful!

-Maurice Harris, 21 November 2010

Maurice Harris

A Lady's Response To 'The Proposal'

</>How might you be my everything, my heart's tutelar,
When I shan't allow thee to be, for me, too famular!
I need not, thee, nor any other, to be most veracious-
I shan't allow that my heart be for thee, too commodious!

You may not be its guardian, as I see to its coffer,
I resist the enticement of your most beguiling offer!
You hold me in the highest esteem, I do not understand;
Yet, I too must abide by my heart's wanton command!
I need make alliance betwixt mine own heart and thine own mind,
I shall need too, allow: that we two be amorously intertwined!

My every thought, you shall be, due my allegiance of cause-
As I sleep, or as I am awake, thoughts of thee shall ne'er pause!
It is my heart's solemn duty, to accept this calling, amorous;
My heart brims with emotion, yet shall remain commodious!

You too, shan't need want for any fashion of love or attention,
With every moment, witness again, we shall, its ascension;
As each day passes to the morrow, again it is ever more-
My heart is most captivated-I concede, thee I do adore!

My wants are wants of your own, sikerly, I feel the same-
My heart and soul thieved-further denial would be for shame!
Dreams I had coffered are now dreams to which we aspire-
For you are the solitary source of my mind's true admire!

I shall be for thee: your heart's faithful guerdon, your confidant,
Most trusted friend, your sunshine in the rain and duteous appreciant;
The world shall behold the truth that hath captivated my heart-
All shall revel, as I, in all the wonder and love you do impart!
Remiss would I be, if but one single moment lain waste
Whence I celebrated not, the magnificence therein graced!

Maurice Harris, 22 March 2010

Maurice Harris

A Letter From Baby, To Guzel (An Excerpt From Current Somniations...)

Guzel,

You have pointed to MY actions as destructive; MY actions were just REACTIONS to YOUR actions; You deceived everyone BECAUSE you were scared, which pushed you away from the 'love of your life'-ME! MY actions are, and have only ever been borne out of selfless love and a boundless concern for you; YOUR actions, ON THAT day were the destructive actions; THEY are the only thing that caused all of what followed, for the brief time that both of us were NOT ourselves.

WHY would you destroy something so beautiful, because you are scared? All you needed to do was, say: 'Moe, I am scared!' -to which I would have replied something like: 'OK, no problem-the solution is to slow down and reassess, to ensure you are NOT scared again.' MAYBE THAT is what you should have, and what I would have, done! YOUR actions since that day tell me and the world, that you WANT to fix what YOU broke; namely, NOW, due YOUR actions, EVERYONE with a 'need to know' of MY past does (ALL AT ONCE) and THAT is dead, and? ? ? s they may have NOW, are for me and ME alone; YOUR burden is done my beloved!

I need YOU to understand that though you effectively betrayed me, as well as yourself by NOT being wholly honest about how you REALLY feel, I AM NOT angry, I understand completely NOW why you did what you did, and when and how you did it! I know more than anyone WHY! ! I know more about you than perhaps anyone else in the world, perhaps even YOU! YOU were NOT ready to come here, consort with BOTH our families under the BURDEN of YOUR secret about what HAPPENED to ME! ! I understand, not only because I love you, but because I am pretty insightful as well!

As time marches from that tragic day just before Christmas, the truth, the REAL TRUTH settles and the deceit as well as my 'baggage' fades; Speaking of such-both your past and mine have only strengthened us, they are NOT burdens for each, they are NOT cloaks behind which to hide-they ARE ways that we have learned lessons and gained much strength!

GOD and YOU and alone control both your own destiny, as well as how others view you and those you love most ardently-people are capable of much love, as

you well know, through me, as well as others. YOUR friends and family effectively were MORE ambushed MORE than I, BY YOU! But again, the damage has been done, the coast is now clear and the 'drama' is gone. NOW, I only possess a 'sordid' past which includes an 'ex-wife' and TWO beautifully inspiring Daughters. JUST THE WAY YOU LIKE IT! ! (*as you said to me 8 January 2012*) . I HAVE NEVER seen WHAT I know about YOU as baggage, but as PROOF of your strength-now show the world how strong you really are!

Stop running FROM your love and TOWARD YOUR fear, reverse the course, er, curse and come back to friendship, then perhaps love at YOUR speed, it IS real, it IS true and YOU are LOVED!

-Baby

Maurice Harris

A Letter To Abigail

So much time has surely come to pass,
Whereby I have been without thee-alas,
So too have thee, been without me-
Though I assure thee that I have loved thee devoutly,
But regrettably in absentia, as you have been secreted away;
I think of you always, ne'er have I neglected a day!
Sadly, I know not your visage, as evidence
Of same has too been kept from me, since
Last I saw your Angelic face-
Lo, these many days hence, I have glimpsed not a trace,
But in fanciful aspiration, of the beauty you have become;
Days became weeks, weeks became months, more cumbersome
With each that passes, as though my heart fails me!
I shan't be whole again until your grace itself, avails me-
Until such time as I may fondly gaze into thine eyes
And share with you all the hopes and wants for our reprise!

Now, all we share is a last name, nothing more,
You have been hidden from me, by someone I am loathing more
Each and every day, and she calls herself your guardian! ?
She guards naught, but this maternal deception:
To the world she pretends as though she cares
More for you than she does for herself, yet dares
To continue to keep us apart, a forced estrangement-
Which, for her, I am sure is a convenient arrangement!

My love for you does not cease in my absence,
Nor do I grow less wanton for the grace of thine pleasance-
Circumstance has conspired surely against us,
But I shan't relent until I gather our justice!
That I must rely upon aspiration alone, pains me-
You deserve more than this-any gains we
Made when you were young, are effectively lost-
That we are now, in essence, strangers, the tragic cost!
It gives me little consolation that the truth will one day become known-
My heart is broken now and I wish to know you, when grown,
Not re-acquaint with you, as though for the first time!
I wish the wait to be over, as I am certainly prime
For our consort to again be, as was before-

Before you were aware of same, on birth's door!
I hope that this letter dissuades your doubts, and allays your fears,
As my thoughts have been of you, and for you, my tears!
Until we again meet my beloved, stay beautiful, stay true-
Remember always, that I have always loved you!

-Maurice Harris, 15 May 2011

Maurice Harris

A Letter To Abigail And Gabriella

I would love to say I know, but may only guess
What your voices sound like, or what likeness
Your visages truly take-I wonder: 'still like me! ? '
Tragically, I still know not when be, for myself, I might see-
Or when mine ears may partake in your melodious voices!
I lament that I was never given choices,
And that I am sure to be portrayed, as much
Less honorable than I am-as such,
I am also sure to be unfairly villified
As a 'dead beat', or someone equally unqualified
To seek empathy from a world already biased against me!
I may as well stand mute, but then who would the antagonist be?

This is a fate I would never wish upon anyone;
My heart aches more all the time, and will before this day is done.
There exists a void in my soul naught may measure,
As I mourn the Angels, with whom I have never spoken, but treasure
More than anything else in this whole world-
Tonight, this Father weeps for the little girls
Who were never given forums to voice their wants!
No one should ever be treated so callously-it haunts
Me each and every day of my life-
That I may not now do aught, to affect your strife!
You suffering is ignored, because it does not comport
With the wants of your guardians, and those with whom they consort;
On more than one occasion, my acquiescence has been sought-
Though my cooperation may not be bought,
Not when I am asked to sign away
My parental rights-no, not this or any other day!

Time is the only ally that truth really needs-
As time marches on, truth obviates and deceit concedes!
Nowhere will this be more crystal clear,
Than when our estrangement ceases and you are again near-
So that I might answer each and every query,
To allay your fears, where now, you are surely leery!

To Abigail: I tried my beloved-God knows I really tried,
To offer you the best life; I even lied

To myself, for as long as I possibly could-
You were my only love, it would have done no good
To pretend I was enamored by your Mother;
It was doomed from the start and cost me the friendship of another
Extraordinary lady, that my heart laments to this day!
That I may supplant that ardor foregone, I do pray!

To Gabriella: Our estrangement is perhaps easier to explicate:
I am sure by now you are privy to the paranoia she did create!
One may not battle such ignorance, with ration or reason-
Her delusional deceit became soon, her all-consuming treason!
Now, perpetually protected and out of reach,
She is oblivious to anything I might otherwise beseech!
All this said makes it no easier to understand-
So many layers of 'justice' in the palm of her hand,
Seemingly ready and willing to do as she would command-
As though the entire tragedy were expertly planned!

When the veridical voice of time
Exposes all the deceit, and we are prime-
Then, and only then, may an attempt be made to explicate
The complex series of events that rendered our fate!
My most sincere hope is that then,
When all is laid before you, you will never again
Query the love or devotion that I possess,
Nor begrudge me, due circumstances I confess!
This is all I do now, or ever, ask of you:
Believe, though circumstance conspired to belie it-I always did love you!
You are both my first thoughts, upon a new day's dawn,
And surely to, my last, when the day's gone!

Maurice Harris

A Letter To My Beloved

My dear beloved Angel of my most Benevolent God,
I know all too well the fear you must now feel;
Yet, onward toward our dreams shall we sickerly plod-
And allow none to abscond, nor to further steal
Away what has been our dream, for so very long;
I need you, as I shall, to remain resolute and strong-
For the storm is now over, and the seas have recessed-
Return now may we, to our consort, wholly blessed
By one another, and blessed for each, contrariwise.
Ere long, if thou hast not heretofore, shalt come to realize,
That fear is but a temporary interlude, to love's permanence-
And, courage in the face of same, gifts a amorous magnificence
That has only ever been seen in the scape of fanciful dream;
Be brave my beloved, and this time shall fleet fastly, to seem
But prologue to the epic opus that is our love story, true-
Have not fear, think not dubiety-as I shall be there, with you!

Maurice Harris

A Letter To The Best Friend That I Have Never Met (An Ode To Friendship)

We have shared much, both with and through
Our mutually Beloved Angel-yet still, You
And I have a very special friendship unto our own,
Which started nearly 2 years ago, and has grown
To be a familiarity almost as close as I possess,
With the Angel named Guzel, that God did Bless
Both of us with-and because of whom, we consort;
Yet, it is we, as two individuals alone, that cause the rapport
We share to be as beautiful as it is-where words are not needed-
Where an unspoken Code of Love and Respect is always heeded!
Your hopes and dreams for your best friend
Have always been the same as mine; with no need to amend
Or change anything at all-in fact, it is as though you dream, with us!
There has always been a transcendentalism that seems, with us
To go far beyond a best friend's wants for her loved one,
To a sensory Gift from God Himself, to a Most Beloved ONE!
A Love for an Angel and Her Beloved, we share-
And all the Best, all the Time-is what we dare
Ask-and we do so for only altruistic reasons, as we care
So very much for their happiness, and that they fare
Well is our hope-and for anguish or lament to be, ne'er!
No one, but we two know how very much love, be there!
We share many loves, the same as each:
A love of country, culture, sunsets at the beach,
Language, food, sports and nature-
But now, of more import than that of their future,
And the jollity and fulfillment that we know it shall contain-
IS the course we are on now-and continue to maintain-
From a most beautiful aspiration,
To a wondrous, worldly realization
For this quartet that we both do so very much, adore!
We have both seen their unbridled joy and want more
Of same for them; we know but one Truth, which brings
About a futurity, that ensures that this Angel's soul sings-
As do those of Her Beloved Angels, now wholly replete-
With the family unit each has always desired-finally complete!
So, 'muchas gracias Amiga Favorita', for all that you have done-

For the purpose that we share, and for the victories that we have won-
Both for ourselves, and for the Ultimate Good, we
Want-that has been Prophesied-that SHOULD be
And, that SHALL be-we have ALWAYS had like concerns, in this regard-
BOTH for the Betterment of Their Hearts, as well as their guard!
THIS is how Heavenly Father wants it, and He HAS Shown
The same to all-TRUE LOVE, DIVINE LOVE-is NEVER alone!

-Maurice Harris,7 February 2012

Maurice Harris

A Life Left Unexplored

</></>It is with a hopeful heart, that is at once, diminished,
That I reach out to you, to redress a path, left unfinished.
Life took us in disparate directions, and we lost our way,
Yet, God gave us another chance, and come what may,
We must use it, rather than take it for granted.
Despite the years, this love has never been supplanted,
Nor even lessened, in any way that we may see.
At long last, our long-deferred, yet powerful love, may be
All that it was supposed to be, before we abandoned it-
Free to bloom evermore, as God commanded it!

We are no longer fool-hearty, as we were in our youth-
The years have taught us naught, if only the power of this truth:
We may only ever bury our heart's ardor for so long,
Before we must concede that the very nature is wrong.
The only recourse that we have in this regard,
Is to cede to love's power, and triumph in its guard!
So much of our lives is left to be explored;
Why not then, with one another-as my heart has implored!

-Maurice Harris,9 October 2011

Maurice Harris

A Life, Lived Alone

</></>What good is a life, lived alone,
With no one to share the adventure?
This is a 'failure', for which I need to atone;
But, I will not assent, until I am sure
That the lady meets all the needs
Of my heart, soul, and mind-
My want to love more than I do myself impedes
The 'progress' that causes others to leave behind
All of their hopes and dreams, to settle for less!
I refuse! Perhaps I will fall prey to my own stubborn pride-
What will happen is anyone's guess,
But this has been my stance since the day I died!

I am not here to collect relationships-I am here
To find a mate for my soul, and to do so, without fear!

Maurice Harris, 24 July 2011

Maurice Harris

A Long-Sought Reacquaintance (What I Might Say, Upon That Glorious Day)

'Good morning young lady, I know you do not remember me-
But, I was there the very day that you were born;
I know that we do not share the same memories,
Yet, I think fondly of such-and those I lack, I mourn!
Not a day passes where thoughts are not drawn
Toward you, and your pleasance-this I assure;
I am sure that your curiosity has started to spawn
Many queries toward me-many indeed, that endure!
Fret not, beauteous little Angel in mine own image-
I shall break down the walls that others have built;
Once again, I shall take in the grace of your visage-
We both seek the replenishment of our relation's wilt.
I am your Father, none other may supplant me;
Anything other than our consort's full restore, simply can't be! '

-Maurice Harris, 22 August 2010

Maurice Harris

A Love, As Our's, Shan'T There Be Compare

I shall love thee at all times, and in ways, innumerable-
My love for thee shall be without precedent-incalculable!
I shall love thee, at times e'en despite yourself;
Most gracious and giving may I be, owing to my heart's melt!

Though deserving of it, at times, debateable
You are solely causal for my heart, so stable!
Ne'er again shall I be without your love;
Ne'er again shall thee need want for wonderful thoughts of!

My love for thee can and shall have caused movement of mountains;
Causal it has been to the crossing of most vast of oceans!
Nary an impediment may be placed betwixt,
My love, surely e'en my broken heart may be fixed!

A love, as ours, shan't there be compare;
Amazedly gaze, do all others, fixed be their glare!

Maurice Harris, 31 December 2007

Maurice Harris

A Love, Meant For All Ages

What now of your story, is it now more true?
Methinks it to be inactual, in opposition to you!
Where could it go so very, very swiftly-
How could it take leave from thee, so very quickly?

Now you are there, all alone, without us-
Now is the time to return all, to the way it was!
Without such, none shall e'er know, surely
What was to be, not too, what's meant still, tis too early!

Wheresoever, it shall be known, by some, by all-
Hear they shall our love's duteous, distinct call!
Wither away fear; love, come thee, hither-
Stay from us dread, away-go thee away, thither!

A love, meant for us, for all the ages-
Meant to endure itself, in all its prescient stages!

Maurice Harris, 9 December 2007

Maurice Harris

A Love: Tested By The Faith Of All Men

Walk with me, hold my hand, be for me my friend!
Last it shall, more than all else, until our life doth end!
Forget might you then how you really feel-
Allow me then, your heart, to once again steal!

Allowance made for dreams, now on hold;
Dreams made from reality, is how our's is betold!
Deference of dreams is but a waste-
So too then must we reverse the course, post haste!

Our love, tested by much; More important than this, lest
You should forget, why we are here-though, to never, is best!
I am here and you, there-together, yet distanced!
But to have thought, other than reality, is but for me, a pittance!

Our love, a love: tested by the faith of all men-
Time allows truth's emergence, until we meet again!

Maurice Harris, 24 December 2007

Maurice Harris

A Man's Oft-Hidden Tears

A Friday night just like any other, yet a man begins to cry;
Beside him, there is a lady who seeks to find out 'why? '.
'I do not know.' was the man's initial, somewhat terse, reply-
Then he began to speak more openly, though she did not pry.
Is not a man measured only by who he is, and what he does-
Not surely by any other measure, like who his Father was! ?
The man spoke of the dichotomy which torments him every day-
A pain that none other could fathom, nor could he hope to say.
The Father he knew: a silent and simple, yet hard-working type,
Could not be the man described to him, in that Christmas snipe-
Yet, he surely is-or was, as he passed long ago from this Earth.
He did not know the monster, only the Father there since his birth.
He remembers that man so very well, yet recognizes the duality
Under which he chose to live his life, and accepts this painful reality.
He misses the Father he knew, almost every day-yet, is glad he is gone;
The monster is dead, yet the Father that he knew, continues to live on-
In all the good things that would not have been, were it not for this man.
A complex connection exists even now, parcel to Heavenly Father's Divine Plan,
Where a man with so much to offer, needed to pay the ultimate price,
To ensure those left behind were safe, from the grips of the monster's vice!
Had he not been taken, this Father would have been 70 years old tomorrow-
Though he understands the necessity of it all, there is still much sorrow
Associated with what was otherwise, a most untimely passing indeed;
Solace is gained though, as those left behind know he is now freed
From the demon that tortured him while he was here-his life, the toll.
Only now can he look back and prayerfully ponder whether his Father's soul
Was saved by the barter he was asked to pay-perhaps he will never know.
More than his death, his Father's 'life' left him with a pain that will never go,
Never abate, nor ease his misplaced sense of guilt over what his Father did;
No amount of time, nor explication, could unmask for him, the Father who hid
Behind a morally shameful mask, while he pretended to be someone he was not.
Still, though inexorably scarred by a most unfortunate association-one he never
sought-
He mourns for the man who taught him how to work hard, to provide, and to
drive;
Many, many times he has gone over mind his mind, what he may have said to
him while alive,
When he found out that unforgettable Christmas night about all the heinous sins
Of the Father he believed he knew, because without this, his healing never

begins.

He remembers, as a pall bearer, that cold November day so many years ago,
When he believed no pain could be greater than the one he was then forced to
know;

He was so very wrong indeed, as the anguish he know feels is so very much
greater.

If not for the unceasing love and indefatigable guidance of the One and True
Creator,

He too may have suffered an untimely demise, the result of a heart, broken and
battered,

Yet was saved from this fate for reasons he still does not know, the answer
remains scattered

In a purpose he is yet to fulfill; perhaps one day he will know and question this
no longer,

But for now, he endeavors to move past the pain he carries and continue to get
stronger.

- Maurice Harris,6 January 2013

Maurice Harris

A Marriage Of Two Hearts Into One

A marriage of two hearts into one, knows no impediment;
To say: 'I covet thee more than I do myself', knows no greater compliment;
We are both afeared of our dreams' realizations-
Yet, we approach same, from divergent stations,
Where now, the diametrically opposed views
Converge upon the life that, in our dreams, we chose
As the reality we want for ourselves, and for each-
Accept, embrace, and covet this ideation, I do beseech!
Never before has something meant so much,
As does this reality-I can almost reach out and touch
Your Angelic face, as I shall when I kiss you for the first time-
A moment that I have alluded to numerous times, in rhyme!
THIS, my Beloved, is the moment we have awaited our lives, entire:
Our dreams come true, our prayers answered, our every Earthly desire!

Maurice Harris

A Mistake I Needed To Make

</>It was a mistake that simply had to be made-
I am stubborn-minded and apt to feel
Dubiety, which persists, unless I am swayed
By experiences, which I live and make real!
Given the gift of retrospection, the err is quite clear;
Though I did not listen to your now-sage advice,
It was due to more than just the spectre of fear-
Failure needed be mine, to render satisfice!

Oh, but to have it to do all over again, -
Where would we be, where but now, we newly begin! ?
Reality makes the hypothetical, now unclear;
We must allow the past to lie, and address the now, and here!
I only know of an ardent love, there all the while-
To opine otherwise would only meet with denial!

-Maurice Harris, 2 August 2011

Maurice Harris

A New Life (Heaven Sent)

A new life; new surroundings in a new place,
These are the circumstances that you face
When you search for yourself and a new beginning;
You never quite know if you are losing or winning;
The battle wages within, to define yourself anew;
Everything seems to unfold so slowly before you
That you begin to wonder if time itself has slowed
To a point where you no longer dwell in the abode
Of the spatial and the temporal-both are altered;
You play back in your mind any area in which you may have faltered-
But still, there is nothing-you are left wondering still-
Where is the life of wonder, when will my dreams fulfill! ?
When it is least expected, this is when it will present-
You will not know from whence it came, only that it is Heaven sent!

-Maurice Harris, 24 March 2012

Maurice Harris

A New Life Of Wonder

I will take this trial, I will take this tribulation-
I will turn it from a travesty, into a celebration
Of life, and lessons learned from same,
To Glorify my Heavenly Father in His Only Begotten Son's Name!
I will not hate, nor will I begrudge too long
Any that may not have the Spirit that I have now-kept strong,
Through all the adversity that I have faced!
All my worries, all my pain, has not erased,
But strengthened, my Faith-even through an Earthly death;
Though I do not remember breathing my erstwhile last breath,
I do remember that I was most certainly reborn-
To a new life and purpose, leaving the former behind, to properly mourn
All the nightmares I knew in my former life-
To build a new life of wonder, and happiness, out of my former's strife!

-Maurice Harris,4 March 2012

Maurice Harris

A Perfect Example

Perfectly faithful and infinitely compassionate,
He possesses a perfect love and does not ration it:
All are welcome into His Realm, He asks only repentance for sins-
The road to forgiveness is not easy, but this is where it begins;
The recompense for same was His Ultimate Sacrifice,
Our admission into the Empyrean Kingdom was the Barter's Price!
It is from Him that we gather all that is good-
It is through Him that we become all we should.

His Heavenly Father asked only: 'always glorify My Name'-
We are made in His image, thus are asked the very same:
Use His, when you are in need of example;
The Good Book is rife with same, more than ample
For any and all times, when guidance is needed-
You will never go wrong, when His Message is heeded!

- Maurice Harris

Maurice Harris

A Perfect Love

My heart has been shattered, though I know not why!
Where before I saw beautiful blue, I now see dark sky!
Where has gone all my love, for it is with thee-
Thouest I know not why, you covet not me! ?

A perfect love, asked to wait, for reasons not known-
If not then, how might I, for my lacking, atone?
All my love, handed to thee as though my gift:
Assure you I shall though, it shan't drift!

Amorous wonderment of proportions unparalled,
Knowest not do I how your's became assailed!
Quixotic quandary, to be sure, indeed-
Answers must cometh, for I am in need!

Perhaps they are to come soon, I know not when:
Then our love shall be allowed to truly begin!

Maurice Harris, 18 October 2008

Maurice Harris

A Prayer For Pain's Passing - And A Reply

'Lord help me, as I verily bind wounds and endeavor
To push past this pain, from which I want sever;
As though a thousand deaths have been my penance-
For crimes committed against me, and in contravention
Of all that is righteous, and in keeping with jurisprudence;
I want for much more than mere condolence-
I want not for vengeance, but long-sought redress,
For emotional and physical scars, and years living under duress! '

To which He made reply: 'My long-suffering, yet, devout Son,
You long for answers to vexatious queries, and I have each one.
The pain from which you need to make part
Shall meet its cease, as I have begun, verily, to impart
A solution that shall soon make itself known-
To include an enlightened Cherub I have already shown!
Though I made known to the world, your heart's fragility,
I shall also endeavor hence to prove its repeat no longer a possibility!
What I have meant to be your's, shall be, I assure;
What seems to be unnecessarily punitive, is proof of intentions pure;
I should not want for suffering, without recompense,
Just as I should not want for undue faith or reverence!
You, my faithful Son, are Your Heavenly Father's vessel-
To show the world how unfettered faith meets its fulfill! '

- Maurice Harris, 2 September 2010

Maurice Harris

A Prayer For Self Identity

I look in the mirror and am ogled by a complete stranger;
I wonder when I lost my sense of self, my sense of direction,
And why I did not notice the signs of my own destruction,
Turn tail and run away, far away from that inherent danger.
Perhaps I will never know, and now I am too busy trying
To pick up the pieces of my shattered dreams,
To make new ones, far better than they—defying
All the odds; finally I gained what my heart truly esteems.
Some days are euphoric, some are tragically desolate,
Some days I emote as if a school girl, bereft and disconsolate.
I mourn for the man I used to be, yet must adapt to who I am now;
I want not pity, nor sympathy—just understanding, but I know not how
I am supposed to explicate to you that which even I do not comprehend.
They have said that I have PTSD, which caused me to briefly see my end—
This, of course, damaged my brain, to what extent I do not know quite yet;
Other maladies have since manifest because of the same, and may never minify.
All I do know is that I may still respire, and for that, I will always be in His Debt.
Much has been taken, yet much has also been bestowed; I choose to be grateful
For what I do have, yet that does not mean that I should ever forget that fateful
Day and the cataclysm it brought to bear upon me and all I hold sacrosanct—
Because I want to know that my anguish had a genesis that was real and causal
To the actions or inactions of others, whose deceitful ways were easily
outflanked.
My obsession with knowing how all of this could have come to be will never
cease,
Nor ameliorate with the passage of time—until I know the answers, I will never
see peace.
“Heavenly Father, may I again know myself as I once did, and feel no more
sorrow or shame;
Please help me to understand Your purpose; what is the reason that all this
transpired?
I was not considered, but as a pawn; give me the strength to reckon with what
others conspired;
Each day that passes, I shall garner yet more strength from my Savior, as I say
this in His Holy Name.”

- Maurice Harris, 31 October 2014

A Prayer For The Salvation Of A Shattered Soul

I proffer a prayer for the salvation of a shattered soul-
A once-beautiful personage, that selfish deceit stole:
'Heavenly Father, in Your Wisdom, and as part of Your Plan,
You have allowed the destruction, in a moment's span,
Of a once-beautiful soul, to that of a person possessed-
With the perpetration of her own world of lies-
A fallen Angel, so wholly obsessed
With malice and hate, that I now despise
The acts of the one I once loved, most ardently!
A dichotomy to be sure, and one I loathe most adamantly!
Provide her solace for her pain, and Atonement for her Sin;
Allow her Path to lead back to Truth, and for her to begin
To heal her soul, which has strayed from Your Ways!
I ask these things in the Name of my Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, in the Latter
Days! '

-Maurice Harris, 26 February 2012

Maurice Harris

A Prayer To My Heavenly Father, For My Beloved.

You have ardently prayed for what you now shun;
Your amorous recital has not even begun,
And shan't, unless you begin to realize that the ghost
You now chase is really extinct, and the love you covet the most
Presents before you now, in ways that you do not now, even know;
Your heart is strong, stronger than you would ever allow to even show
To the world, because you are afeared that they will view you oppositely;
I assure you beloved, once the world becomes privy to the ardor that we two
know,
They shall celebrate with us, the madrigal that is our love, and shall, most
postively!
Once you are privy to this most prescient verity, then only shall you allow to
grow,
Both your capacity to love completely, as well as your acceptance of the fortitude
That has been extant within you all along-then only, the Divine Gratitude
You have shown to our Heavenly Father in the very recent past,
Will shine through again and embolden you-to allow our love, to everlast!

Maurice Harris

A Prayerful Promise

As you lie yourself down, for much-deserved sleep
Be e'er mindful, my love, of this promise I shall keep:
I shall by the beacon, which protects and does guide you-
E'er mindful of the place you keep, I shall only walk beside you!

Lest you forget thine own beauty, I shall always remind thee:
From the moment, first we met, adoration entwined me!
Ne'er have thee been absent, in my heart you were guarded-
So too, for my life, entire, to you, this shall e'er be imparted!

I shall be your confidant, your soul's mate, your shoulder
Upon which you may cry! In times of crisis, your boulder!
Ne'er shall thee want for else, all your needs fulfilled, my volition-
Rest not shall I, e'er, e'en as my call comes to wondrous fruition!

Promise though of most import, is that of my fidelity, abiding-
Though these shall to the world, obviate-only in you am I confiding!

Maurice Harris, 29 October 2009

Maurice Harris

A Proffer Of Love..Sans Pareil!

All that I am, all ever I shall be...

All I possess to confer, I offer freely to thee!

I pledge from my heart...a proffer of love..sans pareil!

A love inherent within, at our genesis, ever-growing...all the while!

Though, as a flower, steadfast: its thirst for life

Wanting for nothing, excepting that which is free!

Many a day have we seen pass. thought become rife...

Defying all but we two, is our love...thine for me, mine for thee!

In it's power and it's glory, shall be told our story!

Lives pass before many, with nary a thought, nor a sight,

Ne'er to envision it's majesty, nor it's celestial delight!

Marvel do we at all it has done, we two for each, amelioratory!

All that we are, all ever we shall be..constancy, all the while

There is love. ne'er to rivaled...a love sans pareil!

Maurice Harris,7 May 2006

Maurice Harris

A Promise Kept

</>All alone in the darkness, all alone in the light,
All alone with anguish of my soul,
Through the long, dark, lonely night!
This is what her deceit gifted and what it stole:
No one here to comfort me, nor to allay my fears,
No one may take away the abject pain,
Nor may anyone wipe away the tears
That fall upon my pillow, again and again!

With a wish in my heavy heart, I pray for relief-
That my Good and Gracious God may quell my grief:
'Send me an Angel', I implore Him, 'make real,
The visage I see in my mind's eye, and in my heart, feel! '
We are almost there Heavenly Father, one more step-
All else is in order, I need now only, a promise kept!

-Maurice Harris, 11 July 2011

Maurice Harris

A Promise Of Solace And Love

Perhaps you feel anger, perhaps you feel grief;
Perhaps you are in need of solace, to provide relief
From the pain and doubt that you so oft feel;
Whatever the tribulations your heart may not conceal,
My strength may be your aegis, from worry and discontent-
From a heart that is commodious, and shan't relent
From the want to make all your heartache disappear.
Should you ever wonder where safety is-it is here,
With me, your everlasting love, your friend for all seasons.
No matter of time or distance, you'll e'er have mine allegiance,
Both of mind and of heart, whenever you may need it.
My love for you is a given, I do hereby concede it.
I wish all of your pain riddance, and only joy in its stead;
My actions shall be my proof, not merely what I have said:
For words are hollow, only actions can truly bear outcome.
Lean upon my broad shoulders when life is too cumbersome.
You were chosen, not by me, but for me, by a Greater Power,
Because I needed all that, which upon me you also shower:
Love, compassion, understanding, and companionship;
We are the recompense for each other's painful abandonment
By those who were supposed to love us the most, yet did not.
We are each the other, for which we have both so long sought.
Allow me the honor of allaying your burden, as you do mine;
Allow me to uplift your spirit in ways we are yet to define;
Our dysfunctional duality has become a wondrous unity,
Which serves as our once-broken heart's immunity
To the pain and tumult of the past, and allows our futurity
To continue to erase the anguish and provide a purity
Of purpose for a shared life that has been predestined-
All the result of an unceasing love, that we never questioned.

-Maurice Harris, 7 November 2014

Maurice Harris

A Purposeful Lesson, From A Painful Past

I lament the fact that I do not miss my dearly-departed Dad,
Nor may I see as real, the relationship that we once had:
My Father was not the man he purported to be;
It is only now, long after his demise, that I am able to see
The man I thought I knew, for who he truly was.
What is past is prologue, yet not for me, because
Though many years have past, I still wonder what was real.
My heart aches for what this association was allowed to steal,
Both from me and those I hold in the highest esteem.
Oh, how I wish that it were only a bad dream,
But I am not so fortuitous as to see its end-
My present is not one my past could portend.
I am not my Father's keeper, nor am I to blame
For anything that he once did-so, why then the shame! ?
He was but a fiend with which I share a last name,
Yet, it is not my purpose, nor surely my aim,
To cast aspersions at the man from whence I came,
Merely to markedly point out that we are not one and the same.
I can no more help my connection to him as I can my logical mind,
Yet this diaspora spreads and I may never leave it behind!
I have ardently prayed for refuge from this horrible curse,
Yet my prayers have gone unanswered, and the guilt, gotten worse!
I only wish to awaken to a world where ignorance is no longer-
A world where time heals all, and I am allowed to become stronger
For all that I have had to endure, for all I have overcome,
Yet my mind will not allow riddance to be paid to these cumbersome
Burdens I feel deep in my soul because of who my Father was.
I should not be made to suffer for what my Father does,
Just as no man should be held to account for acts of another,
I should not be made to recompense for those of a Father
I never really knew-whose shameful ruse was hidden from me.
This exorcision is needed, to ensure this curse is ridden, from me
And all those that I hold dear, for they have suffered too!
The world must see not only what I have suffered through,
But that my suffering was not in vain-it was surely not His intention
To inflict such pain without purpose; His Intervention
Is rife with lessons for all the world to see.
Lessons in the way He intends for the world to be:
Where His children demonstrate love, understanding, and compassion

For each other-without bias and prejudice-and without ration!
This must be the lesson that He wished to be taught to me
And the way He believes the world ought to be-
Otherwise my penance was all in vain,
And the world truly is insane!

-Maurice Harris,19 June 2012

Maurice Harris

A Purposeful Path, Paved From A Painful Past

Where my vision is usually crystal clear, now, it is now blurry;
Where my mind is usually rational, now, it is overcome with worry;
My life is usually rife with loved ones and friends, -
But, where are they now! ? Well, that really depends
Upon who does the asking! They are nowhere to be found-
When I finally pay this place riddance, will they be around! ?
I know that they love me, and could use them right now-
They must hear my prayers, yet I know not quite how
They are supposed to react-naught that they could do or say
Could make the pain I now feel, fade or go away!

Here, there is no ration and not very much reason-
There is only chaos and my heart's treason;
I have confronted ignorance and intolerance all alone,
Which would have broken most-and have shown
Both myself and others, intelligence and measured fortitude
In response to most pointed threats, and comments most lewd.
No matter what these Neanderthals do or say,
My response is the same, and will remain that way;
I see no reason to engage them in any sort of debate-
There is no way to defeat their vitriol and hate,
Except to ignore them, wholly and completely-
I refuse to allow a bully to ever defeat me
With words which have no basis at all, in fact.
No matter how many times I may be verbally attacked,
There will still be no truth in anything they say;
I only want leave of this place, and naught will stand in my way!

My loved ones and friends, methinks, would be most proud:
Amongst the chaos and violence, I have never allowed
Myself to drawn into the belly of the beast.
Their targeted attacks bother me, not in the least.
There are really only two ways here that you can go,
Either you assimilate to the anarchy, or you can grow
From the wretched experience, both in heart and mind.
I chose the latter: to begin to put behind
All the heartache and embitterment it has brought;
To continue to search for the greater purpose I have sought
Since the wretched day this unimaginable nightmare all started.

I seek still, the Daughter, from which I was forcefully parted,
As well as her Sister, whose absence I lament equally-
And to map out a future, I still hope will be
One where I may make both of them proud:
To be for them, the Father I have avowed
I would be-not one who is never there;
To be a loving Father, not one who appears to never care.
This is most certainly not a course for the faint of heart-
And the road is too long to view it all-but, I have a start!

-Maurice Harris, 23 April 2011

Maurice Harris

A Reality, Asked To Bide, As Aspiration

I fancy not, a respite for my long-embattled heart-
Though, same would remove need for my faith to impart
Encouragement that a reward awaits me, that I may ne'er measure;
Should I seek refuge from all which I treasure,
Causation would find the contrary rendered-
As, the hope it inspires would no longer be tendered;
Cower not shall I, from that which I most ardently admire,
E'en whence consummatedbut when I aspire:
This is the very reason why time seems to have ceased-
An inglorious reality is forced, whilst a beauteous one, is fleeced.

Naught may dispel an ardor so closely guarded;
No matter of time, nor of space,
May make less-nor surely, erase-
That which hath been so blessedly imparted!

Maurice Harris

A Silent, Altruistic Prayer

I say a silent prayer each and every night,
For the beauty no longer within my sight-
Supplanted by someone I no longer know.
I silently wonder: 'where did my beloved go? '.
I prefer to think she has not really gone away,
But rather, will eventually find herself again, one day.
Taken hostage by fears she could not control,
She needs this re-discovery to once again be whole.
Perhaps, each day as she sees herself in the mirror,
All that she has abandoned of herself will become clearer.
Surely, she seeks the ardor and jollity she once possessed,
Just as surely as the heart silently mourns a love repressed.
Sikerly, Heavenly Father heeds my soulful, altruistic prayer-
For the amelioration of this lady, most beauteous and fair!

-Maurice Harris,8 September 2012

Maurice Harris

A True Heroine (Ode To Four Heroines)

Your monster was most tragically familiar to you,
And most certainly, unfortunately, real;
You were innocent, and needed someone, to do
Something, so that fear alone was not all you did feel!
I cannot fathom the childhood you had-
All your nightmares were made to come to life,
Replete with a heinous monster you called 'Dad'!
This was sure to be a most surreal strife-
Where were your guardians during all of this?
Their failure is unforgettable, as is their callousness!
Yet, from this tragedy, most profound,
You have emerged as a true heroine;
Your ability to persevere continues to astound-
It is an honor to be counted amongst your kin!

-Maurice Harris, 2 August 2011

Maurice Harris

A Vision, Derived Through Aspiration

So much about you is a mystery to me,
I know not your visage any longer-
Nor would I recognize the sound of your voice;
I am still waiting for my story to be
The type with a happy ending-though I am stronger
Every day, I lament that I was left without a choice.
I have been given naught, by those charged with your guard
That may offer me a glimpse of the beauty you have become;
Given the constraints I am under, and all that is now barred,
It has been through the Grace of God alone, that I have garnered still, some!
I need only summons a vision, derived through aspiration-
Then, your essence truly meets with a perfect clarity-
This is all I possess until our lives again become our wondrous verity;
For now, you are left to be made real, though only my imagination!

-Maurice Harris,4 February 2011

Maurice Harris

A Walk Into The Sunset

A walk into the sunset, becomes a moonlit stroll;
A moment to recompense for what the years stole!
A night spent, with the Moon and stars, only-
With them and each other, we will never be lonely!

The tide creeps up, until it dances around our toes-
Lost in each other, this is the only way time shows!
We fall asleep, in the arms of one another-
Yet still, we lie there, the surf no bother!

Soon, the Sun begins to surface, yet again,
We both awaken, to where the journey did begin-
In one another's eyes-each, our canvas upon the world;
Only a few hours, yet, as if time itself, unfurled!

This, though only a scape of a dream-
To meet with reality perhaps, though real it did seem!

Maurice Harris, 10 April 2010

Maurice Harris

A World Of Other-Worldly Wonder

Dear Heavenly Father: 'Please get me to California, as soon as You may,
So that I may dwell in enamored embrace of my beloved, every single day;
Sikerly, I need not, espouse the import of same, nor cause Thee remind,
As, Thine Divine Benevolence is causal same-Thou art far too kind! '

To which, He made reply: 'Thine eternity awaits thee in the Golden State,
My privity to same is demonstrative of Mine Divine Benevolence, to create
For thee and thine beloved, a world of other-worldly wonder, that shall inspire
awe

In all who may be so fortuitous, as to see now, as a reality, what I saw
As a most magical, yet, mysterious marriage, of two most inspired souls,
Whose very existence-now brought together by Mine Hand, extols
The very virtues I have espoused to my beloved children, throughout the ages;
And, this is why I have introduced you to one another, in e'er-sublte stages:
Your consortium is the most obvious and lasting form of my love for each-
'Never, never take the same for granted', if but one appeal I would beseech!

-Maurice Harris,30 November 2011

Maurice Harris

Abiding Love's Quintessence

I am the very air that you respire;
The form your visions take, whence you aspire
To heights more lofty than you hitherto thought;
I am the vulnerability that you long-fought-
Against the relinquishment of your heart-
The fear and loathing of the imminent impart
Of true love for another, lest a future not fully known;
I am your heart's shadow, to ensure you are never alone.

I am the beauty you now hear in a beautiful song,
The new-found solace of your soul, there all along;
I am the quietude you feel, that tumult belies-
The solution to your heart's steadfast refusal to compromise;
You are more than welcome to truly make my acquaintance, -
You seek abiding, unconditional love-I am its quintessence!

-Maurice Harris, 30 March 2011

Maurice Harris

Abigail (3 March 2010)

One day I shall share, what was not my volition-
I shall do this without any form of contrition;
My lacking for you is not of my own choosing-
In this circumstance, it is all who are losing!

Like the valiant Knight,
Who, disregards fear or fright,
I shall keep your concern, foremost-
In my thoughts e'er-my mind, your grace's host!

Today, the world celebrates your birth;
Always art thou causal, my magnificent mirth-
My elation, though now fiercely coffered,
Whence we are prime, shall be fastly offered!

Though on this day I am not within your sight,
You are foremost in my thoughts, each and every night!

Maurice Harris, 3 March 2010

Maurice Harris

Absent The Presence, Present The Loveliness

Absent the presence, present the loviness-the magic!
Taket away from us, have they-utterly tragic!
My family, so near, yet so seemingly far away-
Closer ever may they come to me, closer too, shall they stay!

Never ceasing, ne'er to fade to inconsequence-
Ne'er with it shall I be privy to their incompetence!
Love, let go to gather itself, returns swiftly-
Perchance, this be the love that was meant to be!

Always, forever, sans end or limit-truly without bound-
Its power and glory, its magical story-doth truly, astound!
Whensoever you see fit to see it-to allow its light
Transfixed, you shall be, by this love, so bright!

Ever-present, skirting and always within thee-
Growing all the while, in all its prescient glory!

Maurice Harris, 19 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Absolute Admire

Absolutely-this is how I shall always love thee;
'My own piece of Heaven, on Earth' is what I think of thee;
No other has captured my soul, so completely-
Thus, no other may truly complete me.
Endeavor as I may oppositely, thoughts of thee still abound:
In the safe confines of my heart and soul, you are still around,
To comfort me, when solace is needed-
To uplift me, when all hope seems fledged-
Your very existence, proof that my prayers are thoughtfully heeded!
I can no more help that I covet thee, as I can, respire-
This is but His Will, and my every earthly desire.
My beloved, you are the aim of my unabashed, absolute admire.
My most humble wish is to provide half the same to you-
Even if it should take 1,000 lifetimes to do!

-Maurice Harris,19 July 2012

Maurice Harris

Actions Are Sentiments' Verity

Words are but mere lexicon, actions are sentiments' verity;
Where words may serve merely to confound, actions bring clarity;
Actions are the truth, to which words may only portend-
Actions make real, what was once only pretend.
Do not tell me, show me-then I will know;
Do not say you love me, allow the love you profess, to show!

Words tell a story of intentions, actions are their proof-
Do not express a desire for ardor, then remain aloof!
Would you believe I love you if I told you, or more if I show you! ?
After all we have been through, this proof is the least I owe you.

I utter no words before my actions are taken or readied-
I express no sentiment before my heart is inspired and steadied;
When I say 'I love you', it is affirmation of the actions I am willing to take;
When I say 'I love you', it is proof of the sacrifices I am willing to make!

Maurice Harris

After The Storm, Yet Before The Calm

After the storm, yet before the calm-
Offered to you, have I, an alm!
Proffered with love and for our future-
Heal it shall, by binding us, as a suture!

Put back together the pieces, herein the answer
Rid us it shall of the scourge, wherein the cancer!
Demons and monsters in our collective closets-
Madness supplanted by mirth-finally we lost it!

Back in your heart, forever to gather
And build, to strengthen still-rather
Peculiar it is how one comes full circle-
From the proverbial 'Mrs. Hyde to Dr. Jeckyll'!

Once not enough, nor still is twice-
Meeting, we needed to be complete, thrice!

Maurice Harris, 21 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Ah, Summer

Ah, Summer; the last season of my discontent,
The last days of my forced internment-
May they be cloudless and temperate,
To mirror the desires of my heart, as I figure it
Is sure to be many a moon, where
I fear not the spectre of this gloom's stare.
Surely there are brighter days ahead;
Surely, the abject fear and darkness are dead!

May the Sun shine again, in my direction;
May it offer the aegis of its protection.
Should there be rains, let them nourish, not drown;
Should there be clouds, let them lift me up, not weigh me down.

Ah, Summer; with its end comes my rebirth;
Then I shall know again, what freedom is worth!

-Maurice Harris, 27 June 2011

Maurice Harris

Alas, My Love, Here We Are

Alas, my love, here we are, at yet another crossroads;
Must we see, wherest we go, how well we shall bode!
Relationships understood, by none, but we;
Explicative to none else, to know, you do, me!

Return, must we, to our days of yore;
None else matters herein- no need of settling the score!
Where for art thou lonely heart?
Hearest, you must, my call to love, commencing our start!

The essence of you, the definition of me-
Wherest ever you are- so too easily seen!
Close thine eyes, imagine me there-
Close thine eyes, imagine there be no scare!

Lovest, honor all that you are-
Respecteth, cherish- for thee, near or far!

Maurice Harris, 11 December 2007

Maurice Harris

All Ever I Could Proffer

All ever I could proffer,
Given freely to thee, in kind:
Would but only for me, serve to remind
Of the depth of love you do offer!

Unparalleled emotions, begotten from your tender touch,
Your beautiful smile, serves further to beguile-
Knowest do I still, all the while
That, to you, I owe so very much!

Once in a lifetime, for the very few,
Still never for all those without its fortune-
Mustn't we tempt fate, not to hasten it too soon,
All of this and still so much more, I owe to you!

My heart and soul, your's now for the taking-
A barter to recompense for all in me, you are awakening!

Maurice Harris, 2 November 2008

Maurice Harris

All For Naught, I Do Not Believe

Naught did I possess any seer, for my abject fear,
Naught are there any here-to see, as I tear!
My best friend has been corrupted,
My entire life, completely, tragically interrupted!

For what reason might be this the case?
Pain has been caused, ne'er to be erased
Drunketh was I, from the cup of my life-
Joined at my festival, by the one who was to be my Wife!

Severed from my family, as though something wrong, I had done!
Falsity was causal to this pain, known to all, but for the one!
Wheresoever she may wander, back to reason,
So too may she allow for the changing of her pain's season!

All for naught, I do not believe-part of His plan-
Each day which passes, I grow more, to understand!

Maurice Harris, 23 December 2007

Maurice Harris

All I Ask Of Thee (A Pact With God)

A fate worse than death-that's what this has been to me;
When, I wonder, will I begin to see
The fruits of both my faith and its persistence? !
Ironically, tragedy taught me strength-its insistence
That only those who possess it shall prevail;
When I have needed same, it has been there, without fail-
Trust me, I have needed much, to be drawn,
Just to get to the next day, when I thought all hope was gone.
'That which does not kill you, makes you stronger'-
Indeed, yet, how very much longer
May I depend upon my strength and fortitude! ?
When will faith and a positive attitude
Be enough to overcome nepotism and deceit-
Enough to bring about iniquity's inglorious defeat! ?

Was my death a means to foreshadow, or a new beginning-
Was this a means to mark the day, when I start winning?
The reason is not very clear to me,
It's a enigmatic miracle that I am still here, to be
A voice for those unable to speak, -
Strength, for those who may be too meak!
Whatever the purpose for which I was spared,
I may never know-only that You cared
Enough about me, to allow me this higher purpose;
Now, I must prove that I deserve this
Empyrean proffer, of a life, wholly-renewed;
It all starts with my positive attitude,
Coupled with knowledge of my life's importance,
As well as my righteousness and its adurance;
God's purpose for me, I slowly learn;
Deservedness of this new-life gift, I slowly earn.
'Heavenly Father, I am ever-obliged and humbled
For the second chance You have given-though I have stumbled.
Only You know I deserve this second chance, most rare-
My recompense to You for same-my soul, lain bare,
The truth of my heart, and the devotion of my mind-
All dutious, in pursuit of that for which You left me behind;
All I ask of Thee is that You continue to love, protect, and guide me,
Remain where You have always been my whole life-beside me! '

-Maurice Harris,13 March 2011

Maurice Harris

All My Hopes And Dreams

All my hopes and dreams have come true
Owe it all indeed to only you:
Your fascinating spirit lifts me to great height,
Ne'er had I imagined this love's might!

I truly do love you more than I could myself,
Our amity has taken a life unto itself!
Whensoever you shall need me, surely I will heed your call,
If ever you desire such I shall ease your fall!

All ever you are that I could imagine,
The mere thought of you-I am arush with adrenaline!
Confounding and complex, yet as simply as may be:
I am in love with you and you, with me!

I am empowered to move mountains with strength given,
Only to fortify still, passed our lives we are living!

Maurice Harris, 22 October 2008

Maurice Harris

All My Love

All my love, expressly and completely given to thee,
With this, I proffer my unconditional loyalty-
Naught is there, to offer such proper restrain:
Any attempt of battle shall surely be in vain!

Replete am I, with you in my grateful regard-
Alas, our love is predestined, not might I retard!
For I have been given all, I owe such to thee, in return:
Endeavor I shall, heretofore, your love, to earn!

All of my hopes, indeed, all of my dreams, replete-
With you I am made to be whole, my life complete!
Though surely we are not strangers, so much still to gather,
Days pass, and with each we more fond, or rather
Do we grow ever more in love, with passing of days;
A love that grows, that lasts-indeed, a love that stays!

Maurice Harris

All Of My Love

All of my love, now coffered
Whence needed, fastly offered-
Ever-present, yet now I must hide-
Whence wanted, my arms open wide!

Whate'er so ever you shall need,
I shall be- your call for 'calm' I do now heed!
For an instant in time, your heart I did hold,
Alas, our story, only beginning to be told!

A love, as our's, shuttered at it's reveal-
Only but a prelude to how it shall feel!
Now I do step to love's sideline-
Awaiting it's more befitting timeline!

Nary is there to fret of it's wither or vanish
Ne'er could a heart send this beauty to banish!

Maurice Harris, 2 December 2008

Maurice Harris

All That Once Was

All that once was beautiful, now causes disdain;
All that once was joyous, now causes pain;
All that once was wanted, now is ridiculed;
All those that once were celebrants, are now all fooled
By the hatred and deceit now spewing
From your mouth-as though a volcano-what are you doing! ?
Either you are wrong now, or we were both wrong then;
Either love was never real and we sing hate's song when
When we fool ourselves into thinking we could have let love in;
Only Divine Inspiration from Above, in
The form of an as-yet-unknown Answer,
Could lead us to embrace the rose or clutch the Cancer!
The fortnight still to come shall bear out same-
Love must defeat hate, in order to clear its name!

-Maurice Harris, 19 February 2012

Maurice Harris

All The Demons And Ghosts

You have stolen my 'todays', yet you shan't steal my tomorrow-
Thought upon your deceitful ruse surely hastens sorrow!
Nary shall there be, for you, a proper penance,
Somehow though, you must come to truth's acceptance!

The only way to take leave of your deceit-
Is to allow for my truth to defeat,
All the Demons and Ghosts
Responsible for your shame, the most!

For if but only, our children's posterity
You owe, at the least, your honesty!
Without such, your downfall you have surely brought,
As is, to tell the truth, is what you ought!

They say: 'the truth shall set you free'-at least you, it shall keep-
Otherwise choice made, causes my heart's weep!

3 August 2008

Maurice Harris

All The Love My Heart Is Capable Of Giving

Your love- allows me the strength to move mountains,
The will to stand tall when faced with insurmountable odds!
When others may cede to defeat, onward still I plod!
Alone I fight the righteous battle; each day my strength is double again!

Upon first sight, continuing with each passing moment- adulation mounts;
Loved you I have for days too innumerable to count!
Met in another time and place had we, yet kismet brought us back to each-
Come back, my love- I am the man your love must reach!

If any other, perhaps my mind would seek to avenge
The pain inflicted by the only one I have ever loved!
Yet I struggle each day to understand what you were thinking of,
And my mind focuses upon righting all the wrongs- not upon revenge!

All the love my heart is capable of giving,
All the life I could ever possibly be living!

Maurice Harris, 15 January 2007

Maurice Harris

All These Wrongs, Again Right

</>You are both Cecile Marie's Grand-daughter,
The spitting images of your Father,
But, because of the failures of your Mothers,
I wish every day you had others!

You each have a beautiful Sister, who has been kept a secret,
And if I left it to them, they would keep it;
Each day that passes is another opportunity missed, -
Not memories, upon which I could have reminisced!

You each have an Uncle you don't even know,
As well as four Aunts, whose love may not truly show,
Until this burden of estrangement is lifted, -
Until your presence is again, gifted!

You have an entire family just waiting, to know you-
Part of a whole new world I am waiting to show you!
Soon, my beloved Angels, a new day will dawn-
Once I am again near to thee, and the pain, gone!
Though you are not aware of this,
I work each day, to correct this injustice!
Though time and ignorance have been our nemesis,
I need to promise, and for you, to remember this:
There is naught in this world of more import
Than the two of you and our mutual consort!
I shall ensure that you meet with all you deserve;
Ours is the one relation I need build, then preserve
At all costs, no matter the sacrifice-
Anything less would not meet, with satisfaction!
This, my beloved Daughters, is the world that awaits you,
Though we live now through time only the Fates knew,
Our future is most beautiful and bright-
Once I make all these wrongs, again right!

-Maurice Harris, 3 July 2011

Maurice Harris

Allow For Us, A Learned Reapproach

Oblige me my pain's ending, allow please it to cease-
Restoreth my jollity and return my heart to peace!
You are the only that may, as twas you who took it away!
Make it happen, as soon as yesterday-make it so now it stays!

Return at once my mind's peace and serenity,
All of this, and so much more, is within your ability!
Ask yourself: when was I my happiest? Respond to self;
I know too, that you mustn't put your heart upon a shelf!

What has more import: felicity unparalleled, or holding onto ghosts?
Answer: We are able to bring out in the other, our very most!
Allow for us, a learned reapproach, with lessons taught
The hard way! Able are we to move onward, nary a battle fought!

I love you as no other is capable-this I assure you!
I honor you, at each and all moments-because I adore you!

Maurice Harris, 18 January 2008

Maurice Harris

Allow The Descent

In order to fall in love, you must allow the descent-
To be given away, your heart needs your mind's consent;
To be truly loved, you need to graciously receive it-
Love contrariwise, is the gift of your own heart-you leave it
With the one who has uplifted and absquatulated it:
Does not, your love, belong to the one who created it! ? !
Love with all you have, as you possess naught else-
Love devoutly, unabashedly-not to wonder what else
There may be, to garner thine amorous affection:
Love, as naught else, offers a puissant self-protection.

Love is truly its own wondrous reward-
Love is the only road where you are never detoured;
Listen beloved, as love, for you, doth call-
Allow yourself to love, and along the way, enjoy the fall!

-Maurice Harris, 25 March 2011

Maurice Harris

Alone, In Ponderance...

Alone, in ponderance of where my life will be,
I see only 2 things for certain: both you and me!
I know not about anything else in this life, uncertain-
You're the only one who sees through my heart's curtain!

Though you are not near to me, I feel your presence;
I draw great strength from the power of your pleasance!
Our's was a meeting made in the Heavens above,
God could envision, when we could not, our perfect love!
By the time that we meet again, my beloved friend,
We will have built upon a love, without an end!

No matter of poetry, nor any power of prose, shall ever suffice-
To define the beauty who beguiled my heart-not once, but twice!

Word is not needed, my love for thee does so obviate,
Such is the awe-inspiring emotion in me you do evocate!

Maurice Harris, 20 January 2010

Maurice Harris

Alone, Without Her Touch!

Lord, grant me the strength to become, through my pain,
One who may show all his best, in the face of other's worst!
Allow me to find my heart's keeper once again,
Allay for her, all her fears, from which, she is cursed!

My prayer to Thee, at all times I am able-my love's return-
The call I place out to my family-allow them please, to hear!
I have tried in living my life, righteous and sincere,
To have You protect and guide me, a gift I hope I have earned!

Alone here I sit, ne'er though am I lonely,
I have love inside my heart-only
I am not privy to my precious bequeath:
For this to come to me, more the soon-I do beseech!

For all other things in life mean not very much!
Man is lonely without his love-alone, without her touch!

Maurice Harris, 18 March 2008

Maurice Harris

Always And Ever

Your heart, aflutter- you are bereft of words,
Not prime for what this exaltation affords;
You fancy its source in all you do and see,
You ideate all you and your paramour shall be!

Thoughts of your consort come before all reality,
Not to matter, at times, this sobering causality!
Your mind causes wander, to places most mirific,
Obligation owed to the one most beautifully terrific!

Away you are taken to thoughts, most glorious,
Always anticipatory, an awe-inspiring anxious;
Though no amount of time serves to e'er suffice,
You discount your heart's previously held advice-
Naught to keep you from what your heart is seeking,
Always and ever to listen, when to you, it is speaking!

Maurice Harris, 23 October 2009

Maurice Harris

Always It Has Been You

Always it has been you;
Inspiring it has been too
To reflect upon these feelings
Shaping my life's dealings!

All were made to meet compare
To the one most beautiful and fair;
As though a reward for my faith,
Fearing not, prompted by the wraith;
I garner strength more than enough
To brave tomorrow, shedding my slough!

What of my uncertain tomorrow?
Will you free me of my sorrow?
For your concern, allow me to return
To you, the ardor for which you yearn!

Maurice Harris, 5 October 2009

Maurice Harris

Always There Shall Be- Love

Love- unyielding and uncompromising- seek it does its own level!
In it's power and it's glory surely all should revel!
Allows it does for utter amazement at the smallest of things,
Ne'er able to fully elucidate all the appreciation it brings!

Powerful beyond measure, surely more than one could fathom!
Nothing is a worthy opponent, against which to do battle!
Ne'er ceasing, incomparable and without limits or bounds,
Love, all it means, all it is capable of- eternally it astounds!

Tested you may be by much in your life,
Deaths, disagreements, difficulties- any other strife!
Always there shall be- love, in all its prescient glory,
For if you are not around- in your absence- it may tell your story!

Love, is life's way of making someone ubiquitous-
The discovery of such, cosmically kismet, not just serendipitous!

Maurice Harris, 16 January 2008

Maurice Harris

Always Within Me...

What shall happen next...up to you entirely!
What shall be our first step...up to you...in dire need!
Whatsoever it shall be or whatsoever you may choose,
Remember what we meant at one time...do not lose!

Think of you always...ne'er a moment passes without;
My family on my heart, 'always', I shout!
Flutter and sputter does my meager heart;
Has it done such, since our latest journey did start! ?

Travel and leisure, all we do, all our travails too,
Nothing much matters though, sans all of you!
Truth will redeem me, set me free it shall!
Loving you more with each passing of days, my vow!

Always within me, always within you;
Nearer still to redemption, nearer still, truth!

Maurice Harris, 9 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Amazing Grace

Met did we, in another time, another place,
Not ready to make regard with her amazing grace!
Now and ever more, dreams now not needed-
My prayer for her requite, now again heeded!
She is with me, though many miles are between,
The joy I now feel, ne'er before have I seen!

She is my seraphic beauty, though would deny-
Yet, this quivering heart of mine doth this, belie!
Fortuitous beyond measure am I, indeed-
The complete capture of my heart, I do concede!

I am witness to her amazing grace,
She: cause for the smile ever on my face;
Everywhere I go, everything I do-
There is my love, so beauteous and true!

Maurice Harris, 3 September 2009

Maurice Harris

Amongst The Heroes

When God calls me Home, and Eternal Life greets me,
Promise that, at the very least, this one honor meets me:
Lie me down amongst the heroes, one of which I longed to be-
With one American flag, which belonged to me!
Once the mourners have scattered and the grave is filled,
Say a silent prayer for us, which honors the blood we spilled,
And the courage we displayed, 'For God And Country';
With my earthly death comes an Empyrean Life, which He would want me
To embrace and want you to accept, in all its glory;
I implore you-do not allow those left behind to forget our story:
We selflessly sacrificed, '...so that others may live'.
Please ensure our memory remains pervasive,
Amongst all left behind, to provide for inspiration;
Help us leave this last gift, for our great nation!

Maurice Harris

Amorous Destiny

Patience, abundant-I await my love's imminent magnificence;
Understanding, effortless-we both endeavor toward its resplendence!
I do not know all the answers, but I am willing meet any and all query-
I give my heart completely-without any form of doubt, nor thought, leery!

I presume naught, yet, I hope for all my dreams to meet with fruition;
To make myself this vulnerable is wholly of my own volition!
To see a glory as this and allow its fleeting, I can not-
For if I possess the means to cause its lasting-I ought!
Though I know not incisively, her most closely-held thought-
I must, in spite of this, move ever closer to what I've always sought!

I reach for sentiment, proper-to explicate my soul's elation;
My heart, worn upon my sleeve with her-without a moment's hesitation!
I say to myself: 'one day, she shall see and celebrate with me,
What is and always hath been our amazing amorous destiny! '

Maurice Harris,9 May 2010

Maurice Harris

Amorous Opportunity

Come thee hither, or come thee hither not-
I beg that your choice be, wither not.
My travels have been by dream, divinely brought,
As you are their embodiment, and this love, divinely sought!
Allow that I may be an oasis, and you,
An intrpeid, yet parched, desert wanderer;
My faith has made me a believer, through and through-
It leads my actions-I am not a squanderer
Of amorous opportunity, when, with same, I am confronted:

A life lived in consort with your's is the one I have always wanted!
My soul's counterpoint, my heart's symbiotic pairing;
From wondrous aspiration to a life-long verity,
Is the ends, by which I am provided such clarity,
For the means, which serve as my undaunted daring!

-Maurice Harris, 29 June 2011

Maurice Harris

Amorous Verity

'I love you! ', this is all I really wish to say-
Yet, my want to drink in your beauty increases every day;
Oh yes! -then there is the fact of my incessant rumination
Upon your every aspect, and resolve toward our determination.
Then again, as I pause, to further ponder-
I may not count as uninspiring, any facet of your angelic wonder:
Many pages may be filled, with many words written,
To endeavor to elucidate the degree to which I am smitten;
'I adore you! '- to hear these words I am sure is quite nice-
Yet, to encapsulate my ardor, it does not even approach suffice!

If you should allow that I, indeed, may-
I shall endeavor most ardently, in every possible way,
To further evince you of but one point, most salient:
You are the amorous verity, for which I am the most dutiful appreciant!

Maurice Harris

An Altruistic Self-Advocacy Of A Man Wholly Enamored By An Angel (Part 1 Of 2)

I have spoken many times, and in the Latter Days,
Of the Virtues I know you too, extol, in all ways
That I do-so, now it is more than apropos
For me to Testify to mine own-to show
You, and all of those who lean toward your concern,
Why it is that you love me so very much-and hopefully earn
The Respect and Love I have been due
For so very long, as it relates to you!
Your Prayers have certainly been answered, but you were not ready-
And now take pause-to open further, and steady
Your Inspired Heart, Mind, and Soul-
To prepare Them for this moment-Your Life's Ultimate Goal!
I bring to you:The Mate for Your Soul, Counterpoint for Your Mind,
And Guerdon for Your Heart-THIS is why You cannot leave US behind-
To wither and wilt, as the Precious Lily-of-the-Valley,

When left wanton for nourishment, and wholly
In need of that which now only IT may provide;
With WE two-all through OUR lives-two worlds have come to collide,
And only could come together as ONE, whence Truly prime;
Now, my Beloved, THESE and many other reasons, are WHY it is Time:
I AM the Man of God You have awaited Your Life, entire;
In every way you imagined, and many others, Your every Desire
Has been fulfilled already, through, and by, ME;
THIS is Your number ONE-yet there is more still, to answer: 'Why ME? ';
Your Mind craves stimulation constantly, and I provide this-
Yet, there is so very much more, besides this!
Your Heart has found its Mate in Me, as a Friend-
And same shall Flourish evermore, until Time doth End!
I provide Your Soul's Divine Inspiration, with Help from Heaven Above:
THIS is yet another reason I KNOW I am Your Life's Love;
Through the Perpetual Providence of the Divine and Holy Trinity,
I provide for your internal Holy Trinity, Wholly and Completely;
From a land of multiplicitous Mormons, YOU reached OUT to ME,
Because God told You I am the Answer, and now You See!
You have expected Perfection (or Innocence) and I have always provided same,
nearly-

And You, as well as the rest of the world surely see this clearly!
As Heavenly Father has Ensured the very same,
With His Most Awe-Inspiring Blessings for US, in His Glorious Name!
As You need, I provide; as You excel, I revel;
As You want, I want; as You revel, I excel;
I provide solace whence You need, though You know not,
And You drink in of this wholly, though perhaps, You show not,
To the rest of the world-AND, knowledge, whence needed,
As well as very sage advice-that, whence heeded
Will show You the Truth, as I See It-
I AM all of this, and SO MUCH more, I implore You to allow me, to be it!
You have always needed a Partner, to travel the world-
Here now, before Thine very Own eyes, the same has been unfurled,
By and through the Benevolent Actsof God's Very Own Hand;
It is HERE before You at this very moment, in Your Land;
Together, we may explore this world Hand in Hand-
All of this and so very much more is at Your Command!
My voice provides the respite that You crave for Your fears,
And Gifts the means to expedite the drying of all Your tears!
My Words comfort You in ways You never thought possible,
And have MADE Real, all the dreams You never thought plausible;
I KNOW my physical presence HERE alters Your entire world,
And You KNOW, through the Blessing that have been hurled
AT ME, as though 'Blessing Bombs'-from Above,
Bless You as well, so very much, as MY Eternal Love;
I am a Priest and have ALWAYS had the requisite Faith-
And through Help from the Very Hand of God, we have fashioned from a Wraith,
A Reality that we could only dream of before;
Now, right here upon You, is the Eternal Love, You adore!
I AM the Example and others follow MY Lead-
I have the Answers, wherever You have Need;
I Am You Aspired Reality, MADE Real;
I AM the Ethereal, for Your 'touch and feel'
World, where I may also be viewed as a Renaissance
Man, and You are MY Lady of same's quintessence!
Heavenly Father KNEW what You have ALWAYS known:
That I have NEVER wavered in MY Truth-
THIS has been manifest each and every day, since days of my youth;
For mine life entire, I have been unafraid to Stand Alone-
You are the only ONE that Love has Shone
More Resplendently for, than myself, all Earthly personages considerate;
THIS is the only thing You are afraid of, IF You really stop, to consider it!

Your Faith in Yourself and Your disbelief
In Your Worth is the ONLY cause of Your Grief!
And THAT is exactly what I have told You all along-
You are MY Heart's Harmony; I am Your Soul's Sweetest Song!
I am Your Officer and Your Gentleman,
Your aspiration's realization, and WE know we'll win
When You are ready to accept and embrace
The Greatest Gift that has ever happened FOR You, due His Amazing Grace
And Magnificence, but for the three little Angels He Bestowed;
All the PROOF you have-MY Truth's Mother Lode
Over more than thirty years, and in many ways-
Accept, Embrace, and Love this Wonder, to ensure its stays!
I have not a biased bone in my entire body,
Nor a single moral mannerism, which even approaches shoddy,
Because I AM next to Godliness,
And You are Wholly and Completely deserving this
Gift from God that I AM-accept this;
I AM the Counterpoint that completes You-
I AM Your Native American Spirit Warrior
And Gift much Spirituality, to and for you, or
Even You for me, as a symbiosis between us
Exists, which cannot be properly defined
By mere Word, as I AM always on Your Mind,
As You are ALWAYS on MINE, contrariwise-
THIS is what You have Truly begun to realize!

-Maurice Harris,5 February 2012

Maurice Harris

An Altruistic Self-Advocacy Of A Man Wholly Enamored By An Angel (Part 2 Of 2)

I am Your Good Will Hunting, and You, my 'gurl I have to go see about'-

We together are the love that naught may stamp out;

As the Eternal Chimera, of tales of lore,

We are never enough for one another, and always crave more-

Because our near perfection, for each, the other,

Is too near to Divinity for this Brother,

And conversely for You, Sister of mine;

THIS is yet another reason why we need combine

Our individual Magnificence and Glory

To Truly Show the world the Truth of OUR story!

The True reality of our love is only just begining-

With the Inspired Acts of God of late, winning-

But wait, what is to be of us next? I cannot wait-

But I must, for Your Faith to catch up to the desires of Your Heart-

For the Strength You have always had, to impart

Same to You-as well as same from me, from 5 miles away:

THIS is why OUR love has not gone astray!

Why Beloved, have You treated the Love of Your Life

With such ill-repute and caused so much strife

That could have been avoided, with honesty to all around
About how You TRULY feel! ? This enigma doth confound!
Why did You run and hide from Your biggest fan?
Is it because I am also the only Man
That has ever intimidated You, and You feel You do not deserve?
Well, if true, -as your best friend-what nerve
Have You-to become Saboteur of Your own
Happiness, As though a Lady in Love, but with a Heart made of stone!
Yet, I know You better than anyone else has ever known you-
And I know that Your real response has shown You
That OUR Love is not only True, but Real;
This is the Power of the Love You now feel!
Your Strength has proven to be immense,
As it is Divine, and You, its Earthly quintessence!
I know that God Willed the Strength into You,
As He has Shown all the world all that He could do,
Both BY and THROUGH me-
But especially in these Latter Days, because we
Are THAT important to Him, both individually
As well as a Consortium, like none other that Earth has ever seen!
You want to: 'Marry the man you deeply love',

THIS is why you have been ruminating of
Me with constancy, as have I, for most of your days-
Your head is not 'in the clouds', you are not in a haze-
THIS is most assuredly, undeniably-a verity;
THIS is why you need to step back, to ensure clarity,
Without the benefit of my soothing voice,
Because You need to ensure Your choice
Is exactly that, and want not, undue influence
Of the Love of Your Life, at the confluence
Of this very trying time-as you seem a glutton for self-inflicted pain;
There was surely a storm-yet, You brought the rain!
Still, the storm is over Beloved, and the veil, lifted-
From the erstwhile 'secret' Love, Heavenly Father Gifted!
You caused the storm, with no 'help' from ME-
Yet, together We brought the calm that has followed-WE
Have always worked together to solve problems before;
We have seen His Glory, and WE want more;
You NEED to: 'kiss the man I love...for the very first time',
And want for same evermore, as you read this rhyme!
You NEED to: 'cuddle on the couch with this man'
And 'fall asleep in his arms'-and he, your biggest fan,

Wants, er, NEEDS for the very same, with constancy;
He has expressed this NEED many times-without any expectancy
Whatever, -just mutual desires and mutual
Wants, that have come to be Blessedly Habitual!
We NEED to 'be Seled in the Temple' together,
To finally begin to Live, to Love OUR forever,
Where we may-'walk on the beach holding hands'-
Because THIS is what Heavenly Father Divinely Commands!
As You have expressed before, you NEED to: 'travel everywhere with him'-
This further PROVES the Light of OUR Love is bright, not dim!
Accept the foregoing as TRUTH, and as YOUR Reward;
You receive not only all of same-you can certainly afford
To recompense same with Love of Your own;
You may: 'make love to the man
I love (on OUR honeymoon
...and ebvery day after that) -THAT is YOUR Plan,
Yet also MINE, -remember? It was NOT that many a Moon
Ago that YOU sent ME, YOUR Bucket List,
Which was not too long BEFORE You became a self-destructionist!
I, nay, WE are so very, very close to OUR dreams fulfill,
And God Himself ensured all who have concern, know it is His Will-

So, where is the real argument against

THIS Love, to posit same arguendo, leaves YOU without a defense!

This was evidenced by You, first with Your words-

Then, You cross-examined Yourself and saw how absurd

Your argumentation really was-preposterous would be a word!

To describe the deceit Your own heart heard

From Your afeared mind, that briefly abandoned Your Inspired Soul;

Yet, You bravely fought back against this self-betrayal,

To win back the Love, and see to its future avail!

You Beloved, are MY Heroine, in Earthly form;

You Inspire and Amaze me, it has kept my Heart warm

At night, through many a blustery Winter's night-

To know, deep in my soul that you love me with all your might!

Maurice Harris

An Angel Appeared, Again

I asked God to send me an Angel, and He did;
Perhaps afeared of Her own status, She hid
When I told Her that I adore Her;
She appeared again-so, here we are-
She before me, and I, before Her;
Though neither of us may see quite that far,
We both now seem willing to embrace our combined futurity
As pre-destined to gift the jollity we ardently desire!
Perhaps it is a sign of our new-found maturity,
That neither of us are afraid to express what our hearts admire!

I love someone, and because of same, set Her free;
Now I pray, that in His wisdom, He will let Her be
The one about which my heart has foretold-
The one upon which my mind ruminated, and my spirit extolled,
As the singularly unique mate, for my embattled soul;
The only one who may pick up the pieces, to make me whole!

God, in His infinite wisdom, only knows,
As my curiosity about same, only grows!
If I but could expose Her to my heart's ardor,
Then I might garner more clout in this amorous barter!
These thoughts are too much; the dubiety, too great-
I wish too know all now, not to hesitate
And wait, for it all to unfold, before me!
I need for the embrace of the Angel who does adore me!

Angel, beautificently inspired, if You may hear me,
Answer my prayers and avow You want to be near me!
Tell me that, at long last, the wait is over, and the time, nigh-
For our hearts to consort, and our souls to ally!

Maurice Harris

An Angel Asked, I Answered

</></>I wonder if you know that I exist-
Dubiously as this continues to persist,
In spite of the fact that you must carry the belief
That something is missing, causal to your heart's grief;
Others have decided what is best for you-
With regard only for themselves, they attest for you
What is in your best interests-for shame!
These sanctimonious 'guardians' are to blame
For the anguish you must feel, deep in your soul;
There is simply no recompense for what they stole:
Birthdays; firsts too numerous to count,
Whose absquatulation long ago began to mount,
In the form of lamentation, too grievous for word-
Time does not heal this-contrary to what you may have heard!

'Why are you so determined? ', you might ask,
With regard to this incredibly daunting task;
For your understanding to become ever-clearer,
You need only gaze upon thineself, in the mirror-
Therein, my beloved Angel, lies my only answer,
As retort, to why I need rid this all-consuming cancer!
One day my beloved Daughter, we'll have to wonder no longer,
As our estrangement ceases, and we become stronger,
Due our long-suffering, yet ever-faithful patience-
Until at last, we are once again privy to one another's pleasure;
Naught shall serve as detraction, nor deterrence-
In front of God Himself, I would repeat mine averance,
To same: I shan't cede to respite, nor allow rest
Until I have accomplished that to which I attest!

With aid from my Benevolent and Almighty God,
I find the strength and faith needed, to plod
On still, until this unceasing anguish, finally does;
To restore the pained heart of a Father to the way it was
Before the iniquitous onslaught causal to its death-
Until once again, the glory that is you-I await with bated breath!
'My Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name,
Implore Thee I do: remake the once-glorious, once again, the same!
If not for me Father, then for the Angel ou bestowed upon me,

For if ever there were one deserving of of this, it is She!
I do know this to be an oft-uttered refrain,
Yet, in Your Wisdom, You have allowed this abyss to remain,
Where once was mine heart and soul-
This prayer answered, is the only way to make me again, whole!

Maurice Harris, 20 April 2011

Maurice Harris

An Angel I Did Know

An Angel, I did know-with a broken wing,
Made she did, all around her, want to rejoice and sing!
Fragile mind had she, an imperfect appendage-as a comparison:
Patience and understanding-healing, is how it had been done!

My heart is here, awaiting your taking,
Be gentle with it my dear, for it is aching!
Broken and beaten, yet still strong it is-
Ready to travel life with you, no matter how long it is!

My best friend betrayed me, I shall ne'er be the same!
She, false witness to all, especially me-life, is not a game!
Taught me did she, the power of truth-what doth it mean;
Though now off the righteous path, lying like a fiend!

The love of my life is out there, somewhere-scared, as I,
This leaves with me the eternal query-why! ?

Maurice Harris, 22 June 2008

Maurice Harris

An Angel Surely You Must Be (A Favorite Of My 'Favorite'!)

An Angel surely you must be-
Allowed to descend from Heaven, straight to me!
An Empyrean loss, surely my gain:
A love as our's, ne'er to come again!

Your eyes: as if the sky, when bereft of cloud-
Your smile: much too brilliant for the hardest haze to shroud!
Your skin: far more lustrous than could be, of this earth-
Your presence: solely responsible for my mirth!

Your voice, more inspiring than even the finest melody:
As though each word spoken parcel to your rhapsody!
Naught shall be there to supplant, for me, your wonder-
Here and everafter, undivided, ne'er to sunder!

Sikerly, it is you that provides me my purpose:
Enraptured am I by each chord of your ariose!

Maurice Harris, 14 November 2008

Maurice Harris

An Angel's Voice

One soul finds its perfect mate, and is forever blessed;
A love again found, now blossoms, after many years repressed.
What would be the sense of that amazing smile,
If it were not created specifically to gladden my soul! ? !

Where would I be now, or all the while,
Should I not have this beauty to make me whole! ? !
Why would God have created those diamond-perfect eyes,
If they were not to see how much felicity you bring! ? !
He is obviously in a perfect position to realize
The blessed nature of the hearts He is now re-introducing.

Why would you be given an Angel's voice,
If it were not to speak for me! ? !
It is not as though I were given a choice:
As your heart seeks for me, my heart seeks for thee!

-Maurice Harris, 20 August 2010

Maurice Harris

An Explication Of My Faith And Its Rewards (For His Good To Shine Through Both Of Us)

You have always asked me to explain MY Faith, and I would IF I could;
Beloved, I believe Heavenly Father is demonstrating now, it is FOR His Good
To shine through BOTH of us, as two of His Most Beloved Children, acting as one-
His Work for us, and for each one of us as individuals, is not done
Until He says it is-obviously, He believes it has only just now begun
To blossom into the Wonder that He has in store for us-He has surely spun
A Marvelous Wonder in the last few weeks, and He has only just started
To Teach us of our combined Wonder and Glory-He alone has imparted
To us, the path that we are now on, and the Story we tell will only become
More Glorious still, with each passing day-Surely He is more than gleesome
At the alterations He has Made both in, and for, both of us-and in us, together;
He has Shone upon us, the Resplendent Beacon that shall light our way forever,
Until we meet Him again in His Heavenly Kingdom, as His Favored Consortium-
Where we shall blithely Dwell as an Eternal Couplet, millenium after millenium!

Maurice Harris

An Instant In Time...

An instant in time, ever so evanescent, altered my forever!
One miraculous moment; explicate its significance-never!
Bound are we, both by chance and by circumstance,
Captivated am I evermore, by its luminosity and radiance!

Adoration anew, yet, dichotomously, built upon precedent!
Heightened perceptions now, of the most minute of events,
Glimpses once of normalcy, transmogrified to beauteous!
Ne'er affixed, ever emergent- blossoming, though a flower-amatorious!

Empowering and inspiring as naught I have ever known,
More alluring and transmittable than all before has shown!
Symbiotic and unrivaled, nary a comparable emotion has ever dwelt!
No matter of preparation would have sufficed for what my heart felt!

Lacking the influence which, from it I am proffered,
I surely would be lost, thus in my heart, shall it ever be coffered!

Maurice Harris, 17 July 2006

Maurice Harris

An Ode To A Fallen, Afeared Angel

Your fears are now internal, meaning only you;
You have reached out to me, what am I to do?
As irrational as your actions may be, I will understand-
And shall do exactly as the REAL you would command;
I merely NEED to know WHAT to do,
And for how long, so that YOU
Are no longer irrationally afeared-
Even IF the entire world, but I, believed it weird!
I know I CAN and WILL do all of this-
And, that YOU, in your own time, NEED pursue all of this-
THIS Amazing, True, Real, and Inspiring
Dream that WE have, that WE have been e'er desiring!
THIS Dream we have that has come to Wondrous fruition,
All at once, and in spite of any Earthly man's intuition!
Why would you ask me again, about your erstwhile mate, and his real name? !
The answer lies in the fact that it is what HE was that scares YOU-what a shame
It is that I am now subject to punishment and feigned hate because of same!
It is this feigned hatred toward me, without reason, that is to blame
For all of your angst, not anything that I have ever done!
The only thing I have ever asked, and that you have ever won,
Is my undying, unconditional love-THAT is all I have ever offered;
Yet, sadly, out of some inexplicable self-loathing, you have coffered
Your own fragile heart, from the ONLY man that has EVER proffered
THIS answered Prayer to you; at every attempt I make for same, that is re-
offered
TO YOU, you find yet another excuse to NOT embrace it, without explanation;
THIS self-sabotage defies any reasoned attempt at explication,
And saddens me a very great deal, because the only lady I have ever love, Truly-
Has subjected herself to such victimization, and has so cruelly
Perpetrated such a grievous wrong unto herself, that it makes MY heart ache!
DO NOT Beloved, for YOUR True Hopes and Dreams, this decision, make!

-Maurice Harris,9 February 2012

Maurice Harris

An Ode To Adorement

What once was, can be no more,
Not without the object of your
Adorement-gone, by your choosing.
Surely, it is you who are losing
The gift that was divinely proffered.
The heart once alive, now coffered
By fear that self-fulfills its own prophesy.
To live like this is your mind's heresy
To a heart that desires love's lifeblood.
Sadly, this allowance of fear's flood
Of steadfast foolishness is the cause.
When love beckons, even with all its flaws,
You must embrace it and never let it go;
When you feel it, you must always let it show.

-Maurice Harris, 5 Decemer 2012

Maurice Harris

An Ordinary Man

I am an ordinary man, humbled by an extraordinary beauty;
To celebrate my exalt with the world-my solemn duty!
A gifting only God's omnipotence could deliver;
A beauty causal to my heart's perpetual quiver-
Lo, my reverence for same doth gladden and inspire,
At long last, my heart and soul's mate-and true admire!

I no longer query its form, nor do I, its existence-
I simply revel and grow stronger, through its subsistence!
I am but a man, yet am witness to a Heavenly Truth-
Its verity is inescapably inspiring, you needn't sleuth;
Indubitably, all the world sings for her, in jubilation,
As they too, bear witness to my soul's celebration!

Mere lyric is bereft of sentiment, proper, but to say
I am a most fortuitous man, and am more so, every day!

Maurice Harris, 25 February 2010

Maurice Harris

'Angel Of God' (Happy First Birthday Gabriella)

Celebratory are we today, upon the day of your birth!
One year old today, Daddy misses your infectious smile-
Grown so much, I suppose you have, I haven't seen you in a while!
So proud am I to be your father-you are my miracle on earth!

A world of wonderment and joy you present to all around-
As though knowing your import to each, alas, to all!
Your smile builds for each, a friendly window-others may erect a wall!
Your father, you are, in feminine form-it serves to astound!

Beauteous sky-blue eyes, the world's window to your soul,
All that you are, all, ever you shall be-upon the world, you do bestow!
Glorious is your smile, light to all around you-and your laughter:
Your beautiful spirit, allows for each who meet you-a 'happily ever after'!

Gabriella-meaning 'Angel of God'-this is surely
Your place on Earth! Giveth you have, my last wish, early!

Maurice Harris, 1 February 2008

Maurice Harris

Anonymous Letter Left At The Tomb Of The Unknown Soldier, Memorial Day 2010

Upon this day of poignant reflection, we are humbled by your sacrifice;
No measure of recompense doth any possess which may serve to satisfice-
Our very liberty hath been your precious gift-your dutiful life, its price-
Our humble gratitude is all we have, no manner of quittance would suffice!

Our Forefathers advented Liberty, yet your loss saw to its abiding;
Countless men and women still, much like you, cease its subsiding;
Your life of honor and duty, for country-this shall ne'er perish-
In our hearts and minds, upon this day and all others, we cherish
Every solitary liberate moment, which you have given and ensured;
The most selfless sacrifice-your safeguard guaranteed Liberty endured!

'I can not say and I will not say that he is dead - He is just away! ' **
You live still; Your dutiful life inspires men and women to this very day;
The obligation owed to you is immeasurable-words may ne'er convey
Our gratitude for your service and sacrifice-though we endeavor all we may!

** (James Whitcomb Riley, 'He is Only Away')

Maurice Harris, 27 May 2010

Maurice Harris

Apparently, I Expected Too Much Of You (A Bittersweet Eulogy For Justice)

I was told many times: 'it will be alright, you will find relief'-
Yet, none who uttered these sentiments are here, to witness my grief!
They may have said: 'just focus on what remains behind.'-
Though none still, are here, so that I may cause remind,
That there is naught left, in the wake of this horrid disaster-
Only I must regain glory lost, both here and everafter!

I have kept the thought of 3 memories, most prescient, alive;
It shall be to this very end that I endeavor, to strive.

I am steadfast in my determination, of mind and soul:
One day, I shall want for naught again, all that they stole;
I am of the righteous, so God Himself, sides with me-
Never has it not been a matter of same-truth resides with me!

I apologize profusely; apparently, I expected too much of you-
It is obvious to me now-I should have never put my trust in you!

Maurice Harris

As A Zephyr It Does Seem To Begin

As a zephyr it does seem to begin,
Takes soon the form of a swirling wind!
Wonder, does one, as to when it does end-
As do I- when do we meet again! ?

My best friend, now lost in her sea of deceit,
Await do I for the truth and her to meet!
Gone now, with my freedom, is my innocence-
Soon though she shall again see our love's magnificence!

My family, taken with nary a moment's hesitation,
The chilling call of the wayward eagle mirrors my frustration!
Go now swirling wind of unimaginable discontent-
So too shall then follow my heart's lament!

Winds of change shall allow for the realignment of fate,
Restore too the righteous love of my soul mate!

Maurice Harris, 28 April 2008

Maurice Harris

As I Grow Older

Though many fond memories have I-many made in this very place,
I must bid a fond adieu still, because time's wend shan't erase
The pain caused, nor the scars ne'er to be seen!
It goes without saying: what an unmitigating heartbreak it has been!

The time lapsed from the attendant events, now numbers years-
Alas, nights pass yet, where I may fill a chalice with my tears!
I spend days afeared, 'looking over my shoulder';
NO! I shan't allow its lasting, as I grow older!

Many, many times, the Sun has risen and the Sun has, again, set-
Since that wretched day causal to the theft of the peace I may never again get!
I have been 'gone' so long, I barely know who I used to be-
A shell of my former self stands in the mirror now before me!
I yearn for my post-traumatic life to truly begin-
I long to look the 'real' me in the mirror once again!

Maurice Harris, 9 June 2010

Maurice Harris

As The Ethereal Winds...

As the ethereal winds do guide us in our lives-
So too do we find ourselves in places we have never before seen!
Allow your life, as your heart thrives,
To give back the felicity-the way it had been!

Life is about what is true and what is real-
Love, about what it is that your heart doth feel!
Why was it not enough, for you to be content?
How could you treat your love with criminal intent?

Live your life, as you asked that I live mine-
Trust and truth, if used, would have made us fine!
Healing will come swiftly, if you allow these in;
I will stand by you faithfully, until the bitter end!

Sacrifice your pride, you must, to remain free-
To now be cognizant of all you refused then, to see!

Maurice Harris, 4 May 2008

Maurice Harris

As The Loveliest Diamond

Thou art, as the loveliest diamond:
The hardest 'substance' known to man-
To forget-even if I were prime, and
Accepted such, I do not know if I can.
Should I possess 1,000 lifetimes to do so,
And all manner of distraction along the way,
I would ne'er hope for this ardor to go-
And should it-I would surely rue the day
That this resplendent glory would have past,
From mine sight and be known by me, no more.

This, my beloved, is the hold thou hast
Upon me, and thou art all I ever could have hoped for-
Until that day when a 'flaw' was found:
One that you wished away, lest you have to face it.
Perhaps, this was not presented to confound,
But rather, as the most effective way to erase it,
Both as a source of fear and as an impediment
To what otherwise was amorous 'perfection';
Perhaps, its presentation was not yet meant
To be-and it was in need of further maturation.

I am reminded of sentiment that you ceded to me-
Which spoke of what you believed you needed to be
Before you could allow for this couplet-
Ironically, the diamond bespeaks of it:
The one factor that sets it apart from all else.
This 'imperfection' is one that only you may propulse-
With the reward, all that it now keeps away!
Once gone, all form of trepidation sweeps away,
Almost as though it were never even there;
Of course, why would you even dare
Take one step closer to this 'perfection',
Unless what awaits you is worth this self-insurrection-
Toward a part of you, with which you wish to part! ?
You must surely beg this anguish to part,
So that you may find the inner-contentment
That dwells within you-this will take commitment,
Both to yourself and to the gift that awaits you-

Both to what you could be, and what that creates, too!

-Maurice Harris, 23 July 2012

Maurice Harris

Aspiration Of A Future, To Efface The Past

</></>I need use my mind's eye, to see you;
I've no access to photographs, no way to see to
A remembrance of you, except in this way!
I long to once again be graced by you-I've dreamt of this day
Many, many times, so that I may at long last
Look beyond a most tragic consequence of my past:
Namely, that I allowed fear to make a decision
That I have lived to regret every day, since its commission!

May God again grant both of us with the other's consort-
This alone seems to befit or comport
With the wants of my heart, soul, and mind-
You, my beloved, are the memory I could not hope to leave behind!
In a world of glorious imperfection, you are as perfect as I could hope you to be,
I pray to God each night, to divine your 'perfection', to me!

Maurice Harris, 20 July 2011

Maurice Harris

Aspiration, Prayer, Faith, And Love

I know not whether my dreams
May meet with fruition, yet it seems
To me that I should dream, still the same;
I do not exhort Him with prayer,
With expectation, as to how or where
He may see to answer whence I invoke His Name;
I know not my faith shall render return,
Yet, through ardent faith alone, may I earn
My place in His Kingdom, most Empyrean;
I give not my heart, due need for recompense:
My ardor seeks naught, but its own existence;
It is with the same in mind, I continue to champion
That which I have mentioned above:
Aspiration, humble prayer, ardent faith, and love!

-Maurice Harris, 14 January 2011

Maurice Harris

Assured Shall Thee Be

He bestowed upon me His most precious possession;
What follows herein shall be tantamount to a confession-
Blessed am I with an Angel, to walk with and beside me
Whose love, honesty and compassion shall ever guide me!

I shall ne'er be prime, nor worthy of that which I am given;
Alas, you exemplify all that for which I have striven!
Your grace, elegance and beauty-unrivaled, as I may tell-
Mere thought of thee, upon me, casts a mighty spell!

Ne'er have mine eyes been beholden a visage such as your's:
Tis a puissant enchantment that only presence near cures!
Humbled and honored am I, to have with thee, consort:
To adore and cherish thee, the singular choice of retort!

Though separate are we at current, by many a mile;
Assured shall thee be, that you are with me all the while!

Maurice Harris, 28 March 2009

Maurice Harris

At His Command

A want to be near to thee, permeates my very soul;
After lo these many years, you would think that time stole
This ardor from me, but naught, including death, may!
This is the love, that God, in His Wisdom, let stay
With me, and I dare say, also with thee!
Now I inquire: will you share this life, with me?
This is the query I never had want before, to pose-
'Tis due a love that, despite time and miles, still grows!

My mind may only fathom what the answer may be,
All we may do is want-with time, we may see
Whether our unity has been divinely foretold;
Only One may know what our future may hold,
And He is not now about to show His hand-
For, it is we that live our lives at His command!

Maurice Harris

At Long Last

At long last, I walk toward you, and you, toward me-
This glorious day, a day I feared I would never see!
My heart is racing, and a lump is in my throat;
I have no idea what I might say, but I note
How radiantly beautiful you look, with the sun
At your back, -now my life has truly begun!

The distance between us slowly gathers, far, to near;
I think to myself: 'My beloved, at long last, is here! '
I feel faint, though with each step, more near,
The subject of my adoration grows more clear!

Here you stand, close enough to caress;
Your eyes, shimmering; your smile, Heavenly bless'd!
This meeting, some 20 years past due-
Finally, I utter: 'Great to finally meet you! '

Maurice Harris, 3 March 2010

Maurice Harris

At The Port Of Heaven

At the port of Heaven, with no one else-
I can rely upon none, but Him, and myself,
While in search of dreams I had, but a fortnight ago-
My prayers were being answered too fast, but now slow
To a more believable pace, for all to see unfold-
As I depart for the Land, where streets are paved with Gold!
My Destiny awaits me, though so much is still not known-
Yet, the heart that matters most, has been shown
In no uncertain terms, where the answers lay;
They lay in the dreams we share together, today!
My Beloved awaits, as I prepare to depart-
We two now, as e'er, share a single heart,
Connected ethereally since time itself began-
Not now, not ever, shall I flee the reason why my rhyme itself, began!

Maurice Harris

Awaiting An Angel (In Tangibly Beautiful Form)

Her voice; the sound an Angel would make, we'd suppose-
Where words are not merely uttered, but an ariose
Amoret without end-when she speaks, she sings;
She is an Angel surely, but we cannot see her wings.

Her eyes; what could one say about these Angel eyes:
The very vessel through which she may mesmerize
Each and all! ? No matter of resistance will ever suffice-
All shall succumb to the allure of her Emyrean entice.

She is as the ethereal wind, here for a time, then gone-
But not she-she is still here with you, as resplendent reverie,
Whether awake or asleep-at noon, or even when dawn
Breaks upon a brand new day; you are never alone-every
Aspect of her essence remains, as she is the mate for your soul;
All you lack is her-in tangibly beautiful form, to finally feel whole!

Maurice Harris

Away, Away-Look Not Away, My Dear

Without thee, not all of myself, nary nearly, half-
Today, and all days other, I pray in your behalf!
Though for the gift awaitng me on the other end-
To the end of the Earth and back would I, myself send!

To those that are the righteous, thou shalt inherit the earth!
Inherit shall I, my destiny, known since birth,
God has led me to you and you, me-ethereally:
Truly, deeply do I love you-know now this, should thee!

Away I could saunter, and ne'er look back to you!
Yet, still could I seek mine own revenge too!
Though, to show you with a most simplistic term-
The love I feel in mine own heart-soul it shall infirm!

Away, away, look not away, my dear-
Your silent, yet distinct call, I alone, do hear!

Maurice Harris, 23 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Awesome Responsibility

Awesome responsibility must you have at current;
To decide what is best for us, even after final judgment!
Better to be in a steady frame of mind-
Than, surely, to have a 'monster' to hide behind!

Where is the menace now- is it still to be found-
No telling where it has gone- it is nowhere around?
Believe you must, in what I tell-
'Always the truth', the mantra you did sell!

Then too there is you, do you need the truth-
So it is said, then it shall be, taken it has back to our youth?
She is you and I can see, a lot of Gabriella inside of me!
Picture you must what is right- for more, we four- we!

Missing my family each day that passes;
More and more still- as days pass with flashes!

Maurice Harris, 10 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Beauteous Spirit

Beauteous spirit, where hath thee gone?
Whyest hath thou treated me as such,
Whyest not respecteth me, as I, you, so very much?
Why then might thee us others as a pawn?

What may cause you to stray so very far?
Why do you believe your own myth
Causal has it been to our great rift?
And to think, I thought I knew who you are!

Do you look in the mirror and see your shame?
What makes all of this worth it to you?
Why might you do things as you do?
To think, upon me you assess the blame!

Ne'er shall you be able to understand or see
The depths of the pain you have caused me!

Maurice Harris, 26 June 2008

Maurice Harris

Beauteous, As An Eagle In Flight

Beauteous as is the sky at night-
Beauteous, as an eagle in flight!
With me always, most especially now,
Cognizant of circumstance, attendant-you may ask how?

Love emits a constancy, that through all, bears
Witness, and serves notice, of the power it shares!
Though it may hurt you, you gain strength, as you persevere-
It is as you peer your trembling heart that you know love lives here!

Without such, surely would I allow languish-
My guardian is this, against anguish;
Love is an inimitable force, which naught may rival-
It is essential, most, when compare is drawn, for survival!

Love allows me to feel your pain,
As does it, to ensure it ne'er returns here again!

Maurice Harris, 29 July 2008

Maurice Harris

Beautiful Child Of God (Dedicated To Cecilia Bell: 1976-2012)

Why would God take someone with so much life left to live! ?
For what, pray tell, might He no longer allow her to give
All that she has-and still could! ? Only He knows, we will never.
Yet, the life she did live, gifted us memories time may not sever,
Nor erase-for, we are far better for the time He did allow.
We have been Blessed far more than our grief belies now.
May we grow to remember her as fondly in her absence
From this Earth, with her charm, wit, and pleasance,
As we did when she was amongst us, in our temporary place.
May we gather at times to see the ever-present smile upon her face
Once again, to uplift us whensoever we may be downtrodden;
This single action alone should more than suffice, to broaden
Our understanding as to why Heavenly Father needed her in His Elysium.
Beautiful Child of God, we shall be with you again, when our time here is done.

-Maurice Harris, 25 August 2012

Maurice Harris

Beauty

I believe that beauty may captivate the very soul,
And heighten the imagination of the mind to allow it to grow:
It provides aspiration, and a path toward the same goal!
Here is how I know: because I have faith and I let it show.

Beauty's inspiration has been captured
In rhyme, lore, and film-to name but a few;
Its glory has been causal to many a heart, enraptured-
I now count myself amongst them-and know its cause too!

But for beauty's presence, I know not, where I may be:
I am made ever-better, through my privity to its existence;
All I ever need do is close mine eyes, and same I may see;
I seek evermore, proximity to same, at my heart's insistence.

I know not what I might do, without this beauty-
Mine own life a celebration of same, and my solemn duty!

Maurice Harris

Beauty, No Longer Seen

Beauty, no longer seen; love, no longer shown;
Yet, I honor this beauty, with a love that has always grown!
An iniquitous world keeps us apart-
Silence is all I have-yet, I wish to impart
My deepest and most profound sense of pride,
Upon mentation of your absence-woe, I have tried!
My heart-rending lamentation knows not, cease-
Until our consort shall again render its release;
Days are no longer days; life, no longer life-
With your continued absence, I see only continued strife;
I want only this heartache to take its leave-
Then only, may I begin to properly grieve-
To let go of all that I have lost-
With nearly all, including my very life, the cost!

-Maurice Harris, 18 November 2010

Maurice Harris

Because I Love Him So Very Much

Rapid movement, rapid ascent-
In proximity, toward our adoration
And its reality, from aspiration-
THIS is due Heavenly Father's Dedication
To His Most Beloved, His Most Highly-Prized
And Faithful, amongst all on Earth; He realized
That, long, long ago of course-now the world sees
The proverbial 'forest for the trees':
NOW, He needed to use His Very Own Hand,
To ensure all is, as He would Command!
Many-both far afield and nigh-
See this all unfold-I am left to ask: 'Why
Father-why me-I am not deserving of such? '
His succinct reply: 'Because you love Me so very much! '

Maurice Harris

Because Of Our Love's Devotion

Was this but a ruse, with smoke and mirrors?
Was it all at once fashioned to properly deal
With: your prayers, hopes, dreams and fears-
All at one time-to evince unequivocally how you feel
About so many different facets of your life, most beautiful?
How did I fare then, in this test-was I steadfast and most dutiful
In my regard for you-while remaining to mine own self, true?
Only you know what transpired, and knew what I would do;
You alone were the Master of your own fate
And allowed that I too, may more clearly create
Mine own life, from the scope of our dreams!
Though, unto the rest of the world, it seems
An unmitigated disaster, of epic proportions-
You-and now I-know, it was because of our love's devotion!

-Maurice Harris, 26 January 2012

Maurice Harris

Before Ever We Did Meet

Before ever we did meet, I missed thee-
In my dreams too, many times, I have kissed thee-
Before there was you, there was only my heart's retreat,
To opine differently, would be to impart deceit!

I have now but just one all-consuming goal:
To meet again my heart, which you stole!
Until such time as we do again meet,
Surely I am less than whole, not nearly complete!

Forever and always shall I hold you to be most dear,
Foremost are thoughts of thee, though we are not near!
One day, perhaps whence not expectant of such,
You shall find me near to your tender touch!

Naught does there exist else of more import-
To assure us a life where naught else may consort!

Maurice Harris, 22 November 2008

Maurice Harris

Before My Love...

Should the sun cease, marking everyday's dawn,
Then only shall my love for thee be withdrawn;
The Moon would need retreat, as harbinger of night,
Before removed, the song my heart doth recite!

Mountains would need crumble into the vast sea,
As cause, to effect the love I have for thee;
Rivers would need want for flow, water no longer,
Before my love could want for being stronger!

Seasons would need renewal, for lack of annual rebirth,
Before you were not causal to my magnificent mirth;
Nature would need glory, for lack of beauty, now inherent,
Before, from you, my loyal heart would grow errant!

Time would need stop, life too, would need cease,
Before my love would know even slightest decrease!

Maurice Harris, 12 September 2009

Maurice Harris

Bereft Of Explication Proper...

Bereft of explication proper would I be to define,
Every aspect of your essence- of your presence, divine!
Remiss would I be yet, if but an attempt valiant, were not taken-
Alas, causative are thee- for my soul has awakened!

Most fitting, appareled are thee in locks aflame:
For I am enamored- and you are virtuously, to blame!
Coupled is this, with oculus the most resplendent blue:
I am enraptured replete, obligation owed their hue!

Serenity, beautificence- but two words toward articulation,
Many more needed still though for proper delimitation!
The Heavens surely smile upon thee, and all you touch-
Intimate not all do I, yet know surely do I this much!

Know not could I a more fitting homage than to expound,
The world- far more felicitous, because you are around!

Maurice Harris, 21 March 2009

Maurice Harris

Blessed Be Thy Grace

The stranger inside of you affects each of us every day,
Falsity is her name, from her you must stray!
She took from us all we have ever loved and more,
Ask must you now- why, what for?

That fateful day so long now ago removed by time,
Was but the start of purpose for this rhyme!
Taken from reality- to surreal and bizarre,
Asked I have a thousand times- how did your mind wander so far! ?

It has cost me so much more than mere days or weeks,
Listen now my love to heart and the torment it speaks!
Ache it does for your presence restored,
Blessed be thy grace- blessed be thy Lord!

Ever present within my heart- as always,
Is your love, to comfort and strengthen- there it stays!

Maurice Harris, 27 March 2008

Maurice Harris

Born Into Chaos

I was born into chaos, which reigned long,
A world into which no one should live;
I knew not what that day would give-
Yet, through it I have remained strong!

A dastardly fiend and his accomplice
Under guise of nurture, most cowardly still-
Terrorizing nestlings, testing their very will,
Did perpetrate a most horrific injustice!

There is much, as consequence, once this had begun!
Forgiveness, for some, would come in different forms:
Your charge was to provide shelter from their 'storms'!
Then, how could you allow what was repeatedly done?

Their childhood was supplanted by your salacious sin-
Innocence was lost for them, ne'er to be their's again!

Maurice Harris, 22 September 2009

Maurice Harris

Broken Wings

My precious, little dove
The one I do so much, love;
Not able to take flight
Nor prime for the fight!

Why hath thou forsaken thyself-
You, with broken wings, upon a shelf;
Why for art thou, would you?
Just how, my dear, could you?

Fly now, fast; fly now, far-away from fear,
Leave ghosts-that they be nowhere near!
Protect e'er, our issue, from danger-
So too, from my love, now a stranger!

Recover now drothers, serve now penance-
From this wreckage, may we gain substance!

Maurice Harris, 13 May 2008

Maurice Harris

But A Matter Of Time

My beloved, upon this day of myriad amorous thought,
I shall attempt to convey what your love hath brought!
Bestowed unto me hath been days, beauteous and bright-
Whence even the Sun hath not been within my sight!

Days are rife with jollity, whence upon thee I ponder,
Many more, yet to come, in our life, of unending wonder!
Count me now, most fortuitous, my heart's elation abiding-
To thee, and all the world, this soul's capture, I am confiding!

As though I had wished upon a 1,000 stars, falling-
God hath answered this loving heart's calling;
He hath not just seen to my love's fitting requite,
He hath ensured I may love, with all my might!

Ne'er before, in time's hallowed history
Hath this greatest of emotion's enlightenment
Been anything but an unattainable mystery-
My loyalty to love, He did sight and sent
His most beloved beauty, His Angel, most highly regarded
To see fitting continuance of a love, many years ago, started!

God smiles upon me, each and every day-
Taken away so much pain, supplanted with this beauteous ray
Of resplendent beautificence, mine eyes have never seen-
As sikerly, in the world's annals, there hath ne'er been!

My life, entire, I could most certainly spend
To endeavor recompense, yet it would never end-
To honor you, proper, I shall surely strive, still,
With time's infinity, its only lasting rival!

Ne'er did I believe true love, as this, attainable-
As it was my own belief, I must be amenable
To love of another more than of self, heightened and true-
At a time most disbelieving of same, I found this, with you!

Time and distance mean naught, as now I know of your existence-
Shown to be hopelessly futile, is any form of resistance;

I was meant to become, for your consort, prime-
I now know my true love's avail is but a matter of time!

Maurice Harris, 10 February 2010

Maurice Harris

But For Remembrance Of Thee...

But for remembrance of thee, long since would I have past!
With me in spirit are you though, strength for me to last!
Long has been the road I have been asked to travel,
Over must it be soon, taking but the swing of a gavel!

Stronger am I for having to tow this road
Thanks be, in large part, to your love, owed!
Pain suffered, yet character garnered-
For though, your love, I would travel still much farther!

Hopeful for the day I may envision again-
Your beautiful spirit, as lead by an ethereal wind!
My love for thee, though tested, ne'er waned-
In fact, as I look back, surely it has gained!

All the love for a lady possible from a man-
After our most tragic of storms, again I shall find myself holding your hand!

Maurice Harris, 29 February 2008

Maurice Harris

But Not For Thee

But not for the fresh, fragrant air-
But not for the beauty out there-
If want not be for the sun's mighty glare,
It's beautiful setting, with naught to compare-
The magnificent, wondrous diversity e'erwhere-
Long since may I have fallen into deep despair!

Without the glory and the world's splendor
My fragile heart would remain too tender;
If not for marveling at beauty, again and again,
Long ago might I have given in to the woeful pain!

But not for thee-the honor and your consort's pleasure,
My want for love, I could ne'er even fathom measure;
I am obliged, e'er humbly, to thee and all this affords-
Nary could I requite for all your amity, to me, rewards!

Maurice Harris, 31 October 2009

Maurice Harris

But One Prayer Have I, Unrequited

I have seen magnificence and beauty unparalleled, or so seeming-
Nothing rivals the beautificence of that seen, whilst I am dreaming!
But for now must I slumber, before her essence true, I may partake-
Nothing would I not do to make this so, whilst I am also awake;
I have lived a blessed life thence, one surely more than have most,
Yet, I want for but one precious wish, left presently without riposte-

'Good and gracious Lord, but one prayer have I, unrequited;
Lest I should not feel in this perceived lacking, by You, smited-
I beseech Thee, Lord, make for me and my beloved, true consort;
She-a guerdon of sorts, for my faith, fidelity and fastidious comport!
I do avow my Lord, a life of which You shall continue to be proud;
I do not question, nor feel smirched by, all that You have allowed;
I know Lord, Your goal is but to make me, for Your plan, prime-
Alas, Lord-assure You I do, she is the one, and this is our time! '

Maurice Harris, 18 November 2009

Maurice Harris

'Butterflies'

'Butterflies'-whensoever I may felicitously ponder, or make consort
With my beloved, the one with which I must, my life entire, assort;
All that need be is a thought, otherwise so simplistic and bare,
Causal for me to draw compare with this lady, so beauteous and fair!

All is made easy yet, as I visage parallels, everywhere, with everything;
Each day, next, I do look more forward, to pleasures this shall bring!
Ruminations of thee, uplifting, ever-present, and all-consuming-
Made all the better, as I look forward to our wondrous life, looming!

I am made better for the rapport we share-a union of compeers;
I have waited patiently, for the love I now have, to finally appear;
As reward, He hath offered me an Angel, His most precious gift-
Causative she hath been: my mirth, my jollity, my soul's uplift!

Sentiment of most import is this, for its guard, nothing would I not do;
I shall always treasure and covet the felicity it has brought too!

Maurice Harris, 2 November 2009

Maurice Harris

Called To Duty (A Father's Letter Home, To His Daughters)

Called to duty-for honor, for family, for country, for freedom's sake-
To stay behind, to leave injustice be, is but a choice I cannot make!
In my absence, my precious family, home and all alone-without me;
Daddy misses you dearly-in this, please do not ever doubt me!

Dwell do I now, in a place, with a people, where hope seems forsaken-
To restore their faith, freedom, all else that has from them, been taken!
This place, these iniquities, they hardly seem fit, even for a pauper-
Stay I must, until my post is relieved or their rights, restored, proper!

Worry not for me though, my beloved, whilst in danger I may be-
My brothers-in-arms and God Almighty shall both look after me!
Know this my Angel, as you anxiously await my return, each night-
Nothing, and no one other, shall cause your absence from my sight;
A calling of this import only may cause me, from you, to part-
Whensoever I may, I shall return to you, wherest I left my heart!

Maurice Harris, 11 November 2009

Maurice Harris

Catch The Wind

Catch the wind and ride the cloud
That is your dreams; be not afeared-
This is your life, live it your way and be proud;
Do not fret that others may think you weird,
There is no one that is not thought to be-
Hardly anyone is what they ought to be,
According to those that make others their business!
People are afraid of anything not in their own likeness;
Think only of what you truly desire,
And use this alone, to alight the fire
That is your zest for life, and keep it burning!
No matter what you may write, the pages are turning
In the book that is your life, so make it great-
Catch the wind, do it now, do not procrastinate!

-Maurice Harris, 16 July 2011

Maurice Harris

Cautious Acceptance

I have poured out my heart to you,
In rhyme, spoken word, and mentation;
As soon as you intimated want, I would impart to you
My entire world-wholly, and without hesitation.
Perhaps the ideation of my complete devotion
Is a foreign concept, and you are thus trepidatious;
Perhaps acceptance of same is a foreign emotion,
So your response needs be extremely cautious.

Of course, this is but mere conjecture:
I know not your heart's prescience, nor would I deign
To offer unsolicited advise, or form of lecture-
As you sikerly guard against lament's refrain.

Your heart and soul, in their own time, shall be gifted-
Once your mind acknowledges same, as blessedly uplifted!

-Maurice Harris, 14 March 2011

Maurice Harris

Citius, Altius, Fortius

The audience has gathered, the stage is set-
Now is the time to see if your expectations are met
With victory as the only acceptable outcome:
You came in search of a gold medal and will not leave without one.
You test yourself against the very best in the world,
In hopes that when all is said and done, Old Glory is unfurled.
As the event unfolds, the battle for supremacy
Causes you to question your training's efficacy
For a brief moment, until you dig deeper than ever before.
The pain builds in your body-but, you must ignore
It until you achieve your Olympic dream;
You have done it-above all others, you reigned supreme!
The Stars and Stripes shall wave highest, to mark this achievement.
While all others are consoled, in their moments of bereavement,
You revel in your goal's fruition: to be the very best.
You trained for many years and excelled at every test
Along the way, in preparation for this moment in time.
The road has not been easy, and long has been the climb,
Yet, on this day your feat is unmatched and your nation is proud.
You represented us with honor and courage and our cheers are loud.
With the world as your stage, you were the embodiment of the Olympic creed:
'Citius, Altius, Fortius'-faster, higher, stronger indeed,
Than all others on this day-when it matters the most.
Though, you have no time or want to brag or boast-
You have too much respect for the efforts of all who showed.
You pray a silent prayer, for the obligation owed-
To Him, and all who have helped you along the way,
Then congratulate all others who have competed today.
This was your time, and this, your place-
And now, all the world is privy to your artistic grace,
Unrivalled speed and Herculean strength-today, you shined!
All your sacrifices and skills today, combined
To make you the champion that you were rightly crowned-
The best in the world showed up, and you were the best around!

-Maurice Harris, 3 August 2012

Maurice Harris

Come With Me, My Beloved

Your smile: brighter than a thousand suns;
Will it answer each time my heart beckons?
Your eyes: more telling than a thousand epic tales;
Will they see the love I have for thee, and see it prevails?

Your heart: more giving than a thousand philanthropists;
Will it allow for its own guard, lest you shall be remiss?
Your soul: the mate to mine own, evidenced from our genesis;
Will you allow for its rebirth, as I, honoring our mutual symbiosis?

E'er I endeavor, still yet, I shan't explicate more vividly than to say-
I do so adore thee, surely more than words, and shall more, each day!

Ne'er could I have gathered such awe-inspiring emotions as these,
My mind hath affirmed its verity, and my heart surely agrees!
Come with me, my beloved-our wondrous world, true, doth await-
I shall love thee more, each day more than the last, without abate!

Maurice Harris, 13 December 2009

Maurice Harris

Consideration Of The Fear Of The Mate For Your Soul

Have you not stopped, to consider I may also be scared to death! ?
Perhaps it is because, neither one of has truly taking life's first breath-
And shall not, until our hearts' verity is addressed in the way it is due;
Perchance my beloved, be not afeared any longer of your heart's call-
For, it is what you have awaited for so very long-as I have awaited you,
To lift the curtain off the heartache that has been my heart's pall
For so very long-I am forever in your debt, not for precisely what you did,
But for the resultant of your actions as they are now; As you were afeared, you
hid
Behind a veil of secrecy, to protect yourself from further harm, as others hurt
you!
As you have been terse in the recent past, I may be, in a different way, curt too!
Now that we are no longer burdened by our past, each, contrariwise-
Perhaps now beloved, you shall begin, in your own way, to realize:
Fear may cause many actions or inactions, to keep certain things secret-
But, the only truth that emerges from this arcanum is love-you could not keep it
Under wraps any longer, and it needed to emerge from the coccoon of your
heart's coffer,
Where until its escape, it remained so very closely guarded; Now though, this
proffer
Of love sans pareil, may not be masked from this world-all now know of its
strength;
One more truth may escape you though, which is: no matter of distance, nor of
length
Of time, I shall be here waiting to help you realize that the this love is the
fortitude
You believe you lack-then only beloved, shall you truly see this love, and the
necessitude
It imparts, to both you and your heart: namely, you simply must beat back the
nemesis that is fear,
And allow to blossom further, the ardor of your own heart, that for always, is
near!

Maurice Harris

Count Me Blessed

Its genesis was unassuming, a query, its form-
The outgrowth obviates, all should conform!
A presence as soothing as her own name,
A spirit no one could ever possibly tame;
As the night wants for the Sun's renewal-
The world wants for this precious jewel!

What for, pray tell, has been made this gifting-
Of a lady so true, with a way that's so uplifting?
Count me blessed, for pleasure of her consort-
One that may not help but to invite true comfort!

Belying her own beauty, she knows not her own grace;
This is but causal the same, to the world's embrace!
Listen now beauteous one, to the world's rejoice-
Heed now this bellowed call, you haven't but a choice!

Maurice Harris, 8 February 2010

Maurice Harris

Cry Now Only Tears Of Joy

Cry now only tears of joy, for our destiny has arrived:
All is ever now as we have always dreamt it would be;
More, evermore than we thought it ever could be-
Our lives, up until now have been a bit contrived!

Your beauteous spirit and heart's glorious resplendence
Lend value more than could possibly be quantified,
Always shall you be in my heart, glorified-
Swiftly did you rise to your level of ascendance!

Always and forever, neither long enough to ensure
A ceasing of love, of this you may be certain!
Knowledge of such serves as my heart's curtain,
This is a lasting ardor, wanton not of a cure!

Fortuitous beyond measure assuredly I am indeed,
Powerless to resist this amative, defeat I do concede!

20 October 2008

Maurice Harris

Daddy Misses You, Dearly

Daddy misses you, dearly, as he wages a battle, righteous;
He has been wronged severely, and he might just
Need to teach a lesson, learned the hard way-
To all those responsible for all leading to this day!

Left a choice shall she be, out of a sense of respect
For both of you, and for the love I have in my heart, to expect
Any less or different from me, is to not recognize
All that makes me what I am-logical, loving and wise!

Strive have I to be the better person,
So as to not allow the situation to worsen!
Alas, I shall have done all I could, all I may-
The choice shan't be mine any longer, after that day!

As I surely have been burdened greatly by what she has done,
So too, shall I ne'er allow that she be let, from her actions, to run!

Maurice Harris, 22 July 2008

Maurice Harris

Daughter's Vexation, Father's Explication And Idealization

Stanza I-Vexation

Where were you Daddy, when I turned one,
I want for your approval, yet there is none?
Where again were you, when I turned two?
I am right here Daddy, but where are you?

Each day I repeat: 'I miss Daddy-maybe before
The day's done, he will come though the door...'
Do you not love me Daddy, why are you not here?
Why do you not comfort me, when I am in fear?

I need your hand in mine as I cross the street;
I want to show my Daddy to all the people I meet;
Where are you when I need to be tucked into bed?
When I fall, why are you not here to kiss my forehead?
But, you said I was the most important person in the world!
I do not understand Daddy, I thought I was your little girl! ?

Stanza II-Explication

My beloved, precious Angel-naught is there to your compare;
I have coffered in mine own heart all days we did share-
Thoughts of thee permeate to my very soul, lo, deeper still,
My absence from your life is not, surely, of my own free will!

If proffered a choice, ne'er would thee need for want,
Alas, purloined from each, each day since, still does haunt!
Many a wretched day, many a woeful, wretched night
Have I longed for thee to be within my very sight!
No measure of quittance would surely e'er answer
That which was taken, nor requite for this cancer!

Perchance, if but allowed to sleep e'er, to somniate-
This realm permits me leave, a paragon to create;
If only allowance could be made for you always to aspire,
Then only might thee gather amply, mine own unfeigned desire!

Stanza III-Idealization

Affected not would we be thus, e'er all to be as should,
Ne'er would we have cause for absence, misunderstood!

Revel with thee, would I, and share in your glory,
Full recital then, for each chapter of your story;
My approval would obviate with every bespoke word,
'I love you my Princess! ', your last words each night, heard!
Your gallant protector, from all means or form of fright,
I would lovingly lie you down to sleep, each and every night!

Your hand, interlaced with mine, whensoever we may prance;
Each day more causal still to marvel at your grace and elegance!
Jollity your constant consort, your most beautiful gift to the world,
Ever more splendid, ever more resplendent, as to you it is unfurled!
The world would be at your beckon, for only you to decide-
Watch would I, with wonderment and a Fatherly sense of pride!

Maurice Harris, 25 October 2009

Maurice Harris

Dear 'santa'

Dear 'Santa', -If you are reading this Father's letter,
I will still need something to make my Christmas better!
Since you are aware of those who are bad and those, good-
I know I am deserving of same, so please, Sir, if you would
Be so kind as to grant me this one gifting, I shall ask none more:
To allay my heart's breaking, sight of my children, you must restore!

I know this not to be a physical present of the usual asking-
So too, do I know, with His help, you are up to the tasking!

I recognize that the request is usually their's, though
Your ability to aid in this regard, they may not know!

Should you get a letter from the Harris': Gabriella and Abigail,
Asking for same, please do your best to allow a Father's prevail;
I know Sir, you are very busy, especially during this time of year-
I pray still that this one wish, granted, should bring you great cheer!

Maurice Harris, 5 December 2009

Maurice Harris

Death (A Eulogy To My Former Self)

It was a world where all I possessed were photographs to get me through the day-

A world of wonder awaited me beyond its walls, but God Begged me to stay;

In this world where life is never really encouraged or allowed,

Where the dreams you had made before this stay are disavowed-

You start to wither, and slowly move toward a certain death;

Then you do die, and as you take your last breath,

You are suspended in a purgatory of existence between

Earthly death and Empyrean life, like nothing most have ever seen!

Then an Angel appears, appareled in Celestial delight,

To show Herself before you, and envelop all your sight!

The Angel takes your hand and guides you back to life, anew-

Where before there was only anguish, She brings beauty to you-

Where before there was only death, in all its myriad forms,

Now there is only love, and all it delivers, to guide you through the storms!

Maurice Harris

Destined...To Walk Beside You

Destined by the fates to walk beside you;
As you shall for me, I shall support and guide you!
Whensoever you feel you need me, I shall be there,
Wheresoever you should need me, no matter where!

My love- for you are all I have ever dreamed of-
You are, for me, my one and only love!
Always your friend, never a terse word,
Ne'er to anger, not ever a curse heard!

Effusive and indefatigable is my love for thee,
Ne'er ceasing, ne'er equaled- your beauty, for me!
Ever present, all consuming- my heart, filled with glee!
A beautiful, fragrant flower- for all the world to see!

Love- as we share, unparalleled in all the world,
Such is our love- unfettered, fully unfurled!

Maurice Harris, 26 March 2008

Maurice Harris

Destruction, Divined

</>No longer missed and no longer needed-
Like the once-passionate call of the heart
That is now, sadly, no longer heeded!
If there were anything that I wished to impart
To this world, it would be a presence that mattered;
I have nothing, except that which seems ethereal-
The remnants of a once-enviable life, now battered
By events that defy explication, but are all too real!

I now query what I used to take as given;
All that, for which my whole life I have striven
Was plundered, absconded or otherwise destroyed;
Was this indeed something I could not avoid! ?
I suppose so-that is the enigma of God's great Mystery!
I pray that I am made stronger because of this history!

Maurice Harris, 18 July 2011

Maurice Harris

Distance Between...

Distance between...betwixt me and my beloved,
Nary shall there be a time whence I may not ruminate of!
To assess blame is not a solution;
To rectify the wrong shall provide conversion!

Saddened am I by lady's absence,
Await do I time's enemy, jurisprudence!
Your attempt, feeble as it may be, to transmogrify
Me into the monster you need of me, truth nullifies!

You know better than to proceed as you did,
Behind ghosts of our past you hid!
No matter how you spin your tale of deceit,
Your falsities and fallacies, truth shall defeat!

What goes through your mind as you ponder,
The tangled web you have woven is what I wonder! ?

Maurice Harris, 29 June 2008

Maurice Harris

Do Not Be Afraid, My Dear

Surely my love, without mention of such, I would be remiss,
Because my life was given its meaning from this!
Your love, of course, is that of which I speak-
Alas, now more than that, also your honesty I seek!

Do not be afraid, my dear, as I know you are- allow
For me to reign in the chaos to order- this is my vow!
Hopeful am I that you accept my offer
Best intentions and result, to you, I may proffer!

You have done your best to be her protector-
Let go now of that which is not- to reconnect her
To her Dad, and all that he means to and for her-
She for him, he for her- a Daughter, a Father!

Deceit has but a small, known shelf-life,
Yet truth lasts forever and defeats all- even strife!

Maurice Harris, 11 January 2008

Maurice Harris

Do Not Be Angry With Yourself

She taught me to be the man I am for her,
Ne'er to waiver as truth keeps my path unaltered!
I have kept my faith when all else had relinquished,
Not for one moment did my love for thee vanquish!

I have done all I could for this truthful search,
All that is left is your acceptance!
Surely time breaks down your reluctance,
Easily back to you is your love- careful not to lurch!

Do not be angry with yourself- as neither am I,
Hurt in my heart, keeps me wondering why? !
You erred but for the side of caution,
On the wrong side it turns out of that inherent question!

Turns out for us that I was the love of your life,
And not that which is causal to all of our strife!

Maurice Harris, 6 April 2008

Maurice Harris

Do Not Look Away

Do not look away from the bright, shining star
That serves as the only source of light-
Leading you from the darkness, where you are,
To give you purpose, and all His Righteous Might!
Your dreams are your's, and your's alone;
They are for only you to decide, and to own;
I can only show you the Truth of mine
And marry them with your's, to combine
Two of Heavenly Father's most Highly Coveted,
To form a union-such that no other measures up to it!
Only in your time, decided by Heavenly Father's Divinity,
Will you allow us to bring together our natural affinity
For one another, in a way befitting our ardor-
You have fought this love your whole life, and with time, it only gets harder!

-Maurice Harris, 16 February 2012

Maurice Harris

Do Tell Me, My Dear

Do tell me, my dear, what doth pale thee?
As this is what doth assail me-
A cryptic response to such given thereof,
The answer lies in its genesis-whereof!

Response to such requires but honesty,
Allaying your fears, allowing your heart's amnesty!
Alas, have I but a form of answer,
Avoidance of such, a guise of cancer!

Explication needed for ease of mind,
Understanding shall be proffered, in kind:
Do not you feel it may be as such?
Do not you believe I love you this much?

Thus is now as has ever been before,
Love is aplenty for thee-tomorrow, ever more!

Maurice Harris, 19 October 2008

Maurice Harris

'Do You Believe In Miracles? '

The query might be: 'Do you believe in Miracles? '-I say, yes;
After the events of the last two weeks, I know I am truly bless'd!
I was taken, briefly, so that His assurance could surely reach me;
'Live your life as though every day were your last', He did beseech me!

To which I made reply: 'I shall indeed, my Father, as you did ask;
In the glorious exaltation I now feel, I shall continue to bask!
Where I want, I'll make widely known, without any form of contrition;
For but to loveth the Angel You sent, is not of my own volition;
You determined, as I couldn't, where my happiness could be found-
A life, with a love who fashions a felicity I could ne'er expound!
Thank you, my Father, I am now and forever, in Your debt,
You have given unto me, something that, alone, I could never get!
You have made ME a miracle-my life, entire, I shall spend
To make recompense for same-though, I will never fully comprehend! '

Maurice Harris, 4 April 2010

Maurice Harris

Do You Remember Me, Princess?

Do you remember me, Princess? I am the Father you lack-
Taken away from you by prevarication, in a premeditated attack!
I wonder: have any of these enemies of the Constitution thought of your loss-
Have they cared to think of its precepts, or why He died on the cross?

I shan't speak ill of your Mother, you may make up your own mind;
I just pray that one day she may leave the scourge now with her, behind!
You and your Sister are the best gift for which I could have hoped-
Thoughts of your beautificence, the only way I could have coped!

One day, decisions will be your's alone-no longer shall bias prevail;
No longer shall we be made to suffer, given to their iniquity's assail!

Soon our struggle is sure to bear fruit, ignorance can not be this prevalent;
Others seek to do harm, to impose it upon you, my intentions are benevolent!

'Those who have be ransomed by the Lord will return' (Isaiah 51: 11)
The ransom hath been made 1,000 times over-your render, I've earned!

Maurice Harris, 20 May 2010

Maurice Harris

Dreams' Allusion To A Reality Yet To Be

</>Yet another holiday has been robbed from us
By iniquity masked very crudely, as justice;
My aspiration will meet with a fanciful fruition,
When I no longer need paternal intuition
To paint the picture that is you, in all your glory-
When I no longer need a pen, to tell a story
Of my grievous pain, in the face of your absence,
But rather, am allowed to revel in the grace of your pleasance;

We must bide still my beloved Daughter, until it is that time-
Until our Gracious Father decides that we are prime,
For the consort long, long ago waylaid;
We have done our part, with a faith that never strayed
And need only for the wait to be concluded-
So our reality becomes that, to which our dreams have only alluded!

-Maurice Harris, 24 April 2011

Maurice Harris

Dreams Of Your Eminence

Your beautiful blue eyes, my direct path to the truth of your heart:
I feel your contentment in the warmth of your gaze-
Wherever you may be, that is where my heart lays,
Friends do come and go, yet my love shan't from you, part!

Dreams of your eminence, greet me on a nightly basis,
Ne'er could I have imagined my exaltation,
Sing I do, the sweet song of my heart's jubilation-
Our love for one another shows in each others faces!

No matter the trial, no matter the tribulation
I shall be here for thee, awaiting your presence near-
Though a future we have unknown, nothing surely to fear,
Our love has rooted for us a firm foundation!

A beauteous, powerful love, reserved just for me,
A daily celebration betwixt us, for all the world to see!

Maurice Harris, 22 October 2008

Maurice Harris

Each Day, Since We Parted

</>I have never heard either one of you
Utter a single intelligible word,
Yet, more than else, 'I love you',
Are words, from me, that I regret you've never heard;
I have never been with you
During times of revelry or of sorrow,
Though you may be assured, I miss you-
And shall ever more, tomorrow!

No other two ladies may lay this singular claim:
Both of you share so much more than a last name-
Perhaps, neither one of you knows, the same;
Yet, to alight this upon thee, is my one, singular aim!

Alas, both of you are to the other, unbeknownst;
No one charged with your guard, has deigned
To believe your unique connection need be announced,
And thus, with time, it has surely waned!

For shame! With each day that passes-for shame!
That they sit idly by, and allow this:
Sikerly, all you are allowed to share is a last name-
I, in most emphatic terms, do disavow this-
This inaction, from those who need consider
Your needs before their own, but do not!
This, to me, is a pill, most bitter-
Yet, I may not intervene, so I do naught!
As your Father, this pains my heart!
Though I have not lain mine eyes
Upon thee, since a time closer to your start,
I have been forced through, estrangement, to realize:
Neither time, nor miles, may serve as impediment
To a paternal love, that seeks not its own glory,
Nor may a 1,000 other pitfalls be a detriment
To the way I read my love for thee, and the story
I choose to tell to the rest of the world!
My heart is coffered, yet for both of you, is left unguarded-
'You are always welcome here'-it remains unfurled-
And has been each day, since we parted!

-Maurice Harris,1 July 2011

Maurice Harris

Easter,2008

All alone I lie, in contemplation,
Not do I know my life's next destination!
All that I have ever truly loved-taken away-
Lo, that wretched Veteran's Day! !

Easter has arrived, as though to hasten in new life-
But, before that may be-you must rid yourself of inner strife!
I, in my heart, know the truth of that day,
Thoughts of anything other, sheer absurdity, i must say!

I love completely, with all I am, my family most beauteous,
Look though, what a moment of fear did to us!
Love you not less, for succumbing to fear,
Though, thought not did you, to keep truth near!

Whatever may happen, my love for you never left,
Ne'er could I leave thee wanting, or bereft!

Maurice Harris,23 March 2008

Maurice Harris

Ebb And Flow

Emotions, like the ocean's tides, do ebb and flow;
One thing, however, will ne'er, from my heart, go:
Your deceit is causal to the lament I carry with me every day-
No matter of time, nor distance, shall e'er see this fade away!

Like none other has, or even could, you have absconded with my all;
Not shall I waiver or wane in my righteous battle, nor may this pall
From what I simply must do, for that which is far more important than I-
Until they are again with me, I shall wish for same, each and every nigh!

Your fate saddens me a great deal, yet it was of your own design-
Yet, there are consequences and repercussions for own malign!
I regret no longer what must surely come now, for you-
What you have done is inexcusable, no repent am I due!
May there only be for you, only what you know to be just;
May you find the humility you need, to learn the lessons you must!

Maurice Harris, 10 December 2009

Maurice Harris

E'Er So Ginger

The Demon you created does not exist-
Why then, with this, do you still persist?
Banish him to whereth he doth belong;
Place him, e'er, with his like throng!

He was ne'er I, I, ne'er he-not, indubitably;
That is to be sure, as you knew, unequivocally!
This too shall pass, onward, we shall move-
Love we have for each still, time shall prove!

Ne'er again shall we see this place-
Ne'er again may we need to erase
This pain, felt so real, cutting so deep;
Now we shall, love's benefits, reap!

E'er so subtle, the movements you make-
E'er so ginger too, the steps you take!

Maurice Harris, 21 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Elucidation Doth Escape Me...

Nary has there been a beauty, more rarified as thee-
Upon sight of such, sans a thought, all would agree!
Grace such as this, as your's-celebrated for all of time:
Alas, in myriad of ways like-art, war, sacrifice and rhyme!

Exalted has been such in ways too numerous to expound,
Tales of it's immense power and glory do surely abound!
Ne'er more mighty though than whence it is prescient-
An abstract utterance, for me, not- I speak of mine own adoration!

Elucidation doth escape me to define its glory;
Perhaps my heart foretells its own story!
Unabashed am I to pronounce its affect,
Sikerly not was it chance our paths came to intersect!

Naught is there more exhilarating than my heart aflutter-
For it is this, it is thee, that is causal to its stutter!

Maurice Harris, 23 March 2009

Maurice Harris

Embrace The Ardor

I thought I had it all finally figured out;
Perhaps I am now afeared, in the form of doubt!

I would wait 1,000 years-even more, for this chance-
To truly offer thee a life-long, wholly committed, romance!
Though, I may not e'er, should you not allow
Me to act upon what it is my heart doth avow!

Your concern hath more import than of self, same-
I should want always, to provide what my heart doth proclaim!
I make no attestation without first, much assurance-
Such hath been the same concerning my adamance;
I am bound by only one inescapable, incontrovertible truth-
I love you more than life itself-lo, this you need not sleuth;

Ask of yourself whether reason may cause you to find any other conclusion-
For if any man e'er knew the true desires of his own heart, it is I-it's no illusion!

Embrace the ardor I see need to offer; Accept, in time, my heart and soul's
proffer;
Allow release, through wend of time, your heart-which you now so fiercely coffer!

I have prophesized mine own felicity, now I await thee to provide for its
authenticity-
For but only may it ever come to be, whence we are both equal in our complicity!

As now, we may be settled that it is not; I await thee, to ensure, up, thou art
caught! !
Awaiting us is all that for which we have sought; To allow this glory's fleeting, I
can not!

Maurice Harris, 17 May 2010

Maurice Harris

Empyrean Gifting

Each morning I awakened, in the tracks of my own tears;
My heart was broken that day and has been, for years!
God sent me an Angel, to allay my fragile heart's ache-
Assuring me, my life's return, no matter the time it may take!

Neither She, nor anyone else may know Her true affect,
Inspiring-since the moment of our live's timely intersect!
A puissant presence she possesses indeed, though, yet,
We have not made confluence, true, I am forever in Her debt!

She is the Empyrean gifting, by means of recompense
For years filled with pain-may this remain, all days hence!

I shall spend my life, entire, sharing with the world
My gleeful gratitude, for all the joy you have unfurled;
My beloved, not a day shall fleet, wherest you shall be nescient
Of all you have meant to me, since that wondrous day, prescient!

Maurice Harris, 7 February 2010

Maurice Harris

Enable Me With Strength, My Lord

Enable me with strength, my Lord-
In Your praise, in Your name, I do implore!
My life hangs here, in a precarious balance;
So too, my heart, for breaking, perchance!

Mine was amazing and fortuitous, to be sure-
Exalted and amazed, was I-mine own global tour!
Without such, I would not know whereof I do belong;
Without as much, know not would I, how to be strong!

Forever and one day, have I searched for thee-
Seemingly as long as you have been 'away' from me!
Ever luminous, ever so brilliant, such is your guile;
Ever so loving, ever so powerful-all the while!

Whensoever you decide to cease my frustration-
So too then may we recommence our relation's vocation!

Maurice Harris, 15 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Eternal Elucidations

Compassion, in the guise of true justice:
What is meant to be, what is righteous! ?
Where is it that I am meant to be, more import, ne'er seen?
Emplaced now here- a place not fit for me, awaiting
Truth, as it only shall set me free, in all ways and senses,
Truer sight shall meet us-as though truth's own lenses!

My day shall come-my new cometh, my awakening finally near;
Your day too, accept and learn from it, there is no need to fear!
Meant was I, not to be here, in more ways than literal-
Meant too, to be with you, all my life, littoral!

Freedom-such an effusion of emotion, still yet, I've earned;
My heart aches for thee, from this day to those first yearned!
Sorrow is not enough to ease my tumult, my pain;
Regret is made bittersweet as you surely shall see gain!

Leave not me alone, to face here your demon-
Be brave my love, face it we shall, together, as a team, and
Behind us we shall leave it, from now and e'er gone!

Healing for we, our family, comes from closing hates door;
Motivation given from truth-not less, nothing more-
Always, ever here, in my heart, tells of its import!

Take what be needed from our past, together;
Build now from here on, each our own forever!
Allow truth's emergence, there at our genesis,
Ever nearer shall I then be, to enable forgiveness!
Listen now, to reason, to all those around-
Not to demon's voices, espousing not what abounds!

Begone all nightmares, live not again in any fashion,
So I may walk away from regret, allowing compassion!

Maurice Harris, 1 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Eternal Spring

Be not afeared of the future, lament not the past-
Look now to the glory before you and see to its last;
Mate not with doubt, use faith to cease its loom-
Your fortune is an eternal Spring, allow its bloom!

Trepidation should not be causal to a glory's vanish-
The future is decided not by fear's utter banish,
Yet, by staring it in the face, and acting according
To what shall, in spite of fear, offer glory's affording!
Thought contrary shall see to absolutely naught,
Except what you were afraid to do, you ought!

Ruminate not of what may stand in your way,
Ponder upon what is there, and shall stay;
Do not allow your elysian futurity's languish
By dwelling in the pall of your past's anguish!

Maurice Harris, 7 June 2010

Maurice Harris

Eternally Adored

God's mentation surely shorted thee naught-
For if you aren't an Angel, then, to be, thee ought!
He hath bestowed upon thee, eyes most resplendent;
Beyond comprehension-my emotions for thee, transcendent!

The first, when I was very young; Perchance, last whence I, doddery!
As I live my life of wonder, I shall covet thee as my feodary!
Heaven hath no response more beauteous than thee-
Likewise, Earth hath no consort more duteous than me!

Wheresoever you may be, whatsoever you may do-
Whensoever I may have cause to do so, I shall ruminare, of you!
My life was inexorably altered when you sought, then did find, me;
Should you ever doubt your grace, I shall be there, to remind thee!

You are my soul's accompaniment and my heart's reward, -
Perchance, you trust not in forever, yet you shall be eternally adored!

Maurice Harris, 8 March 2010

Maurice Harris

Eternity Approaches...

Eternity approaches, for me not too soon;
Truth is closer to unfolding-for me, my beautiful tune!
Watchful Deity, look after me and mine-
One day soon, I assure thee-we too shall be fine!

Belief conquers always fear, in all its forms-
Truth conquers always paranoia, and all its storms!
Whether you are here, with me. or far, far away-
Love you shall I always, more each passing day!

Wonderment meets loveliness-do I, in you, visage,
Hopeful am I now, that you appreciate and cherish, my homage!
Not do you believe in us, at this very moment-
Shall you too, more than previous, above all precedent!

Love for you I shower, more each passing hour!
Respect for thee I proffer; As your redemption, I offer!

Maurice Harris, 10 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Ethereal And Unseen

Ethereal and unseen, it may not be touched-
Yet so precious, e'er guarded and clutched
Must it be! Sikerly, its affect, most-puissant-
If this be peccable, count me a confessant!

I have found this omniscient, omnipotent treasure,
Yet, I possess no way, nor means, to measure
Its import-no words may properly explicate
How it enthrals me, though of same, I oft ruminat!

For its guard, there is nothing I would not do;
With its might, there is nothing I could not do;
For its lasting, there is nothing I should not do-
All the same for all men, if not-surely, they ought to
Make it so, as love is the wonder of which I do bespeak-
The only force causative to mine heart be made lain weak!

Maurice Harris,8 November 2009

Maurice Harris

Ever-Present Am I

Ever-present am I, the person whose hand
You were meant to hold, yet, you seem not to understand
That I am not the monster you would need me to be,
In order that your cause of righteousness be anything but falsity!

Ne'er may you explicate proper, nor answer;
The more you deceive, the more it worsens, as a cancer!
From the moment of the choice you made,
Your standing, as a purveyor of truth, did fade!

Held cry, did you, under guise of maternal protection,
Though still not were you immune from truth's detection!
Falsity is easy to detect, especially when absurd-
No explication could justify this, nary a word!

Love defeats deception, as understanding does hate-
I unequivocally am trusting in the power of fate!

Maurice Harris, 18 June 2008

Maurice Harris

Explication Proper

Explication proper, mere words do yet clutter:
Wondrous memories fill my heart, to my very soul-
Each time mine eyes lain upon yours, fall it did aflutter;
Causal to the virtues your beautificence doth extol!

Sights and sounds, once ordinary, even mundane,
Now strangely more beautiful and melodious-
It was thought my heart's love would be in vain,
I see now- it is strong, resilient and commodious!

Do not be afraid of the amity that does everlast-
It shall be requited in kind, this I avow to you:
Be now secure, your future is made from your past-
My fragile, yet loving heart- I offer now to you!

All that which is worth loving, surely inspires fear-
Alas, that which is love, resides for you right here!

Maurice Harris, 3 August 2009

Maurice Harris

Expressive Explication...An Endeavor!

Whatsoever an attempt penned shall surely run amiss:
Alas, attempt I shall, an exposition into sentiment next...the KISS!
Roused was I, the very moment...liable to my soul's birth!
Confidence and exactitude: they do abound, lo, still this dearth!
Exaltation, scarcely harmonized by any, before or since,
Excepting this, consequent to it, shall cultivate hence!

Boundless and beauteous, as is Heaven above:
Glorious and resplendent, such is our love!
Its splendor inimitable, though the multitudes, for such, have sought,
The reckless aspiration for thus, the basis for battles fought!
What awe-inspiring purpose it's possession does bring,
Once but a man, love now in my heart, now truly...a King!

Nary an occasion as this, counting time immemorial,
Has there subsisted so comparable a union, amatorial!

Maurice Harris, 23 May 2006

Maurice Harris

Faith's Reward

We may not bide with this glory should we be too afeared;
What for art thou then fawn at what thou always revered?

I have searched my entire life for the one that allows my heart to sing,
My soul to be inspired-to love, more than myself-this is what you bring!
To cause you pain-akin to a self-broken heart, this I shan't e'er allow-
I shall love and covet thee more each passing day-I solemnly avow!

We've been given a truly miraculous, Empyrean gift, always to treasure;
I shall do all I may to honor this, above all else, no matter the measure!
I once thought of happiness as an earthly realm, my acquiescence;
My dreams of more than this met with reality-your quintessence!

This wondrous elation, I simply must always have-it is my life's aim-
These are not mere words, it is notice of my actions-one and the same!
Accept this Heavenly proffer with the enduring faith that brought it-
Embrace all the ardor it provides, remembering why we sought it!

Maurice Harris, 11 May 2010

Maurice Harris

Fall (2010)

The swelter of Summer gives way to Autumnal winds;
We bid adieu to one season, as another begins;
With Fall, we welcome the bounty of another year's harvest,
And give Thanksgiving as a means by which to stay modest.

Foliage shall soon be the topic of many an intrepid excursions-
With apple-picking and pumpkin selection offering other diversions;
Perhaps an early taste of Winter, in the form of snow,
Will offer a glimpse of months still to come, and put on a show
For those who live for the out-of-doors, when brisk-
Mentation upon this, and away in thought, they are whisk'd!
Many and varied are the colors and tastes of Fall;
One would be hard-pressed to name even nearly, all-
We live still to take in all of them that we may;
Our only means of cessation is the very first Winter's day!

Maurice Harris

Fashion Me As Your Truth

I wonder what the Fates have in store for us! ? !
Shall we cede to a marriage, the glory now before us! ? !
My life hath traversed it all, yet hath come back around-
To now stand again, in wide wonder, of the joy we have found!

Still, its verity escapes me fully, is this amative yet a wraith! ? !
The answer is on time's horizon, we now faithfully wait!
All I ask of thee: your heart's untethered, veridical tale-
I shall endeavor, contrariwise, to allow my heart's avail!

If but one offer is made, make it thus, I do implore;
You should ne'er be made to want either, forevermore!
Truth of heart and truth of sentiment-one and the same;
Truth should not be mysterious, nor, truth, only in name!
Fashion me as your truth, requited-as I shall, oppositely-
Then only, shall our love alter our life-most gloriously!

Maurice Harris, 20 March 2010

Maurice Harris

Father's Day 2008

What is Father's Day, without the Guest of Honor?
Is it then a celebration of that which was, formerly?
Because, now Father is absent, he is gone, or
Is he? His presence looms with thee, there, nearly!

How have we come to be here, without one another?
The 'love of your life'-oh, really? Then why believe your own deceit?
You must ensureth your mind's heal, then only-befitting, a Mother!
Otherwise, your life's journey shall render your pain's repeat!

With Father, our family is surely completed-
Lo, lacking same: empty, my heart; my soul, depleted!
Why do you not see, as do all others
Your want for return, fastly, of your drothers?

Father loves Mother, indeed more than he ought-
Return, must we, our happiness, with nary another thought!

Maurice Harris, 15 June 2008

Maurice Harris

Father's Day, Forbidden

Yet another Father's Day fastly approaches
And a force outside of my control still encroaches
Upon my ability to be the Father I know I can be;
Two beautiful little Angels grow, yet, I can see
Only photographs-which surely do not show me
More than a brief moment in time-they do not know me,
Nor do I know them, yet we share a connection beyond the miles
That now separate us. Am I cause for any smiles
They may have in times which are wholly their own! ?
Will this estrangement cease before they're grown,
And are able to make decisions without the influence of another?
When will they break ranks with the one they call 'Mother'-
To allow that their own concerns finally be considered?
When will the maternal selfishness, that has embittered
A Father, yield to the need of Daughters to know from whence they came?
I carry only remorse for the loss they have suffered-the shame,
That should be held by the two women who purport
To know what it means to be a Mother, yet fall very short!
I may not be the Father I know I am, until this veil of shame is lifted-
Nor may these Angels truly know what God Himself has gifted,
Both to me, and to them-this Father-Daughter bond;
To our tragic loss, how shall the Fates respond?
The answer will only unfold through the hands of time
And the travesty we now face may only be described as a crime.
I live many miles from them, but I carry them with me always-
No amount of time or space may take this away-all days
Which pass without them in my life belies the gratitude
I have for their very existence-indeed, a bittersweet beatitude!
One day, 'this too shall pass' and my heart's ache shall cease-
One day, this soul shall sing the sweet song of its own release
From the torment I now feel, for a consort that is not allowed, to be!
The gracious gift of Fatherhood, once avowed to me
By the very Hand of God, has been stolen by ignorance-
Earthly ignorance of the import of same-my abidance
Is surely not of my own making, but in nature, Divine;
When I wonder, shall this end! ? Just a little sign
Is all I shall need, to sustain me further still-
Until such time as this estrangement's end is His Will!
In the meantime, another poignant Father's Day to me

And all those similarly in search of their purpose: to be
All they were meant to be, for a child who needs their guidance.
This is what must be one day, to cease this soul's subsidence
Into an abyss-from which a return becomes less and less likely.
Instead of wondering: 'what if? ', I need to know what might be,
In a world filled with the two wonders-as my dreams have shown.
I need my eyes to behold, not photographs, to see how they have grown;
Until these dreams meet with reality, I shall never be whole-
Until you are again near me, we will never recover what they stole!

-Maurice Harris,13 June 2012

Maurice Harris

Father's Day, Forlorn (2010)

Perhaps your beatitude has naught as rival, I possess no way of knowing;
Perhaps my interminable pride is still not enough, though, I possess no way of
showing
You, nor any amongst you, my unconditional, seemingly invisible-paternal pride!
It has been many a long, loathsome day since your grace, last, I eyed! !

I know not sentiment, proper-to explicate your absence-
Unwillingly absquatulated hath been your exquisite quintessence!
There exists no form of recompense, nor means of redress, to which I am
amenable-
What hath been absconded marries not with amends, it is quite simply
untenable!
A glory lives and breathes, yet I may not, in this resplendence, bask;
The unendurable lament of my grieving heart is impossible to mask!

From the day that I did last sight thee, I have held out hope
That one day, not so far from this, I will see you again-so that I may cope!
One day, your beautifcence shall no longer, from me, be hidden-
Then and only shall this pall that exists, be lifted, and from us, ridden!

Maurice Harris, 12 June 2010

Maurice Harris

Fear (A Note To Self)

Fear-a corruption of logic, reason and ration-
Enemy of the mind's progress and the heart's passion;
Gratefully, this scourge too, has a most-powerful cure-
Courage-courage drowns fear and ceases its lure!

Fret not matters where there exists not, reason, nor rhyme-
Look inward, to the magic of your heart's most-inspired time;
Fate's intervention was to hasten calm-all else, it simply banishes;
Listen to this exhortation, lest the true you wither, then simply vanishes!

Should fear's apparition present, or its specter, loom near-
Over and over, in your mind's ear, shout: 'fear lives not here! '
Patience too, may be a powerful measure against dread's hold-
As time wends, your mind shall marry with what I have foretold!

I am the wind of abiding truth, steadfast love, and most-prescient glory-
Fear me not-for I lovingly endeavor, to recite your heart's untold story!

Maurice Harris, 17 June 2010

Maurice Harris

Fear Is The Opposite Of Love

'Fear is the opposite of love: it will transmogrify love into hate; the more intense and real the love, the more deceitful and surreal, the hate; the difference is that 'hate' is temporary; love is forever, and will shine through in the end, conquering all, especially hate, in any form that it may take. Hate breeds all negative emotions, like anger, false blame, deceit, etc., while love breeds all positive emotions, like faith, compassion, respect and empathy. NEVER choose hate, all that will do is tear apart the fabric of what makes you a beautiful person and turn you into that which you loathe the most, a manipulative, deceitful, conniving monster'

~Maurice Harris, 11 January 2012

Maurice Harris

Felicitous Memories Sustain Me

Felicitous memories sustain me through my days
Which would be heaping with a melancholy malaise!
An amorous waterfall, streaming over my heart
Which takes me back to when our love first did impart!

Remembrances have I, of our every gleeful memory,
Balanced as it was, of wondrous, loving symmetry;
Temperate and focused, knowledge is what's needed-
God's purposeful call for us, what we heeded!

Shaken from my beliefs, shall I not be;
Focused, directed and resolute is what defines me!
Love, understanding and compassion, simultaneously-
Ever more do I see, alternate points of view, spontaneously!

Complete now though, you must, your Maternal Crusade-
Return to me soonest, from wherest you've been waylaid!

Maurice Harris, 22 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Fight On

Fight on, as though your life depended upon it,
Because it surely does-do not become a pawn-it
Is your singular vocation: to define 'you' to the world
As no one can be trusted by you, more than you;
Life is not as a book, first closed, then unfurled-
So, be all that you can be, and do all that you can do
To be the warrior you know dwells inside you;
No one is always there for you, besides you.
Rely upon yourself and never allow others to not.
Stand and deliver at all times, without a second thought,
Because life is far too short to cower in a corner
As life passes you by; know of what you are made
So that when you look back upon it, a mourner
You shan't be, but rather, proud of the foundation you laid
For all those whose lives you touched along the way.
When life knocks you down, get up, dust yourself off
And keep your head held high; be proud of who you are.
When it comes to standing for what is right, 'too far'
Is not a place you may go, nor a point at which to scoff.
You are 'the man in the mirror'; be proud of what you 'see'!
Always choose the 'right' when given a choice
Always 'speak' for those who are not given a voice;
Stand and be counted, when it matters the most-
Especially when you are scared, yet, do not boast
Of your deeds, even when they are righteous and pure.
The world is rife with 'cancers' and you can be the 'cure'!
Be not afeared, as His Righteous Might shall guide you-
Press on, though the battle may seem futile, stride through.
'When you were born, you cried, and others rejoiced'**;
Keep them rejoicing, with acts of courage and valor;
Allow the strength you gain, to push away the pallor
You'd otherwise suffer, if your concerns weren't voiced.
'Live your life so that when you die, you rejoice, and others cry.'**
Live this way from your earliest years, until the day you die!

**Native American proverbs

- Maurice Harris, 23 August 2014

Find Now Your Heart, Allow Its Healing

Doth this monster you have become bear a conscience?
Do you not possess means for how to end this?
For you shall carry with you much shame, remorse-
Allow yourself to release it though, over time's course!

Still do believe that your path be righteous?
Or, do you concede perhaps, there be vengeance?
Either way, love, must you allow its leave-
For it to not linger, all effort must be to heave!

Apologies are easy, not though, to swallow pride-
Self-guilt, which you must possess-a lonesome ride!
Find now your heart, allow its healing:
Restore now its capacity for love and feeling!

When there exists, a time, a place-
All else may be sent away, erased!

Maurice Harris, 20 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Fly Away, Solitary Dove

Fly, fly away solitary dove, fly away;
Fly by dark of night and by light of day;
Fly high, fly low; fly near, fly far;
Fly, from tree to tree, or through the Heavens, star by star;
Fly, with wings aflutter, from shore to shore-
Fly until your wings may fly no more;
Fly to remember; fly to forget-your heartache and sorrow;
Fly until your 'today' no longer has a 'tomorrow'!
Fly-to both gather amity, and to mourn its demise-
Fly, so that all the world may, with their very own eyes,
See what I was able to see-and still may:
Your grace and beauty, your compassion and humility, -
And if, after your days of flight are done, you have the ability,
Take flight but once more-back to me-one day!

-Maurice Harris,13 July 2012

Maurice Harris

For My Love For Thee To Cease To Be...

Mountains would need crumble to the vastness of the sea,
All the beauty in nature need cease heretofore, to be-
Not before a way is found for performance of the impossible,
Could an end to my amity even be seen to be plausible!

Flowers should need recess blooming altogether,
Boundless time must come to end, forbearing forever-
The moon, from our dependence, must present surcease:
All conjoint, not adequate to ensure my heart's release!

Felicity and contentment too, must then come to pass,
Naught is there to requite for such, as this, alas-
All that is, shall need end, being-glorious and beauteous,
For, the love you offer me, is mightily magnanimous!

The ubiquitous Heavens above would have, indeed, to fall,
I proffer still further, it may take them happening-all!

Maurice Harris, 4 April 2009

Maurice Harris

For This Ardor In Mine Heart

If today's glimpse were all that I knew,
That may be enough-yet, it is not.
My dreams have shown what I wished to be true:
A world of wonder, that for my whole life I have sought.

I asked for patience, to allow this fear's allay,
Only to learn that I already possess it-
My faith is all the patience I ever needed, every day;
This is my Divinely-proffered strength, and I wish to confess it!

My only wish is for my dreams to meet with fruition-
For my reality to surpass my loftiest aspiration.
All your mind may fathom, may one day become reality;
Where otherwise you'd ne'er imagine, a dream becomes its own causality.
For a dream as this, many lifetimes I would wait-
For this ardor in mine heart, shan't e'er abate!

Maurice Harris

For Us, His One Plan

You said very recently: 'We are waiting for you! '

I am here, through an Inspired Act of God, Beloved-now what do I do?

And you also said: , 'My.... what do I say to such loving thoughts? ? ? ? ? You know how I feel....',

Yes, yes I do Beloved, now ask yourself, how might I deal,

Knowing that you and I are so very close, and I, needing you so very much-

Am left in your own back yard, lacking your tender touch,

When we have BOTH expressed many times, OUR desires for same;

I do not besmirch you, nor do I now, or ever, attempt to assess blame-

I merely need to feel the warmth, and know again, the solace-

Of your much-anticipated, many-ways-aspired, loving embrace!

You have expressed an ardent desire, to be: 'to be the first voice I hear when I awake';

To you, I retort, with: 'Away, away, doth the mere thought of being near to you, my breath, take! '

You have said many times to me: 'You capture my soul, Moe...that is not easy to do! ';

'You had captured mine soul many years years ere, Beloved! ', is my reply, to you!

You have said: 'I love you', on many occasions, though this shocked even YOU!

I have always been amazed and comforted by the same, every time you do;

Never have I asked anything of you; you just gave it to me, because you DO love me-

In fact, I KNOW in no uncertain terms, even BEFORE you read this, you think of me

Most fondly, as you have never before, with regard to any other man,

Because you KNOW that this IS God's Work, and NO other plan

Has been hatched or schemed, to 'rescue you', or 'our relationship'-

Our's has ALWAYS, and ever been a wholly, symbiotic partnership,

Where you Gift me all I have ever needed, wanted, all that for which I have prayed-

And all the fears you know have of YOUR own dreams, have only just delayed Those very same dreams from meeting with wondrous fruition!

You and I are one another's life-long, much-dreamt ambition,

For both one another, and for each-WE are the dream come true

For all who love each of us individually, as well as both of us, combined;

Our life, our love, our hopes, our dreams-have always and ever been intertwined

With one another's, as is evidenced by all the 'history' we two will ALWAYS

share;

Your fear caused you to try to extinguish this, but you cannot dare,
As you know as well as I-THIS is REAL, TRUE, AND AMAZING-
THIS awe-inspiring, fear-inducing, crazy LOVE, that is raising
OUR hopes, dreams, and ambitions ever higher than even WE ever conceived-
Yet, each time, and together-WE have had the Faith, where perhaps others
disbelieved,

What we have ALWAYS known to be His Truth for us, about us, and through us-
NOW is the moment WE have been waiting for OUR entire lives-He knew us
Before ever we knew ourselves-He alone knew all along what we both came to
know,

And He alone knew what He would do; what He would need from us; and what
He would show

To the entire world at this very Blessed moment in BOTH our Earthly lives;
Heavenly Father 'does not roll dice', as Einstein once said-nor surely contrives
Events as He has for us, for no reason at all; He is using BOTH you and me,
To show those who may still need persuasion, the 'When, How, Who, and Why' of
the WE-

His Most Blessed and Most Loved-we now LIVE His Answer right now,
Though you KNOW this is the Truth, you do not know quite how
To embrace it, as you are still in utter disbelief-

Come with me Beloved, and through me, shed the Grief
Of your very own fragile heart, to re-claim the heart you already possess-
unafraid

Of your dreams realization! Have you, I wonder, peered

Into same, to ensure its guard, to prepare it for the Wonder that awaits it! ?

I KNOW that you have Beloved, through your actions of late, it

Is blatantly obvious that your decision remains steadfast, and resolute-

You simply MUST heed the Call of Your Heart-it otherwise does not compute,

That you would simply throw away your desires, your wants and the Answers to
YOUR Prayers!

THAT is how I KNOW you SHALL live the Life of Wonder with YOUR Beloved, that
another only dares-

To conceive! You are the most Inspiring, Faithful, Beautiful, Strong, and Graceful
Lady, I have ever known-

This is Seen by Heavenly Father too-this is why He gifts YOU the Greatest Gift He
has ever Shown

To the world, namely, the Love you feel in your closely-guarded heart-He NEEDS
your Faith more than ever!

THIS is merely the Storm Before The Calm I have spoken of ere, in rhyme-YOU
surely CAN weather,

This or any other-AND, you play Mother Nature right now-YOU can make the sky

shine resplendently-

Though you do not now, nor have you ever had to, work all alone, independently
Of The Mate For Your Soul, Travel Partner, or Bucket Man-sikerly, they are all
One man-

I am 'he', and 'he' is I-God-and WE-may work together to ensure for US, His One
Plan!

-Maurice Harris,4 February 2012

Maurice Harris

Four Reasons, Have I

Four reasons, have I, to be the man I am-
Knoweth me as a man of honor, courage and integrity;
Far away am I, from the family I love more than
Myself-I shall carry my lamity on, with perpetuity!

Away, away-send your fears now, away,
Bring back our love of loves-bring it now, to stay!
I am, still and e'er, the man of your dreams-
I do now coffer my love for thee-no matter how it seems!
One day, realization shall come for thee, indeed,
Understanding proffered, for I knew you to be in need!

A choice you shall be given, yours only, to make
Choose you must, whence offered, as to whether to take!
It is in the example we set, for our own-
That we may demonstrate all the ways we have grown!

Maurice Harris,14 June 2008

Maurice Harris

Freedom Years

</></>As the day draws near to my Freedom's reprise,
Oft-lost am I in thought, as I surmise
The wonder of the great and boundless skies,
Under which the majestic American Bald Eagle flies!
This is soon to be the scene of my soul's rebirth-
The whole of this great, magnificent Earth,
Where no longer will my liberty be restrained;
My mirth may no longer be contained-
It is as free and boundless as I am soon to be,
With as much unfettered Freedom as I am soon to see!

Naught may contain my jollity, as days draw down-
I am, as the majestic Eagle-I may not be bound,
By anything any longer, as my Freedom nears, -
Soon, very soon, I begin again, a celebration of my Freedom years!

Maurice Harris,7 September 2011

Maurice Harris

Freedom's Prayer

Perhaps, my friend, you shall see me no more-
If this be so, do not bury me, I do implore!
Should I not see you again, keep in your heart
A place for me and for all that I did, in you, impart!

Continue to hold true to all that makes thee beautiful-
To the same, I shall remain, steadfast and dutiful!
Do not feel sorrow for me though, live your lives whole;
If gone, it will only be in body, they shan't steal too, my soul!

Keep my children too, fresh in your thoughts, they will need
For you to assure them of what you know is my heart's creed!
Should I not return, the fracture of my heart will be complete;
Alas, sadly, this would signify fully, truth's dreadful defeat!

So too, if this comes to pass, though my heart continues breaking-
'I have set the Lord continually before me...I will not be shaken.' (Psalm 16: 8)

Maurice Harris, 29 August 2009

Maurice Harris

Fret Not, My Beloved

Fret not, my beloved, for you are always with me;
This is my beautiful reality, not just a myth-be
Not there a moment whence thee are not present;
My darling, you are a gift that is truly Heaven sent!

You occupy my thoughts, every single day and each solitary night,
Ne'er do I need want, to have you within my most humbled 'sight'!

Each dream I have seems to contain thee therein;
Upon awakening, I am brought to a reality, wherein
I long for thee still, as your presence is now passive-
Vexed not though, is my heart and its allegiant amative;
For, I am inspired not only by what now is, but
What is yet still, to be-for, no matter what
I simply must abide by the call of my heart and soul-
To be the mate of your's, their all-consuming goal!

You exist in the rainbow's hues, after a Summer rain;
That I am not now ever-enamored with thee, I could ne'er feign!
You are the figure I see, in Spring's billowed clouds,
My mind-my fragile heart's tutelary, now longer enshrouds,
Like the Winter wants for snowfall, I now want for thee;
Words are bereft to explicate what thou art, for me!
As the Fall sees to the annual arboreal renewal,
I shall see to all the wants and needs of my Guzel (g'zool) !

Maurice Harris, 18 March 2010

Maurice Harris

From A Dream, To A Reality

</>The time for fanciful fantasization has passed;
Our time has arrived, at long last-
Our future together may begin as you command-
Come to me my beloved, take my hand
And we shall learn to fly together
As we embrace what remains of forever!

Much thought has gone into this offer-
Be not, to this imagined miracle, a scoffer;
Before an answer may pass your lips,
Think of the potential of our unpursued relationship-
All that it may have been, if only we had tried;
Think of the magic we have, before you decide
To keep this inspired romance under continued coffer-
Think of this as your 'can't lose, can't refuse' offer!

We know how our hearts feel after our brief romance,
So why not allow each the benefit of a real chance
At love, unfettered by outside influence? !
Let us allow our souls their long-sought confluence!

I have closed mine eyes, in heightened mentation,
And used all the power of my imagination,
To conjure up the image of what a lady need be,
And time after time, you are all I ever see!
I implore you to do the very same:
Try to provide your ideal mate, a face and a name-
If indeed the answer is no surprise to me,
Then my beloved, allow our reprise, to be!

Our history provided us with much assurance,
Now with our ardor, we may begin a romance,
About which we have always dreamed!
Then only, may the mistake of our timing be redeemed;
Be not afeared my beloved, my friend-
No matter what, I will remain in the end,
Faithful, abiding, grateful and true-
I have no choice, I love you!

Maurice Harris,10 July 2011

Maurice Harris

Gabriella (A Third Birthday...Without)

Gabriella, I am so sorry I have not been there-
Please do not take this to mean that I do not care!
I love you more than you could imagine possible,
I ponder each day how to make our consort plausible!

I was not there to see you open your first Christmas gift,
Both you and I have been victims of a horrible grift;
Nor was I there to celebrate when you turned one,
One day, you will learn of how this iniquity was done!

When you turned two, again, my absence loomed-
Since last I saw thee, my heart has been entombed!
In just a few more days, you shall become three,
Alas, you shall have to do this not near to me!

So many precious memories did they, from us, abscond-
Lo, they shan't ever take from us our familial bond!

Sikerly my Angel, you are with me everyday, guarded
In mine own heart, as though we two ne'er parted!
I can have this no other way, lest my heart break,
Whence upon ponderance of what they did take;
Each solitary nox, as I lie myself down to sleep,
I pray for God to return you to me, as I unabashedly weep!

I know not how, nor where, nor even when-
Yet, I know that you and I shall be together again;
It is my singular, all-consuming, driving force-
From this injustice, I simply must coerce
What is right and best, for you and I, alone-
As for all others-for their wrongs, they must atone!

Happy Birthday my precious little Angel, and many more-
Until I may celebrate life with you, as it was, before!

Maurice Harris, 27 January 2010

Maurice Harris

Gabriella's Belated Gift (2012)

This regrettable, but necessary act of Parental ardor
Was all I could get you for the day of your birth;
It may go without saying, but this travesty provides me no mirth,
As each day without you in my world, is harder and harder
To bear-in fact, as time passes, my fortitude grows-
Though still, when I shall see you next, no one knows,
But God Himself-as this has been Pre-determined,
To both give me strength, and to send
A message to the world, as a whole:
No one should have to bear what THEY stole
From both of us on Veterans' Day,2007!
Heavenly Father works Miracles every day, from Heaven-
So, who knows, perhaps I will see you tomorrow,
But, until that Glorious Day though, we shall dwell in sorrow!

Maurice Harris

God Blessed The Broken Road

As though a thousand disparate winds
Blew me in in as many different directions,
Or hundreds of disjointed connections
Were made, in a maze that never ends-
I have meandered more than a bedouin
In search of water in a vast, unforgiving desert;
Enigmatically, all forces now appear in concert-
A scenario that none could portend.
Perhaps He Planned each break along the way-
Perhaps what seemed chaotic, was His Plan, Divine;
By manner of preparation, the task was mine
To thoughtfully heed what He chose to say:
'That which gladdens thine heart, do not wait to do.'
God Blessed the broken road, that led me straight to you!

*Inspired by the song 'God Blessed The Broken Road', by Rascal Flatts

-Maurice Harris, 13 March 2011

Maurice Harris

God Spoke To Me Today

God spoke to me today, and said:

'Perhaps you wonder My Child, why you were once dead:

Upon the day where I caused that you died,

I wanted to impart to you, the import of Pride,

And ensure you and the world, entire

Knew, in no uncertain terms, it has always been My Desire

To use you, one of My Most Belov'd,

To show all around you-in all ways-Love;

All that you were lacking at the time of your death,

Right up to the point where you took your erstwhile last breath-

Was enough Humility to properly prepare for your Path;

Now, Beloved Child of Mine, thou hath

All that is needed, to share your Gift with the world-

Now, YOUR Most Beloved, may come to see all that I Unfurled,

For you both, as a Most Favored Couple;

I know Child, the Path has been less than subtle,

Yet, henceforth, the Path I have Divined

Will be shown to all, and you and She will be Combined

For all Eternity-first on Earth, then with Me;

You may inquire: 'Father, how may this be? '-

To which I shall Proffer Providence, as Proof

To all who now, or ever, remain aloof,

As to what My Path for you, and all YOU Love Most-

THIS is MY Truth-only I, The Most Gracious Host,

May Pre-Determine, or otherwise make to be,

All that IS, and SHALL BE-nay sayers only take, from Me-

Their OWN Faith, NOT Mine, in You-

You have suffered long and much; I Gift You now, all You are due-

For YOUR Faith in Me, an in each other;

You covet Her as a Sister, and She covets Thee, as a Brother;

Through each of your travails, though separate

You each were-all was made through Me, ameliorate-

For you each, as o'er many Earthly years;

As you become more as One, through all the tears-

Despite all the trepidation, despite all the fears,

You each must now hold-MY Kingdom cheers

Both of You on this Divine Path, now Proffered to Thee;

Obligation is owed to each other, for Your Faith and Fortitude;

Share with each other, this Humble Gratitude-

And as You have thusly, give Glory also, to Me! '

Maurice Harris

God, Himself, Opines To You...

God, Himself, opines to you, as I pen this;
Your truth, for all inherent, to emerge within this!
Willest thou allow this miscarriage of justice?
Or, rather, willest thou correct, as you must, this?

Your duty, what you were supposed to do, find truth!
Your duty, too, to allow healing of your decision, uncouth!
Not though did you, at the cost of my freedom, my life;
Naught was done, by me, to cause upon you, this strife!

A Father is taken from his Daughters, not is this fair;
A best friend's want to to help heal you, I hope you are now there!
'The love of your life' made to pay for others' crimes;
Nothing can be done though, to silence truth in my rhymes!

Remember you must, how you really 'feel',
That is the only way that you will really heal!

Maurice Harris, 16 December 2007

Maurice Harris

God's Greatest Gift

God's greatest gift-that of being a Father,
Rivaled only by compeer of a Mother;
Each aid formation of precious individuality,
Causal most to evolution in a child's personality-
Created in thine own image, guided by counsel,
Aegis directed lovingly is surely found well!
All careful parental thought made does attest
To your want and need for each, all the best!

Gather from it's import, the duty it imparts,
Guard must be offered it, in your hearts!
Not are each possessory, rather compeers,
Blessed witness to their wonder, through the years!
Treasure and duteously take possession of this,
Lest, if not, surely you would be remiss!

Maurice Harris, 26 October 2009

Maurice Harris

Good Morning Princess!

Good morning Princess, Daddy misses you dearly!
I hope to see you again soon to enjoy your laughter and smile!
I call to you, in prayer, each and every night...do you hear me?
Hopefully you have been well, it has been quite a while!

I hope that you are taking care of your little Sister and your Mom!
I am sorry I could not be there with you
For the past several months! I will be be back soon from
Where I have been. I shall be, again for you, your Father, true!

I am confident that you kept with you all I did teach,
To ensure that every day you grow into a more refined young lady!
I am so proud to be your Daddy, to help you reach
All your goals-to grow and do yourself proud...this, pray we!

I was lucky enough to receive two miracles, in one day-
You shine brightly, a diamond, with resplendence to always stay!

Maurice Harris, 21 January 2008

Maurice Harris

Grace And Beauty

Steady yourself, your very life hangs in the balance!
Will this venue finally serve as your affirmance?
Deceit and its promoters stand in your way,
Verity is your only friend, will it win out that day?

Vindication, with the whole world as audience!
All was arrogated, yet you ask only truth's credence;
Though this will serve only as your initial conflict,
Many other wrongs shall also be lain to interdict!

Rights and protections, guaranteed by fundamental law
Never offered, maliciously, not merely through flaw!
Egregious wrongs, shall be addressed and made right,
The world entire shall be made privy to your plight!

Put behind yourself all the ugliness, all that is vile;
See only grace and beauty, now and all the while!

Maurice Harris, 27 September 2009

Maurice Harris

Growth

Some things are certain; There is no growth without change,
No change without fear or loss, and no loss without pain;
Though, to you it may be unwelcome, and even strange-
Growth gifts a curative effect, and renders much gain;
Once we stop growing, we begin to wither,
Like a flower not provided sunshine or rain.
Ignorance breeds this refusal, yet lives not, hither;
I do not profess to know everything, nor would I deign-
So, why then would I refuse growth, when needed-
Why would I refuse the call for same, or leave it unheeded! ?

Pain is said to be 'weakness leaving the body'**-
Though loss may be tragic, fear is a myth that self-perpetuates;
Change may be good; when we see it as less odd, we
We may be more open to growth, and all it obviates!

Maurice Harris

Güzel

Güzel, semper, my mind doth ruminare fondly of thee,
With beauteous thoughts and a wondrous constancy!
I long for thee, for your long-sought, gentle caress,
To beget from, and proffer thee yet, all we each possess!

My heart, gladdens with thought of consort, near;
I envisage our future's glory, in my mind's eye, so clear,
Lest thee bethink me too lofty a dreamer, a vision seeker,
At once, my heart is made both stronger and weaker-
Both loyal guardian and in need of it's own ward,
My love's adoration, whilst in want to be adored!

Always and ever, more compassion clemented, still:
So too this shall be, betwixt we both, at the least, until
Time is no more, life is not with us, space is no longer-
This glory we do both feel, shall we then, though stronger!

Maurice Harris, 26 October 2009

Maurice Harris

Happy Birthday America

</>Happy Birthday America, tried and true;
235-years-old, but with precepts that keep you new-
Not enough say this, but 'I am so proud of You! ',
The colors that do not run-The Red, White And Blue!

The bastion of Freedom, sweet Lady Liberty,
Thank you for the Honor, that you give to me:
To be counted amongst those who may say,
'I was fortunate enough to be born in the U.S.A.! '

Sta young still, my dear, beloved friend-
You began a 'revolution', now do not let it end;
To Thine Own Self remain true,
Yet, also stay true to me, as I shall, to You!

Happy Birthday America, I wish you many more indeed-
Continue to shine as a beacon, for many more, in need!

-Maurice Harris,3 July 2011

Maurice Harris

He Hath Given Me Knowledge

'Behold, He hath heard my cry by day,
And He hath given me knowledge by visions in the night time.'*
He hath too ensured a test of my faith, by way
Of separation from the object of my adoration, until the right time!
Were I left to my own devices, I would surely fail;
Because He loves me so very much, my Heavenly Father saw to avail
Me with the requisite strength of mind and faith of heart
To bide with patience, and await my true love's impart.

I would bide forever, if but rewarded with one day;
No matter of time, nor of distance, could cause my faith's alloy;
I do not let doubt be; I carry not, worry;
I covet not, more devoutly; I need not, hurry;
Where and when He is assured that we are prime-
Then and only then, shall it be the right time!

*Book of Mormon, 2 Nephi, Ch. 4

-Maurice Harris, 10 December 2010

Maurice Harris

He Is The Answer

No one knows what I do:
The way you say 'I love you! ',
Is how I know that it is so very true-
This is why He would not abandon you
In your time of greatest need;
This is a Battle He shall never concede!
How else can you explain the way He Divined me here?
His Path for me, at long last, is finally clear!
One day, you will not misplace your fear;
One day, you will look at this, and cheer-
Where now you 'hate', the Path He chose-
Then open again, the doors you now have chosen to close!
Heavenly Father is all the Counsel you needed-
He is the Answer, if your Prayers are to be heeded!

-Maurice Harris, 15 February 2012

Maurice Harris

He Is The Light

'He is the light and the life of the world;
Yea, a light that is endless, that can never be darkened; ' *
His message hath, unto me, been unfurled-
I am ever-grateful for the Word He hath harkened!
His Truth is unassailable, no proof is needed;
The Scriptures are the Gospel that I have faithfully heeded;
Be this known, from this day forward:
He is the Truth that I always reach toward-
Mine is an imperfect stroll, toward His Perfect Path,
Yet, to attain all I may, I seek The Truth He hath!
Ne'er to be attained, perfection is still always the goal-
I reach for this place with all my soul;
With His Benevolent Consult, may I grow e'er nearer;
Through His Omniscience, may my Path grow e'er clearer!

*The Book of Mormon: Mosiah 17

-Maurice Harris, 28 November 2010

Maurice Harris

Heartbroken And Alone

</>I am just fine Mother, please do not worry;
All that may be taken now, is time-
And time, we know is in no hurry,
Though, surely, I am much more than prime,
For this 'journey' to be ended, and for a new one to begin;
Alas, it was not His plan, to be any other way,
Of same I was reminded yet again,
When I realized I was not independent on Independence Day!

I shall be 'home' shortly, but I will never be the same,
That I may be though, at all, is a miracle of its own;
I will leave here far different than when I came,
Yet alas, I will leave as I arrived, heartbroken and alone!
Until then, may the days pass more swiftly still,
And all those that follow, allow my dreams fulfill!

-Maurice Harris,6 July 2011

Maurice Harris

Heart's Elation

Time means naught, it is but a harbinger of the inevitable;
Space means little too, though it limits time together, available!
My amorous wonderment is for a beauteous lady, not a spectre-
She is my muse, my soul's solitary compeer and my heart's protector!

This was once but a dream, yet now is a magnificent reality-
My heart its vessel, yet it pervades through all forms of modality!
It could only ever have been now, it only ever have been her,
I see, where she can not, all the outward beauty, and that within her!

Listen to what you know is truth, be not afraid for its fleeting;
Forever more, please know, our heart's elation bided for our meeting!
We are not like anything either has ever experienced,
We are a pairing as yet wholly unaudienced-
The Heavens shine upon us, with a gleeful pride,
Asking that we use but our heart's elation as our guide!

Maurice Harris, 18 April 2010

Maurice Harris

Heaven Welcomes Another Angel

My heart joins with thee, in your sorrow;
I shan't say it will ease in the morrow,
Nor any day soon, if it shall, ever-
Truth be told, it may cease never!

Whence thee lament, surely I lament too;
I feel your pain, as though as one, with you!
I shall provide solace, when solace is wanted;
When all others cower or flee, I remain, undaunted!

Heaven welcomes another Angel into its realm,
Our loss of same, surely now doth overwhelm!
Obligation is owed for what was so precious-
Grieve, yet, celebrate what was left with us;
Yes, a glory hath passed from our sights-
Yet, its memory shall endure, for all our nights!

Maurice Harris, 10 March 2010

Maurice Harris

Help This Angel To See (A Prayer-In Iambic Pentameter)

Mighty miracles created from wraith-
All it takes is just a little faith;
I have the same, and so very much more-
What then, may I, one fine day, have in store?
I know not with surety, but this much:
Amongst my most ardent desires, as such,
There is an Angel, with which I wish consort-
I pray same-thusly, to Him, I'd exhort:
'I have asked naught of Thee, yet I ask now-
Grant me this one wish, I need not ask how
Or why You'd proffer this Angel to me,
Only that You help this Angel, to see
The Truth in her own heart, and that in mine:
A Truth our hearts may no longer confine! '

-Maurice Harris, 28 January 2011

Maurice Harris

Her Ardor

I believe in, yet know not how to accept, her ardor-
This is my mind's and heart's conflicted barter;
My mind says: 'surely, truth hath been spoken-
Her soul, lain bare to me, ne'er merely token! '
My heart says: 'surely, this may not be real-
Yet, she relays what her heart doth truly feel! ? '

Not once in my life have I been so tender-
Until God shone upon me again, her splendor!
At times, I am in awe, others, in disbelief-
Either way, my heart purloined-she, its thief!

Each solitary nox, as I lie down, to sleep,
I thank God: 'Heavenly Father, allow me to keep
This love she offers me-e'er allow that it be earned-
Assured Thee must be, it will be likewise returned! '

Maurice Harris, 5 May 2010

Maurice Harris

Her Dubiety, His Surety

'How may you covet me as you do-you do not know me, as you must?
Why then would you endue to me, all your love and trust?
You know me only from afar, and thus, always at my best-
How then, to your unceasing adoration, may you still attest?
You now only beg mine consort, and are not too used to it-
Might you not grow weary of same-or, perhaps bemused, through it?
With time's passage, surely your ardor shall wane-
Then, you shall need remind, of same-again and again! '

'My beloved, precious, Empyrean Proffer-
Today's adoration is but a pittance to what I shall offer;
As each dawn delivers upon us, a brand-new day,
You shall grow to learn: it is a love that is here to stay.
Naught that time may serve to teach us,
Shall have cause but for to allow more ardor, to reach us!
To me, your beautificence, is, and shall always remain, sans pareil-
Though my hearty brims with love for thee-all the while
More still shall there be, as time breeds more familiarity;
E'en you shall barter your doubt for this verity!
Serendipity allowedc that our love 'found us'-
To grow evermore, so that it may always astound us.
We shall never stand to take it for granted:
Time and consort shall always grow what He planted!
One day, your dubiety of today shall wither-
In its place, an astonished assurance shall remain thither.
Where there are now not words, to gather
Clarity to thine sentiment-soon, rather
Soon-the words of your heart's content
Shall be vocalized-as was His intent! '

-Maurice Harris,9 November 2010

Maurice Harris

Her Secret!

Long too forgotten, or so too should have been;
Not so though-mistrust abounded, now I am imprisoned!
Ne'er a thought, entered, nor an action, taken
Supportive of your fear, though still, me, you have forsaken!

Love never passes, for this is our test of time;
Sorrow and consequence are not just mine!
Stories were told, yet truth did emerge-
Banish did we, this horrific scourge!

Cursed by my Father,
Punishment for me, from many, other!
Needed we did each other, more then, than ever,
A love made immemorial; healing, not severed!

Wherever we are taken, from this place to another,
Always and ever am I her Father, and you, her Mother!
Reacted you did, to what you felt, wrong as it may be-
Truth emerged and set us apart, learned surely did we!

Hopeful I am in Justice, to put the past to rest;
At times, there are moments, we shall never forget, lest!
Learned are we now, of all consideration-
Wanton are we now for glimpses of our former infatuation!

Lonesome heart, wanton of vengeance or truth's gleam?
Please understand, my love, not always are things as they may seem!
Dying inside never needing not more
Than your hand in mutual understanding
Ever is this, ever is my heart, more demanding;
Ever encompassing, my heart, with those I do adore!

Maurice Harris, 30 November 2007

Maurice Harris

His Consort, Your Solace

'May you be made strong with all the strength which comes from His glorious power,

So that you may be able to endure everything with patience.' *

May this very strength be with you each and every hour;

This garnered power shall add still, to thine own beautifcence!

May He speak to you; His consort, your solace;

May this comfort you, and may you, in your heart, know this;

I have been so blessed as to bear witness

To His prescient glory-and in my heart, I know this:

He has made me an instrument of His love, most gifting-

And, it is not just mine own heart that He is uplifting;

Our love shall be ameliorate, whence paired-

Our lives ever-bettered by all that we have shared;

As I am, you too must be so very scared-

Yet I know, a dream marries not reality, unless dared!

*Colossians 1

-Maurice Harris,8 August 2010

Maurice Harris

His Glory, My Faith

I had oft-pondered upon the deeper meaning of my travails,
Hoping all the while that what He has Divined, prevails.
It has been said: 'God only tests those He loves the most',
Facetiously, I avow He most really love me then-not to boast!
I am certain that His tasks are preparing me with higher faith,
Yet, if things happen for a reason, this reason remains a wraith.
Should a reason be needed still, it is to better me as a man;
I question it not, as I know it is parcel to His Glorious Plan;
I need not cause for remind, as He is the epitome of Omniscient-
Yet, I beg of Him still: remember my sacrifices, most magnificent.
I would have demonstrated unwavering faith, without this sacrifice,
But perhaps there was a lacking, that served not Him, as satisfice!
I am His faithful, ever-humble servant, -to this I attest;
All the beauty and wonder I have ever known, were at His Gracious Behest!

-Maurice Harris, 30 August 2010

Maurice Harris

His Righteous Might

If you are scared as you chase your dreams,
You must be on the wrong path-it seems
As though my entire life has come to converge at this:
The amazing, inspiring, vaunted, 'first kiss'!
When it might happen, still is not known,
Though, the anticipation of same has heightened, as our love has grown;
Beloved-take heed now, as you have never before:
You are the only Beloved, that I could so ever, adore;
Not merely this, but we are solace, to each-
And teachers of lessons-as each other, we teach
Different lessons, and do so, in different ways-
So it is now, so it shall be, for All Days!
These are my words, and my heart's song, as I write-
Yet, they are guided now, by His Righteous Might!

Maurice Harris

History...A Sonnet Paramour!

They oft utter; 'to be ignorant of history is to be ever a child'!
Oft too, may they say, chance is only ever for the wild!
Espousals of love proffered, as they proffer hate,
Asked only did I ever, that for 'truth' did they wait!

Iridescent and beautificent, is my love's guile,
Shown through my life, heretofore, and for all the while!
Fears lifted and then made to wither,
Hope and love, from this place, have come hither!

Ever effervescent, ever more innocent...she too for me!
Awakened was I that day...to all I did not see!
Wonder of moment, tragedy of consequence:
Alone, yet never alone, have I been ever since!

Sleep well now my love, for you I shall visage!
Taketh care our future, work ardently shall I from carnage!

Maurice Harris, 6 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Honor Me, As I Honor You

As I sit here, alone and imprisoned, I ponder
If this is what your mind has caused for you;
Has fear imprisoned you I wonder, as I pause for you-
How could you not allow my help, I wonder! ?

I loved you for all you were, not any less, for cause-
I leave you now with a choice that only you may make!
Remember 'us' before and allow this chance to take!
Perchance, now, before you act, you may take pause!

Just what is causal to your choice to still hold?
It is otherwise unequivocal to all, this I do believe!
As is, you are the only one that you did deceive!
As for your deceitful posit, it's bell has tolled!

Magic need be restored, as was previous, truly-
Honor me, my love, as I honor thee, duly!

Maurice Harris, 18 June 2008

Maurice Harris

Honor Them

They are California 'kids' and New Englanders, through and through;
They hail from Iowa cornfields and Texas plains-
They are men and women ready to sacrifice
Their lives in the name of liberty-most would, twice!
With a selfless sense of purpose, they serve
So that all who crave freedom, get what they deserve;
This is why they suffer many and great pains,
This is why they shall always do what they do!
Honor them-either through remembrance or gratitude-
As they guard us, with a vigilant, selfless attitude;
Freedom is not free, they pay its price-
'Liberty and Justice for all'-anything else does not suffice;
So long as there are men and women willing to protect this,
There need be many others, who recognize and respect this!

-Maurice Harris,4 November 2010

Maurice Harris

Hope, Faith And Love

To want-where need has not a home;
A craving resides in you, wheresoever you may roam-
It is overwhelming at times, can you even cope?
Where dreams meet with reality-this is Hope!

To know-where proof is never needed;
To answer a call only you could have heeded;
To believe-when Truth seems a wraith;
To feel...with all you are-this is Faith!

Love: inexplicably enigmatic...powerful beyond measure-
More inherent worth than all the world's treasure!
It wants all, does all and sees all-yet still, it astounds;
It forgives all, provides all and allows all-its power abounds!

All is assured, with these three abiding-
Alas, all is lost, when these, you are chiding!

Maurice Harris, 28 February 2010

Maurice Harris

How Much Must I Endure?

'How much must I endure? ' I say to thee-
'How long must I bide? ', for the Glorious Day, to be,
'When I may count amongst many a Blessing-
The moment when, at long last, our lips are caressing
Each, the others-and other moments, about which WE dream?
When might we each truly discover our soul's redeem? '
'How much must I endure? ', you say, to me-
'How long must I bide, for the Glorious Day, to be,
When I am allowed to actualize that to which I aspire?
At what point do I get to realize my every desire? '
'Now, Precious Children of Mine! ', booms a Voice, from Above-
'The Time is NOW Beloveds, for Your Eternal Love! '

-Maurice Harris, 26 January 2012

Maurice Harris

I Am But An Open Book

You now believe in the world I can offer;
Now more amenable to my heart's proffer-
An evolution for which-long, I did yearn;
The assurance you offer, I'll continue to earn!

Soon, you shall witness with perpetuity,
Your faith's reward-indeed, its acuity;
My mind is at ease, obligation owed to thee-
Your wants and desires, no longer a mystery!

We take pause now, learning more about each;
I am but an open book-read me, I do beseech!

What was once plainly uninspiring, even ordinary,
Shall be made most ennobling, even extraordinary;
Gaze in wide wonder, as our glorious confluence
Reveals what may be, with love in abundance!

Maurice Harris, 23 March 2010

Maurice Harris

I Am Not Blind

I am not blind, but I do not see what I do not see;
Thus, I can only be what this cecity allows me to be.
I cannot remember what my brain decides not to keep,
Nor may I control when my heart decides to weep.
I am merely what my God gifts and avows me to be-
I am no longer my erstwhile self, and this I cannot be!
I did not decide, nor choose this path that I now trod-
It was a choice I could never make, it was made by God.
You may look and see me as uncaring and terse,
Yet, it is not you who must live with this curse.
I know the 'me' who lives inside,
I know the man I was before I died;
I cannot be 'him' any more-I've tried;
I am merely a man who shan't be denied:
Whose loyalty and love should invoke pride
And reciprocity, which might serve to guide
And heal the rift that exists deep down inside;
Surely, in this endeavor, we both need be allied.
Does not the oft-anguished heart deserve this?
If we've found a glimmer of same in each
Should we not fight mightily to preserve this?
For, love is light-and this is all I wish to preach.
Perhaps I am not enough, though I wish to be;
You are enough, and this, I wish you'd see-
Not just today or for a time, but for the lot of it.
I shall never forsake thee, so banish the thought of it-
Do not allow this to be your alibi for ruin lain our ardor;
The enchantment of this fragile heart none may barter,
Yet you achieved same in spite of my steadfast guard;
Its furtherance is inevitable, we could never hope to retard
Or stop this divinity, so let us embrace it, and in it, invest-
We have both found that which we sought and are truly Blessed!

- Maurice Harris, 24 December 2014

Maurice Harris

I Am Now A Man Of God

As I sit in Starbucks, down the street from my new home-
And as I allow my thoughts to wander and roam
From Your Reality-as a means of explication-
I am reminded of one salient connection,
With which I have struggled, my entire Existence:
Your Plan cannot be explicated or rationalized!
It took an Angel, who has watched all of THIS from afar-
Who induced out of me-Your Bright, Shining Star-
Acceptance of, and an embrace of, one fact:
No one but You, Heavenly Father, is responsible for one single act
Of compassion, understanding, love, or strength, now gifted to me-
It is I, and I alone, with a heart uplifted, who sees
The very Hand of God, now gifting my dreams;
It is my Gift from You, for the Faith I have shown,
As I suffered indignities, that most have never known-
Not even I may explicate the Wonder of what my life seems!

-Maurice Harris, 27 January 2012

Maurice Harris

I Am So Sorry

I am so sorry that you no longer believe in your dreams;
I am so sorry that now, sadly, it surely seems
As though you have given more thought to
The ignorance of others, instead of what you ought to-
Namely, the love you have, guarded deep in your heart.
For the sake of 'what others might think', you've allowed part
With all that which presented as answer to your prayers.
The soul that is meant to fly belongs to the one who dares
Fly, despite any impediment that may be placed in its way.
I am so sorry that you have allowed your heart to decay
As it has-for the sake of prevarication by someone unknown.
The mind that is truly strong, must be able to think on its own-
I am so sorry that you no longer possess this ability;
I am so sorry that real love for you, is no longer a possibility-
Not until you learn to live the life you truly want to live,
Unaffected by the potential for uninformed opinions people may give.
I am so sorry that you would rather be a martyr to the throng-
Even though their lives are unaffected and their opinions are wrong!
I am so sorry that your heart apparently has a switch,
That you can flip, to either now or then, live a lie; which is which! ?
I am so sorry that when confronted by a scenario of 'fight or flight',
You chose to flee, instead of what your heart knows is right!

I cannot live this way, I have always been true to myself, and to you;
If roles were reversed between the two of us, what would you do! ? !
The answer to that question is the path you should have espoused.
My wish for you is that this answer has already been aroused.

Maurice Harris

I Am The Mate For Your Soul (Do Not Fear Me)

</></>If only time could be undone;
Then, the mistakes of time ere
May find correction, until there were none.
Time could be rewound, to where
My heart allowed fear to lead it
And I could erase my biggest mistake.
My heart would tell your's that I need it,
So that I may finally live the life I've tried to make
For myself, for so very, very long!
Of course, I would need your cooperation,
To re-light the flame, once so very strong.
Much time has been given, to much mentation
Upon this very subject-long and deep I've pondered!
You and I were supposed to be-
But sadly, I was too afeared, and squandered
The vision that my eyes were supposed to see!

It is said: 'it is never too late';
Perhaps we were meant to wait
Until now-maybe it was fated
That we meet again, and created
A complete canvas, for a second chance
At a consummate consortium-a romance
Betwixt the mates for each other's souls!
You are the vision that my heart extols
In both reality and aspiration-
My all-consuming amorous vocation!

My beloved, though I have never told you,
I love you more than anything I may ever say!
I know not, if again I'll ever hold you
In my arms-though, in my dreams, I've imagined the day!

We are drawn to one another yet again;
Perhaps we were just not ready then,
So, for reasons we do not fully comprehend,
God brought us back to one another, so we may amend
What was once an incomplete, all-too-brief love affair;
Now I am ready, and naught may scare

Me away this time-though, am I too late?
I know you love me, yet would never ask me to wait-
You are too noble-you would rather lie
To your own heart, yet I ask 'why? '.
Do not accept a life that is uninspired
Because our own circumstances conspired
Against us so many years ago.
You cried, as have I, allowing tears to flow
Only when alone and in the dark of night,
So that your vulnerability remained out of sight.
Do not cry any longer, for our love, lost-
Our dreams may still be, no matter of cost
To that which we believe we have built;
The fragrant flower that is our love may begin to wilt
If too much time is spent on altruism-
The verity of your heart is the only truism
That should really concern you now.
If cannot provide for it, then you should learn to, now,
Before it begins to wither, then die!
If you do not allow it to come hither-then, 'why? '
Would be the question I would pose.
Believe me beloved, the requisite love shows
Through, whenever you are near me.
I am the mate for your soul, do not fear me!

Maurice Harris,14 August 2011

Maurice Harris

'I Am The Most Beloved Of My Beloved'

Though you are not now with me, thoughts abound, as remind-
You are the one thing that they did not steal, nor could I, leave behind:
My heart was left with thee, to guard from further harm-
To be kept in the loving solace of your soul-inspiring charm!

I may possess naught, yet I have everything I need:
You are the call of my heart, and I simply must heed!

Though there exists many queries I am insatiate,
All the answers are there already, for the love He did create.
As today's night gives way to the dawn of the morrow,
Love, felicity, and truth, supplant doubt and sorrow.

Though we are now in quite disparate place, this I know,
Our hearts, minds, and souls exist together, as time shall show;
Should you still feel dubiety's pull, repeat after me:
'I am the most beloved of my beloved', then I shall repeat, after thee!

-Maurice Harris, 8 August 2010

Maurice Harris

I Am, A Testament To Love

I would move mountains, even if for one day,
I were so fortuitous as to have the one, say:
'I love you and I have searched for you all of my days! '
I prayed for its genesis, and now I do, that it stays!
Whether this comes to pass is not now known,
Yet its glory has been foretold and now grown
To be magnificence in need of acceptance;
This is His gift, and we, humble appreciants!

Be not afeared of the love you now hold;
Its power frightens, yet it has been foretold
That our strength is possessed in our faith!
Should we believe, we may create from a wraith,
Something more beauteous, more permanent
Than life itself-I AM, a testament!

-Maurice Harris, 19 May 2011

Maurice Harris

I Am...

(For UBBH)

I am the quiet, kind heart that makes you smile
Though not near to you, with you I am, all the while!
You find me in all you love and all you see,
Your favorite song, the most beautiful star lily-
The awe-inspiring beauty chronicled in prose,
I am the most melodic tune one could compose!

I exist in the magical innocence of my son and daughter-
My essence seen in a Mexican beach's pristine water;
There you will see me in all of nature's splendor,
With you am I, in all your moments, most tender!

I am the beauty others see in your eyes,
I am the path that the majestic eagle flies-
The wind, the rain, the earth and the sun,
I am not just me, I am imparted to everyone!

Maurice Harris, 1 September 2009

Maurice Harris

I Assure Thee

I see that you are frightened, I am too;
I know you are hopeful too, I see it in all you do!
You have fiercely coffered your fragile heart
For such a long time, weary of a new start!

We have been chosen for each by a power, great-
To prove to each, that to be truly happy, it is never too late!
Love this powerful, must await its proper time;
Wait, we have been asked, until we are both prime!

All times and memories that we have missed
Shall be supplanted by those yet to be-I promise this!
Trials and tribulations of past have prepared us;
Lest you may think they have impaired us-
I assure thee all that heretofore has transpired
Has readied us for what our hearts have always desired!

Maurice Harris, 10 April 2010

Maurice Harris

I Covet Not Only You

My every day, whether awake or engaged in somniation,
Certainly includes much in the way of lofty aspiration;
Beauteous dreams only-not my reality-
Yet, the former foretells their future duality:
In them, we have lived our wondrous life
Myriad ways, yet always as Husband and Wife!

I await this extraordinary futurity,
With a hopeful heart and a focused maturity;
I am enamored with you because I am supposed to be-
Unabashed, I celebrate same with all, yet, guard it close to me;
I may no longer deny, nor may I hide-
Verily, it has served as a tremendous source of pride;
I covet not only you, due your incomparable beauty,
But, also the man I am made from same-both my solemn duty!

-Maurice Harris,30 December 2010

Maurice Harris

I Give All To Thee...

I give all to thee...the entire world which I know:
All my hopes and dreams, to and with you, I do bestow!
Without question, nor with a moment's hesitation
I want all for thee...tis my heart's solitary vocation!
Replete is my heart with your very existence,
Lacking you...absent too, my very subsistence!

I, the tender flower, you, dichotomously, both sun and rain!
Ever more enraptured am I...ne'er to wane!
Wanton for nothing, but to have you near,
In your tender embrace, naught do I possess, to fear!
With you by my side, all else fades to irrelevance,
Humbled each day am I by your love's adamance!

Ever amazed, ever assured by such...with nary above:
I shutter to fathom where I would be...without your love!

Maurice Harris, 10 May 2006

Maurice Harris

I Have But Dreamt Of Thee

I have but dreamt of thee, lo, made you I did, real!
Many a night have you greeted me, as I did sleep-
Many still a solitary nox, were you causal-my heart's leap!
Alas, inducive, your quixotic beauty is, to the glory I do feel!

Never had I made consort with thine own visage....
Until that glorious day whence upon I made realization
That you were more than just mine own fanciful fantisization...
Its glory was revealed, in all its splendor-for its not a mirage!

All owed to that blessed day whence Heaven did meet the Earth-
Lacking for naught am I now, but for to make for this, quittance!
Surely, all I offer thee to requite for such, serves as mere pittance-
Proffer still I shall, all I may, as homage to thee-for my perpetual mirth!

All ever I could have hoped, more still than I could dream!
Hold thee I shall, and honor thee, in most the high esteem!

Maurice Harris, 13 April 2009

Maurice Harris

I Have Not A Choice

I cannot breathe, I cannot sleep;
I have but one more promise to keep,
To MY King of Kings, Lord of Hosts:
To TRULY covet the ONE I love the most,
In all the ways I promised I would,
And for all the days I KNOW I should,
To PROVE to the world it is FOR His Good-
This is the purpose He Divined I could
Stay upon this Earth, to do;
Beloved, I do so very much, love you!
All you shall ever want, all you shall ever admire-
THIS then becomes my every Earthly desire:
To provide same, to you, and for you-
I have not a choice-I do so very much, adore you!

-Maurice Harris,3 February 2012

Maurice Harris

I Have Seen The Very Hand Of God

I have seen glorious Wonders of the World,
Yet, I have seen and experienced death too;
I have seen The Very Hand of God, unfurled
Before me, as I took what I thought was my last breath, to
Only discover that, THAT death was to release me from the burden
Of the Grief of MY Heart, and allow that all the erstwhile hurting
That I had to bear, was released and, with it, any belief
That I was somehow responsible for my very own grief!
It was no coincidence that this Earthly Death happened so close
In proximity to a visit I received from the Angel God chose
To walk beside me for the rest of my days, for the rest of OUR days;
I remembered her fondly, even then, through the haze
Of an incalculably improbable death, that seemed to amaze
Even those brilliant and heroic Doctors and Nurses, who helped raise
Me from the 'Other Side' after ten full minutes there!
My first act, after this death and four long, torturous
Days for family and friends, was to reassure this
Most Awe-Inspiring Cherub that I was 'OK', and not to worry:
For death and God Himself, sould not have been in to much a hurry
To receive me into His Kingdom-I MUST have so much more Work to do!
I am here today but for the Grace and Benevolence of God Himself, Who
Wants the world to know and embrace my Path, as Righteous and True!
He has ensured this, with Acts of Divinity, which cannot be explained by me or
you
In any rational way-SO, we must accept His Power, Majesty, and Might-
Which, in turn, makes it all too easy, to also accept THIS Path, as Right
And True, Real, and His-for no one else could gift this miracle, to me;
Nor could any Earthly explanation suffice, as to how all of THIS, came to be!
God called me briefly before Him, so He could Vest in me, even more Strength
Than I already possessed; He ensured that MY Path, MY Truth-no matter of
length,
Shall come to Wondrous fruition, in all the ways that only He may Command;
THIS was Heavenly Father's Finest Hour, Greatest Gift, and Last Stand-
With Respect to all the travesties which have befallen me, and mine!
HE alone may garner the attention of the entire world, as His Trinity combines
All of Their Power and Empyrean Magnificence, together in and for, a single
cause;
THIS singularly rare event, profoundly affected me and mine, so, as I give pause
To thank Him for all that He has done, so too should each one of you:

After all, without His Glorious, Selfless Beneficence, what would WE do! ?

-Maurice Harris,4 February 2012

Maurice Harris

I Have So Much To Tell You

'I have so much to tell you, but I do not want to do it with pen and ink;
I hope to see you soon, and then we will talk personally' *
My mind ruminates upon the time when I may impart what I think-
As I have said thoughts, as I ponder most passionately-
Regarding my life: my hopes and dreams,
Which I hope include you, and shall, it seems!

I shall bide yet, until I may adoringly gaze
Into those angelic eyes, which never cease to amaze;
My loving heart beats ever-faster even still,
When ponderance is gathered upon what will,
God-willing, be this glory-my ever-purposeful calling-
The fountain from which my hope does eternally spring!

I await our consort, with a faithful patience,
As I thank God every day for His thoughtful Omniscience!

Maurice Harris

I Learn Of Strength, Beauty, Love And Compassion

My heart resides with thee, its tutelar;
My consort with thee, in many ways didascalar-
I learn of strength, beauty, love and compassion;
Rare indeed, yet you possess and gift them, absent ration!

As each day passes to the morrow,
I learn more from thee, with hope to borrow
More permanence still, with the passing of days-
Hoping beyond all hope that this bounty stays!

I reside now in a state heretofore only in the scape of dream;
My reality supplants this aspiration, though real it did seem!

I must cause remind daily that this glory be not a wraith;
Proof positive this hath been, in the overwhelming power of faith!
I shan't cease erudition, thee not, pedagogy-same, contrariwise;
Sikerly this shall be our future, as in the morrow, the Sun shall again rise!

Maurice Harris, 18 May 2010

Maurice Harris

I Long

I long to be safe, in the arms of an Angel-
Far away from here, in her loving solace.
Perhaps I can simply close my eyes, and, well-
Go there, wheresoever she may posit.

I long to be 'better'-to feel whole again;
Perhaps I may be able to rebuild
A once-amazing man-but, where do I begin?
I may only endeavor as God has willed.

I long to feel loved, as I know I may;
Perhaps I may never know, yet shall endeavor
Still the same-as 'never' I cannot say.
As is now though, my heart's glee is as it has never
Been before, and surely never shall again-
Until the morrow, when doubled all again!

Maurice Harris

I Love You And This Is Why...

Trapped by the ignoble power of your deceit,
Thought did you I would bury my head and retreat?
You call yourself a mother, yet you are a criminal
That hides behind fictitious crimes- minimal!

No thought of how it is law may deal with you,
No care of how God may judge you?
You show my point with each irrational move
You, the reviled, me, the redeemed- time shall prove!

Deserving not of my compassion nor my reprieve
Actions so without explanation- no one would believe!
A lesson in humility and temperance I shall teach,
Hopeful am I, that without delay, you it does reach!

I love you and this is why I hold fast:
Because the love we have for each is meant to last!

Maurice Harris, 22 June 2008

Maurice Harris

I Love You, Because Of You

Whensoever I have time to ponder, I ponder of thee;
Whensoever I've cause to wonder, I wonder of thee;
You are my past, present and future-my love, ever-lasting;
You are found everywhere, even in places most contrasting!
Time and space removed from thee mean naught,
An Angel in my mind and heart, consumes my thought! !

Sikerly, my beloved, you are here with me as I sleep
And when awake-my heart's promise, abiding, I do keep!
Our's is not a love wherest a measure could even be kept,
Our's is a love, sans pareil, whose sempiternity, we must accept!

To say, 'I love you, because of you'-I make it as simple as I may-
It is really that elegant, and becomes more so, every day!

For me, you are omnipresent-you are everywhere:
You are the most brilliant sunset, with it's Emyrean glare,
Whose rays breath life into you, whilst it keeps you warm;
In the billowy clouds, I am reminded of your feminine form;
The sounds of birds, lovely as they may certainly be,
Cause remind of your Angelic voice and what you mean to me!

Thunder and lightning remind me of love's unbridled power;
Your's frightens me to death, yet, I grow closer to you every hour!
Trees, fancifully flowing in the wind, mimic our interdependence;
I am in awe of our love's unprecedented transcendence!

Snow flakes caress my face, as softly as I imagine you would;
The gentle drizzle of rain calms me, as I imagine you could!
Flowers, in full bloom, remind me of our love's blossom, perpetual-
Should I even want not to be reminded of same, it is ineffectual!

Though you are now not near to me, you 'walk' beside me-
All the while-to love, honor and always to guide me!

Maurice Harris, 2 February 2010

Maurice Harris

I Love You, Yet Not

What will need be, in for your mind
To leave all you allege, finally behind?
You know better than to paint a picture, so fantastic-
Alas, you know deceit supplanting truth is tragic!

Why then, where truth is needed the most
Would you subvert the actual, in chase of a ghost?
Where be the lady to whom my heart doth belong-
What thee allowed, not what's meant by head-strong!

I love you, yet not do I want mine hand be forced-
My demands are stern, not as others, coerced!

Maurice Harris, 18 June 2008

Maurice Harris

I May Not...

I may not be able to buy you a manse, but you have my heart;
We share a unity, as I am pained that we are apart;
If you experience times of joy, I am gladdened;
Should I feel grief, you too, are saddened!

You love me, I know, despite my eccentricity-
I love you-your beauty sublime, its causality!
You epitomize a nurturer, at times, I need the same;
You are fragile-to protect and covet thee always-my aim!

You were my first love-please do be for me, my last-
Though, I shan't force beauty's place, should this not come to pass!
All mine own life, my dreams contained this visceral, yet, bonnie lass-
Your form hath ne'er altered, however-formed from my past!

I may not be a magician, nor know how prestidigitation is done-
Yet, I present to you, two hearts-beginning to beat as one!

Maurice Harris, 28 April 2010

Maurice Harris

I Miss You...

I miss you...as the flowers crave the rain-
Without you, lo, shall thee come again?
As days sans the sun, my world, dark when wanting:
Your absence, when erred did I-haunting!

Sorrow have I not though for what was recited,
Alas, response as proffered, surely was invited!
Offered thee though, as my amity's token;
Mine own truth, more worthy than words not spoken!

My verity, to you offered as an amorous alm-
Your presence near, to serve as my beauteous balm!
Whence lacking for thee am I, not have I reason
To look to the beauty inherent in our newest season!

I long for thee-as the night doth the moon,
Pray do I for your truance to cease most soon!

Maurice Harris, 1 April 2009

Maurice Harris

I Must Be...

I must be for thee, all that I may-
If but hope do I, to start to repay
The debt owed you for my heart's exalt,
As you safely guard it, in your own's vault!

I must be for thee, all that you need,
For each and every want, I shall indeed
Make any and all effort, to make retort-
For the pleasure of your consort,
It is the least I may do, yet, still-
Remiss, if all your dreams do not fulfill!

I must be for thee, all that you are for me;
My heart's valiant protector, my love's verity-
Many may find love, though, ne'er as have I,
My soul's solitary compeer is now nigh!

Perchance, my beloved, I may not have word
For explication proper, yet this is assured-
I was meant for to become, and be, for thee,
All that you need for your soul's mate, to be;
I am the Sun, which gives rise at dusk, to your Moon;
You are the love, which for me, could ne'er come too soon!
You are the beauty, combined, from all that doth surround;
You are a wonderment which shall perpetually astound;
I am the mighty tree, shaped by your constant wind;
You are the awe-inspiring grace, that naught could portend!

Beautiful words have been combined, for many a year,
In attempt to capture my heart's exalt, and lend it to an ear!
Art has been fashioned, as a form of homage
Or to present to the world, one love's own visage!
Songs have been written, trying to capture the essence
Of same, yet still, words are bereft to define this pleasance!
Wars have been fought, since the dawn of time, in it's name-
Alas, there be victors, the delimitation is still the same!

Love is what makes all other emotions even possible,
Yet, its explication remains enigmatically implausible!

Still the same, the search for its capture shall continue,
In every way imaginable-forum, form, function and venue!

Though, for we two, all I may do is still endeavor, same-
For I am ever-captivated, and you are virtuously, to blame!
As stated many times previous and in ways, many,
Naught is there to draw compare to thee, nor shall, any!

Maurice Harris, 18 January 2010

Maurice Harris

I Need Not...

I need not your loving hand, clasped into mine-
This would be most pleasing, yet they needn't intertwine!
I need not be able to gaze adoringly in your eyes-
Though this would be inspiring indeed, tending to hypnotize!

I need not your thoughtful caress, your loving touch-
This is not necessary, yet I want for it so very much!
I need not your insightful consult, your abiding ear-
Though should any of these be offered-to accept, I'd volunteer!

All I do need is to occupy space I now have in your heart,
This is all I need-until no longer may we be, apart!
I wait, with longanimity, for a time whence over is the wait-
At long last, I make consort, full, with my soul's mate!
Then, and ever, all my wants and needs shall fulfill-
Yet, I abide now patiently, until this is God's will!

Maurice Harris, 12 April 2010

Maurice Harris

I Now Live 'Innocently'

I now live innocently at your back door,
I now await the wonder that is us, to fully restore;
I now know fully, the forces which led me to this place-
Now, all my dreams are missing, is: the smile upon your face,
The melodious sound of your voice,
And the rest of your Angelic presence, near;
Neither one of us has been given a choice
In all the prescient circumstances which led here;
But, here we are anyway-closer to our dreams fulfilled;
It has never been in our hands, but by God, willed;
Never, in a lifetime of years, could I fathom what was done-
But, now I know a single Truth, and that is OUR love!
Deny, deny-all you like, but you only deceive yourself-
Once honest with me, and others-THEN only, may you believe yourself!

-Maurice Harris, 27 January 2012

Maurice Harris

I Proffer Not, Acquiescence!

I have stood forlorn, at the very precipice
Of what Dante coined 'The Eternal Abyss';
Yet, I have seen too, beautificence, sans pareil
And have been inspired by each, all the while!

I have seen acts, diabolical and gifts, Empyrean,
Yet, through it all, I live by a creed, Nietzschean:
'That which does not kill you, makes you stronger',
Though, I shan't stand by idly and do naught any longer!

A precious gifting hath been purloined, from me and mine-
I shan't, its allowance, forgive, though each may otherwise be fine!
I must make known, this scourge, and its remedy, ensure-
To this end, I will do what I must, yet my intentions remain pure!
Until this glory is restored, there exists a void, in its absence-
The lament of my heart is why I proffer not, acquiescence!

Maurice Harris, 16 March 2010

Maurice Harris

I Refuse To Live Subject To Fear

I refuse to live subject to fear in any form;
For far too long, I have been subject to intimidation-
No more, no more-I have been a pawn to deceit's storm
Once, twice before, and shall no longer allow its manifestation;
I am unlike you, when I am in fear, I communicate, not shut out
The source of my fear, even though your heart yearns for same;
I adore you, and would never do anything to besmirch your name,
But your deceit has now transmogrified into misplaced blame,
For the 'love of your life'-I shall no longer play your game!
I am not the product of your fears, nor could I put out
Such a feeling, in anyone with a rational base to their thought;
I shall wait, forever if I must, for this love to be what it ought!
How dare you break your own heart, and blame me for this fear-
Your long-sought love is practically upon you, never before, this near!

Maurice Harris

I Saw Beauty Today

I saw beauty today, more than mine eyes have, ever;
Thou shalt ne'er be absent from my thought-no, never!
Effusive and ebullient, all are made to be ameliorate-
God surely spared no mentation when you, He did create!

I am made better, for my privity to your existence,
Love for thee strengthens my paternal persistence;
You may not know me, as I do you-yet, I assure you
There is but no other, as do I, who doth adore you!
Perchance, you miss me not, as I do for you, yearn-
Yet, my beloved Angel, one day, this too, you will learn!

Fortified in heart, by knowledge of your need for our consort-
My all-consuming passion for same, naught could ever thwart!
I shall again behold the beauty that doth reside with you,
Envision yet not, all the beauty that doth abide with you!

Maurice Harris,9 January 2010

Maurice Harris

I See...

I oft ruminare upon what shall surely be-
I shall now proffer the glory of what I do see:
I see sunny days, with skies, bereft of cloud,
Wondrous emotions, I could not hope to shroud;

I see my jollity, exposed, for the world to behold,
I see a life, wherest the path is paved with gold!
I bear witness to my heart made to be weak,
Whence I ponder, the love, that for so long I did seek!
Yet, fortified am I, by this very same beauty-
Constancy of adoration, shall be my solemn duty!

I am but a man, yet with thee, a King, you, my Queen,
As I ponder upon what shall be, even what has been!
I count myself most fortuitous-thee, most beautiful star,
I shall covet thee, no matter of distance-near to me, or far!

Your's is a beauty, more than all else, rarified-
So too then, shall same be, by me, glorified!
I shan't be remiss-to watch my star, idly fall,
I simply must answer this-my heart's urgent call-
To dutiful action...paint me selfish, or even self-serving-
Yet, to drink in your resplendence, I am most deserving!

Ne'er shall I have even hoped, to have been prime,
For it was ne'er my choosing whence it was my time-
This was written long ago, in His very own hand,
It is only for my embrace, ne'er for me to understand!

I envision a world filled with myriad, beautiful emotion-
The celebration of such, shall be my life-long devotion!
Obligation is owed to you, for this and so much more,
For, you are this beauty I do so very much, adore!

Maurice Harris, 25 January 2010

Maurice Harris

I Simply Must

I long to be your everything-your only wish needed-
To ensure that all others you may have are all heeded-
Your last thought at night, your first, in the morning,
The overwhelming desires you get, without warning;
Your courageous guardian, protecting you from scathe-
Lo, if this be-e'er, in my compassionate arms, thee I would inswathe!

I need be causative to your heart, twitterpated-
Providing you with more cause for same, unabated;
I must be your all-consuming, never-ending desire-
To requite, though a pittance, such cause for admire!

Want for these honors, though so many, many more still
To meander toward my heart's destination, my dream's fulfill-
Supplanted hath thee, any other thought fleeting or otherwise-
These wants-hath not I, a choice, I simply must-actualise!

Maurice Harris, 9 November 2009

Maurice Harris

I Thought You A Letter Today

I thought you a letter today-though it, I do not write-
I shall save its content until you are within my sight;
There exists so very much I wish to say,
Yet, I decided for same, to wait for the day
When your visage is not just in my mind and I am at last with you, I shall impart
Many, many thoughts that perhaps I have not shared;
Perhaps I was a feared, and thus, have not dared;
Still, as our union has been, by distance, slowed,
We have, as yet, not ventured down that beautiful road!

I have dreamt so many dreams I need to share,
Whence consideration is gathered upon we two, as a pair;
Each and every time when this somniation is rendered complete,
Only the ardor of our impending amorous amative, may compete!

-Maurice Harris,5 August 2010

Maurice Harris

If Only For Now

Moments in time help to define a man;
As had I, the moment, first I held your hand!
Yet another happened but for hours later;
Ne'er could I have envisioned one greater!

Invited surreptitiously was I, to a spaghetti dinner-
Cognizant was I then, that I was the big winner!
My heart leapt up that very day, as I knew
The rest of my wondrous life would be spent with you!

Fortuitous were we, to receive, yet another bequeath
In a foreign land! Ensured did we, that across the seas
Our love did surely reach! Our life together, surely had begun
That day in sweet November, whence three became one!

Our family, destined, from the very start;
Alive, for me, as e'er been-if only for me, in my heart!

Maurice Harris, 7 March 2008

Maurice Harris

If Wishes And Dreams Were Money

If wishes and dreams were money, I would be a millionaire;
If they were all I needed, I would already be there,
Privy to your resplendent, amazing grace!
Nothing may serve to recompense or replace
What we have already, tragically lost-
We pay each and every day, our grievous lamentation, the cost!
With each day that passes, there is more about you to learn,
And all the while, this Father's heart continues to yearn
For Daughters that he does not even know,
Yet loves more than anyone-a love that continues to grow,
Despite our estrangement, by those who do not consider who
They might hurt-whose very responsibility was to consider you!
One day, my dreams and wishes will come true-
I will be the richest man in the world, when I again know you!

Maurice Harris

If You Love Someone

I learned from another, to let go of fear-
Heretofore, I shall endeavor to make my emotions clear;
If you love someone, show them, unequivocally-
When you love someone, tell them, fastidiously!

Should I sit idly by and allow this glory to fade,
Lest I believe another may be waylaid?
No! Your heart is quite adept at love, use it well-
Now I know I shan't fall victim to regret's retell!

I love someone, and I shared with her, the same-
I have no means by which to extinguish this flame!
I must do as my heart compels, I am merely a vessel-
I shan't query my decision, nor, its method, wrestle!

I now know that my beloved has no doubt;
How is this? Because, I cast it all out!

Maurice Harris, 7 March 2010

Maurice Harris

Imagine A World...

Imagine a world-one like you've given to me,
Where you are too afeared to be all you've striven to be:
A world where fear of an implausible future event
Becomes more important than our erstwhile love-Heaven sent,
Both in literal and figurative terms-your dream's fruition;
The complete embodiment of your life's ambition:
To find a mate for your incomparably beautiful soul-
This is what you have allowed to wither-what fear stole
From both you and me, on that fateful day before Christmas last.
You will never find this love again if you keep living in the past,
You protect yourself by pretending that it was never real,
Yet, only we two know how it is that you truly feel-
Even now, as I scribe these poignant words as tribute
To a love that naught may replace-a conviction made more resolute
With the passage of time and space from this love's loss.
You promised me that you would never again cross
The heart of mine, that loves you most completely-
Yet you betrayed both of them since that day, most repletely
And tragically, with your choice to shutter with fear.
My heart's ardor is surely real, and lives right here,
Waiting for its inspiration to appear once again:
I shall never again truly love until then.
This choice is not, and has never been, mine-
Will you continue to ignore your own, and further confine
Yourself to the mediocrity of what you allowed to be,
Or will you embrace the love you once avowed, to be! ?
You possess no basis in your fear's reality toward me,
So, why not stop looking back-look forward, to be
All that He wants for you-all that we may provide, together.
You once were so very sure-why not again decide to never
Again cede to fear, but only to love as only I know you can! ?
Fear only leads to loneliness-the heart's tragic isolation
From the one mate that provides it with inspiration:
To accept fear's determination is to ban
The heart's capacity for love, and accept mediocrity;
The human heart is made to love, anything else is hypocrisy!
I may only proffer words of advice, not make decisions for you,
And merely offer same because, despite it all, I adore you
And wish the best for you-yet, I know it must include me;

Therefore, for both selfish and altruistic reasons, I conclude, we
Must both try as hard as we may, to live for the future, not what 'was';
I can not help how it is that I feel about you, not because
Of what we once had, but because of what I know we may-
In a future where the past is left to 'lie'-
Otherwise, we will both leave 'true love', to die.

-Maurice Harris,8 June 2012

Maurice Harris

In My Dreams, You Are Here

As I sleep serenely, visions of your grace
Dance in my mind, reminding me of the place
You hold in my heart-my wish for all in this world:
To see but a day of the joy that, in me, you've unfurled!

In my dreams, you are here-I encompass you in my arms-
All the while, you beguile me with your charms!
Blessed was I upon the day of our first meeting,
All days since, your heart and mine have been greeting!

Upon awakening I am reminded of our distance,
Solace is begotten though in the form of our love's persistence!
Believe you must, naught would I barter in it's stead,
Exalted am I by what, for us, is ahead!

Matters not whether dreaming or awake,
Fervor is unaltered, as is the path I shall take!

Maurice Harris, 25 October 2008

Maurice Harris

In The Billowed Clouds

In the billowed clouds e'ery solitary nox, I shall greet thee;
Sure as the sun doth rise in the morrow, I shall meet thee;
Upon this you may rely, be you remote, or e'en nigh-
There I shall be, awaiting your arrival, as down to sleep, you lie!

This, our charming place, known, but to we two;
Familiar, yet e'er varied, as felicity of old, may be anew!
Our refuge, where angst may turn to solace-
Wherest nary a thought, spoilt, may befall us!

Whensoever you need find retreat from all your worry,
Fastly to our special place I exhort you scurry;
As proffered ere, be there I shall, to comfort thee-
There, with love in my heart, to assort thee!

Soon my beloved, you shan't require this viage-
Our disparate journey's genesis shall meet marriage!

Maurice Harris, 31 October 2009

Maurice Harris

In Times Of Need, I Shall Comfort Thee

In times of need, I shall comfort thee-
Allow me to be your repose, I exhort thee!
To be wanton of such is not to admit you require
As much, yet is allying with your heart's desire!

We are not measured simply by what we may accomplish on our own,
With aid of loved ones, we don't have to face our fears alone!
I am here for you, for these and all other days,
Whilst I may wander, with you is where my heart stays!

I can be your strength, as you are for me,
Together, more fervid than alone we could ever be!
Share with me your fears as well as your dreams and hope-
Alas, our acceptance of the former allows the latter to help us cope!

Whatsoever you may need, I shall endeavor to provide,
For to be with you is the call of my heart- and I shall abide!

Maurice Harris, 26 November 2008

Maurice Harris

Indominable Spirit

Indominable spirit had we, within our relation-
As though the Fates had destined our revelation!
Beautiful vision, glorious notion; breadth and depth of largest ocean!
As if were we, transfixed as one, by an enduring potion!

A love which transcends time, and bridges all seas;
A love that, on the power of each, builds, as these
Are the most fortuitous and gladdening of times-
Heretofore not known, though oft espoused in rhymes!

Beauteous flower, most fragrant of the bunch,
Mine for the pleasure of her company, is the hunch;
All others pale, whence compared to thee-
All others blinded, by the 'diamond' I see!

Love knows no limits, nor does it, end;
From my abode, at current, do I, my love, send!

Maurice Harris, 17 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Infinite And Unparalleled

I have given all to thee, expect naught, did I, in return;
One might expect a certain status this may earn!
Expect only, did I, a certain mutual respect-
What I received though-no one could expect!

You once asked me, not so long ago: 'Do you love me enough? '
What say you now, my dear? Naught do I place above!
I have given all for thee, surely I would all again to remind;
Leave now, my lady, all who hath hurt us, behind!

No doubt should thee have of your place in my heart;
You reside where always you have, from first impart-
Occupy do you, all thought, every moment in time;
Causal art thine essence, to this very rhyme!

My love for thee-infinite and unparalleled for certain,
Alas, beloved, thine own actions causal to love's drawn curtain!

Maurice Harris, 31 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Invalidate The Thorns, But Relish The Rose

You did not have to choose:
You did not have to lose
'The answer to your prayers'
Due the fears of the masses;
Perhaps you'll find, as time passes:
The heart that truly loves, dares
To make the dream real, and gains
More strength and verity every day;
Whilst, the heart that halts and reins
In its ardor, withers slowly in every way.
Even the most beautiful rose has its thorns-
So, invalidate the thorns, but relish the rose.
The heart that shuns its mate, silently mourns.
Look into your heart, ask that it again expose
The amorous amative it now hides.
Banished to nihility, the shunned heart yet abides.
As the rose, true love is perennial:
It does not stray, die, wilt, or wither.
To ignore this call is hopeless self-denial-
Look now to your own; dare deny it lives not, thither!

Maurice Harris

Is A Wish In My Heart Enough...?

</>Is a wish in my heart enough, to light
A flame that shall again, bring within my sight
The Angel that I did once know?
Are my inspired sentiments enough, to show
That she is the mate my soul has awaited;
Many Moons have passed since we consorted,
Yet, the ardor of my heart has never abated-
I have even taken to aspiration, where I have resorted
To fanciful fantisization of our life together,
Where each new day is the beginning of our forever!

Only time shall tell what the future may hold,
Only time shall determine whether or not
The song of my heart is sung, and its story told;
Let it be as I prayed Lord, if it be aught!

-Maurice Harris,6 July 2011

Maurice Harris

It Is Not A World Of Wonder

It is not a world of wonder, or of joy;
It is a world of heartache and pain,
That no one would hope to feign-
A dark world you hope to destroy;
No words may explain this state
Of anxiety, rife with guilt and sorrow;
The only hope is that tomorrow
May gift a reprieve of this fate.
Emotions are misplaced and wrong;
Days are purposeless and painfully long,
Filled with annoyance after annoyance,
Where the only solution is avoidance.
Friendships are not valued, nor are they sought,
This avoids explanation of the baggage brought
Into your life-a gift you never wanted, but does haunt;
No matter what happens, it is never what you want.
There is no pleasure here, there is only pain-
There is only constant trauma that will never wane.
Sleep seems a foreign concept, but does not allay
The mental and physical pain you feel every day.
Now a warrior without a battle field,
You fight an enemy you cannot see,
Who inflicts wounds that cannot be healed;
All you want is the 'old you', but this cannot be.
Your mind wanders and is perpetually scattered
And all hope of normalcy is forever shattered.
No one will ever understand your mind's tumult
And to attempt to explicate it is far too difficult.
All must be said or done in a certain way
Or you are sure to dampen another's day
With instructions on just how it was supposed to be.
There is no bend in your views, there are only breaks:
Others tire of what you opine they were "supposed" to see,
Say or do-and they will surely learn, no matter what it takes.
You are seen as rigid, even militaristic, yet cannot change-
It is up to others to adapt, though they make think you strange.
Your shame may keep you from the help you truly need,
Yet that is your only hope and you simply must accede,
And accept the inherent value in the expertise of others-

Then set about to help your Sisters and Brothers;
With your new-found knowledge, you may subdue this scourge
To allow a part of you, once thought lost, to re-emerge.

- Maurice Harris, 16 December 2014

Maurice Harris

It Is Not I... (An Ode To The Divine Nature Of True Love)

It is not I who is altering all before me;
It is not I who caused that I adore thee;
It is not I who makes this happen for us;
It is not I who sings solo, but a chorus;
It is not I who gave us this gift;
It is not I who causes your heart's uplift;
It is I, along with you, who are the vessels, with which God
Has chosen to uplift our extraordinary souls-this is a course we may only retard,
Not change entirely, no matter of nemesis-true love is the most powerful force
Of all and may not be reasoned with, -like a stubborn mule, refusing to change
his course;
When the day is done, the only truth that remains is love, in all its forms,
myriad-
So still you wonder if it is I who caused this love! ? Nay, it is Divinely Inspired,
period!
God has chosen me, though I am not perfect, to gift to thee the life you truly
deserve-
I am but obsequious to Him; He is my Lord and Savior, and He, I humbly serve!

Maurice Harris

It Surely Exists In Her Gaze

It surely exists in her gaze, in the truth of her regard-
This bequeath, of her amity- lasting and ne'er to wither;
Shan't I envisage a thought of its want hither,
Ameliorate surely all, certain am I ne'er to retard!

Explication does escape me, to expound further its essence!
Alas, solace resides in her gaze, in her words of comfort-
Preordained, gifted me seraphically, causal to our consort
Her presence visceral, to me, an appurtenance!

Her kind, soothing spirit bestows a myriad of ease-
Sentiment spoken, oft with nary a word still!
Her aspect transmutes tumult to tranquil-
As if from a mistral she fashions a zephyrous breeze!

Endebted am I for all she, for me, doth proffer,
Mine own love and amistad- in recompense, I offer!

Maurice Harris, 20 March 2009

Maurice Harris

Jesus, I Trust In You

Jesus, I trust in You; In days of both jollity and lament,
I put my faith in You to be omnipresent,
Guiding me down the right path and away from danger;
I pray You see me as I do You-a friend, and not a stranger,
Because I need one right now, and can think of no one better;
I owe so much to Thee, I am Your humble debtor!
I have striven to live my life with the example You gave,
And hope that when the time comes, I am a soul You save!

I am not perfect Lord, far from it; indeed-
Just as all of Your children, I am in need
of Your Divine Benevolence and Perpetual Forgiveness,
As I strive to model myself in Your likeness;
Be patient with me Lord, I am a work in progress;
A work not done yet, but one You continue to bless!

Maurice Harris

Just A Little Sign

</>It is not usually I, that is in need of encouragement-
Sometimes though, I wonder where my courage went!
As men, we are taught to be fearless and stoic,
Yet, I have many fears, but am too afraid to show it.
It was not supposed to be this way,
I did not choose to leave, but I could not stay;
The world is upside down, deceit gets rewarded-
When will my righteousness be afforded
Its due? When will I feel whole again?
How will I get back what circumstance stole, and when?

It looks as though there will be little sleep tonight-
I already, once, did softly weep, tonight;
Just a little sign, that is all I will need,
To show me that my prayers are ones You will heed!

-Maurice Harris,4 July 2011

Maurice Harris

'Justice' Is What Shall End Our Strife

Hastily removed from my world was I indeed!
Little knowledge had I of your fall from truth,
When most needed of such- though it was deceit you did choose!
Wanton of belief, then truth is what you did need!

Have you gone through any of what you said?
Did you think about that as you wished me dead?
What of the girls and being for them an example! ?
Reason I have for revenge- yet love is still ample!

You have left yourself no choice at all,
How to recover your grace after the fall!
Call it an ultimatum, I would call it fate
From heightened paranoia, to again reality's state!

Without thought, you relegated the love of your life-
'Justice' is what shall end our strife!

Maurice Harris, 16 April 2008

Maurice Harris

Justicia Est Lux (Justice Is Light)

Justice is really quite simple, it is never up for debate-
Yet, debate e'er surrounds it nonetheless;
For some, justice itself becomes a long, arduous wait,
For a time when you finally convince others of your righteousness.
It is said: 'justicia et lux'-or, justice is light-
Light, where before only darkness reigned.
Justice is doing only and always what is right-
True justice, not just justice fallaciously feigned.

Imagine a world where justice was not just an ideal,
But, an inalienable right that no one could steal-
A world where truth alone matters, and naught else;
A world half as inspired as our Forefathers envisioned-
A world where truth becomes known, and is not decisioned-
Where verity dwells above all, no matter of what else!

-Maurice Harris, 17 March 2011

Maurice Harris

Kaya

Abigail, 'Her Father's Joy', more true words not bespoken!
Beautiful blue eyes, as that of your sibling more young,
Forthwith, please do consent to this lexical token
Until riddance I may pay to this scourge that has stung!

Kaya, 'The Chosen One', gifted to me from God's own Hand!
Glorious was your arrival, as is your presence still,
It altered life's purpose, in ways none would understand-
Aspire do I to ensure all of your dreams fulfill!

Look forward do I to times of jollity spent,
Making memories to last our lives entire-
That I have not yet, my heart's lament,
To ensure such, I shall do all that does require!

Though there be foe to mine own intent,
I do, to you, avow this promised portent!

Maurice Harris, 2 August 2009

Maurice Harris

Know Not Do I When, Nor Where

Though know not do I when, nor where-
I shall dwell with thee, this I swear!
Though know not do I what, nor how
I shall give all to thee, all He shall allow!

My heart does yearn for your tender embrace,
The love I fancied my life entire, I no longer chase!
My only want: to be nearer still, ne'er too close,
Though my life's true love, it was not I that chose!

My life's purpose, heightened by your presence-
My life's love, defined by your essence!
Truly, deeply do I love thee-more surely than you know,
Though beyond measure, with time's passage-surely still to grow!

Alas, chosen for me by a power much greater than I,
Though know not do I how, ne'er more certain can be why!

Maurice Harris, 12 November 2008

Maurice Harris

Latter-Day Liar

Ah, the beautiful Latter-Day liar,
Whose fallacious failings continue to draw my ire!
Pray tell, what is the rhyme or the reason
For the world of lies, that serve as her heart's treason?
Apparently, it eases her mind and the burden of her guilt,
To leave the Truth out in the Sun, to wither and wilt, -
And not allow Adam's Ale to continue to nourish it?
Why would she ever want Truth to flourish? ! It
Is surely I who is facetious, yet this point I make:
Why would she ever want to cheapen or forsake
What not even she could possibly deny-
And live a life that is an Unholy Lie! ?
Now so far from reality's base,
She continues to disregard and deface
Both, God's Divine Laws and those of our land-
And has broken one of the Laws that God Himself, doth Command:
'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor';
Did she forget this one-or perhaps, she forgot her way! ? For,
All who have paid attention along the way,
Know that she has chosen to cower, from that day
When she chose false fear, in the face of verity-
Because, her 'dearly beloved' chose chaos instead of clarity!
She went too far with the ruse she has undertaken,
By the deceit her lies have manifest, and those it has forsaken!
For shame-instead of taking responsibility, she tried to save face-
I have always chosen Truth, Blessed by His Amazing Grace!
This makes me Right, and her, on the side of wrong-
She need come back to this side, where she doth belong!

-Maurice Harris, 26 February 2012

Maurice Harris

Learning, Virtue And Piety

My truth shall echo through all those you have infected;
At last, the wrong you have made shall be corrected;
Shame should fill thy heart with each passing day,
Your lies fade with your resolve, yet my truth doth stay!

All the help in the world will not-
All the time in the world shall not-
Aid you in your shameful ruse,
As it's deceit, the path you did choose!

Fate has given me great responsibility and power-
I shall fail not, as you, in my finest hour!
I value truth, more than you could e'er know,
It shall determine whether you stay or 'go'!

Learning, Virtue and Piety-my Alma Mater's Triple Crown;
These precepts lift me up after your deceit had knocked me down!

Maurice Harris, 3 August 2008

Maurice Harris

Leave Not Your Soul's Companion Behind

Remember not that which has infected your mind,
Only that which had infused and strengthened your heart!
Leave not your soul's companion behind-
Allow not the greatest love we've known to depart!

Illusions of mind-as real as mythical beasts of yore:
A moral quandary, your actions hath caused, lo, far more!
Illogical and irrational may be the only description given-
Actions founded upon delusion need cease, if we are to keep living!
The only acceptable solution lies in how we lived before-
Much pain could have been avoided, if you'd only paused!

Healing doth come, with the love and understanding we had, and
With the truth that is needed to assuage your guilt,
So too, must come a future where we are gladdened
To not repeat mistakes of past-only then shall our heart's be fulfilled!

Maurice Harris, 2 May 2008

Maurice Harris

Lest We Forget [11 September 2001, A Requiem]

Through a hatred borne of fear, you plotted your course;
With each 'Freedom' as fodder, your animus grew worse;
Your ignorance cannot be countered with rational debate,
It is your fundamental flaw-you hate, for the sake of hate!
One tragic, late Summer day, whose infamy you ensured,
You destroyed a treasured symbol-and though now cured,
Inculcated great fear-not to mention the lives you have taken!
We are resolute and unafraid, where once, we were shaken.

Your victory was pyrrhic, and very short-lived-
For, our time for righteous retribution soon arrived!
You awakened a sleeping lion, from His peaceable sleep,
And now, your total annihilation is a promise we shall keep,
To the humble and brave families of those we have lost;
We are 'One Nation, Under God' that you should have never crossed!

Millions of heroes, from cities and towns both far and wide,
Each with an indefatigable sense of American pride,
Have assembled from disparate lives, to fight side by side,
To honor the memory of those who tragically died!
They were very real people, from every station in life,
Whose loss, to this very day, still cuts like a knife,
Through the collective consciousness of the entire world;
Now, as a nation of nations, under a single flag unfurled,
We have gathered e'er more strength and fortitude still;
If we can not defeat with sheer might, our attitude will!

We are the embodiment of all you have taken from us-
Your diabolical deeds have surely shaken our trust
In the inherent goodness of man-shame on you!
The man in the mirror is culpable-yes, the blame's on you,
And you alone, for all the destruction and innocence you have taken;
You may never rebuild the trust that you have forsaken!

Our loss is profound, yet strengthens our resolve-
So long as, around the Sun, the Earth does revolve,
Your's is not an ideology that will capture a greater stage,
Only the rebuke of a righteous people, as well as their greater rage!

May we never forget what the world truly lost that day:
The citizens of the world, who paid a cost, that may
Never be repaid, as precious lives may not be replaced!
We must ensure that their memories are never effaced-
That we live lives, about which they could be proud
And hold fast to the promises that, to them, we've avowed!
For, it is for them and in memory of their grace
That we tempered our response to the right time and proper place,
Where hate mongers have tried to make it about religion and race!
This is the only way we may look our children in the face:
With the knowledge that our response was proper, and our force was right-
In the face of pure evil, we constrained our righteous might!

We honor those lost, always, lest we ever forget!
For all that for which they lived, we will never forfeit
The values they taught us, while they were living:
Love, patience, tolerance, and a perpetual Thanksgiving
For all the wonder that life had ever offered!
This is worthy a refrain, lest your heart still be coffered
By a misplaced animus for a phantom menace;
That is the fundamental difference we have between us:
The ability to know what is right and what is wrong-
It is what makes you weak, and us, strong!

-Maurice Harris, 11 September 2011

Maurice Harris

Lest You Forget

I ponder the depths of your myriad emotion
Whilst aware of your unconditional devotion!
Do you, as I, awake to find your glorious dream
Is ever more beautiful than even it did seem?

Does your heart tremble upon our love's contemplation?
Does it provide cause for your soul's celebration?
Can you feel my presence though many miles separate us?
Do you know what a tremendous part in such fate was?

Are the sounds of common birds singing now more melodious?
Does your heart brim with love, yet remain commodious?
Should you not give all when all has been given to thee?
Such is the myriad majestic emotions you have given to me!

Might you know just how much your love does mean?
Lest you forget, a beauty such as your's-mine eyes have never seen!

Maurice Harris, 9 November 2008

Maurice Harris

Let Only Love Avail

I never had a chance to thank you for what adoration
You did show me, because I was too busy with sorrow
For how it was that you chose to leave, which belied the devotion
That you professed; I never thought it would all be gone 'tomorrow',
Nor did I believe you would choose to punish me for my honesty.
If I could only share with you my faith of heart and strength of mind,
I know that you could find the requisite strength, in kind,
To allow us a new beginning, where we could leave the past behind,
Where it truly belongs, instead of carrying that travesty
Into the present, and with you as you ponder what may be.
I chose to leave it behind me, and I hope you will too.
'What is past is prologue'* surely, but if I only knew
What your reaction would have been to my unbridled honesty,
I may have had to make part with your company on my own,
Because then, I most assuredly would have known
That, while I proffered only verity, you lived a lie.
I learned so much from my travails, but may never know why
Someone with such a capacity for both love and aspiration,
Would choose to kill all she wants for herself-over fallacy!
What a shameful ruse of gross self-inconsideracy
You played upon yourself all that time, -exasperation
Does not even begin to gather all the emotion
That I feel when I think of what you have done to both of us.
How can you even trust yourself? Never mind what trust
You lost with me, when you decided to cower from your own dreams!
The soul exalts with joy, from what the humble heart redeems:
Fear may have been your nemesis, but humility can be your redemption.
Some things are unforgiveable, but true love grants an exemption
For the sake of its own betterment-it seeks only its own counterpoint.
Surely, Heavenly Father would not falsely anoint
Each one of us as the same for each if He thought we would fail.
Live your life as you would choose and let only love avail.

Maurice Harris

Liberty's Cradle

Dismissed, without so much as a reason-
Thank you, for your lack of concern-and no
My heart's lament is surely not easin'!
You do not belong here-pick up your gavel and go!

How dare you-you, Justice's arbitor? !
The world wants for far more than this;
You are not more than iniquity's harbinger-
The world deserves far more than this!

You too have a judge, and He does see
All that you do-and all those you fail!
Why did you choose to fail me,
I implored thee, for my justice's avail! ?

I reside here, as you, in Liberty's Cradle-
For Her sake, I shall do all I am able!

Maurice Harris,3 March 2010

Maurice Harris

Lie Not, Thine Heart Or Soul, Dormant

Tell me, my beloved, do thoughts after we first consorted
Yet again, mirror in any way, those before! ? !
Are you now ever more at ease-comforted
By the fact that you serendipitously opened the door
Unto a marriage, betwixt our hearts-as too, our souls mate! ? !
Now, just our minds need comport, more nearly!
We need not affix a certain deadline, by date-
Yet, must delineate our wants and needs, more clearly.

I want not, to be a party to any fear or fright,
Merely, do I desire, night after lonely night,
For thee to lend me further adoration;
Lie not, thine heart or soul, dormant-
Allow their 'eruption', toward me:
Recompense my love with your own, to reward me!

Maurice Harris

Life Is A Journey

Life is a journey, full of side trips and detours-
It is not always smooth, despite its allure;
Every once in a while, through despair,
Comes a sign someone else really does care-
Maybe its a small gesture, maybe a kind word,
But it comforts you, and you are reassured
That all humanity is, in fact, not lost;
Maybe its hope restored, with a hurdle crossed,
Or kindness, which comes from a most unexpected place-
Life is a journey my friend, and not a race!

Take my word for it-no matter your tribulation,
Something will happen to improve your situation.
Have faith; remain strong; never forfeit;
With time, all your problems you will forget!

Maurice Harris, 12 July 2011

Maurice Harris

Life's Guiding Light

Should I not come back, please know
I did not leave you, alas, I had to go-
For it is not mine own free choice:
Without contrition, truth is my voice!

I am with you still, you need only aspire,
You are with me yet, naught could expire;
Time and distance separate us ne'er-
I shall never leave you, this I swear!

I shall be the beauty you partake,
In your dreams, whilst you're awake;
I may take for you any form:
A soothing thought, keeping you warm,
Future's assurance, each day more bright,
Perchance, even your life's guiding light!

Maurice Harris, 27 September 2009

Maurice Harris

Life's Only Real Mystery-

Life's only real mystery-the only one I can not impart,
Is the remembrance of thee in mine own fragile heart!
Persistence not lacking though, far it is from such,
Cursed be my heart, as I long for thee so very much!

Many a day has passed since our life's tragedy-
Now, besmirched have I been, with a life-long malady!
Naught is able to lessen my heart's immense pain,
Save for one thing perhaps-my family, back again!

The 'why' of it all I shall never quite understand,
I only endeavor to provide for what my heart commands!
Strength is drawn from God, in His 'higher place',
Attempt I do, all of this pain, to erase!

Serve it must, a far higher purpose than is now known,
As is, sure now as ever, I go not into this torment alone!

Maurice Harris, 26 July 2008

Maurice Harris

Like A Thief In The Night

Like a thief in the night, you have stolen from me;
I thought that your principles guaranteed this was going to be
A fair and just process, where righteousness actually mattered-
Alas, you, in your allowance of this iniquity, must be flattered
By this suggestion-you are but a pittance of what you ought to be;
Where is this ideal of justice that my teachers taught to me! ?

What an unmitigated shame! I risked my life for your ideals!
I have begged and pleaded, yet, you have ignored all my appeals
For redress, in the face of this wholly-avoided tragedy;
And still, you seem to revel, as I obviate your iniquity.
Instead of law and order, you have gifted anarchy and chaos-
Your failures shall be exposed, no matter what the cost,
For all the world to see-they may be your judge and jury-
The sentence for your prejudice, their unceasing ire and fury!

-Maurice Harris, 26 April 2011

Maurice Harris

Listen To Your Heart (An Ode To Courage)

But one simple, yet obvious fact remains, as has for nearly three years:

Love and hate have been engaged in a battle-love versus fears;

I am the truth of your heart, and your deceit is the manifestation

Of much, yet undue trepidation, as it relates to your future celebration

Of love in its myriad forms-now, the battle is between your heart and mind;

Your heart contains love as verity, yet your mind contains fears you need to leave behind;

Your mind contains a misplaced animus toward the love that causes your fright-

The courage I wish to impart to thee, is the strength to fight back, with all your might,

Any thought that this fear is permanent or rational-love's truth shall cause it to fastly fleet!

I, and others, may aid you along the way-yet, the battle's outcome must, before we truly meet,

Be a foregone conclusion-as circumstances seem to now indicate:

Time is needed to re-establish reality, from the delusion your fears helped to create;

In many ways, and by many personages, the power of truth has been extolled-

Now beloved, this very power is what your heart does resolutely hold-

To free you at last from the burden of your fears, to finally embrace

The love that has awaited you for your entire life, and which you may not efface,

By any means-either through an ignorance of your heart's exaltation,

Or by living the fallacy you have in the past-a dichotomous experimentation;

I have not been fooled by this charade, as I contain the truth of your heart's
verity-

And the most salient advice I could e'er bestow, to impart the most prescient
clarity,

Is to look to what your heart has told through all these many years:

Embrace the love that's in your heart-use this to banish all your fears!

Maurice Harris

Lonesome, Frightened Little Dove

E'en now, I ruminare still of the lonesome, frightened little dove;
Love do I, all aspects of you- this assures me of the power of love!
Fly, thee have, away; be back shall thee, in days-
Whenst you are, counting the ways-shall you be, to stay!

Love follows me, follows you-wherever we may go;
Always there, buried at times, though, lo and behold-
Here it is, right where I stand, near to my woman,
For her, gracious and humbled-I am her man!

Always do we think of our 'thine'-ever, ever, to be!
Love you do I, honestly, I carry my heart, to thee!
You are my Princess, I, your Prince-attend each day, your coronal-
See thee, do I everywhere I may find call!

Our love for other's thee, our family-
Thinkest now of, my lonesome, frightened little dove!

Maurice Harris, 18 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Long And Hard Have I Pondered...

Long and hard have I pondered, upon just what to do!
Many a sleepless night have I lain awake, ruminating of you!
Alas, here I am, back wherest I did begin-
2 paths are for your choosing-one you lose, one you win!

Really not a choice even, more an acceptance,
Couched as a choice because I sense your reluctance!
Some battles are left not fought-
Though, oft we do not, tis what we ought!

Left there now, surely in a quandary
Though a faucet, broken, onward flows your decision, aplenty!
Seemingly, you have no way to cause it's ceasing,
E'en as the days pass, so too are the stakes increasing!

I offer you my hand, in friendship, for all of my days,
Alternately, but through a window shall you peer, the sun's rays!

Maurice Harris, 25 July 2008

Maurice Harris

Long Since Have I...

Long since have I...let go of blame;
Long since should we have...let go of shame!
Ever since have I...looked forward, the day
Where you might...say you love me...say!

All days since have hardened my resolve;
All days since there have been to solve
This quixotic journey we've been on...since that day,
All-knowing of Justice...since our way lay!

Ever-knowing, all-powerful, inimitable...is it!
Truth, more than all, shall allow our leave of this rift!
Adjudication, all that it means, redemption saved!
Perhaps one day soon, they shall see all I gave!

Ever-present, ever-knowing...as He is too;
Known, but to Him, the answer...for now...then you!

Maurice Harris, 7 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Long, The Journey

Long, the journey, lo, nearly complete, its course-
The power of truth and courage is a powerful force!
Inexplicable-the reasoning for such escapes comprehension
Nor shall I e'er know the 'why' of my false detention!

Belief in the world, for which I fight, to protect and serve
Has been shaken, my convictions though, undisturbed!
Gone through, have I, more than what should be allowed,
Yet, here I am before thee-still, of myself, very proud!

No one, nothing may take away all that I am, as a man;
No matter how deceitfully you did espouse, it means not that I, can!
Right though you were, of but one thing-
If there be guilt in my heart, mine own death, I would bring!

Alas, shame must now fill thy heart-
As it was you who lied...right from the start!

Maurice Harris, 23 May 2008

Maurice Harris

Love Doth Persist As Time Doth Wend

Love doth persist as time doth wend,
Omnipresent and efficacious, all doth portend!
No longer fantastic, nor made but in dream-
Though real, a wraith it still doth seem!

Presence without, still not to matter
Mere thought of thee: my heart, pitter-patter!
You are desired yet, though you are not near-
It clements compassion to know you reside here!

Bereft of sentiment am I, more pure-
Than to opine that, by you, I am enraptured!
Time shall doth not belie this fact of most import:
I am not plenary unless with you I do consort!

Ne'er to wither, surely ne'er to wane-
A love as this- surely to ne'er come again!

Maurice Harris, 4 December 2008

Maurice Harris

Love Is Not Love

Love is not love if it comes with thought of condition;
A heart is not alive unless it is capable of submission
To the ardor it holds for another that naught may explain.
Love is not love if but mere time may sustain
Not, the fervor of same-
As though an eternal flame
That is subject to the sands of time;
So long as word, at the hands of rhyme,
May proffer explication of its lasting power,
It shall stand not prey, to the passing hour!
Love is not love if it bends, buckles, or breaks:
Love is subject but to the same it makes
Of another and contrariwise, naught more-
It is not our's to wonder: 'how? ', or 'what for? '.

-Maurice Harris, 24 May 2012

Maurice Harris

Love Is Stronger Than Fear

Love is stronger than fear,
Our time is no longer than 'here
And now'-for all the world to see,
To celebrate with us, in our jollity;
Love is more powerful than to hate,
There is naught worse than, to wait
And not be rewarded, as you should,
Nor to not be loved, as you could,
If thine beloved lived, as doth thee-
Without fear, nor contrition, as cloth me; ,
Love is the most powerful emotion of all,
Love may cast splendor over an ocean of pall;
Love is all that is needed to conquer any foe-
Love makes a pauper a Prince, as so many know!

Maurice Harris

Love Is The Most Powerful And Lasting Of Emotions

Reality! Amazing is it not, with how much haste
It does return when your mind is not being laid waste
To paranoia and fear, ne'er before seen here?
Not fair is this to any involved- I think- as I shed another tear!

Time past must assuredly be telling- you chose the wrong path!
Ne'er too late is it though to rekindle the fire we two hath!
Love is the most powerful and lasting of emotions-
Span it does across the world, over the largest oceans! !

What may I ask are you now waiting upon?
The day of your judgment, has already again reached its dawn!
The suffering I have endured has nearly my life, taken,
Why has the love of my life, labeled me and forsaken! ?

If you're wrong and not of the adverse opinion,
Then must you be back to reality, or at least, to be, beginning!

Maurice Harris, 3 January 2008

Maurice Harris

Love Is...

Love is the abiding heart, willing to wait forever
For the time when it may be together
With its counterpoint in that of another;
Love is a bond that neither time nor
Distance may cause to alter,
Nor manner of travail, cause to falter.
Love is a patience, derived through faith and hope;
Love is the hidden strength, which allows you to cope
With all that life may choose to render;
Love is a warm embrace, reassuring and tender;
Love is courage, in the face of immense fear;

Love is pure beauty, sans compeer.
Love teaches, learns, builds, and shares;
Love is singular-yet when true, binds perfect pairs;
Love is selfless, humble, and ceaseless-
It is omniscient, omnipresent, and ubiquitous;
Love self-perpetuates-it begets more of the same;
Love is the imagined fire that you may never tame;
Love is the commanding General in my positivity's army-
This benevolent brigade ensures naught may harm me;

Love empowers, enables, and inspires-
It creates, betters, dotes, and admires;
Love fashions reality, from the scape of dreams-
Love is all you ever need, or so it seems.
There is naught that may be placed above-
'The only thing that counts is faith expressing itself through love.'*
Without love, you may do naught-
With love, you have all that for which you sought!

* Galatians 5: 6

-Maurice Harris, 18 March 2011

Maurice Harris

Love Transcends Time

Wonder do I if you know of what you speak,
You speak of love as though you have captured its essence!
Asked me you did if I really did love you as you do me,
I know, as none has ever before of love's effervescence!

Love has many forms and many more a use,
Love is the understanding I feel now for you in my heart!
Love transcends time, holds all together, even when apart,
Love allows for us to do the impossible, if we so choose!

True love conquers all impediments, no matter how great,
It allows us strength where, without it we have none,
Love, as I feel in my heart, knows all before anything has begun,
It moves mountains, settles quarrels, allows us to tempt fate!

Love is life's most powerful of emotions- of this I am sure!
Life doth contain no ailment that love's elixir may not cure!

Maurice Harris, 8 February 2008

Maurice Harris

Love, In Spite Of Fear

I can love you in many ways and with much ardor,
But if you are too afraid to love me, it makes it that much harder;
With my love, I wish you the courage to love me, in spite of your fear-
With my love, I can pretend, in spite of miles, that you're near-
As near as my heart, always within arm's reach,
So that I may keep you safe-out of harm's reach!
It is entirely up to you whether to love me in return,
I do suspect, however, that you could very well learn,
If you listen to what your heart has told you;
Let the truth that only it may gift, mold you
And your actions, in spite of all your trepidation-
Embrace its presence, without a moment's hesitation.

Ask yourself: 'does this love meet all of my needs? '
If so, follow this path wherever your heart leads,
No matter of fear, irrespective of impediment-
Love knows naught, but its own adoration!

Do not accept what I offer, because I offer it,
But do not give liberty to your heart, then coffer it
Out of fear, of something hitherto unknown-
Love is the only thing that you may give, but still own!

You may not truly love, until you do, without condition-
Until you have no excuses, fears, or contrition;
Do not announce it, unless it is all you may feel;
Do not say it, unless it is something you may not conceal!

Love is its own reward, it gives always more than it receives;
Love is always the truth, it enlightens, yet never deceives;
To benefit from it, you must not only acknowledge, but accept it!
Nothing is so altruistic and benevolent, except it
Also gives life to all other positive emotions;
To truly embrace it, you need to dispense with all negative emotions!
It does not apologize for its perceived inconvenience,
Nor will it allow a simple, nonchalant acquiescence-
It demands a committed and resolute presence;
Love is enigmatic and e'er-powerful, yet this is its essence!

Love, Redux

</></>It does no good to hide it any longer,
Your resistance has weakened as love has gotten stronger.
The love, long-coffered, is again as was before-
The amorous ocular surely does see more
When unafraid to look further in its direction.
Fret not, my beloved, love's acceptance also offers its protection.

You must accept that your resistance is futile-
You may be able to coffer your ardor for a while,
But, sooner or later, love catches up to you;
Its puissant presence overcomes you-then what are you to do! ! ?

You set it free and it returned, you need no longer, chase it;
Embrace this love; do not deceive yourself, embrace it!
It cannot be made to disappear-you may not efface it-
This is your 'once in a lifetime', you may not replace it!

-Maurice Harris,4 September 2011

Maurice Harris

Loved You I Have Through All Days!

Enraptured am I by your charms, your beauty without equal,
Look forward do I each day to our love's sequel!
Fear blinded you and caused your brief fall from grace,
I would give all to once again be beguiled by your beauteous face!

I alone know the pains you have felt since the fall,
We alone may remove them- cast away we shall, them all!
Without each, we are less for our lacking-
Better not with separation as the days continue stacking!

Rememer me my love as you did know me,
Surely this much you do owe me!
Purge from your thoughts demons and ghosts,
Hold on tight to the one you love the most!

Loved you I have through all days,
Space in my heart, to be filled by your presence, stays!

Maurice Harris, 28 March 2008

Maurice Harris

Love's Abiding Power

Nary doth exist sentiment nor singular symbology
To proffer riposte to ardor, nor draw an analogy!
Should there be a means by which to capture its essence,
Or might the same extenuate love's very pleasance! ? !

The rose: perchance, most lovely amongst all flowers-
Yet, its glory doth fade to surly wither, within mere hours!
An amorous epistolary finds too soon, its desition's immenence,
Which doth seem to belie true love's unceasing permanence!

Gilded giftings garner gracious gratitude, to be certain-
Its very transiency tolls falsely as though, love's curtain!
The diamond: ever-revered, as love's perfect portend-
Yet still, even the most permanent natural wonders have an end!

Love's abiding power is only ever rivaled by itself, contrariwise-
Yet, is but for the time until love sees fit to aggrandize!

Maurice Harris, 19 March 2010

Maurice Harris

Lying Here, In Soul's Contemplation

Ne'er would I have imagined I could be hurt so completely,
By the one person to which I had given my heart repletely!
Antithetical to my hopes and dreams was it, to be sure-
Nothing short of love's return might ever cure!

Lying here, in soul's contemplation-utterly crushed,
Not for reason mind you, but for judgment rushed!
Simple communication, enough to avoid
All that your hysteria seemingly destroyed!

Ne'er more import has been placed in truth's knowing:
In it surely is much capacity for growing!
Learned from adversity, some of life's biggest lessons-
So too, are we made stronger, through life's testing!

On the other side, we, for each, are made stonger,
Consequent to this, love grows thus, goes-longer and longer!

Maurice Harris, 3 March 2008

Maurice Harris

Magnificent Beauty

Magnificent beauty, where for art thou?
Your mind hath failed thee, doth this, allow?
All opined by thee, not of thought, inherent-
Not of thine heart, rather, fragile mind-apparent!

Reckoning day shall soon be before you,
Then perhaps, emotions real, restor'd too!
Counter were your actions, to sayeth very least-
Alas, lurking beneath-a horrible, altered beast!

Utter disappointment, have your actions been-
When the dust doth settle, either, you lose, or you win!
A lesson our children should've ne'er been made privy to-
In large part, made are we of actions, of all we do!

Allow now supplant of reality, for unkind delusion-
Then only, solution appears for your mind's illusion!

Maurice Harris, 6 July 2009

Maurice Harris

Magnificent Melody

I have never loved before, not like I do now-
No, I have never loved-until you showed me how!
With each day that passes to the morrow,
I find more love avails to me-hoping I might borrow
Some, or all, and even more, create-
For your essence abounds-within me, it doth permeate!

Each thought I have seems now, more profound;
My mind fashions a magnificent melody, where there is not a sound!
In weather most dreary, I feel your warmth still;
Dreams I never knew I had, now seem sure to fulfill!

My heart brims with emotion, as it hath never-before;
I ponder, in wide wonder, as to what our life as one, hath in store!
Will you be my felicitous 'forever', here and everafter?
Might I count upon your heart's complete and utter capture?

Maurice Harris, 28 April 2010

Maurice Harris

Man's Inhumanity To Man

</>All people, places and events share a Karmic connection,
And no deed is left untethered to this inter-relation
Of consequence, -for every action, there is an equal, but opposite, reaction!
A wave in one direction is an ebb in the opposite direction;
So too, for a depraved indifference to humanity-
Somehow, you shall be repayed for this insanity,
Whether it happens in this life or the next
Is not known; Though, I admit, I am perplexed
That it has not happened as of yet-
Why do I still await the time when I may forget
The past and allow my fragile heart to finally heal?
I suppose, only when you may no longer steal
My 'todays' and sully my 'tomorrows'-
When you are no longer responsible for my sorrows!

-Maurice Harris, 27 July 2011

Maurice Harris

Many Ponderances

Many ponderances have I, upon this day of myriad emotion;
How might I, I wonder, garner your heart's unceasing devotion! ?
Might you one day see the glory of the love we do share?
Could you ever accept that you must be most beautiful and fair?

Gather with me, my beloved, in this place, at this time-
Celebrate with me, this glorious love-these emotions, sublime!
Accept your place in my heart, where your safety is ensured;
Follow a fresh-faced boy, through a life, a love, that has endured!
In many forms and in many ways, my love for you is not so new-
My heart's guerdon shielded me, until fate brought me back to you!

May you gain, as I, this assurance: mind, heart and soul, all in accord;
Experience with me, all the jubilation one short life may afford!
You think my love, most fantastic and me, now most fanciful-
One day though, no more-as you embrace our ardor, most bountiful!

Maurice Harris, 27 April 2010

Maurice Harris

Martyrdom

Inside you, as I pen, is the lurking the answer;
The questions: a bit more complex, more a cancer!
Why, with motivation as had, believe your
Own lies, promulgate your own fear...what for?

Martyrdom only is a suit worn by few, if any;
Though martyrs alone, truly benefit many!
What then is causal to your belief herein?
What then was causal to your fear staying in?

Deeply, truly...you know what did transpire;
Why then, do you try as you do to make me a liar?
No one is angry...all do understand...assess no blame!
All too, want what is best for all...sans shame!

I love you more than enough to forgive all,
My family near again, enough to stand tall!

Maurice Harris, 9 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Mask Not May I, My Heart's Grief

Left was I, in your haste, a conciliatory bequeath:
Meted a constancy of your visage, its beauty-
Hold fast to my belief in our love, my duty:
Employed, as my broken heart's sheath!

Naught shall I waiver or wane in said belief,
Nor surely could it's like pass my way again:
Thought of your absence, my love's bane,
Mask not may I, my heart's grief!

The sole abatement of such as this
May only present in my love's arrival:
The only surety of my soul's survival-
Tis thee, my dear-the cause of my bliss!

Until you again are with me, I hold one thought near:
That is, your profound want of being here!

Maurice Harris, 20 October 2008

Maurice Harris

Mate Of Mine Own Heart

Where for art thou, mate of mine own heart?
My life's solitary vocation is but to seeketh thee-
Wanton am I of the felicity our consort would impart!
I unfeignedly knoweth this- you too do bespeak me!

If but mine own life, exhausted in this fruitful search,
Shall come to pass without thee, I do implore-
Do not take as cause then to besmirch,
For, as the one-surely, you share my amorous rapport!

Alas, as I, you seek your heart's beguile!
Wherestsoever you may be, whatsoever you may do-
No matter the tribulation, no matter the trial,
Knowest do I this: in thine own heart you shall remain true!

Nearer to meeting still shall we be tomorrow,
That we have not yet- my heart's only sorrow!

Maurice Harris, 19 July 2009

Maurice Harris

May...

May the Sun continue to gather upon you;
May the light of the Moon be count upon too,
To lead your way, should you need its guide;
May all your wants and needs, find provide!

May flowers continue bloom, more beauteous;
May Heaven's calling bear on still, as duteous!
May nature's madrigal sustain its opus, melodious-
May too, your heart brim with love, yet remain commodious!

May smiles be with you all the time;
May all of your laughter be genuine;
May your heart be gladdened-your soul, uplifted-
For this-and so much more, to me, you have gifted!

May you know without equivocation, this one verity-
You are my soul's solitary compeer-beautiful in its clarity!

Maurice Harris, 1 May 2010

Maurice Harris

Memories Of Thee

Memories of thee, infused within me, with effervescence;
Thoughts abound of thee, love of thine own presence;
Walk with me, hold my hand, for I am your Dad-
Speak to me, I shall protect you, though removed was, what we had!

Love for you, paternal, hath been since your genesis-
Thus with your love for me, as shown, does define us!
My life's purpose, from then, defined through you-
Fatherhood, for me, means everything because of you!

My little lady you are, always shall thee be-
My special gift, an offering from Heaven, as the world does see!
He, Himself, proffered you to me, as we needed one another-
Nary could we have found satiation with any other!

I love thee, with effusion and without bounds-
I love thee, lo, surely the love betwixt, astounds!

Maurice Harris, 11 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Meuse-Argonne

Known simply as the Offensive of the Meuse-Argonne,
Unbeknownst to most, 10,300,000+ lost, at last, won;
Labeled: 'probably the bloodiest single battle in U.S. history',
Yet, it remains to all but those most learned, a mystery!

Waged by leaders like Pershing, Liggett and Gouraud-
All those they led, gallantry and courage they did show!
Our efforts focused outside of a town named Verdun,
Most would concur, this is where the War was won!

Americans, French, even Australians, fought side-by-side-
In this righteous battle against evil, they weren't to be denied!
Some just six weeks, though these would change the world-
In the face of unspeakable tyranny, freedom, again, was unfurled!

We shan't ever forget, lest you ever, of what occurred-
These grounds are hallowed, 15,000 heroes, still interred!

Maurice Harris, 20 October 2009

Maurice Harris

Midnight Prayer

'Lord, grant me the strength to get past
My overwhelming fears, and the pall they cast;
Grant me faith to overcome any and all doubt-
Should the spectre of dubiety lurk, cast it out;
Show me the divine nature of Your Proffer-
As undying devotion is my recompensatory offer;
I submit to Your Omniscience-yet, I do not fully understand-
Still I know: my life's path is but that which You command!
Hope and love You have gifted me, in abundance-
They present as compassion, understanding, and patience.
Thank you Lord, for all, to me, You gifted-
Obligation is owed too, for my soul-now and ever, uplifted!
Should ever cause present, where more of me is needed-
Just ask, as have I-surely, this too shall be heeded! '

Maurice Harris

Mine Eyes Beg Sight Of Thee

Mine eyes beg sight of thee; mine mind begs, thought;
Mine heart begs consort with thee-for us to be what we ought;
Mine arms beg thine own body, in loving embrace-
Contrariwise, mine own body begs of same, face to face!

Mine own soul begs for thine, as its mate-
Our re-acquaintance made as was, through the powers of fate;
Mine whole life begs for thine own beauty's attestation:
As I bide still, I ruminates upon my futurity's celebration.
Until this time, when we shall meet my beloved, fair thee well:
May we both one day be the story that we lovingly tell.

All that I am begs for all that you are-
In a world with myriad resplendence, you are its brightest star!
Query not why it is that I covet thee as I do,
Ponder only: that in the morrow, more of same shall be gifted, to you!

Maurice Harris

Moments In Time

Moments in time help to define you as a man,
Even if they are of times that no one could understand!
Crippled by fear, strengthened by truth,
Held accountable, without any sort of proof!

All that defines me as a man-integrity, honor, pride,
Has been, by some, ignored entirely, even set aside!
Always do I treat others with the utmost of respect-
Naturally, the same in return, is what I expect!

The love of my life, turned into a monster, in an instant,
Accepting of this role I am not, I am far too persistent!
Amongst all the destruction is left rubble and need to rebuild;
I am hopeful, that through my faith, belief in you is again instilled!

Life is too long a road to walk by one's self-
Too long indeed, to keep your heart away, upon a shelf!

Maurice Harris, 3 March 2008

Maurice Harris

Mommy Has But Lost Her Way

Mommy has but lost her way, my dear,
Absent too logical thought, rationality, nowhere near!
Far removed from reason, this is for certain;
Though deemed her nemesis-I'm not the only one she's hurting!

She owes herself and our beautiful progeny
The courtesy of logic, inherent in our destiny!
Dichotomous are her actions- removal sought on one hand,
Yet, deceit in it's face-impossible to understand!

Insane it is to think it has gone this far,
Wonder do I, each night, my love, how you are!
Have you now others, looking after your concerns,
With each passing day, without, my heart burns!

Return now my love, to world's reality-
Accepting your role in our life's causality!

Maurice HArris,21 July 2008

Maurice Harris

Most Ardently, Most Passionately

I love you most ardently, in everything that I do-
I love you most passionately-yet, how might this be true! ?

The way you talk, your voice, those lips of crimson red;
The way you walk-I pay homage to the ground upon which you tread;

Only what you give to me is that which you promise me-
You know that you owe me naught, but to treat me honestly!

I know not bound, nor limit, to how much I loveth thee-
Nor may I count the myriad ways in which I covet thee;
They are both innumerable, as is their origin, Empyrean-
Naught may serve, not even the most beautiful sonnet, Shakespearean-
To properly explicate, to any, the depths of my ardor;
Words may not suffice as such, to enlightenment's barter!
As words surely fail, perhaps my actions make, for others, real-
What it is that I most ardently, most passionately, feel!

-Maurice Harris, 27 September 2010

Maurice Harris

Most Awe-Inspiring Of Romances

Misunderstood, from a misunderstanding, Alas
Here though I am, for your scrutiny, yet, through glass;
Present for your perusal, for your edification-
Alone am I here, awaiting my life's justification!

Without you am I, yet, in my heart you reside;
Walketh not in front of me, nor behind, but beside;
Be first my friend, then my love, but always their Mother;
Not would I want nor need anything other!

Always gladdened by life's little surprises;
Ne'er is allowance given to what the ethereal surmises;
Conant struggles betwixt heart and mind
Battle within me most all of the time!

Loveliest of flowers; most beauteous of fragrances-
Our's is the most awe-inspiring of romances!

Maurice Harris, 13 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Most Precious Love

This wondrous feeling of love, impending;
Our's is a story without bound or an ending!
Whatsoever the form, no matter the fashion,
My outward expression of amorous awe, I am not willing to ration!

Birds now sing a more melodious tune,
No matter of time shall be too much, nor too soon!
Heaven's proffer is now my fortune-
The sweet song of my elation-all shall croon!

Time, after time, I give pause, to ensure it is real-
Not even God Himself saw fit, to prepare me for how I feel!
I suppose He meant it, to add to its might-
I am ever-obliged to Him, for my heart's delight!

As though fashioned directly from my dreams,
Is this beauty divine, whose presence seems
Embedded within my very soul-
One with whom, I could happily grow old!

I have no means of recompense, oh Lord-
No matter of explication of same, nary a word;
Mine is a gifting, most fortuitous indeed-
My fiercely guarded heart has now been freed!

I defy anyone to draw like comparison
To the love I now feel, or its beauteous garrison!
I could wait 1,000 millenia, yet, none would gather-
All may ruminate long and thoughtfully, but rather
Than present a gifting of like compare,
They too would succumb to defeat, vis-a-vis, this dare!

Remember, if naught else, m'lady, most beauteous-
Our's is a most precious love, to which I shall remain duteous!

Maurice Harris, 13 April 2010

Maurice Harris

Mother's Day,2010

From the moment of your cogitation in their own mind,
They lovingly guide thee, providing thee 'sight' whence 'blind';
There is no greater love than that of a Mother,
They-an aeonian endow, more mighty than any other!

Covet them always, they are Angels within our sight;
A proffer as this-we must pray its lasting each and every night!

Ever vigilant are they-our's, their foremost concern-
Alas, I lament there is but one day set aside as their turn!

Our first and constant teacher, our friend and confidant-
Their love and guidance is most particularly puissant!
Their tasking knows not bound-they are everything, for everyone;
It comes as a surprise they find sleep, as their work is never done!
Whether a Mother is your's or one with which you are intimately familiar,
We are all always under the loving watch of their maternal tutelar!

Maurice Harris,7 May 2010

Maurice Harris

My Amorous Invitation

Do you really love me? Well, that remains to be seen;
The answer lies in your actions, they will reveal what you mean
When you say: 'I love you'-I pray its your heart's verity!
Contrariwise, my love for thee needs no further clarity,
I know of its truth because my heart tells me;
Perhaps you and your's concur in your statements veracity-
I cannot be sure, so I bide for further assurance,
As much does, indeed, ride upon your avowance!

Be forewarned though, allow not, my outward appearance,
To otherwise belie my heart's inward vulnerability;
It has been hurt, and needs to balance
The need for love, with its own fragility!

I trust your that words were preceded by much mentation-
As were mine, before I extended my amorous invitation!

Maurice Harris

My Anguish Echoes Loudly

Upon sight of thine visage, I was overcome with emotion;
My tears formed a deluge, as though the Heavens wept-
I lied awake all night in thought, as all others slept.
My absence now, and always, belies my heart's devotion.
This pains my soul, which cries for consolation-
I am bereft of sentiment proper, though an attempt I offer;
Same is causal to the heart I now regrettably coffer,
Lest I may experience a refrain of its total devastation.

Sikerly, this shan't always be this way:
A heart afeared of grievous pain, much to my dismay.
The balm of time shall cease what now is not bearable:
The anguish of my heart and soul, not shareable
In words, nor like experience to which, you, I may steer-
My anguish eachoes loudly, though you may not hear!

-Maurice Harris, 12 April 2010

Maurice Harris

My Beloved

My beloved, if but only you could see,
The depths of my heart's glorious emotion:
More vast surely than the largest ocean
It is my compass, leading me to thee!

Need not any to explicate my feelings, myriad-
Kismet proffered you, for my life's love
Surely, my Angel you are, from above:
This is truth, sans even petty doubt-period!

Replete am I, with thee by mine own side,
Walking through life together, I for you, you for me-
Nary could I contemplate that it could even be,
Alas, we are here for each to love and to guide!

If peer you could, you would surely my heart's depth,
No longer proprietor of such, for by you it is kept!

Maurice Harris, 10 March 2009

Maurice Harris

My Beloved Friend?

My beloved friend? Yes, well until I need you the most-
Now you are naught more than a ghost,
Haunting my subconscious mind, with all we used to be;
We are now estranged, because you refuse to see,
Or rather, recognize, that with friendship, comes empathy-
To ignore my plight, you ignore my reality-
I do not ask for your sorrow, nor do I want sympathy,
Just choose one side, not this duality!

I may not just pretend that 'this' is not real;
Of course, as your surreptitious friend,
How much loyalty toward me do you really feel
When I am allowed to fleet, like the wind
For more than a year, with not a single word from you! ?
If you cared as I thought, why have I not heard from you?
You are my very own irresistible enigma,
Yet, I am caught in a place rife with stigma,
With which you are apparently not equipped to deal;
In its stead, you allow circumstance to further steal
Away, our inspired amity, our all-too-real emotion;
Where is the loyalty, what happened to devotion?
Am I alone in wonder, have you no concern for me?
Are you not my friend, or is this something you must, again, learn, to be?
I had only just 'rediscovered' you, then you vanished-
A love I had missed my whole life, has been banished,
To collect dust, as part of your 'former friends pile';
Though, here I am, yearning all the while
For my dear, beloved friend, now gone from me!
It is as though I lost a member of my own family-
My heart aches each day, in the face of this tragedy!
The last thing I needed was for you to run from me,
After all I have been, and continue to go, through!
I needed the love you profess to have, to show through!
Come back, and I promise to never tell you how hurt I was,
When I realized my friend was gone again-
But this time, I insist upon full disclosure, because,
If you love someone, you do not secret them away like a sin;
You celebrate what they mean to you, and contrariwise;
This is my foremost wish, for our reprise-

That, and to allow that we love, without bound,
Whether or not I happen to be, around!

Maurice Harris

My Beloved's Ardor

One day, not so long since passed, I heard those words, three-
I knew then and there, I had gained my beloved's ardor, truly!
It is I that she doth adore, she did share with me, the same;
As my heart surely hath been thieved-so too her's-I, amorously to blame!
Sikerly I know what the proffer of her heart doth truly mean-
To covet and honor this calling shall I; No finer glory hath my mind's eye e'er
seen!

Two worlds of wonder, each universally unique,
Hath once again come together and do seek
What assuredly is the solitary mate for each other's soul,
Looking to reunite with their hearts, which the other stole!

I have seen and do attest to its Empyrean truth;
To agnize like, you need not seek attestation nor even sleuth!

As water seeks its own level, so too doth love, indeed;
Once a love's true compeer hath been met, it must accede!

Maurice Harris, 23 May 2010

Maurice Harris

My Country 'Tis Of Thee

I love my country, why does it not love me?
I ponder my country's import, why does it not, of me?
I sacrificed for Her, why does She not sacrifice for me?
Only the best for Her, yet, why no satisfice, for me?

I have bled for Her but She does not bleed for me;
I love and need Her so, yet She has no need for me!
When I needed Her so-the very most,
She has been naught, but an illusive ghost!

Where is this ever-present aegis She promised?
That for which my whole life has been premised;
Though She surely failed me, I shall not fail Her;
I seek only whole agnize of same, I shall not assail Her!

I now blanket myself in Her most beauteous work-
From this right, er, this solemn duty, I shall not shirk! !

Maurice Harris, 15 February 2010

Maurice Harris

My Dearest Friend

My dearest friend, most enduring, still-
Dreams deferred, now may be fulfilled!
My maiden amorous merriment, now mind's mate,
Awe is inspired by the powerful presence of fate!

Perchance, nay only, my life's purpose now defined
Through His most precious proffer, my present, Divine!
Chosen for me as honour for a life lived, most laudible,
Making beautiful reality from what I thought impossible!

Forever grateful am I, for all, to me, He doth proffer-
My heart, formerly fiercely fortified, I no longer coffer!
Wherest before I saw darkness and heartache,
I now see beauty, both whilst dreaming and awake!

My dearest friend, with me from the start and to the end,
My soul's mate, my life's love, my dearest friend!

Maurice Harris, 4 August 2009

Maurice Harris

My Delicate, Paper Heart

My delicate, paper heart...torn into pieces;
I am desperate to see the day when my pain ceases!
Shredded it was, without even thought, otherwise begotten-
Love you still I do, for pain, I must be a glutton!

A lot of time has past, surely you know now what is real;
Cease now your crusade, allow yourself to heal!
All the pain you did feel, I am afraid, self-inflicted;
To shut your heart to the love you feel-restricted!

I do not know if you will ever know the pain you did cause-
I hope though, next you act in haste, at the least, you pause!
My life has been ruined, by your paranoia and fear,
When in fact, it is not I, but you, that should be here!

Life has a way of coming full circle, at times;
Perhaps, as penance, your sentence is contained in my rhymes!

Maurice Harris, 3 March 2008

Maurice Harris

My Dreams Need Not Die (A Bittersweet Valentine)

If I were not meant to be here right now,
Then, please explain to me just quite how
I did come to be here in the manner and time
That I have; just because you are, again, not prime-
Because you now battle the inner demons which curse you-
This does not mean MY dreams need die, and I, not pursue
All MY aspirations, which allow Answer to all MY Prayers!
Dreams and Hopes are only fulfilled by the heart that dares
Be Faithful, in the face of overwhelming obstacles, and disbelief;
I have always been same, yet now, you give me grief,
When you asked exactly this of me, so recently;
Regrettably, your senselessly afeared mind treats me indecently,
Because I represent all you have ever wanted, but will not let live;
All you need is the gift of your open heart-one that your afeared mind, will not let
give!

-Maurice Harris, 14 February 2012

Maurice Harris

My Faith

My Faith is all I need: it allows all that I believe;
There are no limits, so long as my heart and mind may conceive.
Surely it has been tested-necessary to know it exists-
Yet, when the calamitous clouds clear, its strength persists.

Faith is my only refuge, through a long, lonely night-
In an otherwise perpetual darkness, Faith is my only light!
This is all the aid I need, to suffer through any travesty-
Faith is my salvation, as I exalt in His Majesty!

Faith is my dream weaver, as I aspire to greater height:
The strength I possess, should I need to exercise might;
It resides in the safety of my heart, soul, and mind
And allows that I may leave even most grievous pain, behind;
Faith shines, upon my ultimate earthly destinations-
It is answer to all-past sorrows, current concerns, and future jublations!

-Maurice Harris,8 February 2011

Maurice Harris

My Faith's Reward

I am bereft of word-my heart, simply overflowing;
I have too much adoration possible for showing
You the whole of my heart, nor surely, all of its glory-
The miracle to be our life, but the genesis of our story!

All in nature, so very much beautiful, yet abiding,
Must marvel at the beautificence that surely is residing
In all you do, all you are-sincerely, all those you bless-
Not is there a ceasing of admire, nor means to suppress
The love I have for thee, nor my soul's celebration-
Each day hence, revel I shall in this accretive jubilation!

My heart now rejoices at life's simplest of moments,
This too owing yet, to the power of my adoration!
This bemusing beatitude, ne'er rivaled before certainly-
Yet, as each day passes to the morrow, be it e'er more gainly!

Maurice Harris, 5 November 2009

Maurice Harris

My Fate

Surely many concerned have bothered not, sleuth:
Time shall allow all who doubt be shown the truth!

My fate now rests with you, my Lord-
'Shall my suffering continue as has been,
Or shall my faith in You gain reward;
If not, when will my righteous struggle end? '

I present not with you false appearance:
Though I do not gather your design full,
I question not your purposive omniscience!
Alas, I defend daily against doubt's pull!

No matter the result, dutiful I shall remain!
If You answer but one prayer I may make-
Grant me consort with my daughters again:
This would make worth of all my heartache!

Maurice Harris, 25 September 2009

Maurice Harris

My Friend, Freedom

</></></>It is represented by the Stars and Stripes,
The American Bald Eagle, and all types
Of other things, too numerous to mention;
It is invaluable, but it is no sort of invention;
This audacious ideal we call Freedom-of choice,
Of religion, of the press-which gives a voice
To everyone, no matter how meek they may be!
When free, Freedom is all that they may see-
But when they are not, are they then blind
To all they once saw, but now do not find?

This may be like vacation to some, but not for me-
Not especially, for one, as I, who fought for Thee!
Freedom, my long lost, life-long friend,
When will our agonizing estrangement finally end?

Maurice Harris, 23 July 2011

Maurice Harris

My Heart Breaks With The Passing Of Hours!

To borrow lexicon from a hero of the past:

'Free at last, free at last, thank God Almighty, I am free at last! '

Free, in large part from the pall you did cast-

Alas, I do see for me, my life's return fast!

You haven't an idea, have you, of the damage you have done?

Nary a notion of the consequences of your action-

Making all in our lives part of one or the other faction,

Tell me my love, what have you really 'won'? ?

Love, as you know, in its truest form, ne'er dies

One is unable to bury it away, no matter how one tries!

Alone each night, without even self, you are lonely-

Knowing in your heart, comfort comes from me only!

Allow my darling, the return of love, ours-

Hurry you must, my heart breaks with the passing of hours!

Maurice Harris, 26 January 2008

Maurice Harris

My Heart Surely Doth Weep!

Lying awake, 0200 in the morning, heart fluttering, hard to breath-
Thinking of you and naught else-caught in my own purgatory!
Nothing else matters to me, without my beautiful family,
Know not do I reason for my place here, nor do I believe!

Some give all, all give some-yet I, would give ever more
For the love I know you feel inside- to be restored!
Allow please nature to run its course-submit to fate,
I know the capacity of your heart-ne'er is it too late!

Family means more than all else in the world,
My love, ne'er ceasing, e'er increasing-once unfurled!
Many a night, I have cried myself to sleep-
For you, my heart surely doth weep!

End now for both, the heartbeak, the pain-
Return soon to us, our wondrous love-again!

Maurice Harris, 3 March 2008

Maurice Harris

My Heart, Empty Inside

If left undisturbed, perfect...since, painful beyond belief!
All pieces put back together, as was...the only relief!
The love in my heart and wonderful thoughts in my mind,
All due consideration of fact, should have been enough, when combined!

Do you still have the confidence and conviction you once showed?
Is it lonely without the father in our family's abode?
My love for thee, stays with me through all trials and tribulations,
Withstanding all in its path to everlasting, including confabulation!

We shall enjoy the fruits of our struggle fastly,
Assure you I do, that our love shall increase vastly!
Our love is as rare as a perfect diamond...ever more:
It has and shall be sustained through all in life- to be sure!

My heart, empty inside without your presence,
My mind, cluttered with pain in your absence!

Maurice Harris, 9 January 2008

Maurice Harris

My Heart, Gifted To Thee, With Service And Loyalty

Always and forever, precious moments in time,
Life's purpose, through your love defined!
My heart, gifted to thee, with service and loyalty,
Treat thee I shall always as beautiful royalty!

Magical, indescribable feelings of grandeur
Define my thoughts considerate of your allure!
I would give all, at times, to hold your hand,
My love for thee too powerful for others to understand!

As though beginning as a small stream,
Ever widening into a vast river, hard to believe- not a dream!
Expanding still, each day, to the size of an ocean,
Still this pales in describing the height of my emotion!

Every day that passes sees my love's increase,
ne'er still shall it be seen to decrease!

Maurice Harris, 3 April 2008

Maurice Harris

My Heart's Metamorphosis

Do not believe, for one single, solitary moment,
That time's abate lessens my heart's lament-
Nor remove your responsibility for my pain;
Who I was that tragic November morning
Will never again be-yet, I remember mourning
The loss of same, though, now it is my gain;
This was the genesis of my transfiguration:
From the rubble of my near-complete devastation,
Came my rebirth-one for which I could've ne'er prepared.
From the depths of my heartbreak so tragic,
Came an epiphanic acceptance of something so magic:
A person I could have never known, came from a heart unprepared;
My life was inexorably altered by another's deceit,
Yet, I chose metamorphosis, instead of defeat!

- Maurice Harris, 10 December 2010

Maurice Harris

My Heart's Poignant Grief

Many a lonely day, lo, many a mournful night
I have pondered when, wherest again, I may sight
My pride and joy, my children, most beauteous-
Until this glorious day, I remain steadfast and duteous!

I muse upon how, toward me, they may now cogitate;
Does thought not cross them, perchance, they efflagitate?
Assuredly, my absence from their lives is not trifle:
I shall stay this when reasons for my state do stifle!

My heart aches as days without them do elapse,
Others may believe: 'worry not, your heart adapts';
Alas, not-it withers without, time does not heal-
Synoptic they would be, if they but felt what I feel!
Naught is there to minify my heart's poignant grief,
But for consort again with them, naught is there relief!

Maurice Harris, 19 October 2009

Maurice Harris

My Heart's Uplifting

The thunder and rain have passed,
The Sun shines again, at long last!
The stormy seas have subsided,
In my mind, it has been decided-
I shan't look back in anger, but forward, with hope,
For this is the only way in which I may cope!

The erupted crater is now long dormant,
I know now a peace, where there was formant!
Flora now grows in utter abundance,
To this pleasance, I pledge my allegiance!

Long dark skies are now rife with sunshine,
Eternal jubilation, after much pain, is now mine!
I know not proper grace for this gifting,
Yet I am ever-obliged for my heart's uplifting!

Maurice Harris, 21 April 2010

Maurice Harris

My Humble Quittance

I dreamt before I again consorted with thee-yet, always it was of thee;
I now see these as my wondrous reality-because of thee;
Before thee, I saw only in hues of gray, no colors without thee-
Now, my rainbow of hues surrounds-I could never doubt thee!

I lived before thee, yet now and e'er, I am truly alive;
A more awe-inspiring consort I could never contrive!
I loved before thee, though always within a known bound;
Ne'er before have I known a love, which doth astound!

I have been known before, yet not as you do now;
I feel as though you always have, yet I know not how!

Now, I can not imagine a life without thee-I shudder;
To explicate proper your meaning to me, I could ne'er utter
Words, whether poetic or not-they would be but a pittance;
All the love I am capable of gifting, my humble quittance! !

Maurice Harris, 19 May 2010

Maurice Harris

My Impassioned Offer

For many years, my dear beloved friend,
You and I have shared a mutual devotion
That does not seem to want for an end!
Its power may be felt across the largest ocean
And its glory stretches further than the eye may see;
Naught may hope to contain this simple verity:
I love you and you love me-even as this may be,
You could not hope to have further clarity!

We are a divinely-inspired pairing, to be sure-
Brought into one another's lives with a purpose in mind;
Perhaps we never queried same, only welcomed its allure-
Yet, I shall now: 'Heavenly Father, far too kind
Art Thou to see to this consort, and all it has brought!
Much obliged and humbled are we, at Thine Grace;
Aid us only now, to make it to be what it ought-
Only in You, would we, this trust, emplace! '

As though a compelling love story, for want of a sequel,
Our history together plays over and over in my mind-
You are the love that my heart knows has not, an equal-
The beautiful memory I could never leave behind!

What happens next is entirely up to you;
Ask your heart; surely, it shall tell you what to do-
It possesses a truth that your mind may not,
Which may be too feared to do as it ought!
Should your heart be the victor, in that battle fought,
You and I may, at long last, garner what we have sought-
Namely, one another, and all that we are-
I, the star gazer, and you, the shining star!

Consider this my impassioned offer, please do not refuse it;
I proffer a purposeful life and hope you choose it!
I know you love me, in fact, I know it well-
Together, we may fashion the story we lovingly tell:
A story of an ordinary man with an extraordinary capacity
To love, coupled with an equally persistent audacity
To treat you as the Princess that you have always been-

With you, the scene-stealer, who ensures I always win!

The pact betwixt your heart and mine
Is now on the the table, for you to sign;
You may not be prepared, you may be frightened,
Yet, I implore you still, to embrace my amorous offer-
Our love is divined and I have been enlightened,
It is for you alone, my heart foregoes its coffer!

Maurice Harris, 9 July 2011

Maurice Harris

My Justice

'Justice is the one thing you should always find'**-
It needs find all who seek its aegis, e'en though it is blind;
Justice chooses one side, that of verity;
There exists no convolution, only a resplendent clarity
When true justice is rendered, to those in need
Of the curative powers that only it may heed;
Justice denied to one, is justice denied to all, the same-
To those responsible for its denial, goes all the shame!

Justice is not just a decision, its a means of thought-
For its very guard, many a war has been fought,
Many a man has given his very life, as would I-
And no man should be asked to live without it-nor should I;
My justice shan't come, until I may look them in the eyes, and say:
'Though I am not with you, I've kept you in my heart, and there you'll stay! '

Maurice Harris

My Life's Destiny

I anxiously await rendezvous with my life's destiny;
She hath seen mine own heart, now shall-the rest of me!
An Angel hath called for me-yet, am I prime?
I feel my heart's true exaltation, for the very first time!

I shall present for thee, my beloved: myself, true;
I shan't prevaricate, not even slight- I do so adore you:
Mine eyes have seen glorious, inspired beauty,
Yet, to secern for the world, your's-my God-given duty!
Be not afeared, I shall covet thee as I would, my own wife;
I proffer aegis-I shall protect thee and thine as I do, my own life!
Naught could be more lovely, no more pleasance may be,
Your grace-the most resplendent light, shining brightly, for me!
This magnificent mirth I feel in my soul, naught could portend!
I shall love thee ever more my beloved, as time doth wend!

Maurice Harris,12 March 2010

Maurice Harris

My Life's Most Sacred Duty

Dreams do take me back to the beauty,
To love you I shall, for all of my days;
For it is my life's most sacred duty-
Nothing, nor any one may alter my course, or me, phase!

I have dreamt many times since I saw thee last;
Always are you far more beautiful
Now than thou were in the past;
My devotion to thee: unwavering, dutiful!

My first breath, and my last, I owe to thee;
My every gift I possess, I bestow to thee;
A piece of my heart, missing for far too long
Resides with you and is needed, to remain strong!

All ever I have wanted, since able to choose,
Ever taken, in an instant, ever too much to lose!

Maurice Harris, 6 March 2008

Maurice Harris

My Long 'Day'

My long 'day' approaches its 'night',
An egregious injustice approaches its right!
Truth comes into focus, becomes apparent-
Never have I once, from this, been errant!

The world must now and evermore, awaken,
To all, that from me, has been baselessly taken;
Silent no more, I speak a righteous tale,
No longer may they besmirch me or assail!

Far too much import is there, intrinsic,
To not dispute your mendacious mnesic!
So long as I live, so long as I breathe,
Shall I not cower from what I now sheathe-
Never to stop fighting until the fight is done,
Laying down my arms only when the battle is won!

Maurice Harris, 20 September 2009

Maurice Harris

My Longing's Compare

I miss thee, as the Spring flowers crave the rain,
To beget thought otherwise, I could ne'er feign;
I long for thee, as leaves in Fall want for hues, obscured,
I have, at long last, found thee-my heart's jubilation, assured!

I want for thee, you are my heart's trusted tutelar-
An amorous feeling ne'er before felt, yet so famular!
I wait for thee, as the Summer waits for June;
Anticipation, as the night doth wait for the Moon!

As the Winter awaits its earnest renewal in December,
I look to a wondrous future, enamored by all I do remember!

Inspiration drawn, by all I see, in nature and its seasons,
The parallel drawn betwixt we two, but one of many reasons!

Soon, my beloved, wish and want shall turn to our unity-
Then, our abiding love shall become our eternity;
Though, only rivaled by time itself, to live in perpetuity-
This, a pittance of my love for thee, which dwells with sempiternity!

Words are bereft, ne'er shall they fully suffice, nor surely, explicate
What is felt in my heart, what glorious emotions in me, you do evocate;
Though surely shall I ne'er requite for all, to me you doth give-
Try I shall, to honor and repay you still, for as long as I may live!

As the sun and rain do give to all forms of life, renewal-
So too provide for my rejuvenescence, doth my güzel {g'zool};
Like the Moon doth giveth life to seas, and predict the tide
My beloved, life you giveth me, though, in you, this I needn't confide!

Ponderances of thee pervade through all, to my very soul-
Keep sentry you hath over my fragile heart, which you 'stole'!
These and so many more ways have I, for my longing's compare,
Every moment, a lifetime-without you, my beloved, beauteous and fair!

Maurice Harris, 3 November 2009

My Lord As My Witness

My Lord as my witness, I have no doubt,
And should I have ere, I casted it out;
I need not further proof, nor evidence,
Nor aspirations cast upon mine Providence;
Treat me as I have you-no better, no less-
Glorify God in ALL you do, and His Greatness
Shall sikerly shine henceforth, in you:
In your 'light', your 'love', all you do!

Do not listen to me to spite your eyes;
Watch me; learn from me, then realize
What it is that I have taught to do all along:
Realize not that you were not right, nor wrong-
Simply realize that life has Rules of Engagement,
And THAT is what I truly, most ardently meant
To profess to you, both with word and through action-
If you learn through all five senses, then, my satisfaction
Shall be gifted to you, because I have been there,
And had IT done TO me-edify yourself, should you dare!

You may trust me; I have been privy to all your mistakes
Before you were even born, and thus, know what it takes
To grow in body, and in mind; to raise you the 'right' way
Is the most important job I'll ever have; what you might say
Any different is no matter to me-nor is it my concern
What others may do, except that it should cause you to learn
'Wrong' or negative behaviors, which serve only to detract
From the great person I know you can be-so, let's make this pact:
Listen to us, watch what we do, and then, you choose the right;
Do not resist these positive changes due your stubborn nature,
Yet, embrace them fully, and make this growth, your best feature!

- Maurice Harris, 17 August 2014

Maurice Harris

My Love Is A Symphony

All my love, expressly delivered to you,
My hopes and dreams have all come true!
My heart I give, with trust and fidelity:
Without hesitation or any form of ambiguity!

Nary does a moment pass without thought of thee,
This is surely what life ought to be!
Wholly and completely, I offer you my heart,
Ne'er shall even our demise cause our part!

All is owed to thee and to the fates,
Our love strengthens as time abates!
With me have you been for my life, whole:
Mere thought of thee, felicitous to my soul!

My love is a symphony, you, it's conductor:
My heart now resides with you, as it's abductor!

Maurice Harris, 28 October 2008

Maurice Harris

My Love Is As The Sky

My love is as a river; you, its course-
Follow its bank and discover its source-
Realize that its start is also its destination-
Its flow is divinely-proffered inspiration!

My love is as a mountain; you, its summit;
At its height, my soul is rarified, so as to numb it;
My mind is unclouded; my thoughts, unfettered;
My heart is enamored; my life, ever bettered.

My love is as the sky: beautiful and vast.
Such is the dream, such is my ardor;
Both are the same, as both thou hast-
Neither of which I could hope to barter;
Both of which seem so very sure to last-
Differentiation betwixt them, ever harder!

Maurice Harris

My Love Surely Has Foresaken Me

My love surely has foresaken me,
Look just where my love's deceit has taken me!
Lonely is the night, lo the day,
Since my love sent me away!

I envision her and nary a foul thought enters my head,
Never would or could I allow for a negative word to be said!
Fear made her a monster, yet love shall surely prevail,
Restore it shall, all as before, when she did me, fail!

Many moments in life define you as a man,
None though more than this, surely you understand!
Hysteria led thee astray, to that dark place,
Where, no longer may I visage the beauty of your face!

As with the pasage of time, reality is restored,
Soon, my love, relief shall be had for our heart's dischord!

Maurice Harris, 31 March 2008

Maurice Harris

My Love's Avail

I have no words which befit my heart's sentiment,
Nothing could ever properly form it's embodiment-
Alas, I assure thee, my beloved, all that I may, with lyric-
My love's reality doth belie it's very essence, esoteric!

Causative is it: my heart's sweet, exalted jubilation;
Each day next, reason more, for my soul's celebration!
Mundane is made extraordinary; austere, made most fair;
I was meant for but to love thee-this, to all, I do swear!

Not of mine own volition, I hath not a choice
But to provide my amorous heart, a voice-
It doth vocalize a narrative I simply must tell;
All need know what love for thee doth compel!

As surely as words shall always, in this, fail-
So too shall you be assured of my love's avail!

Maurice Harris, 20 November 2009

Maurice Harris

My Love's 'Deja Vu'

Many fond memories have I, of my youth's yesterday,
Though days long gone by, felicitous memories do stay!
My jollity of today, for as many as there may be-
Each day, next, my dreams are closer to reality!
Many wishful thoughts have I, of my tomorrows,
Mere thought of thee doth wipe away and all sorrows!

Much time hath seen we, betwixt last we had met,
Though know not did we, our fates would reconnect!

A powerful, yet foreign sensation, did overwhelm,
With the power of an unimaginably beauteous emotion, at the helm!

Whence first I allowed gifting of mine own heart,
I had no knowledge that its home lay wherest it did start!
I do live, but for to love and cherish but one,
No means of resistance have I, only may I relish what comes!

Maurice Harris, 8 January 2010

Maurice Harris

My Love's Thrall

As a zephyr, wandering to me from afar-
From my heart to reality you have flown!
Resplendent, my brilliant, omnilucient star-
Through all these years, you have shone!

At long last, you have come back to me-
I implore, take not e'er, your beauty away!
With constancy, my mind ruminates of thee,
Promising fidelity-my heart begs of your stay!

Wander now closer beauteous breeze,
Find in me, your strength, your ardor;
Your bountiful heart too, I shall appease-
Each, for the other, a harmonious barter!

Most magnificent and lasting of them all,
Enraptured am I, in my love's thrall!

Maurice Harris, 24 September 2009

Maurice Harris

My Loving Truth

Mine is a lady surely not prime for her own beauty-
To ensure she be attestant to same, my solemn duty!
One wish have I for my beloved-to show her in no uncertain terms
All the resplendence she doth possess and my heart affirms!

Certainly, she must know all the jollity she doth endue;
Indubitably, she is all my hopes and dreams come true-
Yet, beyond humility, she disbelieves what doth obviate-
If but she could, her sense of self would surely ameliorate!

I want for this more than any, due my love and fidelity-
God willing, one day, she will meet this with amenability;
If but only I could evince my heart's magnificent glory
Directly to her, without having to tell it, by way of a story-
Then her convincing would be assured, ne'er belittled-
Until then, my loving truth ensures her own esteem is gentled!

Maurice Harris, 20 November 2009

Maurice Harris

My Mona Lisa

My enduring, everlasting, magnificent beauty;
To herald my exalt to the world, my solemn duty!

A beauty so rarified, as to instill true awe-
The most beautifcent creation mine eyes ever saw!
As the world celebrates Her beautifcence
I celebrate your's-lo, its magnificence!

I shan't though, idolize you, in a museum;
I have boundless emotions for thee-the world must see them;
God's mentation upon thee, spared surely, naught-
He who loves me the most, cared so much, He hath brought
You back to me, for my adoration and so that I may
Celebrate your beauty, with the world-every day!

For I was not, nor, ever could be-prime,
To be worthy of such a beauty-sublime!

Maurice Harris, 28 March 2010

Maurice Harris

My Moribund Heart

</></>My moribund heart dies more every day;
You are the mate for my soul, in every way
That I may imagine, or aspire-
You fulfill my every earthly desire!

I wish that you would love me, like you used to-
It is already in your heart, should you choose to
Listen, you may find it easy to get used to me;
Only if you allow it, may it be as it used to be-
Only with your heart and eyes wide open, do you choose to see,
What it is we may be, when we refuse to be
Anything but that which we choose to be;
This may be, only when we see, as we used to see-
With eyes that allowed our muse to be
Each other-this is how we used to see!

-Maurice Harris,8 August 2011

Maurice Harris

My Path (...Realized By His Own Hand)

Either you were deceiving yourself then,
Or you are now; which is more believable, when
You consider that your heart spoke all this time,
Until you allowed the deceit that now dwells in your weary mind?
Shame on you for all your deceit, and for placing blame here!
Take control of all your actions, and do not live in fear!
I have been threatened (idly) with bodily harm, -
Called a freak, and labeled crazy, etc., all because of the charm
With which you have allowed yourself and others to believe
All the lies and associated emotions your fragile mind can conceive!
This shall go on no more, and be allowed no longer;
For, the power of your delusional divergence is strong-but, I am stronger!
My Path was Ordained by God Himself, and Realized by His Own Hand,
It converges upon Your Path wholly, not by want or need, but by His Own
Command!

-Maurice Harris, 12 February 2012

Maurice Harris

My Patience, Tested; My Heart, Broken

My patience, tested; my heart, broken,
All this, while nary a word between we two, spoke!
More than deserving am I of your respect;
Though not for one moment did you-circumspect!

To the whole world did you dare shout-
As a fire, blazing wild-up to you, to put out!
What was cause for your such absurd thought?
Think now of the lessons your acts have taught!

Every day since that fateful one in November
I struggle to make sense of the waste of love I remember!
All made worse, by belief that you may not do wrong,
The road you have made for me, difficult-though, my heart is strong!

All seems to lead back to but one conclusion-
Comparison betwixt me and another, causal to your delusion!

Maurice Harris, 21 June 2008

Maurice Harris

My Precious Bequeath!

Whatever has been done to my precious bequeath;
Indubitably 'neath the surface, I gander beneath! ?
My family I cherished so few weeks ago-
Now here an entity I could barely even know!

Mother has become her 12-year-old self-
Maternal nature surely...to a point, on the shelf!
What is being for all others affected?
Not to mention it is I who all has rejected!

Be so wherever you may surely want to be!
Surely too though not to forget...father...me!
Happiest of holidays surely I have not had!
To be sure, for some time...without family...I will be sad!

Always, my love for thee, grows ever more deep;
Then too, always my price...ever so steep!

Maurice Harris, 8 December 2007

Maurice Harris

My Reprise

</>Upon this day, where Christ did, from the dead, arise,
I await my own wholly-disparate reprise;
From my current confines of discontentment and despair,
I steady myself, to bide and prepare
For a time and a place I refer to now, as 'there'-
One I know I will one day see, yet do not dare
To emplace in, too much hope, nor too much belief;
Alas, too much time has been spent on too much grief;
Not for mine own self either, I would attest,
But for the two Daughters, with which I've been blessed!
It is to them I do now speak: 'Though now without you,
I assure you, I was not given a choice;
For me, it has always and only been about you-
As soon as I may, I will be there, to ensure you are given a voice! '

-Maurice Harris, 24 April 2011

Maurice Harris

My Smile Has Left Me

My smile has left me, gone it is with my 'innocence'!
Why then, may I ask you, have I suffered the only consequence?
How then are you now? And our family- well I hope?
Able to now know how to rationalize your actions in order to cope?

I am the 'love of your life'- none other has achieved this height!
Why then do you choose fear and deceit, ignoring love's might?
Do you not know that if guilt were present- your cause would be just?
Instead, you have espoused lies and omissions, nothing true- know you must!

The fates are perturbed with you, as we now are not near!
Their ethereal screams of displeasure- the whole world must hear!
Lost in all of this is the juxtaposition of victimization-
You have assumed this role as part of your rationization!

The parable! ? When you choose to cry wolf, and cry it loud-
Be certain you are on the side of truth- that motives ulterior do not shroud!

Maurice Harris, 6 January 2008

Maurice Harris

My Spiritual Regain

Think not my absence, as apathy's verity-
When the same is but a memory to lament,
Supplanted by the consort of my aspiration's futurity,
You are sure to forget what is now most prescient;
Though the pain we both now feel seems everlasting,
'This too shall pass', with the passage of time;
Gone too shall surely be the pall same is casting
Upon us now-this itself, a most egregious crime!
I look to this much-aspired future with great hope;
More than a mere goal that I wish to attain,
It is the very means by which I now cope
With losses too numerous to count and my grievous pain;
This journey is sure to be long, as great is its scope-
Yet, it is necessary to ensure my Spiritual Regain!

-Maurice Harris, 28 January 2011

Maurice Harris

My Temporary Home

</></>I can put up photographs of loved ones
And other familiar items, when I need some,
But this will never be more than my temporary home!
Here, in the land of prodigal sons,
I hope I never just assimilate;
All I have to do is time-nothing more!
Long ago, I accepted that my fate
Would be decided by looking past this, to something more!

Never once was a really given a choice,
But I am determined to give my future a voice
That erases regrets of the past, and to have none new-
I wish to better the lives of loved ones, and to have one, too!
This is but my temporary home, I hope for one, more permanent,
With faith and hope, I may help Him to determine it!

Maurice Harris, 19 July 2011

Maurice Harris

My True Self's Resplendent Re-Presentation

Tattered remnants remain of a life, once so very blessed-
Fractured aspirations only-of the life I once possessed;
I have known too much heartbreak to explicate with mere word-
My lamentation's echo-the most thunderous bellow I've ever heard!

I stand not before thee with hope of pity for my poignant grief,
Should I want at all, it's only for my grieving heart's long-sought relief!
I have sought even His most gracious counsel many, many a time-
My Father: 'How might a man ever become for this lacking, prime? '

I have searched for solace and a life, again, most beautiful-
To this and what may come of it, I remain steadfast and dutiful!
An epiphanous enlightenment, an inestimable, ethereal rediscovery-
Their duality, married one day as a unity, essential for my recovery!
An expedited odyssey perhaps, yet still-always my true destination-
With bated breath, I await my true self's resplendent re-presentation!

Maurice Harris, 19 June 2010

Maurice Harris

My Ultimate Earthly Destination

I have arrived at my Ultimate Earthly Destination,
And I know I have done so, without expectation
That my hopes and dreams would, an answer find-
Heavenly Father: 'Thou Art far too kind
In Thine remembrance of of me, in my time of need;
All mine prayers have been answered-You saw to their heed!
Graciously and Humbly, I proffer mine gratitude
For the Beneficence with which You gifted these Beatitudes;
All mine Faith, and all mine Strength has gained Reward-
For Thee, all mine life, I shall e'er spread Your Word:
For Thou Art, Lord and Savior, for all the world,
And in all Thine Children, Thou hath unfurled-
As to me, in the most real way-a love for every other-
Where I may love a Sister as a Sister, and a Brother as a Brother!

Maurice Harris

My Wonders

</>I wish I needed to wonder no more
About the wonders I do so very much adore;
I get down upon bended knee and pray
For this wonder to finally go away,
Supplanted by the wonders-these wonders of mine-
So that I may at last, leave this wonder behind!
Alas, wonder is all I now possess-
Though, about these wonders, I do now obsess:
How are they, I wonder? My mind wanders
To them each and every day, as it ponders
Their fate, in light of the wonder taken from their sight-
I wonder if, perhaps, they just might
See me as a wonder, contrariwise-
Sadly, my wonder must suffice, until our reprise!

-Maurice Harris, 27 July 2011

Maurice Harris

Nary Does A Night Pass

That Day! That fateful, tragic day in November!
Ne'er shall I forget, cursed I am to always remember!
Only but one thing did you accomplish on that day-
To usher the best Father our children will have, away!

Nary does a night pass where I am not forced to cry myself to sleep-
Due the deceit offered, bias harbored-promises you failed to keep!
Always must I carry the burden of your thoughtless acts,
Ne'er shall I know why you acted with none of the facts!

One day it will hit you, as though you should known all along
That not only were you deceitful and full of wrath, but also, wrong!
Not may you invent such a thing, in your own mind
Then feel the world has wronged you, when your 'truth', they don't find!

Think of all, as logically as you may-
Then only, shall you allow yourself past that day!

Maurice Harris, 14 July 2008

Maurice Harris

Naught For Thee Shall Ever Suffice

Naught for thee shall ever suffice
But for that given upon previous advice!
Ne'er shall thee be lacking for my admire,
As such, it is ever growing, as a fire!

Allowance made too for past events' effects-
Mindful shall we be that our heart protects
Us still from pain brought from others or each!
Hurt shall no longer be an emotion that may me, reach!

Your heart's flutter, your mind's woeful mistake
Can not away our eternal love, take!
Ever-present it stays, ever-protected from harm,
Ne'er shall it ever again be caused alarm!

Allow its presence felt for all your days,
Then only may you allow that it always stays!

Maurice Harris, 25 July 2008

Maurice Harris

Ne'Er Again, Ne'Er Again

Today, yet another impediment to my liberty
Has fallen-I wonder what this means for me? !
Could my freedom be near at hand, at long last?
May soon, the day come, when I may look past
All that has happened, and finally start anew?
First though, I must pick up the pieces, to rebuild my heart anew!
Mine faithful patience has outlasted it all-
Now only, may I move from under this iniquitous pall.

Once freedom is again mine, I shan't take same, for granted-
Nor shall I ever forget all that this freedom supplanted;
I've so much I want to do, so much I wish to see-
Yet, I only have one thing that I wish to be-
A Father- to the two most Angelic little ladies there have e'er been;
For far too long we have lost, -ne'er again, ne'er again!

-Maurice Harris,8 April 2011

Maurice Harris

Never Again (The Last Day)

</>I left it with you, and hope that you have looked after
The portion of my heart responsible for laughter
And smiles-as here, there is none to be had,
No reason for jollity, no cause to be glad!
Tommorow is the first day of the rest of my life-
I will leave 'today' with the rest of my strife-
In the past, where it belongs, and where it shall stay!
I look forward only to 'tomorrow', as my first 'today'!

I do not know what to expect; expectations are lost upon me-
Never again will I be subject to this pain, nor its cost, upon me,
Which has tolled deeply and left me scarred!
Never again shall I let down my guard,
Nor allow the past to haunt me, ever again;
I will never be left vulnerable-no, never again!

-Maurice Harris,23 October 2011

Maurice Harris

Nightmares End, Dreams Do Not

Nightmares end, after not so long, though dreams do not;
Life which I enjoyed, was this dream, still be, it ought!
The road has been difficult for me, even harsh-
Yet still on I plod, to my family I still march!

Ne'er shall I forget these times, surely not e'er;
Return to feel this way again shall I, ne'er!
Bring back to me and mine, that we love, all;
Make it so, from hence I must go, you must hear my call!

Lovely there, lonely here; Still do you have this fear?
Protect thee shall I, from threat of such returning, near!
Here for thee, always I shall be-hopeful am I for you to see
That I am he, who would part the seas-your best friend, me!

Here I stand, for your judgment and perusal;
I giveth your heart the right of first refusal!

19 December 2007

Maurice Harris

No Adequate Explanation

I have no adequate explanation-
I just know-because my heart tells me!
As though in a state of suspended animation,
I wait, and shall, because my heart tells me! !

They say there is a mate for each-
I say mine is you, because I feel it in my soul!
No sacrifice is too much, which leads me within your reach-
I know-because I feel it in my heart, which you stole!

I have no doubts, we are a Divine truth-
You know-because your heart tells you so;
I just believe, I need no form of proof-
You believe-because your heart tells you so!

I know it is but a matter of where, when or how-
Yet, because my mind tells me so, I wish it were now!

Maurice Harris, 3 March 2010

Maurice Harris

No Longer Afraid To Dream

I am no longer afraid to dream;
Whereas before, aspiration was made to seem
Too lofty a goal for a man like me-
I now know that one day, I might see
All my dreams marry with a wondrous reality;
This has not always been my mentality:
Before, I stunted my dreams under a cerebral ceiling,
Which only served to leave me with an uneasy feeling;
I am much obliged for the power of this gift,
Responsible for my mind's mediation and my soul's uplift!
Now, I am led by my dreams, and not contrariwise,
Which has served further, so that now I realize
That to truly dream, aspiration must be left unbound:
Yet, in order to fly, your feet need not leave the ground!

-Maurice Harris, 9 February 2011

Maurice Harris

No Longer Snow On Kilimanjaro

I long for thee but whence I have occasion to respire;
Thou art the solitary object, of which I shan't e'er tire;
Rumination of thee shall surely one day be done-
One day after we no longer bask under the warmth of the Sun;
As soon as all the stars can no longer shine,
This is when you shall find love more ardent than mine;
My desire to be ever-nearer to thee shall surely wane-
Just as soon as we dwell in a world without rain;
To be without thee shall no longer be my sorrow,
Upon the Winter's day there is no longer snow on Kilimanjaro!
The hands of time shall surely need cease in their entirety,
Before, upon mine ardor, I may draw even the slightest dubiety;
Upon mine heart, soul, and mine's fidelity, you may depend-
So it was then, so it is now, so it shall be-when time doth end!

-Maurice Harris, 11 March 2011

Maurice Harris

No Matter Of Length

I live now a world away, yet thought of my proximity
Should not be a source of angst, but rather, unanimity;
A singularly solitary somniation, now fashioned by faith;
Does its existence beget its reality, or is it yet, a wraith?

I may not fashion this glory without moving toward its light,
Though, in so doing, may I cause its vanish from my sight?
If this be so, the answer seems to obviate, as an apparition;
Lo, as resplendence grows inversely with distance, it heightens my volition!

Two disparate purposes, each unique unto their own-
Though their seeming inalterable nexus, I do now bemoan!

To pay good riddance to the darkness, I welcome this change;
I am wholly unafraid, though this is scary and very strange-
Undaunted by fear, I use faith as my strength,
I will wait as long as I need, no matter of length!

Maurice Harris, 7 June 2010

Maurice Harris

No Measure Of Recompense

No measure of recompense shall e'er requite
All you have given, yet, you seek in return, naught;
Ponderance of the gallantry with which you fought,
Truly awe-inspiring, your united, righteous might!

You honor us, we are humbled in your presence-
Our world, more secure, thanking your vigilance,
Defending us from all forms or manner of pestilence;
Daunting, mere thought of your seeming omnipresence!

With a polite, yet firm command of any endeavor,
You have formed a unity that none could sever!
A hero you are, to the world-in its vast entirety;
Loyal protector for all those in need, near or far;
To darkness you give light-as a bright, shining star-
Guardian of Freedom, Champion of Liberty!

Maurice Harris, 22 October 2009

Maurice Harris

No More A Place In My Mind, As Before, For You!

Father, though not with us, causal are you to much of my pain!
Naught would I not do though still to see you once again!
Opine would I to you as to why you chose your path-
Many different choices, many different ways the world hath!

In many ways were you my hero- in many ways my opposite:
Why and how could you live with yourself, I would posit!
Happy Birthday to you Father- perhaps best that you're gone-
Allowance made it is for less anger- after your dawn!

I've met someone Father, who I believed only to be a fantasy-
She falsely believed I was as you- though a tremendous falsity!
Amazing though she certainly is- very much too, fragile-
Make well again her heart and mind- mine own domicile!

My Father, once my hero, I bid you now adieu!
No more a place in my mind, as before, for you!

Maurice Harris, 7 January 2008

Maurice Harris

Not A Friend In The World

Not a friend in the world- everyone is gone,
All I have is all I need- the truth in my heart!
Friends' disappearance for purpose- soon to return at my term's dawn-
Back shall they be led to where I've been from the start!

Promises they have made, are they keeping true?
Life must I get as earned, a beginning anew!
Truly, deeply I love thee, no regret of past,
When love takes hold of you- surely it lasts!

Reality reigns victorious over all surreal,
Reality is all your heart is able to feel!
Many times and in many ways I have thought
Of ways the best recourse- all negative, I've fought!

In need of my best friends swift return,
Back to the life of wonder we did earn!

Maurice Harris, 5 April 2008

Maurice Harris

Not Just For Today

Not just for today, not just for tomorrow,
Naught shall erase my heart's deepest sorrow!
Can one not visage inexplicable acts-
Nor the inescapable truth of incontrovertible facts! ?

Pain and disappointment do run deep, indeed;
Regret and shame, in your world, does not exist!
Cut deeply did your actions, though I did not bleed-
My heart as its own keeper, love persists!

Never could you have been more wrong at all-
Nor could you have disgraced yourself more, complete!
Return now, you must, to the time before your fall,
Only then shall your heart be replete!

Never would I have imagined a day more mistaken-
A day I must coffer, so as to keep my heart from again breaking!

Maurice Harris, 17 June 2008

Maurice Harris

Obligation Of Remembrance

Champions of freedom, each and every one;
We solemnly remember thee, for all the battles you have won,
With valor, honor, and wholly selfless dedication;
You served served God, and a country in need of your protection,
From those who sought our liberty's end;
Without regard for your own life, you stood to defend
The very precepts that make our country great!
When the call to arms came, you did not hesitate
To stand, and be counted, amongst a very select few;
Freedom is not free-its price was paid by men and women, like you!
On behalf of a grateful nation, with an obligation of remembrance,
Thank you for your sacrifice-I know this fails, as recompense,
Yet, it is all that I now possess, to bestow,
Upon so many brave souls, I had not, the honor, to know!

Maurice Harris

Ode To True Love

I did not know it was even gone,
Because I never really needed it, since
The day our lives diverged and we moved on-
Then, my heart made another appearance
When you came back to me, after a lifetime.
As though you knew why it had been coffered,
You provided it purpose again, at just the right time,
With the promise of a love, long ago offered!

What the future holds is now not known,
With you in my heart though, I am never alone.
Keep me in your heart too, so I am there when you need me.
One day, I may again be the call of your heart-
Should this come to pass, I beg of you to heed me
So that I may gift my love's full impart!

Maurice Harris

Ode-My World (For Liz)

I truly love, perhaps it is untold,
Yet, it is these three I most dearly hold:
Dianna, Jessica, Junior-in order only, of birth-
Tis they that are causal my magnificent mirth!

They reside with me, though alone in the rain-
Consort do we, as the Sun doth shine again!
I adore their jollity, wit and sense of wonder,
Ubiquitous, mirrored in God's awesome thunder!

Compeers are they, as day dawns- until again, it poses-
I draw compare with the beauty of splendid roses,
Hear them in music judged most melodious;
All the love I may give, yet, my heart-commodious!

For the love of these, I would sacrifice all I may-
My love for them, more boundless every day!

Maurice Harris, 19 August 2009

Maurice Harris

Oft Have I Pondered

Oft have I pondered upon how I might love, truly;
Might I need to search or might it present itself, duly! ?
This quixotic quest, many surely are they, requisites;
Many times I've fancied her, each time she, exquisite!

Need would I to covet her, more surely, than myself-
She doth need require the contrary, too, of herself!
To gather me, in all ways, must she, and I, her-
For whatsoever may ail me, must she be, the cure!

I need her to be my counsel, she need be my confidant,
My fragile heart's trusted guardian-in this regard, adamant!
A mate, for my soul, need she be; My every waking thought!
This, and so very much more, must be the love I have sought!

Alas, whence found, this treasure I shall guard, with mine own life;
For this be the lady I shall one day felicitously posit, be my wife!

Maurice Harris, 2 November 2009

Maurice Harris

Old Glory Stands Alone

The stark white expanse, only broken by a grave stone,
Makes the Stars and Stripes seem to otherwise stand alone;
Truly, the only sign of color as far as the eye may see,
Old Glory stands alone, at The Forefathers' Cemetery.
A gentle zephyr begins, the flag begins to flap,
Maintaining sentry over many a soul, in an eternal nap!
Above, a majestic American Bald Eagle flies,
And peers down, with a sense of pride, we may only surmise,
Then, with what looks to be a very coy smile,
He turns abruptly, in a most majestic style!
The scene repeats in places both far and wide,
Where it evokes an immense sense of American pride
To all fortuitous enough to partake in its splendor-
The country we love is full of them-this is but one wide wonder!

Maurice Harris

On A Clear Day, I Can See Forever

On a clear day, I can see forever-
But forever is ne'er more near
Than when I think of you and I together,
As we would be, if I lived in a world sans fear;
In those days, I was only able to see 'tomorrow',
Naught more, and thought I knew not what love meant;
Now, I look back at my naivete with the sorrow
That a broken heart gifts, wondering where my love went!
Oh, to do it all over again-sikerly I would-
But I cannot, so thoughts as this, do no good.
We may, however, be so blessed if we begin anew-
And shall, if you love me as I love you!

Ah, but to see forever, where today is merely its start,
Would inspire my soul and surely embolden this heart,
Which now knows not fear, only its betterment,
And casts aside any form of fret as just another impediment
That keeps my heart in darkness, where it craves light-
My soul from its inspiration, and my mind, from fanciful flight!

On a clear day, we may see forever,
Though not with our eyes, and only together!

Maurice Harris

Once Exalted

Once exalted, now lost in a sea of discontent-
Befuddled-as to where my long-avowed love, now gone, went;
The blind faith emplaced in same, adds to the enigma-
As a once-perfect love is shunned, due the stigma
That iniquity has so thoughtfully, permanently gifted;
A once-entrenched, yet powerful, love has drifted
Into the deepest recesses of an afeared heart,
Where only veridical introspection shall see to its impart,
For the world entire, to feel and to see-
This everlasting love, that once longed only, to be!

Only if you are true to your own heart and the words it has written,
Which betell a story of the singularly extraordinary soul, smitten
By its counterpoint in another, equally enamored
With the beauty you are-faithfully adored,
Since the very day that these two souls were brought together,
With a symbiotic love destined to last forever!

A glory will have departed this very soul,
Should you choose to ignore what you once did extol
As an Empyrean gift, with a value you could not hope to measure-
But, with a permanent place in your heart, that you will always treasure;
You may seek its supplant in another's arms,
Yet, will then never be gifted its many charms;
You will only fool your heart and limit its reach,
Should you listen not, to what it does beseech!
A love, buried for even a noble reason,
Soon becomes fodder, to its own treason!
A love that self-perpetuates is its own reward,
And acceptance of this fact is all I have ever implored.
So long as you honestly seek, you shall always find-
The love that your sentimental heart could not leave behind!

Maurice Harris

Once Too Many

</>For many moons, I have patiently awaited the day
When I might be able to force your hand-
Though, at each turn, naught has gone as planned;
When confronted by your many lies, what would you say?
With a blatant disregard for all that is good and decent,
You have lied, stolen and maliciously manipulated,
Without thought of the destruction, or lives devastated;
I only just broke free from your most recent
Attempt at the infliction of even more pain-
You show your true self, time and again!
You may only run so far and hide, so long,
As though the woman who cried 'wolf! ', once to many,
Not so many listen as you sing the same old song-
In fact, I would be terribly surprised if there were any!

-Maurice Harris, 24 April 2011

Maurice Harris

One Day

One day, you will love me, as I do, you:
You will see the beautiful unity in us that I do!
One day, your heart's guard shall see its release:
Then you shall live in a magnificent, loving peace!

One day may come in the morrow, or perhaps in a year-
Its imminence is the only part that is not crystal clear!
It is this-the 'one day', for which I hold fast,
The day where my life shall truly begin, at long last!

The Book says: love is patient, love is kind-
These profoundly simple words do but serve to remind
Of the depths of my devotion to the same-
Love is not love, whence you need hasten its flame!

One day, you shall see all the beauty inherent in me,
Yet first, you need be wise to the beauty inherent in thee!
Look through mine own eyes, there you shall see clearly
Why you are my most beloved Angel, that I covet most dearly:
Explication defies mere word, yet through mine eyes, it doth obviate;
Once you attain privity to same, then only shall you appreciate
All that you truly mean-both, to and for me-
A truly foreign sensation-I am humbled before thee!

One day, your grace shall inherit its beatitude-
Your love in return shall be proper gratitude;
I seeketh thee, only because I simply must,
At last, I found the one, in which I may entrust
My mind, my heart and indeed, my soul-
The one whose virtues, my whole life I shall extol!

One day, your 'distance' shall surely wither and wane,
Then, and evermore, a want for love, you could ne'er feign!

Maurice Harris, 28 January 2010

Maurice Harris

One Day, God Willing

It is only when I finally awaken, I realize
You are not really here-it is my dream's surprise;
It seems so very real, yet my slumber ends
With you still on the other side of the ethereal winds!

I only sleep, so that we may be together,
If I could, I would sleep forever-
Each time, I am more hopeful than the last
That this dream's duality would have passed!

One day, God willing, I shall see
This dream and my reality, meet-
Whence upon awakening, the dream
Is realized, it is now my reality!

But for now, I shall dream still-
I shall make consort with thee, when it is His will!

Maurice Harris, 3 March 2010

Maurice Harris

One Heart Calls Out To Another (Without Word)

Should one heart call out to another, without word,
Through the many miles that now separate them,
I wonder: 'will the call of my heart be heard? '
What about love, does it elevate them
To a different level, where words are no longer needed?
This heart calls out to its counterpoint, in another,
Yet I know not surely, whether the call is heeded-
Or perhaps, the latter heart, sees the former, as a bother!
Time shall surely reveal what is now, a mystery;
Will the call of this heart, find in the other, a response?
If I were to venture a guess, based upon our history,
I would say that time and space are not long for these bonds-
Naught shall stand in the way of this love, divined;
True love is a force of nature unto its own
And shall overcome all; it shall never be just left behind,
As though the refuse of time-as our's has shown!
True love distinguishes itself in its re-incarnation,
Where false love runs its course, then withers.
True love allows not, unworthy imitation-
As one may only gift the perpetuity it delivers!

Maurice Harris

One Ordinary Day

One ordinary day, suddenly one most prodigious-
Its consequence, days both calming and ramagious:

Out of nihility, as though an Emyrean wind,
Comes this apparition, naught could portend-
Most magnificent and beautiful of them all,
She appeared as answer to my spirited call!

Fragile and weary, in need of its loyal protector,
Beguiled is my fragile heart, by my past's spectre!
To and fro does she gust from her source afar,
At once, a brightly-burning beacon and a distant star!

I would be all for her, upon this she may depend:
Her most trusted confidant, her true, dearest friend,
Her most ardent love, her consort, most profound-
If I could but steady this wind, now brisk and unbound!

Maurice Harris, 8 September 2009

Maurice Harris

Only I Know You (An Ode To Faith)

God said to me: 'My Beloved Son, go now to this place,
So that you may begin to fashion more dreams, and begin to erase
The blight of fears that has built up inside
The Angel I have gifted to thee-do not run, do not hide
And allow both of your deepest aspirations to fade
To inconsequence-this is the move that must be played!
Go on your faith, and all else you have dreamt shall come to be;
But first, you must show the world that you have come to Me-
Both in heart and mind, and with your entire soul;
Prove that Mine are the only Virtues that you extol.
And then, Beloved Son, all other answers to prayers shall be gifted,
And your ever-inspired trinity shall be uplifted.
This Cherub shares your dreams-and I shall show her
That your collective aspirations are one and the same-
I shall do this with My Hand, and in My Name-
Because, as I know you, I too know her.
I shall gift to her all that I do to you, contrariwise;
All in due time, she too shall come to realize
That, though your dreams may cause her to be frightened-
They are her dreams too, and shall see her soul heightened
Beyond what could have ever been fathomed-in ways that only I may see;
As I am the Truth, and the Way-only I may be
The same for both of you-and I shall continue to show you,
That only you know each-as to both, only I know you! '

-Maurice Harris,9 February 2012

Maurice Harris

Only Two Wishes Needed

E'en if granted 1,000 wishes, I'd need only two-
One each, to regain a relationship with both of you!
Without this, my heart is just not in it-
I long for this consort-to finally begin it,
In an attempt to recompense for what circumstance stole;
Whithout this, I shall never again be whole!
Alas, all that we live now, without, due no fault
Of our own, should already have been brought to a halt-
These usurpers of your lives, also affect mine!
'This has gone on for far too long', I would opine,
If given an audience with either one-
They need recognize your right (and mine) , yet, neither's done;
To think, you are what they profess to hold most dear-
They shan't, however, unless-as in my heart, you are held most near!

Maurice Harris

Open Up To Me

Open up to me;
Open up, to be
Again exalted-
As before was halted,
Our consortium, divine.
Show me yet another sign
That you too believe
That true love doth ne'er leave.
Open up, to see
All that we may be-
Both together and alone;
Open up to me, to atone
For our mistakes of ere-
To enlighten a path, where
We may both truly shine.
Allow our duality to combine
Once again, into a blessed unity.
Open up to me, with impunity
For all you believe we lost:
Our heart's lament, the cost
Of others' views, nescient-
Sans care for effect, prescient.
Open up, so that we
Can again be, what we
Have always been for each-
Do this for 'us', I do beseech!

-Maurice Harris, 3 August 2012

Maurice Harris

Our Fairy Tale's Truism

I see a flower bloom, I know it will fastly grow;
You may see the same flower and ask me how I know!
I need not see or touch to know when it is real-
You need all queries be satiate before you may feel!

Just as you need not see God to know He is omniscient,
I need not 'see' you to be your duteous appreciant!
We use the same ethereal belief system, yet with a different scope;
Your approach is that of a pragmatist, mine deals in faith and hope!
I see beauty unparalleled, you search for flaw-
You preach self-deprecation, yet I gaze, in abject awe!

When you watch a fairy tale, do you hope for a sad ending,
Or do you grasp the true meaning of the message they are sending! ?
My beloved, relax and let our fairy tale's truism be told-
You must know, time and circumstance, will allow our's to unfold!

Maurice Harris, 19 April 2010

Maurice Harris

Our Family....For Us To Flaunt

I sit here now, in a smaller place, a smaller cell-
It is for me, my own representation of Hell!
Dante's Eternal Abyss, as called by some-
From the lesser of two other evils I did come!

Gaze now do I at your Christmas present-
Thoughts are racing-when and where may it be sent! ?
One day you shall realize that your actions failed
Both you and ours- no one could ever believe your tales!

Be gone damn scourge- be the way of the geist!
Not will I make allowance to my heart for your heist!
If what you want is a form of fears reprisal-
Do as I have my dear- fashion love's recital!

By and by dear, your present, should you want
Is our family, each on a heart- for us to flaunt!

Maurice Harris, 29 Decemebr 2007

Maurice Harris

Our Love, Stronger Than Any Fear

Do you know how lucky you are? Had you been any other,
I say this not merely because you are my children's Mother!
You have shown me though, all I need to see,
I have loved you as I have no other, you too, for me!

You are the love of my life, I need not anything else;
You give me a elevated sense of mine own self!
Love me as you used to and I shall no longer perturbed-
Love me now, as then-as though our love, left undisturbed!

Fear away fear, leave her be-you've no longer a place!
No longer do you hold court over her actions, her mind!
You have left her surely-she has left you behind!
No longer may you, our love, away, chase!

Our love is stronger, still, than is any fear;
My love, with me, whether I am there, or here!

Maurice Harris, 20 March 2008

Maurice Harris

Our World

We live in a world of deceit and greed,
But, also one of beauty and honor-I must concede
There is an enigmatic dichotomy to be sure;
The diversity that confounds, also provides its allure!
The same world that will make your heart break,
Is the same world that is sure to make
You believe in God, if you do not already!
Think about all the world has to offer-its heady
Just to ponder its sheer magnificence;
It makes us all accept our own insignificance-
We are naught more than microscopic dots on a massive canvas
That is the ever-changing painting, that is
Our world-yes, our's-and we are its stewards-
If we take care of Her, She showers us with rewards!

-Maurice Harris,17 July 2011

Maurice Harris

Patience

Patience-for your thoughts to comport
With that felt in my heart, its exhort!
For forbearance, He shall grant reward:
The one that I have always truly adored!

Perhaps I have waited my life entire,
For the love my mirth doth require!
Perchance, my love has come again-
To allow my felicity to finally reign!

Resistance to this gift, I shall not proffer-
My fragile heart, I shall not coffer!
Defiance, merely a lesson in futility,
I am simply without this ability!

Whence prime, here I await thee-
Our hearts foretell their own glory!

Maurice Harris, 5 September 2009

Maurice Harris

Please Do Not Tell Me

Please do not tell me to walk away and let my anger go,
It is most assuredly justified, in ways you will never know!
Anger, when directed in a constructive way-may change the world!
I ask you: 'where were you when all these viscious lies were hurled? ? '

I now know that Lady Justice hath been assassinated-
At least this is what my heart says, now broken and devastated!
Believe what you like, keep telling yourself there is equity;
Why then, when I have been victimized, is there no answerability! ?

Live in your Utopia, where injustice does not exist;
I live in the real world where iniquity does persist!

Take me not as a nay-sayer; I say 'yes' every single time,
Thinking: to be a seeker of truth, they will finally be prime!
Alas, I will believe in it again, when it shows and proves-
Yet, it shan't, until the biases inherent within, it removes!

Maurice Harris,3 May 2010

Maurice Harris

Powerless Am I To Resist

Powerless am I to resist, enraptured in your gaze-
With you, a search has ended, lasting all of my days!
Alas, now the birds sing a more melodious tune;
Your charms, your beauty-so compelling, naught is immune!

The sun fires now more brilliantly, more still tomorrow:
A simple smile proffered- suffice to wipe away any sorrow!
Flowers bloom more beautiful, smiles appear everlasting:
Each and all- causal to the glory you are casting!

Consequent to your essence, all is more beautiful,
Austere is made compound, simple becomes magnificent!
Desiccate too, enigmatically transmutes to alacritous-
The mundanity of every day becomes too affectuous!

Obliged am I to you for all that you do offer;
All the love in my fragile heart, to you, I do proffer!

Maurice Harris, 24 March 2009

Maurice Harris

Powerless Are We

Is love enough to sustain us, in all times?
Hope and want do no make it happen, just because!
I am sincere, I just need it be as great as it was-
Sure I am of our love, as I am of my rhymes!

Love you have I, since able to feel emotions-
Loved you have I, across the largest of oceans!
Adore you still do I, though I am not entirely pleased
That the pain I feel in my heart has not eased!

It's as I said it was, and so too shall we be, again;
For, if not, both of us shall have lost, yet, if so, win!
Love, as our's, knows no limits, and is ever-increasing,
It is capable of all, builds aplenty and is ne'er ceasing!

Enraptured are we, by all it has to offer;
Powerless are we, but for to accept this proffer!

Maurice Harris, 1 March 2008

Maurice Harris

Precious Moments Lost By Fear-

Precious moments lost by fear-
Let down by the system I serve, for which I fight!
Count your blessings that vengeance lives not here,
My power is inherent in the wrongs I shall right!

I must protect myself and my progeny-
Never shall I wane in my paternal spirit!
I leave for you to decide your destiny,
The winds of true justice call- do you hear it! ?

You are wrong and have committed many sins
Nothing you have done can serve to make any proud!
One cause ends so that another begins,
My song is the sound of redemption- I sing it loud!

One day you shall see the contempt you display:
Harken do I until we arrive at that day!

Maurice Harris, 24 June 2008

Maurice Harris

Precipitous And Fluid

What is love? Is it the inimitable force which binds us to one another?
Perhaps it is the ability to choose one from all the others!
It's power felt by all, through all- near, far and all around!
Ne'er to return to normalcy nor mundanity, once found!

Many search for it's equal, for lives entire-
Once it is found though- then until ever- your heart's on fire!
Nothing won't you achieve, with and for it's guard-
None exist to slow its ascension, nor to retard!

Precipitous and fluid as the most massive of waterfalls,
No need of resistance; impossible it is, when love calls!
Life defined by who you love and what she, to you, means:
Once individuals, now together as one, an indefatigable team!

The glorious connection that we two share-
Ne'er mimicry possible, anytime, nor anywhere!

Maurice Harris, 24 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Pride Robs Faith

If you are not careful, Pride may rob you of Faith-
And what was once beautiful, may become again, a wraith!
This is a lesson that God, not I, does teach-
I merely exhort you to listen, -your heart's attention I do beseech!
Do not allow that Pride may rob you of that for which you aspired-
Nor, rob you of the life and love, that you have always desired!
Pride is surely one of the Seven Deadly Sins-
Yet, the lesson is not over because this knowledge begins
To settle into the fabric of your life-
Nor, will it, by the Glorious Day, I make you my Wife-
No, no Beloved-it's a lesson Heavenly Father teaches over a lifetime;
I gift you now: both the Glory and the Rhyme
Of mine own heart, in aid to Him, in this regard;
Embrace this ardor, this love, you once threatened to discard!

-Maurice Harris, 26 January 2012

Maurice Harris

Que Bonita, El Espiritu! (An Ode To My Spanish Guardian Angel)

You have been all I have never even had to ask that you be:
The Angel in my corner, across the many miles, allowing the world, to see
The amorous wonder that is the love betwixt me and my beloved-
So, from the bottom of my now fractured heart, whilst I am thinking of it:
'Gracias por la oportunidad de poco mas del mundo para mi a disfrutar nuestra
Angel comun! '
Or, in English for the monolingual, for all that you have done-'thank you to the
Moon! '
You have been a friend and advocate for what you know to be true and real,
Providing allowance and encouragement to all the ardor we both feel,
From a world away at times, in miles only-not in reality:
You have helped to bridge the gap for this enigmatic duality
That has been our world entire, for so very long-
Giving comfort, solace and love, to keep us both strong!
I am obliged in ways I may not properly express in words alone,
You have helped to sustain a gift, a Blessing, for which I may never atone!

Maurice Harris

Quintessential Compeer

</></>I know not, what the future may hold-
Yet, of mine ardor, thou may be assured;
Mine everlasting affinity, thine charms have cajoled;
I offer thee mine heart, hitherto e'er-coffered!
Thou art the counterpoint to mine soul-
Of this verity, I have not, the least doubt;
Thine grace, recompense for what circumstance stole-
Thou art a religion, to which I am most devout!

Our consort was fated, by God divined,
Thou art the quintessential compeer I knew He would find-
The apparition of countless aspiration,
The answer to mine most lofty mentation;

All offered me, is offered contrariwise, to thee-
Thine retort to same, I hope not, a surprise to me!

Maurice Harris, 12 May 2011

Maurice Harris

Rainbows Do Stop And Lay Their Gazes

Gabriella, the name we proffered for thee-
Precious as is nothing else, save for three!
That is, of which I speak, my family:
Kristina, Kalina and Abigail too- are these!

Glorious and magnificent; precious, lo, beautificent;
My life, our life- shall be transcendent!
Whatever I so choose- lest I manage a ruse;
Magical colors, in a myriad of hues!

Rainbows do stop and lay their gazes
At my fortunate life, which has happened in phases!
Fortuitous and gifted, as I do appear here-
So too are they that, to me, do steer!

Inimitable spirit, may ne'er to be broken;
Herest I am, await do I, your love's token!

Maurice Harris, 15 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Real It Did Seem

Where are you now oh brightest of stars! ?
Long have I pondered just where you are!
Followed did I, you, across the vast blue sea,
Only to now fear that you have abandoned me!

Fret not though my bonnie lass, you're being ruminated of-
Surely ne'er has been one proffered greater love!
Greater than all the majesty of our world,
Here is for the taking, my love for thee, replete- unfurled!

None other has yet, nor shall ever, envision love greater-
Excepting none, whether before we two, now- or even later!
But for one lady did God, for me, choose-
To be my inspiration, my salvation- indeed, my muse!

All ever I could do but fathom- dare I did but dream-
Real as it was with us- or real it did seem!

Maurice Harris, 24 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Red, White And Blue

Red, White and Blue-these hues shall ne'er fleet,
Nor shall they who fiercely defend it, e'er retreat;
They champion Freedom, at any and all cost,
But for this precept, all hope would be lost!

Our Supreme Law, they swear to support and defend,
Against all, whether here or afar-upon this, we all depend;
Serve do they, with Honor, exhibiting Loyalty and Respect-
A lesson for all, ideas are these, which all should expect!

In any one generation,1 of 100 is their humble divide,
Yet, it is they who are the source of our extraordinary pride!
Honor them, with your heartfelt gratitude, whence ever
Acquaintance is made, in return, your defense, ever!

Consider them not upon celebration but for only a day,
Keep them always in your thoughts, allow not its sway!

Maurice Harris,20 October 2009

Maurice Harris

Reluctant Willingness

With a reluctant willingness, I have given
Mine own heart, many times callously riven-
Fragile as it is, I do know its chosen guardian
Hath proven to be its one and true custodian!

Done was this, not with knowledge of what would be,
But only with the wishful rumination of what could be;
Ponderance of same gladdens my heart, to my very soul-
For she is but the only one who hastens my heart's console!

Surely not prime was she, for the import this role has imparted:
To make again, a man, truly, out of one most heavy-hearted,
She, an Emyrean gifting, a miracle, made before mine own eyes-
Making for a perfect love, one I could not hope to disguise!

Though sickerly she must be of this role, very aware,
She too is afeared, lest she leave her heart lain bare!
Bare though-nay, for it be, as mine, sheathed-
As sure am I of this-as our consort, inbreathed!

Be not afraid- for as were you, by God, chosen for me-
I am by Him, entrusted with your guard, forechosen for thee!
I should want for same, as offered: a friend, a partner, a paramour-
I want for naught else, yet you proffer so very much more!

'Be still my fragile heart', an oft-repeated utterance
When thought is of your beauty and your elegance-
Lest you believe I think of you, straying from reality's realm,
Explicate kindly, presence of emotion so real, it doth overwhelm!

Think not of this as 'breaking down a wall', but rather,
Building a bridge, which allows our unity to gather-
In a place, and in a way, of our own choosing,
Our heart's compeer gaining, only solitude we're losing!

Maurice Harris, 29 January 2010

Maurice Harris

Rest Now In Peace, Father!

Father, never shall I understand, nor forgive, what it is that you did,
Nor too, shall I provide allowance for the mask, behind which you hid!
Many a person you have hurt, beyond any measure-
Yet, you went about your salacious way at your leisure!

Effectuated you have those that hardly even knew you-
Causal to unjust treatment for me, because of my relation to you!
The Prodigal Father, surely you could be labeled-
Fear and paranoia, under guise of maternal protection, you have enabled!

In many ways, you and I never even made acquaintance,
A monster, though, the King of the castle, I, one of your tenants!
Fodder has your behavior been, for fear irrational-
Led the way has this, for claims sensational!

Rest now in peace, Father-I can not, so do not, judge you:
Alas, my heart was broken upon the day I was forced to begrudge you!

Maurice Harris, 12 January 2008

Maurice Harris

Restoreth Is The Calm

Daughter of mine, in father's own likeness
Gabriella is your name, hopeful am I of your safety-
So too have I thought of you lately;
More and more, I implore- Daddy is righteous!

One way or another I will be there to your rescue-
Awaiting am I Mommy's inevitable cue!
Mommy made mistakes, told untruths and was erroneous-
In fact, more was it her behavior, more than mine, that was felonious!

Kalina's little sister, Mommy's little girl:
One of Daddy's most revered bequeaths in the whole world!
All my love from afar, to all of you there-
Soon we shall no longer relegate to speaking of care!

Alas, after the storm, restoreth is the calm
Search have we both long and hard for life's balm!

Maurice Harris, 23 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Return To The Glory We Shared

When will this nightmare and be complete?
When shall I be able to rest, off my weary feet?
Why does my heart ache so, as though it did break?
How long does it go on, that your love does forsake! ?

When and where will the sorrow cease?
How too will my love get a new lease?
Why is it that this became believable-
How is that this did become conceivable?

Why have you turned, and gone now astray?
What for have you cause, for your heart's runaway?
How is it too that you can see something in me that I am not?
Why then can you believe what you not, ought?

My love, return to the glory we shared-
Our precious gift, allow now its return, and show you cared!

Maurice Harris, 19 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Ruminations Of Thee

Ruminations of thee permeate to my very soul,
You are the compeer which makes me whole!
How hath He blessed me, I oft would ponder?
Answereth did He, no longer to wonder!

Words are bereft, they forsake explication,
Nary can such seize the essence of my devotion!
It is ethereal, as if carried from the Heavens,
I hear your voice, all else deafens!

All is heightened, for cause given to thee:
So too is, each day, the love betwixt you and me!
Many have sought such, ne'er to find,
Evermore shall our hearts be intertwined!

Erstwhile, war has been fought in it's name:
Forever to glow-our ardent flame!

Maurice Harris, 8 November 2008

Maurice Harris

Saddened Am I To Contemplate

An abundance of flawed reasoning and illogical thought;
That is what to that day and since, you have brought!
To admit this though is to invite fault your own,
Ne'er have you had humility enough to yourself, cast a stone!

Whether admittance to such you have, or not
Given facts as they are, much regret and shame you ought!
An unceremonious fall from grace to be sure-
Nothing though that forced repentance can't cure!

Empowered has your deceit and false posit been
By those carelessly given power, they do pretend
Their's to be a righteous stand,
Though not does our ultimate judge, this command!

Saddened am I to comtemplate
That I hold court over your fate!

Maurice Harris, 29 June 2008

Maurice Harris

Safe Harbor From The Storm

The abject fear you live with, alone, became your self-perpetuating myth!
Why then would you try alone to rationalize resistance to our gift?
I am hopeful that from that day you allowed yourself to let go-
Now then you may be for all- a loved one, oppositely in the know!

Perchance, my love, why must it be prolonged then?
Again, my love, why must I now be forlorned then?
Come back to us my dear, my aid, for your asking, near-
First, you must right our ship- I'll take the helm then and steer!

I shall be your safe harbor from the storm-
So too shall you keep, for me, my heart warm!
For as long as the sun doth set, the moon doth rise;
For as many days as He remains most the wise-

I shall love thee and protect thee more ardently still,
For I shall ne'er cease even after your heart doth fill!

Maurice Harris, 24 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Scars May Fade

</></></>With an eye to the future, I must accept my past;
Lessons learned tragically will ensure they last,
That I may never forget what now is most prescient;
Though scars may fade, my anguish remains, extant
In a far disparate form than it once had;
Though, in the future, where I was once sad,
I shall surely brim over with jollity-
Yet shan't allow forget of this egregious inequality
That has so permanently altered my world;
As though into the path of a speeding freight train, I was hurled,
Without concern for my right to protection-
So, no, I shall not forget, e'en if correction
Is made, so as to make for proper redress;
This is something that my mind shall always address!

-Maurice Harris, 24 May 2011

Maurice Harris

Secret Sisters (An Imagined Conversation)

'Hello, it is a pleasure to meet you!
My name is Abigail. What, pray tell, is your name? '

'Abigail, my name is Gabriella. To greet you
Is indeed my pleasure, I extend obligation to Him for same! '

'I confess, I knew your name, and for some time have sought you.
I am exalted that mine effort has brought you
Here before me, so that we may finally consort.'

'Why though, with me, do you wish rapport?
I know not a reason, as same now evades me-
I am overwhelmed by curiosity, which now pervades me.'

'I became quite interested in the facts of my birth,
So I began to sleuth, and for what its worth,
You and I are Sisters, Daughters of the same man.'

'This is wonderful news, which gladdens my spirit-
Why though, from you, and not my Mother, do I hear it?
It seems to me that this needs to be a part of her parental plan! '

'Sikerly, it was I that coerced this connection;
Mine own Mother silenced, under guise of maternal protection;
I desire personal privity, not opinion of another:
My opinion needs be prescient, not derived from my Mother;
This is my own journey of discovery, not a bother-
I need to know for myself, this man who is our Father! '

'I am eternally grateful that, in your plans, I have been included-
There shall be much-needed explication as to why we where precluded
From contact with our own Father; What possible reason

Might serve to justify this egregious treason! ?
Our's is a meeting that long-ago should have transpired:
It needed to be one our own Mother passionately desired! '

'Truer words hath ne'er been spoken-
This man is our Father, not some token
Relative, with which we share little connection;
We deserve his unceasing paternal love and protection;
As he, I am sure, wants for our love in return:
The unseen heart may still ardently yearn! '

At that very moment, the two Sisters decided
That there would be but one pact, with which they both abided:
A search for the relationship which heretofore, eluded them;
At the same time, a Father still fights for a life, which included them.
There is sure to be a singular confluence
That sees to this trinity's convergence-
A glorious day, envisioned 1,000 times, as aspiration
Shall one day meet with a wondrous actualization;
Then only, may a Father's broken heart, find mend-
This is reality, with which e'en loftiest aspiration may not contend;
Alas, all that is real now, is a fanciful intuition
That one glorious day, this dream shall meet with fruition!

-Maurice Harris, 30 January 2011

Maurice Harris

Sequent Glory

I have done all that I may-what need be done;
All inquiry resolved-dubiety, there need be none;
The denouement remains to be, the world awaits-
Riposte shall present duely, as time itself, abates!
The sequent glory shall serve to inspire and astound-
All shall stand in rapt awe, at this ardor, most profound!

Such consequence need marry not, with haste-
In the omniscient hands of God Almighty, I have placed
All mine own hopes and most highly-coveted aspiration,
I fret not its timing-my only concern lies in its determination!

I believe in what hath been previously, unequivocally, stated-
With this, I bide-to discover what hath been graciously created!
The Moon shall smile each solitary nox, too-the Sun, brighten each day-
Though I know not how, nor do I, when-all shall be as it should-one way!

Maurice Harris,13 June 2010

Maurice Harris

Seven Candles For Kaya

Seven years ago, upon this very day-
Marked for me, in a most seminal way,
The beginning of my purposeful life;
Quite clearly I recall the enraptured awe
That I felt when your visage I first saw:
From that moment on, the inspiration I have drawn-rife
With a duteous appreciation for a higher power,
Hath proffered responsibility, from which I would never cower.

I lament that I may not share this day,
Though I send all of my love, and hope this may
Indeed be with you, this and every other day;
As the world's most fortuitous Father, no other may
Be more proud, nor gather more mirth-
Every day, not just upon that of your birth!

-Maurice Harris, 3 March 2011

Maurice Harris

Shades Of Gray

Most meander through life in shades of gray,
Never more happy today than yesterday!
Alas, I am fortuitous beyond measure:
I have found my love to treasure!

My fidelity takes the form of another,
That is in essence all form of color:
My amity is, for me, 'colored' white-
With you I see only in color, every night!

My rainbow of hues is because of you,
We have built a unity what was of two!
Nary shall be told replete our story,
As is the tale of my heart's glory!

No longer may I see monochromatically,
You have inexorably altered my life-so dramatically!

Maurice Harris, 24 October 2008

Maurice Harris

Shadow Of Shame

The say: 'it is in the eyes that truth is discerned';
Perhaps nostalgia was the ruse that blinded me-
And that I did not see, is a painful lesson learned!
There were not-so-subtle signs, that should have reminded me
That all is not always as it may seem;
Alas, I may not undo the tragedy of my past,
But, I may learn, to the benefit of my own redeem,
That the shadow of shame, does not, upon me, cast!
My shadow is yet to be fully defined,
Yet, sikerly, shall include righteous indignation,
Mistrust, and anguish, somehow combined.
Though, I will say, without a moment's hesitation,
I am a better man, in the wake of this travesty-
Thanks in no small way, to His guidant Hand and Majesty!

Maurice Harris

Shameful Ruse

First time, unabashedly I say, shame upon you!
Second time, unequivocally, shame upon me too!
You tried to falsely convince the whole world
Of the lies you espoused and then unfurled!

Why then would you do this to all of us! ?
What then could be causal to your breach of trust?
So preposterous was your story, so as to ne'er be believed;
From its very genesis, your posit was impossible to conceive!

Wanton of what were you, false vengeance or false truth?
Pay have I, dearly, for you acts of ill-repute!
'Victim' you became, upon first report,
Criminal you became, upon final retort!
This, upon pains of what I tried to hasten,
Is a great many benefits, now lain waster!

Maurice Harris, 8 December 2007

Maurice Harris

She (One Day, In Her Eyes)

She is sunshine, whence before I saw only rain;
She is joy, whence I only ever knew pain;
She is truth, whence I experienced only deceit;
She is the love, with which I hope to make greet!

She is solace, whence I only knew grief-
She is the amorous Angel, who provides relief
For my ever-weary soul, in need of same;
She is my loftiest aspiration's heroine, now with a name!

She is calm, whence I only knew tumult;
She is my heart's captor, though I shan't want for revolt!
She is my North, South, East, and West-
My soul's one and only mate, to which my heart doth attest!
The former begs her consort, the latter, fidelity contrariwise-
Mine mind envisions all of same-one day, in her eyes!

Maurice Harris

She Is Extant

</>'Where is she? ', I wonder, as I lie down to sleep,
Only when I find her may I then keep
The promise I have held in my heart, for so very long;
Only then, may I satiate the passion, now so very strong,
For a mate for my long-ambattled, yet ever-deserving soul;
Somewhere, in this world of wonder, is mine-
Somehow, I will be made to again be whole,
When I finally find her and our souls combine
To form a unique unity, from a now-disparate duality-
Only when my audacious aspirations marry reality!

She is extant, my heart tells me so...
When dubiety lurks, my faith lets me know
That though I may not now see her,
The very next lady I meet, could very well, be her!

-Maurice Harris, 1 September 2011

Maurice Harris

She Is My Heavenly Proffer

Perhaps once in thine own life, if truly fortuitous,
Ye shall gain privity to a beauty, as I, whose glorious
Resplendence shines-as a beacon, through all my hours-
A beauty so rarified it doth astound and overpowers
The senses at times! Though she doth dwell many a mile
From whence I am, still, I am greeted at all times-by her smile!

Should my life's flame be doused, right here and now,
I shan't have cause to aspire further-as this I avow:
I have glimpsed Heaven-in her eyes, it doth reside-
Not to speak slight of the Emyrean Kingdom, nor deride;
I have seen her truth, and simply must, to it, attest;
She is cause for me to know, I am most and truly blessed!

No matter of love or affection shall serve to suffice-no, not nearly;
Nothing shall ever be proper grace for the one I love most dearly!

My life until now hath been wanton of a love worthy of what I have to offer-
No longer need I search for same, obligation owed to God's greatest proffer!
Our consort was a divine providence, of this, you may be assured;
My soul hath now its compeer; My heart's everlasting guard, secured!
I must see this glory e'er closer still-to this end, I shall do what I must;
All my hopes and dreams-all the faith I have in my heart-to her, I do entrust!
'Lord, as Thou hast given unto me, this magnificent, glorious covenant,
I shall endeavor dutifully to pay it proper honor, as I remain allegiant! '

My amorous wonderment knows not bound, whence she is concerned-
For she doth embody all that for which my life, entire, I have yearned!

As this singularly magnificent night gives way to the dawn of a new day,
There is but one truth I know and shall endeavor evermore, to convey:
She is my Heavenly proffer, given unto me as proof of His divine inspiration-
She-the solitary source of my mind, heart and soul's panoply of elation!

Maurice Harris, 24 May 2010

Maurice Harris

'She Looks Just Like You! '

</>'She looks just like you! ', it says, on the back of the photograph;
Alas, this photograph (and others) is all I have,
To remind me that my importance has not faded
And that I need restore the Natural Order that He created
For a beautiful little lady, who knows not, her 'Dad';
Oh, if only I could share with her, the dreams I had
For a future that put her in the forefront
And not this 'present', subjugated to what others want!
So long as the status quo is maintained, they are satiate,
Yet, with their near-sightedness, they fail to appreciate
What is of paramount importance is this Father-Daughter bond;
Until our consort's reprise, I hold onto memories, most fond,
Of a little lady, I, sadly, no longer know...
And watch emotions that could be no stronger, grow!

-Maurice Harris,5 September 2011

Maurice Harris

She Sees...

She sees not damaged goods, where others may;
She sees our predestiny, no matter what others say;
She views this 'diamond' and sees not, coal;
She sees what shall be again, not what they stole;
She sees not, my imperfections, but sees me as whole;
She sees our Eternal Life together as The Ultimate Goal.
She doth viage mine vicissitudes as 'lessons learned',
Not as baggage, or due amercement I have not earned.
Mine endowment is she, for true faith and worth-
Responsible is she, for my most magnificent mirth!
She sees only a futurity filled with fanciful flight,
And mine sole vocation, each and every night
Is to work most diligently, to provide for same-
As the Good Lord is my witness, I say this in His Holy Name!

- Maurice Harris, 4 August 2014

Maurice Harris

Shining, As A Beacon In The Night

Not able am I to explicate-my heart, with emotion so vast:
Alas, your charms enrapture me, causing my fall, fast!
Await do I, a chance to catch even a breath of your voice-
I go wherest I am led by my heart, I haven't but a choice!

Naught shall be for me it's equal, nary shall there be, ever,
Ne'er shall another gather compare to thee-never!
As though a thousand trumpeteers lauded your arrival,
So too must I glorify you-the essence of my survival!

Our first rendezvous, but a prelude of that yet to come,
The power and glory of which is felt but a very few some!
A love as this, naught shall there be compare-
Tested by time-as if stopped, and we stare!

Resplendent: my love for thee, shining, as a beacon in the night,
Assuring you that you shall ne'er be beyond my sight!

Maurice Harris, 12 October 2008

Maurice Harris

Should All Else...

I should not take pleasure in this, my heart's true elation-
No, not without inviting the world to join in my celebration!

Should I want for attestation of that which is truly miraculous
Or require affirmation of that which embodies 'glorious'-
I have now, and shall, ever, been made to want no more,
I have been ever humbled upon consort with the beauty I do adore!

Should the rain always be present, as though all else has died,
I would still need not, the Sun-in her eyes it doth yet, reside!
Should today ne'er pass to the morrow, I most assuredly say
I would want for naught, in my exaltation of today!

Should all else of man, nature or God, which now doth surround
Take leave from its splendor and cease to perpetually astound,
I could think myself still not shorted, not even the slightest-
For I have gained privy to the 'star' which shines the brightest!

Maurice Harris, 14 March 2010

Maurice Harris

Should I Ever Be So Blessed

I fear not that which I have not seen, nor done;
I fear that I will sight no miracles, but the one
Which I may no longer, yet I know still, its glory-
Peruse my heart's lament, you shall know my story!

I regret not that which I have seen, yet, see no longer-
I look to the day where I may become stronger;
To the day whence the glory sees its return,
The wondrous realization of a heart's mournful yearn!

I wonder not, what may have been-
Only to a day, wherest I may begin-again;
To a day where I may finally 'live',
Where I may allow my heart to give!

I know not, faith's lacking, in a life filled with sorrow-
My jollity is assured, as today becomes tomorrow;

Miracles may only happen upon, when prime to receive-
That I am not now, readied, I shall ne'er conceive!

Years have fled since mine eyes have sighted either,
Yet I know I've not seen the last of each, neither
Shall one be made the most, until such time
As I bear witness to the topics of this rhyme!

With the Lord as my witness, I would surely rather die
Than to know of their grace, yet, still sit idly by;
I seeketh each with a determined heart and tenacious spirit;
I fervently pray each night to God, ensuring He does hear it!

Should I ever be so blessed as to count both within my life,
I shall make the first, a filial, very proud-and the second, my wife!
This is how He hath designed it, I am quite certain-
I anxiously await His time, when not drawn, is this curtain!

Maurice Harris, 11 February 2010

Should You Yearn, I Yearn Too!

The ocean wants for the shore-the shore, its destination;
Flowers want for the Sun and rain, which aid in their formation;
Birds want for the sky-the sky, home to their freedom, complete;
I want for thee, with nary a thought of my heart's retreat!

The long, dark night, longs for the bright dawn of a new day;
Winter-weary fauna long for the rebirth of Spring's sway;
The human soul longs for its mate-its solitary compeer-
Every night lacking mine, I long for thee to be ever more near!

Blurred now have been the lines betwixt your's and mine-
Where before I had concerns of my own, now they meet with thine!
Your wants are now wants of my own-thee, I assure;
I spare not imagination in my emotion-you though, demure!
Your longings have now another champion-they are now my concern too-
Your needs are now needs of my own-should you yearn, I yearn too!

Maurice Harris, 10 May 2010

Maurice Harris

Silence- That Is All You Can Offer

Silence- that is all you can offer
When asked why you did it to me!
A chance to save face I, to thee, proffer:
To accept and right your wrongs- your duty!

How do you live with what you have done! ?
Lie have you without thought of repercussion
Yet you still believe that you've already won-
To the contrary, you offer no discussion!

Explication of deceit only breeds more of the same;
Once started, the only choice is the acceptance of defeat!
Your's is but a very dangerous game,
One may only lose when coupled with deceit!

Turn about is fair play, I shall have mine one day-
Only what is to become of you- for you to say!

Maurice Harris, 22 June 2008

Maurice Harris

Silent Reflections

Silent reflections, of my life's tragic events;
Quiet contemplation, of my my heart's discontent!
Wheresoever yo may roam, I think now
How easily you were led astray, I wonder how!

Never making the disconnect, only the connection,
Brought to me in mere hours, only rejection!
Halt now, the madness, cease now, the sadness;
Return love, oblige me now, return to our love's gladness!

Heartbroken at actions of that day, and since;
Not at my love lost, just its consequence!
Ever-abundant is: love, understanding and passion;
Ever-needed: love's prescient glory and compassion!

Thoughts of beauteous memories, of days of yore-
Family first, then friends, as it was, gloriously, before!

Maurice Harris, 8 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Sin Cera

Truly, madly, deeply-yet quite sincerely,
Do I love thee; I have loved naught more dearly;
As though Divined, He chose you for me,
There be not limit to how much I adore thee;
Much mentation was sikerly had, and thusly aided
What He most graciously, beautifully created,
Without wax, as need for same does not exist-
Only God Himself could envision a beauty such as this!
Pure beauty is so rare, yet you are its quintessence;
God created me to herald to the world, thine pleasance;
I am the voice that ensures all may know this:
God creates very few 'Sin Cera'-may this serve as notice
That I shan't allow mine own self to gather rest,
Until the world entire knows of that to which I attest!

-Maurice Harris, 25 February 2011

Maurice Harris

Smile Now

Smile now- for you are loved most completely,
Alas, before now, ne'er have you been, so sweetly!
Perchance, my sweet, might you now be timorous-
Of a love such as our's, enchanting and mysterious?

Smile now- for our destiny now has arrived
Be not abashed of what the fates have derived!
Embrace the love your heart demands you hold,
Welcome all emotion, which in you, it has extolled!

Smile now- rejoice, for your forever is now here,
Naught is there else, for me, more clear!
No matter where it is you may dwell,
Assure you I do, not may you escape love's spell!

Smile now- you are the most beloved beauty,
To love you as you deserve to be- my duty!

Maurice Harris, 8 December 2008

Maurice Harris

Snow Falls, Upon Cedars

In a vast, Northwest forest,
Where snow falls, upon cedars:
As though in answer to an unspoken chorus,
Mine eyes rise to meet with her's;
No one else there for miles, but we two,
Guarded by our secret rendezvous place-
Cloaked by a fog none could ever see through-
There began a long-awaited, passionate embrace!

Though we were there but an hour,
I spent an eternity in my beloved's arm that day;
Even now, I still feel that moment's power-
Though this were somniation only, it does not feel that way;
I wonder where tonight's drama will take me! ? !
My only regret: that my beloved is not there, to wake me!

*Inspired by the book: Snow Falling On Cedars, by David Guterson

-Maurice Harris, 31 December 2010

Maurice Harris

Solemn Promise

A Father, relieved of his duty, by the appalling ignorance of men;
Due to obvious deceit, my rights were absconded, again and again!
All the ideals I had come to believe in and covet, as absolute,
Were ignored-I wonder, how can so many be so terribly dilute?

Forced to respond, in a manner not befitting an honorable man;
Yet, so as to not abandon her, I must do all that I am able, all that I can!
Where justice is denied, though it is your inalienable right,
You must take it-through all your actions and with all your might!

Soon, surely, you will be called to task;
Remove I shall, your shameful mask,
Exposing you and your deeds to all;
Inglorious indeed, shall be your fall!

Long since ago, I made a tacit, yet solemn promise-
My actions hence forth, assumed from this premise!

Maurice Harris, 9 April 2010

Maurice Harris

Solitary Strength

'What Lord, is wanted of me in this time
Of much introspection into sentiment, sublime! ?
Need I simply forget all that for which I yearn,
Or might I bide yet, in hopes that all I may discern-
Even in the midst of my most lofty aspiration-
What may one day meet a most prophetic realization! ? '

To which He made reply: 'I test thine faith in many ways;
Though thou art without much, lo these many days,
Thou art not alone, nor art others, contrariwise;
This time strengthens thee, in ways thou may ne'er realize-
Much hath been garnered, but that time shalt show-
Though others may not gather same, thou shalt know;
Thine lamentation, though great, readies thee, as it must-
In Mine Own Omniscient Benevolence, thou must emplace all thine trust! '

-Maurice Harris, 23 January 2011

Maurice Harris

Somehow, Some Way

Somehow, some way, I knew you'd not gone away,
Warm thoughts of thee ensured you'd always stay;
The lovely young girl I knew when I was young
Has become the most beautiful lady among
All mine eyes hath e'er lain: somehow even then
I knew that you would come back to me again!

Lest I had forgotten the awe in me you did inspire:
You are everything in a lady that I do admire!
Once in a lifetime, if you are most fortuitous,
You find someone, that is truly special and glorious!

Far more lovely than ever I could fathom,
The same heart you set aflutter, you also calm!
Wish do I to bear witness to all your prescient glory,
To once again recount to the world our precious story!

Maurice Harris, 21 August 2009

Maurice Harris

Soon Shall Come Your Bitter Rain

Soon shall come your bitter rain,
Shan't it be the triumph you hoped to gain!
The triumph shall be of the human spirit-
It's percussion such that you'll surely hear it!

A Martyr you surely sought to be,
In it's stead, you have made same, out of me!
Your whole attempt at such, made in deceit,
Once judgment is final, shall my martyrdom be complete!

All happens for a reason, some left unknown-
On that day though, the reason shall be shown!
Ne'er before, perhaps ne'er again, as such
Shall there be, at stake, so very much!

Clearly, your aim and outcome were quite divergent,
Never shall we then know what you really meant!

Maurice Harris, 26 July 2008

Maurice Harris

Springtime In New England

The pleasant, subtle sounds of Spring, awaken you;
The madrigal of birds, the unmistakable sway of a slight zephyr,
May combine, to ensure that you are taken to
Thought of a brand-new start, as answer
To ponderance for need of a glorious renewal;
You need look no further, the change is done.
It is evidence in the resplendent vernal jewel,
As we bask in the glory that is the early morning Sun!
The splendiferous scent of fresh-cut grass, fills the air;
Long-dormant golf swings, seek slight repair;
What was once stark and white, is now lush and green;
Flowers, in a range of bloom, set the scene;
This is springtime in New England, so beautiful, so true-
That is, in my eyes anyway-how about you! ?

Maurice Harris

St. Valentine's Day (2010)

My beloved-upon this day of love's celebration,
I must attempt to explicate, my heart's elation!
I now live, cause be to you, and in each and every way
As though every moment were always St. Valentine's Day!

Mine own heart brims with jollity, whence there may be
Thought of a future wherest you are nearer still, to me;
All is tangible, to ensure the same meets with reality-
A future, where unity is made from our current duality!

Surely as I know the place you hold, in mine own mind,
We two should each be made far greater, whence combined!

You are the beauteous answer to a complex, life-long vexation;
The singular, glorious cause, for my heart's jubilant celebration!
You, and you alone, could give rise to such magnificent emotion-
I shall attempt recompense for same, with offer of my life-long devotion!

Your's is a beauty, so rarified, as to be unprecedented-
Imagine if you will, my utter amazement, when it re-presented;
Perchance, my beloved, should you not have cause to believe-
Your's is a beauty, even my imagination could not conceive!

Lest you think me to be overly fanciful in my fervent felicity,
I must remind thee of thine own beauty's splendiferous simplicity:
Your honesty, both with self and others, clements compassion;
Your kindness, wit and charm are plentiful and without ration;
Your heart's fidelity is unquestionable, there, for the world to behold;
Your maternal spirit is without equal and by others, extolled;
This is without mention of your obvious physical beauty,
Though, the glorification of same is too, my solemn duty!

I am forever endebted to thee for what you have gifted-
My fragile, yet giving, heart hath been wondrously uplifted!

I may have to endeavor, for my whole life, entire,
To return the favor of your heart's abiding desire;
Yet, I shall indeed, with much love, and in ways, myriad-
For as long as I may be blessed to live, and longer still-period!

Nary shall a day fleet, whence there is even but the smallest doubt,
That your pleasance doth beatify all, glory would diminish without
You, and all you endue-your resplendence surely captivates
And always shall, mine own life enriched, obligation owed the Fates!

One day perhaps, my love, you shall live ebullient, as I-
Enamored, contrariwise, as your love grows more and more nigh!
Perchance, my beloved, to expound even further still-
Should you allow them, all your hopes and dreams shall fulfill!
Come live thine glorious life, intertwined with mine-
Live each day, as though each day were St. Valentine!

Maurice Harris, 4 February 2010

Maurice Harris

Strength, Begotten From Pure Piety

You must know in the heart I once knew,
That a dark and evil spirit dwells inside you,
Where once was a beautiful Angel-who once saw me as same;
This transmogrification is an unmitigated shame!

Nothing less than an exorcism is necessary at this point,
Due your panoply of unholy acts-to anoint
You with the 'oil' of honesty and humility,
And bless you all over again, with the ability
To see the truth that lies bare, all around-
To live the love again that once served to astound.

The erstwhile Angel I once knew and did covet,
Can then emerge from this occupation, and rise above it-
Of this, I have not, the least bit of dubiety;
All that is needed is the strength begotten from pure piety!

Maurice Harris

Suddenly

</></>Suddenly, I have eyes that now may see;
That which I never fathomed before, now may be;
Suddenly, I have ears that now may hear,
Which call me toward you, without any form of fear;
Suddenly, I have a heart, no longer coffered-
That longs for the love, you long ago offered.
Suddenly, I have a soul that needs for its mate,
Which embraces the exaltation she does create.
Suddenly, my mind is unafraid, and in accord;
Any further resistance is something I cannot afford;
Suddenly, mere sight of your visage takes my breath away-
Thought of a life lived with your grace keeps death away!
Suddenly, I am a humble appreciant, and in awe
Of the love I feel in my heart, which has not, a flaw!

-Maurice Harris, 15 August 2011

Maurice Harris

Sunflower

Sunflower-wilting in the sun, wanton for its rain,
Though rain, as the same, shall ne'er pass its way again!
No longer do conditions exist which allow for its presence-
Alas, its immense pain has tempered its beauteous essence!

Without precipitation to nourish it, wither further, it shall-
Before long, even those not familiar, will notice its pall!
One without the other, surely shan't there be,
As is such with you now: for you are without me!

Whence together, rain doth feed the sunflower,
One may see further, its benefit, each passing hour!
Once removed from each, they are no longer the same-
They remain themselves then, only but in name!

Allow now my rain, to your sunflower's benefit,
One for the other, surely does each, it befit!

Maurice Harris, 25 July 2008

Maurice Harris

Sunflower, So Magnificent And Beautiful!

My sunflower, hath for many days, lain dormant,
But for his unfortunate false interment,
Surely would he now be with her thither!
Without his nourishment, shall she wither!

Lonely, beauteous sunflower, most spectacular of all,
Did but choose to be without him, since the fall!
Not in need did she think, was she, of his 'water',
Now, as never before, through life, she doth totter!

Weary is she, from lack of his nourishment,
She doth plod along still, in need of same to be sent!
Not is she the same since the day she did forsake him,
Ne'er again shall be allowed, for granted, to take him!

Sunflower, so magnificent and beautiful,
To nourish such, my vocation taken-dutifully!

Maurice Harris, 31 March 2008

Maurice Harris

Sunshine

Plagued by iniquity was I, until sunlight was offered to me
Nary may I extend recompense for what has been bestowed
From whence so much has been given, so too, so much is owed
Demonstrative of His omniscience, this, He proffered to me:

A gift sans pareil of radiant replendence, in human form-
A lasting brilliance, surely ne'er to wither nor to pall,
Alas, solace is provided as if to ease the fall,
Provide for inspiration, and ensure my soul's warmth!

Celestial magnanimity, love eternal and spirit pure
Define surely, the essence of her prescient import!
Naught shall there be to absent my majestic consort,
Upon our love's genesis, evident was the allure! !

Sunshine- a mere word falters to delimitate your essence;
An honor it has been, surely, I am humbled in your presence!

Maurice Harris, 14 March 2009

Maurice Harris

Take Now, This Moment

In order to progress, you must be willing to change;
What you are feeling now must seem to you, very strange!
This is because it is illogical and surreal-
It is not anything like that which you should feel!

Take now, this moment, to transfer all of your pain,
Feel now, what is meant for your heart, yet again!
Why cling to that which is but a nefarious lie,
Try as you may, you can not possibly, this, justify! ?

When will you let go of the ghosts, onto which you hold?
Embrace, yet again, the love, of which the fates foretold!
A proffer of love, to avoid that which is otherwise, unavoidable,
The facts which obviate the latter, are incontrovertible!

The love of your life offers you but another choice
To avoid your ultimate fate-supplanted by true romance!

Maurice Harris, 19 June 2008

Maurice Harris

Take Your Time

Take your time, your dreams have not altered;
Take your time, to address what faltered
That caused you to let go of these aspirations;
Soon, you will discover many illusions
Were played by your then-afraid mind,
And that you would do well to leave them behind.

Trust in yourself, it will all come back into focus-
It is the natural order of things, not some hocus-pocus,
Merely the way that your life is supposed to be.
Gradually, you shall see again, as you were supposed to see-
Not clouded by undue fright and irrationality,
And that time is the best anti-dote for this failure's causality.
Time heals all, including a fear made very real
By confabulation, that caused you to feel
That there must be something to the impediment
That you placed in the way of your dreams and their embodiment.

Take your time, analyze it every step of the way;
Take your time, think for a moment, of the day
Before it all started to 'come apart':
Think of the way you felt in your closely-guarded heart.
Dissect everything that was said and done;
Nary do any of them stand the test of time or truth-not one!
Your dreams are your's, and your's alone:
They are the only thing that you really ever own;
So, why not again believe in their verity! ? !
Only then will you see again, with clarity
Of purpose, and absolute truth of heart;
Only then can you begin again, to impart
To yourself, the reality of your dreams.

Take your time; all is never as it seems
To be, under the fog of frenzied fright.
Your dreams shall again make themselves right,
If you believe in the way you remember
You felt, that glorious day in December,
Before it was all taken from your sight,
To haunt you, as a spectre, in the night.

Take your time, your dreams are the only truth you possess-
This is the awe-inspiring gift of God's Bless!

-Maurice Harris, 10 August 2012

Maurice Harris

Tamed Now, My Heart

My heart has now, its protector; my soul, its mate!
My life has now, its purpose-this truth does obviate!
The all-consuming search is over, back where it began;
I have now, what has long been sought, since the dawn of man!

All that for which I could have hoped, more still,
All that need be, for all my dreams to fulfill!
Anticipation of its start, true, causal to excitation;
All the world shall know and join, in my jubilation!

My heart sings with joy-heed in my recital,
Its guard and covenant of same, absolutely vital!

Faith rewarded, as woe is now gone,
E'er more felicity still, at each day's dawn!
Subtle was its genesis- and now, prodigious-
Tamed now, my heart, once so ramagious!

Maurice Harris, 27 October 2009

Maurice Harris

Tested Are We, By Him

Life is rife with times less than desirable,
All need support and occasional encouragement-
Mine offered to you is but parcel to my love's testament
With love in your heart, all is achievable!

Tested are we, by Him, as proof of our loyalty
All the while, made stronger each time:
Aiding us whilst we traverse life's climb-
More prepared are we then for it's reality!

Fidelity proven, as the timeless adage:
Through sickness and health, good times or bad,
All the while is strengthened, the love we had!
It's power and reach, ample to always assuage!

Alone, we are not as powerful as together,
This is now, and shall be-forever!

Maurice Harris, 7 November 2008

Maurice Harris

Thank You

Thank you, for your adoration, and for acceptance of that which I have for you;
Remember-I have no choice, but for to love you is what I have to do!
I trust that you know well, my sentiment-
Words are no longer needed, though compliment
My heart's silent, soul-inspiring symphony;
We together, are far more, than alone we
Could ever hope to be-I know this
Because, I have dreamt of same and they show this!

Thank you, for being both my reality and my aspiration-
For serving as a role model, heroine, and inspiration.
My divinely-inspired somniation shall meet with verity-
As time wends, the prophesy of my ardor's faith, meets more, with clarity.
The more I know, the more I want to know:
Wherever our future may lead, this is surely where I want to go!

-Maurice Harris, 15 November 2010

Maurice Harris

Thank You (For My Sister, Virginia Kinney)

Thank you so very much, for all that you have done;
I knew that I could trust you, that you could be the one;
You are my Sister, yet you have become another Mother-
I knew that I could rely upon you, more than any other!

A lot has been asked of you, and you did not fail-
I know that it has taken much, yet, your time you did avail.

I know too, the position you have been put into is precarious,
Yet still, the roles that you have played-many and various!

I am so sorry all of this happened to us;
Yet, because of same, we have garnered even more trust.

Soon, I shall be far enough away,
So that you too do not have to live in fear every day;
Soon, the burden I present shall be gone-
And everyone may finally begin to move on!

-Maurice Harris,9 August 2010

Maurice Harris

Thank You (I Never Lost My Way)

There are so many that are deserving of obligation,
Many contributed duly and their active participation
Was instrumental then and continues to offer fortitude,
And the least a thankful man may do is show his gratitude.
Foremost, the one termed the Wicked Witch of the Northeast-
Though intuitively, one would think she would deserve the least.
Thank you for lying, cheating, stealing and other dastardly deeds-
All the hatred once stubbornly held for you, now reluctantly cedes
To an understanding that you actually could not have been more giving;
In spite of all your thievery and deceit, it yielded a heart more forgiving-
Though this is not to say that what you did will ever be forgotten.
Your words and actions, so malicious, deceitful, and wanton,
Was the very genesis of strength not otherwise begotten;
Your fruit shall bear out as your heart, pungently rotten!
Next to thank, the system they call simply jurisprudence;
Your callous indifference has borne the fruit of ambivalence,
For an institution that stands only upon the shoulders of giants,
Like The Constitution and Service, yet acts in total defiance
Thereof—with an agenda all its own, not blind and just.
As a people, we are given 'Law and Order'—well-defined, and trust
That it shall 'protect and serve' us, not stab us in the back, like a coward;
Your cowardice has not weakened, it has emboldened and empowered.
Never doubt the fortitude of a resolute man, woefully scorned-
So, thank you for your failings, eyes were opened and much was learned.
Friends who chose to believe the biggest of lies are next on the list;
Their narrow minds allowed them to accept what they should have dismissed
Wholly and completely on its face, yet their internal hysteria caused them to
believe.
Trust, but verify; if verification is wanting, then no longer should one conceive.
You were not true and thus are not welcome "here" any longer,
Long ago, 'adieu' were bid, as this heart grew ever stronger.
Lastly, any family who chose to side with the predator and not the prey,
How dare you further sully and impugn a reputable character, is all there is to
say.
Of course, the preceding was facetious to say the least and at the most, was
sarcastic;
The fallout from this cataclysm was, to be sure, quite severe, but never rose to
drastic,
Due the love and support of those who never wavered or waned, for it is they

Who never lost faith and helped to ensure that it was I, who never lost my way.

- Maurice Harris, 11/10/2014

Maurice Harris

Thanksgiving

I found myself woefully walking down a sad and lonely road-
I asked: 'Why must I be forlorn and have I been forsaken? '
An answer would reveal itself, though I questioned the time it had taken,
God said then: 'I brought you great angst to allow for that which I have now
bestowed! '

'You ne'er have, nor shall you walk alone, for I always shall guide your way! '
'I proffer to you now my most trusted Angel, She shall walk always beside you-
She shall, as my entrusted: protect, love and guide you! '
From that time, and for myriad still to come, beside me she has stayed!

Though no measure of recompense shall surely ever suffice,
Still, I offer her that which I have never, all I have to give-
My heart and soul, all my love- as long as I may live:
Blessed have I been to have this, not once, but twice!

Thankful am I beyond all measure of words for this and all it brings:
Obligation owed, to You, the benevolent and gracious, King of Kings!

Maurice Harris, 24 November 2008

Maurice Harris

Thanksgiving,2009

Gratitude, Obligation, Thankfulness-this, I would rather
Than to allow for the grief of my heart's longing, to gather!

It is what I do have that lifts me, above the realm of sorrow;
With the grace of God, may I banish it further by the morrow!
My lamented heart is strengthened by all the love I do possess,
Though still, in time's of solitude, I allow my emotion's compress!
Be not ever shall it, any different, until reasons inherent are banished-
The fiendish deeds of others are chastened, their influence, vanished!

Though they are not near to me, nor may they be within my sight,
I give prayerful thanks to Him for their existence, each and every night!
I know they feel my love and long for me, as I do, them;
Long do I still, for we three to have occasion to be ibidem!
Two Sisters, who have ne'er made acquaintance, for shame-
Alas, until this day does come, I shall want e'er, for the same!

-Maurice Harris,26 November 2009

Maurice Harris

That Age Is Gone

Seemingly with nary an end, your mind's strife rages on-
I once believed you my soul's mate-that age is gone! !
Victimized: by your lies, thievery and acts, condemnable-
What you have done to yourself and others, abominable!

How could you, from sanity, so far, stray?
You became another: Jeekyll to your Hyde, Night to your Day-
Because of what you did, upon and since that fateful day,
I bear a scar no one may see, yet shall ne'er go away!

Soon, the reality of your deceit shall hit you, though far too late-
The entire time, you have and shall be the maker of your own fate!
I shall not bear a burden any further than today-
I am but a Father, first and foremost-come what may;
The same lies that removed me from their lives over 2 years ago
Shall be revealed, turned upon you and set your fears aglow!

Maurice Harris, 2 December 2009

Maurice Harris

The Baptism Of The 'One Worthy Of Love'

Today, an Angel moves further down a path, Ordained since before birth;
Upon this day, we exalt with Her-and this magnificent mirth
Dwells all around us-evident in all that here, in this place, transpires;

This Baptism is wholly demonstrative of Heavenly Father's desires
And Empyrean Plan, for You, as well as His Beneficent Wants and Wishes, for You;

Thus, with this Baptism, Heavenly Father Lovingly relinquishes for You,
More and more of His Divinely Provident Love and Devotion, for You;
This day, whereupon there is a myriad of emotion, for You-
Know this, Angel of God: His love for Thee is boundless-
Though still, it does, and shall always and e'er, astound us!
Embrace this Blessed day, and all that are sure to follow,
As proof, that though You may feel less than whole, -closer to hollow-
Heavenly Father, and all His children, are here to indubitably show You
That: it has been our pleasure, and an honor, just to know You-
And be Blessed by, and through, Thine grace;

Think of this, Angel of God, whensoever the smile upon Thine face
May have want to alter from its Ordained visage:
Heavenly Father's True, Omnipresent Message,
Is that Thou art, by Him, and all His Children, e'er most Beloved;
Use this knowledge, to ensure that this prescience is ne'er removed;
This is Inspired Verity at all times, and in all ways;
You are always and e'er, held most coveted, upon all days;
Ne'er forget, 'One Worthy Of Love', Thine path is Divine-
As is the path of all His Children-included in this, is Mine!

Maurice Harris

The Benevolence Of A Thousand Answered Prayers

My beloved Angel, how might I go about, to
Describe what you mean to me?
Mine life is devoid of sustenance without you
And mine eyes are blind; I am bound to be
A new and better man, with you by my side:
You are the one 'secret' my heart could never hide;
Sunsets are sure to be far more brilliant,
As your very grace ensures it has cause to be e'er resilient;
I am inspired and exalted, and at once, in awe-
At the beautificence that is you, in all your glory!
A comparison to same, I may never draw-
A fact that obviated through our brief love story!
May the benevolence of a thousand answered prayers,
Bring to life the reality, that now, my heart only dares!

Maurice Harris

The Birth Of A Nation

It started as nothing more than an inspired idea
In the hearts and minds of visionaries, who could not be more clear:
All of human kind demands freedom and craves liberty!
As Emerson once opined: 'So far as a person thinks; they are free'.
Divinely Inspired Prophets, who saw to God's Will-
These were men of highest altruistic aspirations, for a people that still
Needed to be convinced that this ideal could become
The 'One Nation, Under God' we would become.
A very poetic, yet decidedly luculent declaration
Was thoughtfully written-thus began the birth of a nation!
The question of collective desire needed first to be resolved,
So that any and all persons could be wholly absolved
From any blame for this audacious, unprecedented event.
The call was sounded to the States, unanimous was their consent!

In order that this idea meet with desired actualization,
Much blood was spilled, along with the realization
That this righteous battle shan't ever wane,
Lest the tyranny that preceeded it shall come again.
Countless times through history, man has cried out for same-
But not until that glorious day in July, in God's very own name,
Was a truly free nation before born-on our Independence Day!
Should we ever allow its wither, what would our descendants say! ?
'Freedom is the last, best hope of Earth.', said the Great Emancipator-
Should we allow its death, what did our Forefathers then pay for! ?
The value of same, which in the hearts of the courageous, shows:
There is no greater cause, as 'Freedom is the only law which genius knows.'*

Our celebratory stance upon this day should serve as further notice-
The resolve that we have shown before still lives, if need be, we will show this
In defense of liberty, wherever in the world it may be needed.
A cry for liberty in far corners of the world is surely heeded
Still, by a nation which believes that any threat
To freedom-no matter where-must be swiftly met!
Our independence was a gift that we need to pay forward,
As this is the only wish that all men should pray toward.
'Courage leads to Heaven; fear leads to death.', **

This obviates my choice, and will, to my dying breath!

*James Russell Lowell

**Lucius Annaeus Seneca

-Maurice Harris, 3 July 2012

Maurice Harris

The Bitter Rain

What was once glorious, may be, no longer;
Strength seemed departed, but now I am stronger-
The bitter rain did drown the most beautiful flower,
The amorous wonderment did cease-that very hour!

Regret? Ne'er, though surely erudition I did glean;
A glory has left thee, ne'er again to be seen-
Our's is not to wonder why, yet I do, even still-
Though not shall I allow try, my heart's tormented shrill!

Nothing may unburden, nor surely serve to recompense
What I now must bear, thanking your malicious pretense-
Ne'er to be the same as was, inexorably altered thence;
There can be no mitigation for your acts, nor any defense-
As has been elucidated at many times and in many a way,
Dissembling is fastly-fleeting, yet verity shall ne'er be made stray!

Maurice Harris

The Call I Never Heeded

Methinks, perhaps you are the call I never heeded;
Perchance not too, more than all I ever needed-
At a time when I longed so much for same,
God sent me an Empyrean gift, upon which He did proclaim:
'I have watched over thee with pride, all of your days
My child, as you are most deserving of such!
I have done same with still another, due great praise-
You hath been made to consort with one another-as much
There is, for one to offer the other, and same, contrariwise-
Soon, both of you shall be privy to a love none could disguise!
Always shall thee have cause to celebrate cheerfully-
Not shall thee have cause to look upon this at all, fearfully!
This is but meant to inspire in you, the utmost regard
For all that is beautiful and fair-to serve as your guard
Against doubt that true felicity is all but impossible-
To bear witness that it is here, now with thee-not implausible! '

Doubt not that which hath given no cause for same,
Hold not liable those, whence others are to blame!
Question not a glory due another glory's fleeting-
Our's is a glory of its own, as surely as my heart is now beating!

Frangible, I know thou heart to be;
Import of its guard, you needn't impart to me-
I know now, and have always had privacy
To the affairs of mine own heart and its emotivity;
My own beatitude depends upon that of my soul's mate-
Should there now be any doubt, I ask time to abate!

Maurice Harris, 16 May 2010

Maurice Harris

The Chosen One

You are 'The Chosen One', as this is your name-
Chosen to show me how to love, without bound, for you!
Kaya, it has been far too long-neither of us to blame;
I wish that I could be around, for you!

I was not prime for all that she needed;
I tried, I assure you, I tried so much;
You call to me, yet I have not heeded-
I tried, I assure you, I tried so much!

We have been purloined from each
By an ignorance which serves to astound!
I call to God each night to put you within my reach-
Alas, no answer is yet to be found!
My faith remains unwavering; my mind, resolute-
I shall break down this wall which keeps me from you!

Maurice Harris, 3 March 2010

Maurice Harris

The Course Of A Butterfly

To alter the course of a butterfly
Is to alter the energy of the universe;
How then might we be able to try
To rid ourselves of a horrible curse?
We wish it gone-when not, wonder why;
Why can we not stop the slide, or reverse
The course of this scourge and break away?
If we must live with this, what is the take away?
We consider ourselves the master of our own fate,
Yet cannot control this curse, or hasten it's abate.
We seek the normalcy that we once enjoyed
And we mourn the person that has been destroyed.
No one can discern our pain with a simple glance;
We closely guard it from the world and do not chance
That they may seize upon this weakness and hurt us
Or- just when we need them most, they may desert us.
Most do not even ask for help; they fear others' views.
Perhaps their symptoms worsen and only they lose.
Only with help of others may they take back control
And recover some of the person that this cancer stole.
Let the dark night end and embrace the new day's light:
Beat back this monster, turn what's wrong into right.

- Maurice Harris, 19 December 2014

Maurice Harris

The Destruction Of The Heart's Garrison Against Love (An Ode To A Beauty In Pain)

Only one other person knows how I feel right now;
That person is incommunicado, so I cannot ask how
She feels, nor would I dare, to draw comparison to me-
She guards her heart against love, with a garrison-to be
A defense-perhaps not realizing it is to her own heart's detriment;
She has found the mate for her soul, her perfect compliment
In me-yet blames her own fears on me, with misplaced animus;
However, one thing upon which she did not rely, is my animous
Toward an opinion which is the diametrically opposite view,
Namely: the opinion that fear alone dictates what she does now do;
This is indubitably not the way that it should be, for certain-
To embrace fear instead of love, to invite this ardor's curtain! ?
She chose love first, then retreated once it became too real-
Now what is she to do, when love is all she is really able, to feel! ?

-Maurice Harris, 14 January 2012

Maurice Harris

The Devil, In Sheep's Clothing

Perhaps the only way to look at it now
Is to see her as the necessary evil that she was;
As hard as it is to accept, she was the vessel that did allow
You to come into my life-no matter what she does,
She will never be able to take away this gift!
If I had known in advance, all she would take,
I would still allow it to be-the uplift
To my heart, of your existence alone, could make
Up for anything, many times over again-
The joy that it brings, makes up for any pain!
There is no other way to look at all that has transpired:
A lady I once most ardently admired,
Turned out to be the Devil, in sheep's clothing;
Though she gifted you, she also earned my perpetual loathing!

-Maurice Harris, 25 July 2011

Maurice Harris

The Dream

What are dreams really, but our hearts speaking to us?
The realization of that dream is what I am seeking through 'us';
I must answer-my heart doth now and resoundingly call me;
I shan't be prey to what would otherwise befall me,
Should I not listen to this call which pervades through my soul-
I need my half-couplet heart to dwell with its mate, to be whole!

Had not the fates intervened as they have, I may be none the wiser-
That they have though is causal to my ardor, gushing as a geyser!
Had not this gift presented its endow, I may not know any better-
Though now I do-now and evermore, I shall be to same, a debtor!

My heart now basks in tranquillity;
My soul now rejoices in its jollity;
My mind is rife, with wondrous possibility;
The dream-beautiful and brilliant in its clarity!

Maurice Harris, 25 May 2010

Maurice Harris

The Dream (A Eulogy For Martin Luther King, Jr.)

He had a dream, to which all should aspire;
Poignantly, his earthly life met with Empyrean supplant,
As same is honored always, by chimeric flame;
Die did not, the dream, which is indubitably extant.
The dream may remove the blight of an iniquitous past.
If the dream is not to wither, needed are many a dreamer
Who know that justice is the truth that sets you...'free at last';
This is The Law, as taught by The Great Redeemer.

The dream is revolutionary, yet quite simplistic-
Self-gratifying, while wholly-altruistic;
The dream is justice, for one, for all-all the same;
The dream shan't die, as evidenced by the eternal flame-
As though a beacon, it states: 'let freedom ring';
'Thank God Almighty, for the gift who was Doctor King!

Maurice Harris

The Dream-Ender

His eyes have born witness to many a glorious place;
His heart has gained privy to an ardor that time may not erase;
His mind has fashioned his dream's amorous reality;
His soul briefly exalted in this wondrous causality-
Though, he may never truly be allowed to live the same;
Yet, he must believe that once again this chimeric flame
Shall alight upon him, and never falter or fade again, from his sight-
To once again serve as his beacon, through the dark, lonely night.
He shan't begrudge the dream, for its lack of punctuality-
To do so would be to accept an alternate, lesser reality.
What for to dream, but for to exalt in its splendor! ?
Aquiescence in the face of same would make him a pretender;
He shall never embrace a lesser dream, nor its surrender:
He may never live his dream, but shan't be the dream-ender!

Maurice Harris

The Enemy Within

The enemy within is to blame for your pain-
To be sure, you must keep it at bay always and again!
Patience keeps you free, yet even mine has limits,
Be ever vigilant shall I- as love is within!

Think now as a rational trier of facts, outwardly-
Not must you hide behind your fear so cowardly!
With great power comes great responsibility-
To strengthen the human heart- fraught with fragility!

Why would you allow your own self-destruction
When diametrically opposed was such to our love's construction?
Only ever if you allow your mind to falter
Would you remove we two from our love's altar! ?

Think now of the decision you must make,
As it is this that decides the road you must take!

Maurice Harris, 23 June 2008

Maurice Harris

The Ever-Beguiling Smile

The ever-beguiling smile,
Shall luminesce all the while-
Ever radiant, powerful beyond measure,
Mine to purvey and treasure!

Many have been entranced by such,
Know do I at least this much-
Our's is made better for its radiance
Naught exists as measure to its brilliance!

My world, brightened by mere thought
Of all to us this has brought!
Alas, as if the Heavens smile through thee
Its quantum, naught is there, to me!

Angels nary could provide more for pause
Than what your smile, in me, does cause!

Maurice Harris, 22 February 2009

Maurice Harris

The Few, The Brave

As proof of our remembrance, we lay a flag by each and every grave;
With perpetual solemnity, we ensure that it shall always wave
Under the free skies of the land that they and our forebears created:
For God, Duty and Country-they never hesitated
To serve with Honor and Valor for a higher purpose;
All gave some, and some gave all-all, in service
To a most grateful nation, which must always remember,
Whether on a Summer morn in May, or a blustery one in September:
If not for their bravery, indeed, their sacrifice, we'd not be free!
Surely, if I did not take time to pause, I'd not be me-
Because I stand under free skies, and make my very own choices
All because, even from hallowed graves, they provide us voices
In all we do, see, hear, touch, and feel.
No one may blind or mute us, and steal
This freedom away-we will fight as fiercely as they
Should any try-and would rather die than give it away.
This is how we need honor them, each and every day:
To live as they would have, in each and every way.
They did not die in vain, they perished as noble defenders
Of Liberty at all costs, in a world of raucous pretenders.
Their Valor was as uncommon as they were brave;
Due this Gallantry, Freedom and Democracy were saved
From the depths of tyranny, and totalitarian subjugation-
Not the cornerstones upon which to build a nation!
We, the 'many', need always appreciate 'the few, the brave':
Their sacrifice ensures that the flag shall always wave!

-Maurice Harris, 29 May 2012

Maurice Harris

The Friend There All Along

The pain is deep and the scars are not seen;
Enigmatically, the heart yearns for that which has not been.
The mind offers aegis where the soul languishes;
The mind coffers, yet the heart anguishes.
Hope may not cause that which is not, to be,
Just as the sighted may not allow one who is not, to see.
Time may heal all, yet time is inherently slow;
Frustration is felt, yet patience is what we ardently show.
Pain may not be measured so that others may see,
So, a not so edified shoulder is all that others may be.
Give us a lever long enough; we may move a mountain;
Afford us faith strong enough; we may endure any pain.
This is what sustains us, when times are just too much:
The Friend there all along, that we will never be able to touch!

- Maurice Harris, 2 February 2015

Maurice Harris

The Garden

A much-anticipated promise kept,
A magnate's meal surely, except
It was meant for me, a festivity;
A celebration, my new-found nativity!
Each morsel, more delectable still;
A genesis, again, of my free will!

Rain welcomed me, as empathetic;
My muted opine: 'how poetic'!
Transmogrifying complex to simplicity-
Knowing my pain, inviting my felicity!

It began quite simply, as a gesture;
By its end, a long-overdue de-vesture!
Looking now shall be only forward,
Moving now shall only be onward!

Maurice Harris, 9 October 2009

Maurice Harris

The Genesis Of My Tears

Time doth pass, yet, in this place, my heart stays-
I shall knoweth true, your grace, one of these days!
You may not hear my mournful call to you, each and every night,
Know still my precious Angel, I shall again have you within my sight!

No matter of impediment, no means of quasi-official bias,
Shall keepeth thee from thine own thoughts, alas, they do try us!
Many a sorrowful, solitary nox, I have wept, for thee
To be within my humbled sight, and near to me-
Sikerly, still I shall, for all nights yet to come,
Until such time as this 'scourge' shall succumb
To mine own heart's dogged persistence
And mine own faith's steadfast resistance
To what is now, and has been for years-
The cause of my heartache and genesis of my tears!
Not doth there exist, a reason, nor any rhyme
To have taken from us, all this precious time-
Many loathsome ones have been causal, this heartache,
Many still, shall stand witness-my will shan't ever break!

One cause, one single-minded purpose, have I,
One of far more import than could I explicate, or even try-
For, mine own heart was ripped, nearly to shred
Upon that woeful day, when honor lay, nearly dead-
Yet, arise hath it, from the proverbial ashes, indeed stronger,
To wage a righteous battle, ne'er caring for how much longer-
Know this my beloved: nothing, nor anyone may find success
Should they come betwixt me and what is your loveliness-
I shall endeavor, if need be, until my last, dying breath,
To put, once and for all-for evermore, this iniquity, to death!

Maurice Harris, 20 December 2009

Maurice Harris

The Gift Of Faith (Happy 3rd Birthday Gabriella)

Today all may celebrate your birth,
Alas, a gift, I am not able to proffer;
Yet, a gift, He hath given-I must coffer
My love for thee, mask must I, my mirth!

I may not share words of praise with thee,
Nor may I dote upon thee, in thine presence;
I long to again share my days with thee,
Celebrating, with the world, in thine pleasance!

Nary doth a moment fleet, whence thought
Does not gather upon thee, nor shall, e'er;
Naught shall suffice to remove the pallor,
The heartache, that day thence, brought!

Sikerly, this too shall pass and be supplanted
By consort again with thee, when this is granted!

I ponder with wonderment, that day, still to be,
Where I may not have to carry this heart, forlorn-
The wonder I have had since you were born;
The wonder now, and the wonder I am still to see!

I brim with pride, though you are not near to me;
With constancy you are with me, this shan't ever
Be not the same-a bond that even time can't sever-
No matter of space, you shall always be most dear to me!

There is no recompense for what hath been taken,
No means by which to stop, nor turn back time;
Naught shall ever requite loss of moments, sublime,
Nor restore, anew, confidence severely shaken!

Sikerly, this too shall pass and be valued and varied-
Through the strength gained, by the burden I have carried!

Maurice Harris, 1 February 2010

The Gift Of My Fatherhood

</>Haunted by yesterday and memories embedded in my soul;
I am determined to make up for the jollity it stole;
With a hopeful heart and an ardent, faithful mind,
I endeavor every day, to leave the past, behind!

Why may I not pay riddance, this anguish-
Why do I allow its spectre to languish
Within me, stealing my todays, as well?
When will this end? I guess only time will tell!

Long-held beliefs have become myths of naivete;
The justice I believed a birth right, is now that for which I pray,
Nightly, sometimes hourly-and not only for me-
I pray too, for my Daughters, and for the gift of my Fatherhood, to be!
'This too shall pass'-yes, when this justice is restored;
'This' shall pass, and my long-sought peace of mind, assured!

-Maurice Harris,5 June 2011

Maurice Harris

The Gift, Given; The Life, Striven.

I cannot stay asleep, my soul is stirring like it has, ne'er before;

My heart is alive again, as though it were not e'er, before;

My mind is racing, there is so much I wish to impart,

My lips are quivering, as they wait for my mouth to start

Speaking with the beloved source of all this beautiful agitation-

The entirety of my existence is wholly devoted, to the vocation

That is adoration of same-I am not able to explicate this any more;

Though, I do know however, that as time wends, there shall be many more

Reasons for this adoration, as time and love collect them, as gifts, to me;

I await this verity of my heart to meander back-as I hope it shifts to me

Once again, to never fall asunder again; this is all that, for which my heart,

Mind, and soul most ardently hope-the only way that each may possibly cope

With this most profound loss-as now I have only to keep the faith, and hope

For what I know is to be-my long-sought-for life-to finally start!

-Maurice Harris, 14 January 2012

Maurice Harris

The Gift, Not Given

'Christmas was great Mommy', says the little girl-
'Yet, Santa did not give the one present
I wanted more than any other in the whole world:
Why is my Daddy still absent? '

The Mother had naught with which to make reply;
She knew herself responsible for this void:
For years, she has witnessed her Daughter's hue and cry-
'I know my Daddy loves me, so why would he continue to avoid
Me as though I do not matter, for all these many years-
Why would he cause me all these many tears! ? '

No matter what this Mother seeks to give,
She has realized she has only ever taken away;
No matter how long she may live,
She will ne'er out last the guilt of that Christmas Day!

Maurice Harris

The Grace Of God

It is but for the Grace of God I pen this-
Not so very long ago, I was asked to begin this
Life anew-as though one of His Children, reborn;
Now, I am Blessed with proof, which doth adorn
Mine own, once-ceased, fragile heart;
I know this to be His way to impart
To me and the rest of the world entire, a message:
As for hope, faith, and love-He is the last vestige
Of all that is pure and good in this world-
In His own image, mine shall e'er be unfurled
For all to see, as means by which to recompense this wondrous gift
Of new-found life, now and ever causal to the uplift
Of mine heart, mind, and inspired soul;
I know not if I've accomplished same, yet, this is my goal!

It is but through the Grace of God, and God alone
That I possess the very strength I do now own;
Prescience of same hath been gifted to all
Since the day when I nearly answered His Call
To come Home, at long last, to be among
His other Children, where I belong;
I was not ready; my presence was not then needed-
Though His Call I would have gladly heeded.
His purpose was to ready me for what is to come,
So that when all seemed to be lost, I would not succumb
To weakness and despair when I need be strong-
Nor to impatience, where the road is long.

'Thank You Heavenly Father, for the love You saw to provide;
For the Strength You gifted; for how You saw to decide
That I was so very important that You would guide me-
Not from above, in back, or in front-but beside me! '

-Maurice Harris, 19 March 2011

Maurice Harris

The Grief Of My Heart

Explication naught is there, for to make but reason
Out of the grief of my heart, truth seems its treason:
I shall submit not to shame-to thine own self, I am true,
Be this put again to me, all the same still, I would do!

An emptiness exists, wherest there is so much to give-
This void shan't find fill whence lacking your presence near,
Such this is at current, so too for as long as I may live!
Alas, return to me or stay aloof, I shall hold thee still dear!

You touched my very soul, then you scurried away-
I beseech you for your return, a riposte yet, of stay!
Articulation as this is lacking too, to present proper repose:
Missing thee, my heart blossoms still, as an eternal rose!

I am without contrition, my conscience too, is clear-
Touched by an Angel was I, ever shall I hold thee most dear!

Maurice Harris, 8 April 2009

Maurice Harris

The Harbor Of 'Pearls'

Deviously plotted by cowards, for nearly one full year,
Intended was it, to instill in us, crippling fear!
This certainly was not the effect that was brought,
In fact, this is seen as the ONLY reason we fought!

A wise, yet, adversarial Admiral said this, upon our involve:
'We have awakened a sleeping giant and have instilled in him a terrible resolve'
Now, and evermore, a Tomb AND a memorial, to those, perished-
These were men of honor, whose lives shall always be cherished!
Men like Dorie Miller, who fought bravely, as did the rest of the fleet;
Lo that 7 December 1941, a day truly, which shall 'live in infamy'!

Each year, upon that dreadful day's poignant remembrance,
Flags, at half-staff may be seen, throughout our vast expanse!
Always be mindful, this was the genesis for 'The Greatest Generation'-
One that saved from destruction, far more than just OUR nation!

Maurice Harris, 7 December 2009

Maurice Harris

The Hatred, The Menace, And The Curse

It is perhaps my most vexatious quandary:
That I am able to reckon with what circumstance stole
At the expense of hatred toward a single, albeit, entirely deserving soul!
She is the only reason I have what most may call 'dirty laundry'-
The near-destruction of a once-purposeful life, accomplished
Through the employ of a living, breathing lie,
That does not seem to want to be finished,
Kept alive by the stupidity of the masses-but why? !
In the face of all the evidence to the contrary,
Many still believe the fallacy; their collective gullibility is quite scary!

With every whisper, or thoughtless shout that states the same,
I am forced to reckon with the phantom menace
Who stole so much, yet gifted only his surname.
The memory I once had of my boyhood, I imagine is
Lost now, as is the heroic figure I once believed he was-
Gone the way of my erstwhile innocence, because
The truth was finally allowed to amble in my direction,
Shuttered all those years, under guise of my own protection.

Now, I am a man who reckons with the disappointment
Of a lie that lasted into my manhood, as well as the anointment
Of my own flesh and blood, as pure evil, incarnate!
My burden of guilt, through association, may not alleviate
With the simple passage of time and space-
It is too much for me, and only through Blessed Grace
May I hope to finally pay riddance to my heart's grievous lamentation.
Then only, may I offer any amorous invitation
Into the world I call my own, for better or for worse,
Where now I could only proffer my unbeknownst beloved, a curse!

-Maurice Harris, 16 October 2011

Maurice Harris

The Heart, Given

If you have not given your heart,
There is no one who may break it;
If you do not allow its depart,
You ensure no one may take it!

Yet, if this is your true posit, firm
You will ne'er see your heart's glory;
Only will your stance then wholly affirm
The path that is inherent in your story!

You will surely fulfill your own prophesy,
Though should you want for your due felicity
You must do yourself this one courtesy-
Love someone, brilliant in its simplicity!
Alloweth yourself to be loved as well-
Your happiness, this only, shall foretell!

Maurice Harris, 21 October 2009

Maurice Harris

The Heartfelt Prayer, Answered

Though dwell with me, my love, you do not-
Still, dwell do you, in me-in my every thought;
Perchance not, my beloved, you are my reward-
The faith I hath shown in Him, He hath not ignored!

In prayer, I beseeched Him: 'Ask not do I, Lord, very much-
Need do I this: a life, lived, where I may feel an Angel's touch;
May She be always nearest me, always, beside me:
To duteously honor, protect, love and guide me! '

To which, He said unto me: 'Your faith hath surely been tested,
Yet, in your fidelity towards Me, never have you once rested;
My most beauteous and entrusted Angel, unto you, I do send,
To steadfastly watch over and guide you, this shan't ever end!
A love, you shall see, like none other-ne'er before, nor since-
This shall be a familiar love, one whose genesis is not hence;
In another time, and in another place-yet, that was but a prelude,
Not prime, nor sickerly, until learned were you from your disquiettude!
In My stead, She shall protect your fragile heart from any form of harm-
Beguile and amaze too-inspire you with awe, through Her charm!
She too hath been made to be prime for this new-found reconnoiter-
Many too hath made Her to be weary, for shame, did they exploit her!
Your charge: as She shall, you-protect, love and do guide Her-
Her noble Cavalier; Defer always, Her honor; Walk always beside Her!
For certain, your's is a love made of My benevolent making,
All love capable of offer, your's each, now for your fortuitous taking! '

As much import I place upon this, as the love upon which it was given;
So too shall I be the sole guardian of the gift for which I have striven-
None shall e' er come betwixt we two, nor cause our love, strife-
From the moment of our rendezvous, afresh-You have been my life!

Maurice Harris, 29 November 2009

Maurice Harris

The Lady, And Her Knight In Shining Armor

It is a fairy tale come, oh so very True-
Your Knight in Shining Armor, came straight to you,
Though even he needed lots of Intervention, Divine,
So that the two most Amazing personages, could finally combine
Themselves in a Consortium that was Predetermined, before their birth;
Heavenly Father decided this Day long before there was even an Earth;
We-you, the Lady, and I, the Knight,
Had been decided by God Himself, as so very Right
That no manner of obstacle, whether time or space,
Could come betwixt us, nor cause to efface
The Eternal Love that we two do now, and shall always, share;
THIS very moment, THIS very place was what He would dare
That we embrace, as a sign of our Faith in both each, and Him-
Now the Light of His Truth, shines brightly, where ere, the dim
Pallor of just over a fortnight ago, the Devil himself, caused you doubt-
And we together, caused that forever and always, it should be cast out!
OUR Path has been PROVEN by the Lord of Lords, and no other One-
Come with me, MY Beloved, and walk hand in hand, with the setting Sun!
-Maurice Harris,1 February 2012

Maurice Harris

The Last Day That Circumstances Stole

</></>With no way to stop them, tears well up in his eyes;
He may no longer control his emotions, once he begins to realize,
That, at long last, the time has finally arrived-
The jollity he has long-feigned, no longer need be contrived;
Today, a Father re-acquaints with a Daughter he barely knows,
He cries like a baby, yet believes it hardly shows;
No, there is naught with which to prepare for the exaltation
He now feels, down to his very soul-
Yesterday is now the last day that circumstances stole,
From both him and his beloved Daughter; today
Begins a new journey of discovery- a new way
To look at life; one of dreams no longer deferred-
One of anguish ended and of heartache conquered!

She turns the corner, now fully into view-
I think to myself: 'she looks just like you! ',
This miniature Angel-whose life has passed outside of mine eyes
Is now before me, when much to my surprise-
She says: 'hello Daddy, I have missed you so very much!
Though I have only a faint memory of your very touch,
I do very much remember you; I will never forget;
Memories of you are memories I could ne'er forfeit,
For I knew not, if I would ever again see you! !
I hoped that each man that I met, would be you!
I indubitably know where to place the blame-
She and I have naught in common, not e'en a last name!
Daddy, from now, and for always, it is going to be alright-
Now that I am again in your loving arms, and you hold me tight! '

Maurice Harris, 24 June 2011

Maurice Harris

The Last Word

What must a man do, when the world fails him-
Lest, he believe that the same, assails him?
For shame world that hath 'tread on me'!
Thou should have counted instead, on me!

The last word shall be mine, this I assure thee;
I shan't allow this injustice now before me!
I shall do what my heart tells me I must-
Because, in this, and only this, I lay my trust!

This scourge, lo, this cancer
Demands a swift answer;
I should not have to feel inferior-
As though the 'system's' motives are ulterior!
A price need be paid, and a lesson, learned!
This is my inherent right, not just what I have earned!

Maurice Harris, 3 March 2010

Maurice Harris

The Lessons Of My Past

I must portray a stoic strength on the outside
To hide the immense pain I feel on the inside;
If it were not for the same, I may not know
The depths of which I needed privacy, in order to grow;
What came first I wonder, the strength or the pain! ?
Was it a test of that which was already there,
Or perhaps a quality I had need to gain! ?
Either way, I possess not, need to draw compare;
This is a reality with which I live most every day,
My past has changed my futurity in most every way;
It is to this future that I look, with eyes open wide,
With a hopeful heart and a tremendous sense of pride-
The possibilities are as boundless as the sky, vast-
My future is made brilliant, through the lesson of my past!

-Maurice Harris, 29 January 2011

Maurice Harris

The Letter That Changes Everything

This letter may serve as a new beginning, or foretell a tragic end-
Yet, the thought of not writing it is not one with which I may contend!
My prayers are for the former, as I dread the latter,
Though my soul yearns to have the final say in the matter
Of what form its counterpoint may finally take;
Thus, with this leap of faith, I may finally make-
Known, what it is I suspect you have already guessed:
Your's is the soul that mine covets more than all the rest!
This though, I shan't allow to come at my heart's expense,
Where its own longing does not meet with recompense.
No longer may I be your friend, and naught more;
At the end of each consort, I am left to wonder: 'what more
Are we meant to be? '-certainly not just surreptitious friends.
Is my heart to wither, whilst my mind pretends?

No! I am not blind to your amorous reciprocation
Of the feelings I have for your, and their desperation!
Your precarious position is not lost upon me-
I know it all too well, as its cost, upon me-
Tolls deeply and tragically-yet, I am much to blame!
My feelings, as your's, are much the same
As they were so many years ago-
The difference: I commanded my fears to go!
Without the burden of same, doubts no longer linger.
I may now count myself worthy, to place upon your finger
The quintessential token of my commitment to you-
Though, through forfeit I lost, and the forfeit went to you,
In the form of a life that you have deftly built.
For my part, my love's perpetual flower did not wilt,
She is more alive today than she ever was-
Incapable of surrender's preservation-she never does!
Our collective inconvenience does not cause our love's retreat;
Not even a cosmic cataclism should cause it to fleet,
First from our sight, then from the safe confines of our heart's coffers,
Thus taking with it all the beautificence it heretofore offers!

This thought is banished, and all like it, disallowed;
This shall never be, and all talk of such is disavowed!
Whether you allow our souls to ally, only time may tell-

If not though, you owe it to thine own heart to pray tell
Why not, in the face of all the love for each we possess-
The answer: fear, would need be my only guess!

Our friendship is precious to me, as is the love, long ago born-
The more we celebrate the former, the more I mourn
The latter-a sort of dichotomy, where love's scorn
Is also the glory of the heart, which both doth adorn!
The mere thought that my own social immaturity
Is ultimately to blame for my amorous insecurity
Is nearly too much to take, but I must!
My heart, mind, and soul are all in accord, so I trust
My instincts about what must be done in this regard;
Though, mere thought upon consequences makes it so very hard-
As if I do not trust myself in my heart's confusion
And give it an ultimatum, that invites the intrusion
Of your's even further into my most inner sanctum-
Should this not come to pass, my lofty mind, heart, and soul are to blame-thank
them!

Absence, though, has not proven a deterrent before,
So, why then might I risk the vanquish of thine grace, evermore! ?
The answer lies in the need for unequivocal clarity,
Where the wants of this heart comport with the verity
That only your's married with it, may reveal!
Anything else is acquiescence, which serves to further steal
Away a portion of my ever-conflicted soul;
I need you, if I am ever to feel whole-
It is quite simplistic, yet for so long it evaded me:
All the while, the Gracious God who created thee,
Has steered me ever-lovingly in your direction,
Where I may reap the reward that is your affection!

As fair warning, I am no longer the man I used to be:
I now celebrate beauty, that before I refused to see!
Where ere, I queried my strength, now I do not,
Thus, this is my attempt to alter us, to be what we ought!

If allowance for our real friendship may not be made,
Because you have accepted your fate, and may not be swayed,
Then I need to know now, so that I may prepare
For the burden that my heart will be forced to bear,

When all I possess are memories and you are no longer there
To be the beautiful reality, that otherwise my mind could only dare!

Sincerely, this is meant for our future betterment, not to hinder-
Or else, I would not dare risk the loss of a friendship, so tender,
For the sake of a hollow dream that may never be;
Yet, this long-aspired romance is one that we shall never see
Unless all is risked with this blind leap of faith,
Where a world of amorous wonder would be created from a wraith!

Lest you believe my intentions are not entirely pure,
My heart yearns still-a want that many years without you could not cure!
A thousand profoundly powerful poems could not properly expound
The puissant sense of purpose I feel when you are around-
Yet, when you are gone, the passion presents still-
A passion so powerful that friendship alone may not fulfill!
In any other realm, this would be viewed as less than altruistic,
Yet, though self-serving, it is also quite simplistic:
I believe our desires are mutually in accord,
And fear, in the face of same, is not something we can afford.

To accept this offer, you must overcome your fears
And embrace the ardor you have battled against, for years.
This is surely not a journey you need make on your own,
I shall be there too, where actions that comport with these words shall be shown,

To allay any fear, where now you are sure to be trepidatious;
Without fear as your nemesis, your heart is sure to be courageous,
As, surely, you will very much need it to be-
To leave the only life you have ever known, and cede it to me!

Either way you choose to decide, I will not begrudge you,
As this letter should be taken only to inform, not to nudge you
In either direction-that is entirely up to you;
I would never deign to tell you what to do,
Only that I adore you, and shall, no matter your decision!
I have been wholly honest, and now, without contrition,
I beg of thee to be the same with thine own self,
As it art thou who must live with thine own decision, no one else!
I may not ask anything else of thee, nor would I-
Nor could I promise you forever, yet I could try-
One day at a time, to covet thee as much as I may,

Where my actions reinforce every loving word that I say!

Take as much time as you may need, the decision must be right;
I know we may never be the same, thus the plight
That faces you is not lost upon me, nor for me, to decide.
All the counsel I may lend is: 'use you heart as your guide'.
As uttered ere, I will be here when your decision is done-
Whether or not my heart is chosen as the one
With which ou choose to ally, for what remains of forever-
Whether it begins now, or is banished to 'never'!

-MAurice Harris,21 September 2011

Maurice Harris

The Little Girl With My Last Name

Who cries for the little girl who knows not, from whence she came?
Who shares with the little girl, the story behind her last name?
Years have passed; many moons have surely shone;
All the while, she has shared a legacy that she has never known!
Many a tear has been surreptitiously shed;
Many a protestation made, many a prayer said-
With the hope that this anguish might meet its cease,
Whereby, at long last, a battered soul may find peace!

Who grieves for the little girl, who knows not the depths of her own heartache?
What may be the balm for this tragic heartbreak?
The answer obviates-I am the only one who shares her pain-
She needs me, as cause to restore that smile again!

'I was your very genesis, and you helped me become the man I became-
You are the tragic loss I mourn; the little girl with my last name! '

-Maurice Harris

Maurice Harris

The Lonely Road

</>This is not the way life was supposed to be;
Where is my home sweet home, white picket fence
And happy family, nestled under the shade of a big oak tree?
I cannot even remember a time, whence
I felt even the least bit of normalcy.
Perhaps it was not meant to be-yet, that is giving up-
My life, in many ways has been fallacy,
With only two precious gifts living up
To all they were supposed to be, and ever more.
Alas, the resplendence of these two beauties I may not see,
I may only imagine their grace, and never more!
And in that, I may only fathom what, I may not be!

I did not choose this lonely road,
Nor do I know where it diverged
From the one where happiness is bestowed;
Yet, through it all, I hope I have emerged
From same, a better, more faithful man-
To be sure of things hoped for, and certain of things I cannot see
Is the small part I play in His purposeful plan!
Yet still, I aspire to heights that, for now, cannot be;
This does not mean that I should no longer hope,
Only that I need have hope, through patience;
This is how I am able to cope
With the profound pain of their absence.
Perhaps one day, I will live the glory, and the dream,
Though, for now, I bide, pray, and prepare
For my past's tragedy to render redeem-
A reality that my mind may now only dare!

-Maurice Harris, 26 August 2011

Maurice Harris

The Looming Spectre Of My All-Consuming Grief

You broke my heart Lady Justice, and I may never forgive you-
What you have done may never be undone;
Alas, your iniquity is still something I must live through,
Even though the esteem I placed in you is now gone!
Your ideals are lofty, but your guardians are most certainly not,
Yet, you provide them with judicial immunity
To abscond with all that for which I have fought;
This provides them license to treat me with impugntity!

I shall believe in you again once the favor is returned;
Trust will only be gained once facts are properly verified-
None shall be offered ever again, until it is earned;
My position is perfectly clear and should be, thus, clarified:
Prove to me that you are worth my once-held belief-
And are not the looming spectre of my all-consuming grief!

Maurice Harris

The Lord Saved Me From Death

'The Lord saved me from death; He stopped my tears and kept me from defeat.
And so I walk in the presence of the Lord in the world of the living' Psalm 116
Now I ask that You allow my riddance of this deceit-
Humble as I may be, upon this day of much Thanksgiving!

'I heed Your message Heavenly Father', as I have said;
'My departure from this, the only home I have ever known, all but done;
Your purposeful journey for me incomplete, otherwise I'd still be dead;
I prepare myself now to leave behind all I've ever known, all but One!

My present circumstance but an interlude, of sorts-
I shan't be waylaid here more than planned;
I shall endeavor dutifully to deliver what my heart exhorts-
Done in spite of abject fear of this unknown, as You command!
Deliver me to my sanctuary, from this woeful place-
What shall become of me then, is entirely up to Your Grace! '

Maurice Harris

The Love I Am Still Mourning

I know not why life happens as it does,
Nor do I know if it shall ever be as it was-
But I do know mentation upon me has changed
Yet again, and perhaps the bias too, has been rearranged
To be again, the covenant we once shared:
That we were each for the other, what we only dared
Believe possible in fanciful thoughts, or the scapes of dreams.
I want to believe that this is as real as it seems,
But my joy is stunted when consideration is made
Of the thoughts as were before, and the plans that were laid
For a future sure to be rife with love and laughter...
The proverbial '...and then they lived happily ever after'.
Then, this 'house of cards' collapsed, without warning
Leaving me forlorn-yearning for the love I am still mourning!

-Maurice Harris, 23 May 2012

Maurice Harris

The Man Who Gifted Me Nothing, But A Patronym

The Son of a monster, and a very proud Mother:
I have lived a very humble life, and would wish for no other,
But if I had one regret it would be my blind allegiance
To a man that did not deserve the same-the balance
Of my life since that fateful Christmas day,
Has been filled with bitter confusion-I pray
That I will one day stop blaming myself for what he did
By never cowering from it, the way he hid
From his demons and ghosts, presenting a narrow view
To a Son who loved him, yet who never knew.
Had I known then what I know now,
I would have rid myself of the disdain I show now
For all I know he was, in spite of outward appearance.
I carry shame for my continued adherence
To the image of the man I thought I knew:
An idyllic image of a Father, which got me through
And past all of the hate I thought I had for him-
The man who gifted me nothing, but a patronym.

-Maurice Harris, 5 June 2012

Maurice Harris

The Master Of My Own Fate

</>The horizon has recessed out of view;
The futurity again wears its rainbow of hues,
Which allows that it assumes the shape that we choose-
This is something that we could never do,
Under the weight of a past that others chose;
What is to be again, no one truly knows;
Though, planted in the spectre of the recent past's shadow,
This seed of faith is sure to take hold, and grow.

Nothing is taken for granted, nor expected any longer,
Except for a fundamental faith, which is stronger
Each and every day-from this point forward,
This is the resplendent goal I reach toward!
Not a moment too soon, nor too late-
I am once again the master of my own fate!

-Maurice Harris, 21 October 2011

Maurice Harris

The Oath Of The Protector

They-the loyal, proud, courageous and strong!
Too multitudinous to count, their pedigree of honor, long!
Vow, do they, to protect and ever to defend!
Alas, ne'er to cease, lo, though time doth end!

Many befallen as champions of freedom, not of men!
Into conflict they bravely go, perhaps not to return again!
Allegiance they swear, not to man, nor mandate-
Loyalty and commitment is proffered, so as to obviate:
The Oath of the Protector, to but only our Constitution,
This precept hath proven fundamental to our evolution!

Lives, they offer to country, with service and loyalty-
So shall they still, through all time, perpetually!
Service, excellence, fidelity and truth-do define further still;
All are humbled, and obliged to thee, with promises you do fulfill!

Maurice Harris, 2 April 2009

Maurice Harris

The Obligation Owed (Veterans' Day 2010)

I beg your thanks, for all that you have done-
For the service you have rendered and all the freedom you have won;
Your selfless dedication to such lofty ideals,
Honors all who reap its benefit, as time itself reveals;
Causal to your sacrifice, nations thrive under guard of liberty;
You are the very proof that a super hero really may be;
You pledge allegiance to the flag, yet its the Constitution you protect and defend-
Until your very last breath, upon your integrity we may depend;
The only proper recompense we may ever offer
Is to never take for granted the obligation owed, your proffer;
You serve, so that others may live under the precepts you protect;
We live each day, empowered by the strength you project:
'Thank you' seems so insufficient-though, it is all I may give-
It is you that would give your life to ensure we may freely live!

-Maurice Harris, 10 November 2010

Maurice Harris

The Only Father I Have Really Ever Known

You never stood up and told the truth, you never even tried-
You simply took so much from those around you, and simply died-
Without contrition or even shame for all that you had done to so many-
Instead, I was left to carry guilt for a Father that did not have any.
The simple fact that you helped to procreate me, seemed to suffice,
As reason for the deceit and bias of many, the iniquitous price
That I was asked to pay, simply for who my Father was,
When I am no more responsible, for what my Father does,
Than those that you victimized before your untimely demise.
This is a most prescient fact that some do not stop to realize:
I was just a little boy then, yet became privy to your maleficence
As a man of 36, when my love for you became abhorrence;
When the man I knew as my Father died once again,
Where the sorrow for a Father lost, became the bane
Of my very existence-the thought that I mourned you
And the loss that I felt, when I was never warned, you
Were a monster-a fact that I should have known-
Instead, I held on to your memory, where I could have grown-
To distance myself from who I believed you to be,
To grow as a man, for all the world to see,
Unbiased by my connection to you, a man I never knew.
Instead, deceitful assertions, of things I could never do,
Continue to haunt me, as a spectre of unspeakable torment;
Where, my erstwhile inherent rights, I now sadly, silently lament.
It is not from you though, that I seek relief
From the horrors of my heart's abominable grief.
I look to my only real Father, in Heaven above,
Who only shows me compassion, truth, and love-
Not all that which you espoused, and have done.
You stole so much from us, but I will have won
When I can finally say I do not loathe you any longer,
Only what you have done-then I will be so much stronger
Than I am now, and then perhaps, ready to finally go home
To Heaven, and to the only Father I have really ever known.

-Maurice Harris, 21 October 2012

Maurice Harris

The Only Gift

Say not a word, if it be not truth, in whole;
Have not a thought, should you you not this, extol:
That, above all, truth be of paramount importance,
And should never be subjugated to any indulgence
Of selfish endeavor, for even a time, brief-
As same shall surely cause another, grief;
Deceit begets more of same, as a spiral
And causes pain as any form of viral
Cancer may-and it is as real as they may be-
Though, the effects perhaps, only the afflicted may see!
Justice means truth, so deceit is akin to iniquity;
Truth is His Way, and fallacy is not-this simplicity
Is the only rule by which any need, live
A righteous life-the only gift He expects you to give!

-Maurice Harris, 11 march 2012

Maurice Harris

The Only Justice I Really Seek

'Who am I? ' I will only know, when I am allowed to see
The future that God has graciously avowed to me,
After both injustice and death, as well as before.
Life has new meaning now, as does what I am fighting for:
The only two resplendent sureties in seas of deceit-
This is what is needed to make my life complete!
My life yearns for them, as the 'purpose' He intended-
Until this wrong is righted, until this tear is mended,
My heart, and indeed my mind, and shattered soul,
Will never understand the contentment of simply being whole!

My ears hear them cry out to me, though they are not near;
My eyes long for sight of them, because they are not here;
My heart aches, in the face of their tragic absence,
While my mind may only imagine their true magnificence!

Their consortium is the only justice I really seek;
They are the only strength I need, where I am truly weak;
May my thousands of pleaded prayers, finally find answer,
To rid my world of this anguish, this fully-metastasized cancer!

Much in mind, and in many ways, moribund-since that day;
Yet, I must brave what comes, no matter what may-
Because, as I need them, they need me even more;
We three patiently await the Natural Order, to restore-
Whereby the rights of these two precious jewels
Are no longer absconded by minions and fools!

This once-broken Father's heart now seeks repair,
Through the riddance of the estrangement, and the despair
Into which it has been drawn me, since that horrific day-
When this shall come to pass though, no one may say;
It is in the Hands of my Heavenly Father to decide;
All I may do is humbly pray for redress, and faithfully bide!

-Maurice Harris, 24 September 2011

Maurice Harris

The Peace I Seek

The peace I seek is not in time, nor space-
It is in this Father's contented soul, that will replace
The anguish I have felt for so very long;
This torment weakens a heart once so very strong-
Naught may be done to rid me of this pain
That I have not tried again and again.
My mission has been foretold and is Divinely Ordained,
Though my path has been muddled, my Faith has never waned!
To say that I am heart-broken though, only tells half the story:
I have seen with mine own eyes, its power and glory.
Words may not explicate the true depths of my sorrow,
Nor will they meet with reasoned understanding by tomorrow.
All that in which I once truly, ardently believed
Has been stolen from me-I was maliciously deceived,
Both by those I trusted, and by ideals such as truth and justice;
In a world where both are decided by those who bow to cowardice,
Deceit and thievery have been richly rewarded;
Though I fought bravely for same, I have not been afforded
One single, God-given right, supposedly 'guaranteed' for me.
I have bled for these rights-who bleeds for me?
How does this idealist reckon with his bitter duality?
I once held the vision and the dream, close before me.
How could I be so naive-as if my love could also adore me! ?
When given a choice, the meek shall indeed inherit the Earth!
I do not bow to cowardice, because I know truth and all it is worth.
It could be said that I have nothing,
Yet, in truth, I possess everything,
Because I have truth and courage, and that's all I need!
This is the message He wishes I heed:
The only things freely given, are of love born;
That absconded from us, we are allowed to mourn,
Yet, shan't cede to do contrariwise in return-
The truth is the only thing that we can ever truly discern!

-Maurice Harris, 27 June 2012

Maurice Harris

The Photograph (Gabriella At Four-And-A-Half)

</></>I hold the latest surreptitiously gathered photograph of you,
Where you seem so very sad-As though looking through
The photograph, directly at me-
As if your smile was absconded by the Veterans' Day tragedy
That changed both of our lives forever, and surely, for worse-
Whose genesis is an enigma, though, surely, a curse!
These are the days that circumstance steals;
We are both ill-equipped to emote how our heart feels,
Given the travesty that has befallen us;
I ask God in prayer each night, when He will be callin' us
Back to one another, so that we are no longer familial strangers;
I know all too well, the inherent dangers
Of moving forward too swiftly, whilst ill-prepared.
This is why, in spite of a want which obviates, I have not dared
Reach out to you, in any form whatsoever,
Holding on instead, to a connection that time and space may not sever!

Namely, the bond between a Father and a Daughter;
You need me like flowers need water-
Contrariwise, I need you as they also need the Sun;
Until our consort's reprise, the battle is never done!

The photograph makes you as real as you will get, to me.
Until this injustice is righted, photographs are all I get, to see-
The only window I have into your world-
The only measure of the beauty, into which you have unfurled!
A picture may be worth a thousand words,
Yet, none spoken by you, which would gift boundless rewards.
It does not tell me what you learned today,
Nor measure your inherent joy, at the new, big word you learned to say;
It does not have a way to capture your unique laughter,
Nor measure ice cream cone jollity, nor the clean up, after!
It may not capture your wide-eyed wonder at Christmas time-
Yet, somehow, it evokes all the emotion of this rhyme!

-Maurice Harris, 29 August 2011

Maurice Harris

The Plausibility Of Illogic, Inherent

All rallying around the cause, may take but a pause;
Think most, must they, about 'innocence clause'!
Alone you must now be in your fraudulent belief-
Making you now guilty, as an affection thief!

Perhaps not do you realize what is your blame-
All which has happened then, an even greater shame!
All now know the secret, that from even me, you harbored:
That which, to keep from other's knowledge, you labored!

Why then might you have occasion to ponder,
The plausibility of illogic, inherent, I wonder?
Then too, why might you believe and pass to others
The unconscionable, buried once, deep undercover?

Wherest ever you may go, know this, please:
Look ever shall thee guilty, as thought of mine, does decrease!

Maurice Harris, 21 December 2007

Maurice Harris

The Pleasance Of Thine Gaze

If pure beauty ever had a more true manifestation,
I know not its form, nor its very ideation-
Ponderance of same has been thusly, banished-
As my want for else long ago vanished.
My most ardent desires lie in its appreciation:
This humble heart seeks thine, for life-long adoration;
Somniation allows that I may, in glimpses, continue to gather-
Still, this ardor's puissant presence, I would much rather.
Should hope and faith have been all that were needed,
Long, long ago, this intermittence would have ceded
To ubiquity, and a dream would have been realized;
Therein lies the cause for mine sight: to drink in thine eyes;
There is not enough time, in a lifetime of days,
To satiate mine want for the pleasance of thine gaze!

Maurice Harris

The Poignant Consequence Of A Love, Ignored

You said that you love me, yet you do not know me;
You said that you love me-so, why do you not show me?
I wonder what your thoughts tell you now when no one is there! ?
Perhaps you may wonder why it is that I even care,
After you so unceremoniously discarded me with nary a second thought.
Perhaps you are ignorant now of all the dreams you sought
So long, and shared with me-it is not like you to give up;
I know who I am, and I know that I most certainly live up
To the man you need, it is you that shutters with fear
Of ghosts that haunt you-though, the reasons are not clear.
'What if...?' should never be more important than what is,
And fear should never lead your actions, but is.
You show so much bravery and conviction in all you do,
But somehow only unto thine own self you have not remained true:
You do not fashion your want and needs, they fashion you.
You cannot simply ignore them, not when you possess this passion, to
Become who you know you can be-we are not 'unreal';
You cannot have this ardor and simply choose to unfeel
It-it defines who you are in so many ways.
Whether I am in your life, there are sure to be many days
Where these thoughts linger with you, and you begin to doubt
The wisdom of the decision to first seek your love, then cast it out-
As though the risks are not far outweighed by the rewards.
Alas, you now run away from the love that once ran towards:
Out of a sense duty to an ignorance that is assumed,
You now pretend, that a love that once consumed
You, does not exist and your life is not prime
For the glory of this fervor, sublime.
Instead, you pretend as though, your happiness does not matter;
You have allowed the reality you know exists, to scatter
From the realm of plausibility, to that of a love, lost.
Have you ever stopped to consider the cost
Of continued subjugation of you own hopes and dreams! ?
A heart withers if kept from that which it esteems
More than all else-a haven for both its guard and sustenance.
This is the reality of your loss-its poignant consequence!

-Maurice Harris,31 May 2012

The Profundity Of Paternal Pain

</></>My purpose in life absconded, is the reason why
The more I live, the more I die-
At times, I no longer have tears, to even cry;
I have not given in to despair though, nor would I try
To push back the pain that I feel inside;
It has become a battle between sorrow and stubborn pride,
Where all that is left for me to decide
Is how often I will be on either side
Of this great, profound, emotional divide-
Betwixt the death of my soul and where I am allied!

With time, the pain does not dull or lessen,
Nor does it serve to teach me a lesson;
The pain is my penance for what others have done,
And the struggle will not cease until I have won!

-Maurice Harris, 17 August 2011

Maurice Harris

The Promise

Accept me, I am the love that has always stayed;
Embrace me, I am the feelings that you forbade;
Want for me, as I surely do, want for you,
Desire for me, as my desire, I flaunt for you!

You sought me, yet, were you prepared for what you found?
We have become for each, a love which does serve to astound!
Much reason is there, that our consort had been abeyant,
Now though, each is, for the other: most duteous appreciant!

Wait for thee, I shall, until the Sun stops shining, if need be;
'That which is most glorious is worth the wait', shall my creed, be!
Covet thee, most certainly, as for me, this comes most naturally;
Need for thee, an exalted feeling I esteem most integrally!
For these reasons and others, myriad- this promise I make-
I shall bide for thee, no matter the time it may take!

Maurice Harris, 7 April 2010

Maurice Harris

The Proof Is In The Life I Have Led

The proof is in the life I have led, through adversity
That most only read about in books-all this happened to me:
I have lived every Father's worst nightmare,
Suffered indignities that I could catalog, yet would never dare;
I have died, literally, of a broken heart-
And through it all, I only ever wished to impart
That there is but one right and one wrong-
Truth, in spite of all, is the only right-only the truly strong
Can stay Faithful at all times to verity, in spite of ignorance:
It takes Faith to move mountains to maintain such diligence;
Whatever it takes, apparently I have it in abundance,
Where others simply revert to to lies, and acquiescence
To the wants of others, in spite of their own desires;
This is the grief of their own heart, and all it truly admires!

-Maurice Harris, 23 February 2012

Maurice Harris

The Proposal

I shall be your everything, as you are for me;
How do I propose to do this, how might this be?
My beloved, precious Angel, my intentions I shall share
As to how I may endeavor to do this, or yet, even dare!

Foremost, I shall be your heart's e'er vigilant guardian
As you are for me, and e'er shall be, my gift, Empyrean!
Naught is there to draw compare to thee, not ever-
None shall ever come betwixt we two, nor surely, sever
The alliance mine own heart has with thine own mind,
Nor sikerly, contrariwise-each pairing amorously intertwined!

Your every thought, I shall be, due my allegiance of cause-
As you sleep, when you are awake, when busy, as you take pause!
It is my heart's solemn duty, to provide reason, copious
For your heart to brim with emotion, yet remain commodious!

Ne'er shall you need want for any fashion of love or attention,
With every moment, witness again, we shall, its ascension;
As each day passes to the morrow, again it is duplicate-
Our hearts, a symbiotic, pairing, always tending to ameliorate!

Your wants shall be wants of my own, surely you feel the same-
My heart and soul have been thieved, you are amorously, to blame!
Without thee, ne'er could I even make cause to respire,
For you are the solitary source of my mind's true admire!

All I shall be, for thee: your heart's loyal protector, your confidant,
Most trusted friend, your calm in the storm, your duteous appreciant,
The world shall behold the beauty that hath captivated my heart,
All shall revel, as I, in all the glory and resplendence you do impart!
Remiss would I be, if but one single moment lain waste
Whence I celebrated not, the beautifcence therein graced!

Maurice Harris, 24 November 2009

Maurice Harris

The Proposed Baptism Of A Deviant

Thoughts were rife of you this week, and what should have been;
Acceptance cannot come without knowledge of what could have been.
All who loved you deserved so much better, yet there is still a chance:
Accept and embrace His Grace, and realize fully its significance.
A vessel for your salvation is still here and shall thusly endeavor
To provide reprieve for your soul and offer a more fruitful forever.
God so loved the world, He gave His only begotten Son,
Redemption may now come for you, where there seems none.
Should you accept this offer, it will not restore what you stole,
But it will go a long way toward rebuilding your shattered soul.
You become immortal when you truly embrace His Light-
You may now efface the sins of your past and do what's right.
This offer is not without conditions-though there are not many;
This is the only offer you get while there, where there are not any.

- Maurice Harris, 7 January 2015

Maurice Harris

The Recital Of My Heart's Glory

I am bereft of sentiment worthy of mine own wondrous emotion
As my verity, at long last, hath given cause for soul's devotion;
As though predestined, reality meets with my heart's fanciful intuition,
My oft-imagined, life-long somniation hath come to wonderful fruition!

Once, as a child I did glimpse same, yet 'twas fleeting, and I, not prime;
Now, as a man, I bear witness to this grace again-this beauty, sublime!
For every man or monad thought inviolable, there exists impuissance-
Mine hath the form of a dichotomy, as she exudes with pleasance!
Nary doth a moment fleet whence thought is not consumed with such-
Periodically, I must cause remind, lest I should think it all, too much!

All this, yet still, an adjoining hath not been, for years, score-
To muse, whensoever same comes again-all, and evermore!
Hath there ever been such an eminent, empyrean, story?
Lo, there hath been-and it is surely the recital of my heart's glory!

Maurice Harris, 1 December 2009

Maurice Harris

The Sacrifice They Made

While you are in the midst of revelry,
Take pause, to pay tribute to the bravery
And honor possessed, by those, for whom this day is set aside;
Do this not out of coerced obligation, but out of pride,
In the knowledge that it is the sacrifice they made
That allows you to lay the plans you have laid-
For cookouts, pool parties, and gatherings with friends;
It is people like them today, whose courage defends
The liberties we have, which most take for granted.
Men and women of honor, who ensure we still reap the freedom He planted-
His gift for His children, where allegiance is assumed,
Where defense of same ensures its presence is never presumed.
I implore you, each and all, remember always the sacrifice they made,
So that we may live a life of freedom, ever-obliged, yet unafraid!

Maurice Harris

The Seed

May my tears serve to nourish
The seed that is my dreams deferred-
May my life begin again, to flourish
As was, before I coffered my heart, now interred!

May my (now-feigned) smile serve to replenish
The jollity of the many years we have lost;
May the will of this Father's heart allow me to finish
What it is I started, no matter the cost!

May the hope I have for the future, in spite of it all,
Serve as the life force needed, to answer the call
Of my long-embattled, yet ever-resilient soul,
Which seeks the restoration of all that circumstance stole!

May the prayers that I pray, with dogged persistence,
Bring about long-sought aspiration that is my suffering's obsolescence!

Maurice Harris

The Self-Broken Heart

The self-broken heart-'why? ', the quixotic ponderance!
Not though am I able to alter my life's circumstance!
Broken into myriad pieces-ne'er the same again,
2 choices now to select betwixt-one, you lose and one, you win!

What ails thee, broken hearted-
So far have we come, from wherest we started! ?
Emotions carried you, in your reckless crusade,
Nary did logic enter into decisions you made!

Now who remains to pick up the pieces, shattered?
Into a million directions they were sent-scattered!
Not would I deign to tell you though,
Alas, for I did indeed, tell you so!

Need of aid, I did establish, duly-
Nary would I have gazed thee, not the same, truly!

Maurice Harris, 21 July 2008

Maurice Harris

The Sky Cries

The sky cries, and the sky doth rejoice-
To my self-blame, I had to say goodbye-
For my life's sake, I had not a choice-
My sky saw its 'twilight', I was not prime!

The former is not a place for me,
Alas, in this realm, I was emplaced;
Lovely is the sky now before me-
All the torment it hath erased!

Lurk no longer, skies of greyish doom-
I refuse to dwell any longer where you loom;
Blue skies, ablaze in rays of gold-
Allow release, the 'warmth' I now hold;
I have seen days, both glorious and dreary-
I want for this glory, yet I am so very weary!

Maurice Harris, 1 March 2010

Maurice Harris

The Smile, In The Sun

The temperature begins to rise and burn off the morning dew;
The Sun seems to wear a smile of jollity, into
Which I am drawn-reminded of that quality, in you;
I transpose a mental image of a smile adorning you,
Over the brilliant, early morning Sun,
And begin to smile inwardly at your visage-
Call it an amorously-inspired mirage,
But this is how my day was begun.

The remainder of the day brought smiles,
As I pondered that moment, in the early morning,
Where I bridged the gap, which spans the miles,
Through the solar spectacle, with your visage adorning;
I wonder in what way I will be reminded of thee, tomorrow! ?
Alas, that I must be at all, is the source of most profound sorrow!

Maurice Harris

The Solitary Lily

The solitary lily, who refuses the valley where enamored;
The heart, once alive with same, now stammered
By a mind that imagines another's worst-
Becomes a flower in its own desert, forever cursed.
Uproot yourself from your harsh, parched terrain,
To the land that is e'er rife with amorous rain;
Sikerly, the way to this place must be fresh in your mind,
As you dwelled blissfully in this land, until others opined
Falsely that you were in need of aegis from your own haven.
Your heart fell victim to your muzzied mind, made raven
By the subjugation it allowed to an oligarchic view:
As if your rainbow were not glorious, despite its amative hue-
Which is why you sought this place, due all it posed to thee;
Alas, you chose another place, instead of the one that was supposed to be!

-Maurice Harris, 28 August 2012

Maurice Harris

The Song For My Beloved

The song for my beloved, voiced sweetly to thee-
My opus, others may only surmise as to its beauty!
A melodious tune surely, yet there be not word-
The love in my heart, the only sounds heard!

Its magic seen, its power felt-over many a mile-
Many years its nemesis, though it lasted all the while!
Nothing is there surely to dispute its glory,
So is the wondrous tale of my heart's story!

In every beautiful moment, I hear it louder still-
In the power of the summer sun, the winter's chill;
I hear it as when, to me, He did deliver-
Hear it surely, as my heart doth quiver!

This, my melodic muse, since I was young-
Surely, the sweetest song ever to be sung!

Maurice Harris, 28 August 2009

Maurice Harris

The Soul I Once Chose To Keep Away

</>Your love has been so very bountiful,
And with it you have never failed me;
My recompense for same was surely doubtful
As I was overcome with fear, and failed thee.
I have grown so much and in so many ways
Since my regrettable failure, to which I look back
With both sorrow and regret on so many days;
From the depths of my most profound loss, I took back
Control over the demons which caused me to doubt you-
And now, I know I may not truly 'live', without you;
You are needed, as flowers need the rain-
Without you, there exists only heartache and pain,
At the realization that trepidation cost me so many years;
Never again shall I live, subject to my fears-
For that is not life at all, it is a failure to live:
A heart is not alive if there is a failure to give
It away to its mate, when its mate is found;
A soul that dwells in this way, is bound
In chains, just as a prisoner, interred;
To live in this way, where a soul's wither is inferred
Is akin to a voluntary death sentence.
I refuse to continue to serve such penance,
For the sake of a fear, long-since defeated;
The mistakes of my past shall never again be repeated;
To not reward your love with unabashed love in return
Is surely one-one for which I hope to one day earn
Both redemption and a second chance-
At a once-inspired, yet all-too-brief romance.
God-willing, this will come to be, one day,
And I will consort again, with the soul I once chose to keep away!

-Maurice Harris, 6 September 2011

Maurice Harris

The Sounds Of Birds

It's in the chirps-the sounds of birds,
As though repeating your oft uttered words:
Seen everywhere I could gather thought-
To truly love, without bound, you have taught!

The words come to me in dream and whilst awake,
Each time I do hear, away again my breath it does take-
My purpose in my life, defined by feelings mutual-
Ne'er has there been more need for sentiment perpetual! !

Words still are only just that, meaning naught without more,
Actions in keeping with pathos do bespeak amity's core!
Alas, not able are we to belie-
Nor, to fully answer the query-why? !

Every bird's song you shall hear, from now, uttered,
Be sure can you that my heart again has fluttered!

Maurice Harris, 29 October 2008

Maurice Harris

The Superimposition Of Somniation, In A Search For Serendipity

Alas, it was all but wishful wonderment, by way of a wandering dream;
Somniation surely it was, yet, real it did seem.
Spurred by a mysterious messenger, who left but a name-
A first name only-as though confoundment was his aim.
I somniate rarely, yet, their reality tends to astound:
They can gift a voice and form, to someone no longer around.
'What does it all mean? ! ', I wonder, as I bolt awake-
'May there be a message from this, that I may take? ! '
My heart was once again rife with jubilation-
All due this now-fleeted fantasization.
Its allusion was pointed-toward a path not taken-
And its conclusion, unequivocal-this choice was mistaken.
Surely, this dream was not merely a singularity-
Another must have been had, to provide further clarity!
Might this be but half-and only when superimposed
Over another, might a whole dream then be composed! ?
The entirety of this aspiration's audacity
May only truly be gleaned, once the capacity
To understand is gained, over this aspiration and its mate.
Serendipity alone may gift this-and only through the powers of Fate!

-Maurice Harris,7 July 2012

Maurice Harris

The Time Is Nigh, My Beloved

</>I received your letter today, where your sentiments seem to obviate
From the words you chose and the sense of certainty the did create.
There seems to be little doubt where your heart lies,
And that you wish to offer our love, a genuine reprise;
I am exalted by this news and by now, you know
That my feelings have not altered and I wish them to show!
Where ere, circumstances conspired, to our detriment,
Now it seems to offer nary an impediment!

No longer does our consort need be surreptitious,
We may revel with the world, in the joy they wish us!

Be still, my inspired heart, the mate you have awaited is here;
Be steady, my exalted soul, the counterpoint He created, is near!

The time is nigh, my beloved, for our fairy tale to begin;
I am ready when you are-just tell me when!

-Maurice Harris,4 June 2011

Maurice Harris

The Transmogrification Of An Idea, To A Reality

I do not have to tell you that you have nothing to fear-
You know better than anyone, but I, what is happening here:
Your 'idea' is becoming real, and THAT scares you to death;
Now, you may not protect yourself any longer, by saying
Those things to me that take away your labored breath-
Now, you have to confront the love that is not allaying,
In spite of the many miles, much time, and many an obstacle;
You know it was this nemesis called fear-responsible for this debacle,
And ultimately to blame-not I, who did anything wrong-
In fact, I AM the love you guard in your heart, and have for so very long;
Please beloved, stop assessing blame for things I have not done;
Your weakness is only temporary, and freedom from fear will soon be won!
Beloved, I ask naught of thee, you are not willing to give-
Yet, I implore thee, beat back fear, and become, willing to live!

Maurice Harris

The Unapologetic Apology To My Mother (A Eulogy To My Erstwhile Self Guilt)

Please forgive me Mom, as I endeavored to provide you aegis-
Just as you e'er sought to keep me in from all of the Darkness;
Mom, I am so very sorry that my trauma was your's as well;
I am so sorry that the lunacy of others 'put you through Hell'.
I cannot help but feel the guilt that I've felt, - and still do;
The mere fact that I served as the means by which you
Were caused so much angst and unfathomably grievous pain,
Tells me that naught may truly be done-either now, or e'er again;
My rational mind knows that my guilt is horribly misplaced-
Yet, the true logic of my rational mind, has not erased
This scourge, this anguish that I do now, feel;
These very words are but one way in which I deal
With how little sense it must really make, to all around:
That where I am now lost, yet, I have really been found.

Maurice Harris

The Unknown Reality Of Beautiful Imperfection

</>You and your Sister are perfect,
Though I do not want you to stay that way.
You are made to be through your absence, which I wish to correct;
My heart has been scarred since that day
When your grace was taken from my sight!
I pray that I may revel in the reality of your beautiful imperfection,
As I speak with my Heavenly Father every night-
As my is pained with this insurrection!

For far too long, I have possessed aspiration alone,
To gather what you may be like, or how you may have grown.
My imagination is not good enough, I suppose,
To paint any subtle imperfections as both of you grows,
From the perfect miracles, endowed to me, by my Creator,
To become the young ladies you are now, which is even greater!

-Maurice Harris,16 August 2011

Maurice Harris

The Vision

As the sun begins to set on the horizon,
I walk down a lonely path towards the sea-
Know not do I its reason, its form no surprising:
Looking to land's end, I see a solitary vision looking back at me!

Far off in the distance, framed in it's solar glare
This beauteous vision, in all its amazing grace-
Begins to move toward me, until very nearly there
Soon I am able to take in the form's feminine face!

It then occurs to me that I know her, and have for all my days-
Though not had I laid eyes upon her for years nearly 2 score:
I had seen her every day of my life, in myriad ways-
I allowed that visage to fade, always needing more!

One day the vision came to me in yet another form,
This time though, always and ever, shall she stay and keep me warm!

Maurice Harris, 30 October 2008

Maurice Harris

The Wonder I Now See

I do felicitously ponder our life's sequel;
As your's is a beauty truly without equal,
The brightest stars pale when comparison is made:
Their grandeur and brilliance doth seem to fade!

Yet, all too doth seem still more beautiful,
To thee and thine own grace, I remain dutiful:
To consort with thee, all, I would proffer
For its guard, abiding, in my heart, I would offer!

The ordinary is made to inspire awe,
The imperfect, now seen without flaw-
The unsightly, now seen with new eyes:
That not noticed before, I now prize!

All owed to thee, the wonder I now see,
That thought unattainable, may now be!

Maurice Harris, 24 August 2009

Maurice Harris

'There Is Something In The Soul That Cries Out For Freedom'*

'There is something in the soul that cries out for freedom';
There is something in the heart that bleeds for another;
There is something in the mind that wants for equity;
This travesty's exodus from each is needed, for long-sought finality-
To banish forevermore, this all-too-pervasive bother;
But one answer presents more than ever-I need Him!
Should my penance of today hasten this liberty,
I would want for naught else, but that given me;
Alas, freedom purloined by another's whimsy
Is not freedom at all, but fallacious and flimsy;
If need be, I shall bide still, and wait
For time and distance to further abate
What is now overwhelmingly, painfully real;
This is all I may do, until I finally begin to heal!

*Martin Luther King, Jr.

-Maurice Harris, 14 February 2011

Maurice Harris

They Call Him Gale*

To quote the man himself, upon his retirement:

'When I walked off the field, I knew it was over, and I never looked back.'

It was surely his body, it was not that his desire went!

'God said: 'Gale, it is time to do something else' '-only He could sack

Such talent prematurely-games numbering only 68;

Speed, power, and grace that none other could hope to imitate.

The youngest player ever inducted into the Pro Football Hall of Fame-

At the tender age of 34-it was incontrovertible, Gale had game!

'It was a gift, and trust me it was easy. So easy I can't explain it.'

Obvious too was the inescapable conclusion that none could contain it.

They called him The Icon, or simply, Brian's best friend.

He was both a talent and a presence, with which few may contend.

His talents were such that all inevitably draw compare-

No answer presented, but to stop and humbly stare!

*quotes attributable to Gale Sayers

-Maurice Harris, 21 September 2010

Maurice Harris

This Ardor Is My Strength

I met my love as a child, afeared and unaware;
Now I see that my love has always been right 'there'-
I loved her then and I love her evermore, still-
Surely, I always have and I always, always will!

I know she loves me, because my heart tells me its true;
I know she calls for me, as surely as I call for her too-
This is all I need, I want for no further attestation-
My heart has been calling, I accept its invitation!

I wait no longer, my destiny has arrived, at long last-
I take leave of this place, to remain only in my past-
My home is where my heart has been for so very long,
I must provide wings for this love-its calling, so very strong!

This ardor is my strength, my truth, my light-which leads my way-
The glow of which becomes ever more resplendent every single day!

Maurice Harris, 31 May 2010

Maurice Harris

This Ballad, So Bold

This Ballad, So Bold!

I may only imagine how beautiful you are;
For far too long, our thoughts need travel too far
Afield to reach one another, Father to Daughter-
The distance, made greater still, with ignorance as it's fodder;
I may only imagine: I may not now recognize
The sound of your voice- I thusly realize
That I have not heard you utter a single word-
Though, want for same, the years have not deterred.
I may only imagine your smile's brilliance;
Mentation upon same fortifies my heart's resilience,
So that I might not otherwise be drawn asunder-
One day again, I shall rediscover the world that is your wonder;
This fortuitous futurity has been fanciful has been fancifully foretold-
I am ever-emboldened by this ballad, so bold!

Maurice Harris, 17 February 2011

Maurice Harris

This Beauty I Do Adore

All in nature which inspires awe, now more still
Shall be seen in each day's passing, surely until
I make consort again with the beauty at it's cause;
Yearn do I for this day, with nary a moment's pause!

Memories made more enduring, mirth more abiding;
Bereft of explication am I-the elation now providing
Strength, hope and faith, like naught else has before-
Mere thought of this grace, this beauty I do adore!

The Sun, the Moon, the resplendent star;
All that is beautificent, more still, whether near or far-
Wondrous works of art, an opus most melodious,
Sate my heart, yet it still remains commodious;
Naturally, I need not repeat from whence:
All is made ever more splendiferous since!

Maurice Harris, 20 September 2009

Maurice Harris

This Father's Heart (Ode To Abigail And Gabriella Harris)

I oft ponder what it will be like, when
You and I finally meet again;
Only in photographs have I seen you grow,
Only what I remember of you do I truly know-
You are both a beautiful, yet enigmatic mystery!
We share so much, but hardly a history-
I may only see you now when I dream,
Or perhaps, when I ruminate under the Moon's beam
Of how different my life would now be,
How much more beauty I would now see-
If only I were so fortuitous, indeed, so blessed
As to still have you in my life- I have obsessed
About how to affect the same for many days,
Yet, I have hit dead ends in so many ways!

So long as, in my body, there is breath-
So long as I remain on 'this' side of death,
I shall never cease, nor surely forfeit;
This Father's heart will not allow that I forget
That no matter where you may now be,
You need me, though you may now not see,
As I, the import of our most unique connection;
I have had the benefit of much introspection,
Where all that I may be for you, I have pondered.
Believe me, my beloved, I have wondered
About you every single, solitary day!
The burden of this Father's heart, you can not allay;
Alas, though the estrangement is not of out choosing,
You and I are the only three people that are losing!

My beloved Daughters, though I know not how,
I made myself a promise, and to you, I avow:
'No rest, nor peace shall come my way,
Unless and until, I see the day,
Where I gather the solace of your embrace,
Where you and I, at last, are again face to face;
There is no compromise, nor is there debate-

I shall be the one to determine our fate! '

'When you are prime, both in spirit and mind,
You will know the story of how you came to be 'left behind'-
I assure you, the tale that you have been offered
Is nowhere near the truth, as the facts shall bear-
We are each carried in the other's heart, safely coffered-
Though we have been apart, we have always been there! '

Maurice Harris

This Glory Is My Invitation

A new world awaits;
I, in concert with the fates,
Must embrace this journey-
My destiny awaits, for me!

I am not whole here, sans its light-
I shan't allow its fleeting, before my sight;
Stride into this resplendence, I must-
In its ever-benevolent purpose, I trust!

This glory is my invitation;
I await my long-sought elation-
In this place, at this time-
For this viage, I am prime!
This beauteous, life-long somniation
Waits for me, to impart its realization!

Maurice Harris, 5 June 2010

Maurice Harris

This Glory, Now Returned

Obligation owed the fates: once again and, I pray-forever more,
I consort with this sublime beauty I do so very much adore!
I know not proper quittance for this glory, now returned;
My life now so affirmatively altered, more than I could have discerned!

Naught is there, in the form of sacrifice, too much
Which should see me nearer to her loving touch;
I am a humbled appreciant of her amazing grace,
I now live a blessed life as such, which naught could replace!
Though, one day, even this beatitude shall find supplant-
To this resplendency and all its engenders, I remain allegiant!

The life-long, all-consuming search hath reached its destination;
I invite the world, entire, to join with me in my heart's celebration-
See as I do, the beauty to whose felicity, I shall devote my life;
Once assured that we are prime for such, I shall ask she be my wife!

Maurice Harris, 21 May 2010

Maurice Harris

This Heaven

Had I not believed in Heaven, I simply must now;
You may be lead to query: 'This may be, yet how? '
Whensoever I may have occasion, to gaze in to your eyes,
I can see Heaven, I have no means to feign, nor disguise!

I yearn to see this Heaven, every solitary night;
I long to be humbly within your gracious sight!
If only my heart had words, oh, what it would recite-
A sweet song of my elation, my soul's delight!

Mine whole life, I have awaited to be in your embrace;
I stand now in inspired awe, at your amazing grace!

My jollity knows not bound, nor cease, I would submit!
Your love hath more power than word could admit!

But for now, this Heaven only exists when I dream,
Then I awaken to my reality, though real it did seem!

Maurice Harris, 21 April 2010

Maurice Harris

This Hero (An Ode To The American Military Veteran)

The American Military Veteran, a breed of hero, unparalleled in history,
Gave so much to so many-yet, somehow remains to them, a mystery.
What would possess an individual with so many rights guaranteed,
To leave it all behind, and gallantly defend liberty in a foreign land in need! ? !
Why would they risk their lives for the sake of strangers-or, even care! ? !
Perhaps they believe: 'injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere.' *

Freedom is only ever free so long as there are patriots willing to die to preserve it.

'Hero' is a moniker oft-banded about, but there are some who truly deserve it.
This hero simply acts, when and where action is needed, in spite of danger.
This hero acts with honor and integrity, for a Brother In Arms, or a stranger,
No matter the risk to him or herself-a selfless dedication that very few possess.
What this hero means to a free world, words could never properly express;
A simply 'thank you for your service' is all that most people can humbly tender,
All the while, never able to gather what drives a person to banish the word
'surrender'

From his/her vocabulary, and speak a language filled with acronyms and foreign jargon.

'Enemies of the Constitution', foreign or domestic, are not ones with which they will bargain-

For THIS, and this alone, is the one precept to which they pledge unwavering allegiance.

We are One Nation Under God, and they believe that He created, in His Omnipotence,
This 'More Perfect Union' so that we may be freedom's foremost defender.
This hero served, so that all may enjoy liberty and justice, in all their splendor,
Not just for today and tomorrow-but, so that our progeny may, for all perpetuity,

Live their lives under the blanket of the freedoms provided by truly selfless acuity.

This hero deserves so much more from us than just our heart-felt appreciation,
He or she earned the right to your utmost respect, with tireless dedication
To principles that most seem to take for granted, except when reminded.
Take the time to truly get to know one of these heroes, if you are still blinded
By an ignorance that may be unintentional, yet very real still the same.

These words are meant to edify and inspire, not surely to assess any sort of blame-

Not only will you surely get to better know a remarkably heroic human being,
But perhaps learn to appreciate more, the very freedom you are now seeing.

*Martin Luther King, Jr., Letter From A Birmingham Jail

-Maurice Harris, 7 November 2012

Maurice Harris

This I Can Not Take

Utter disappointment does not even begin to describe
The emotions I feel now, as I am moved to scribe!
What must be done, so that justice reigns! ? !
Truth is the only 'side'-nowhere near what she feigns!

I have valiantly served, for rights now denied;
What about my Daughter-who, but me, is on her side! ?
The bias, driven by fear illogical, obviates;
The resultant lack of respect devastates!

When is the natural order to be restored?
When will my righteousness no longer be ignored?
Play no longer, this game of empty threats-
Take me in front of my peers, and see what that gets! !

If but my honor was all that was at stake,
I would bow, yet to abandon her-this I can not take!

Maurice Harris, 26 April 2010

Maurice Harris

This Light Of Justice

Do not look back, there is only darkness-
Look forward, toward the distant light.
A look back only brings anger and bitterness,
So, I reject the thought with all my might,
In favor of faith in a future not yet known.
Flashes of this darkness creep into my mind,
Where I am always heart-broken and all alone-
A lonely, frightened man left behind
By a system that espouses justice, yet does not exist.
I so very much crave this future's luminescence,
Yet, the pain of my past's darkness continues to persist.
Our Forefathers so beautifully captured its essence,
But its guardians have allowed it to wither;
Now, sadly, this light of justice shines not, hither!

Maurice Harris

This Little Note

This is just a little note, to let you know I adore you;
No surprise I am sure, yet, never forget this, I implore you;
Perhaps one solitary moment you will find yourself
Reading these very words, and remind yourself-
That, no matter where you may then be-
We are made much the better, when we
Allow ourselves to be loved-and to love, in return;
With you considerate-the former is granted, the latter, I must earn;
I know our worlds have been quite desparate-
Yet I know, there is a world of wonder, here before us;
The Fates wish for us to consort:
This is our destiny, I shall allow naught to detour us;
Perhaps one day, far removed from whence first, you did read this little note,
You will be gladdened that you did heed this little note!

-Maurice Harris,14 January 2011

Maurice Harris

This Luminescence

So long as I may be capable of respiration,
Thou shan't e'er be wanton for admiration:
I shall trumpet thine beatitude to the world, entire-
Thou art the dream, to which I most ardently aspire;
Mine whole life had been, of true love, devoid-
Until that fateful day, when again deployed
Was the promise that we envisioned many years ago-
Long dormant, this luminescence is once again, aglow!

That which burns so beauteous and bright,
Shan't be disregarded, to fleet from sight
Before its brilliance may be properly appreciated;
A love deferred is a love never satiated:
I owe it to you, and you owe it to me,
To take this chance, to see what we may be!

-Maurice Harris, 17 February 2011

Maurice Harris

This Purgatory

</>Perhaps you have buried truth, for the better good-
I cannot do that any longer, nor would I, if I could.
I am in love with you and wish the world to know-
And would bear any sacrifice needed, to show
You, or anyone else who needed to be convinced.
Should one be not swayed, it is surely evidenced
In the way I gaze adoringly into your eyes,
And become lost in amorous thought, until I realize
That I cannot truly love, if love is not returned.
Though I suppose this purgatory has been well-earned,
After all, you offered me all this love before, but I was not prime,
And was too afeared to realize 'love' does not have a wrong time!
I cannot undo the mistakes of my past,
All I can do is offer you this love, sure to last!

-Maurice Harris, 18 August 2011

Maurice Harris

'This Too Shall Pass'

'This too shall pass', I repeat this each night,
These words are spoken even still, despite
The languish of my heart, and its lament,
I follow this mantra, wherest ever I am sent!

Not just for self, certainly, do I remain steadfast!
My children, of far greater import, than upon myself, I'd cast!
For them, this is why I do remain true,
For the love of same, naught would I refuse to do!

For purpose far greater than merely myself, alone
I do plod on, secure in knowledge of my truth's tone!
Righteousness is my strength, shan't it, from me, wither!
Your's is deceit, yet we shall coax thee hither!

Integrity, Service, Excellence-an Airman's Creed:
Words that one lives by, are not just words, indeed!

Maurice Harris, 21 July 2008

Maurice Harris

Though I Am Not Now With Thee

Each night, as I lay me down to sleep,
Ever-mindful of the promise I shall keep,
I pray for respite in my heart's lament,
Needing just a glimpse of the magnificent
And beauteous creations, made in my own image-
If but only for a brief time, to take in their visage!

Nothing, nor anyone may alter my faith, inexorable;
Nor too may they change one simple fact, inescapable-
I am their Father, I should not have to beg or plead
For their consort and pleasance! ! But for one need
Have I, one all-consuming lacking-once a glory, now a void!
Time and their company only may rebuild what you destroyed!

Though I am not now with thee, know this please:
I have an emptiness in my heart only you may appease!

Maurice Harris, 24 April 2010

Maurice Harris

Though I Have Not Met You

Though I have not met you, I know you three still the same;
More in common with your Mother than merely her last name!
I see you in the words of praise she has for you;
The pride she has in abundance-there is always more too!

You are each so very talented, such gifts you offer-
The lives you touch every day, just parcel to your proffer!
Perchance not, I may be so blessed as to soon meet you,
Then only, may I know your true beatitude-as I greet you!

Still too, you know not me, this though, stands to alter-
You may conjure expectations-I hope to never falter!
May you find in me: a friend, confidant and one who nurtures-
Perhaps you will embrace me further, as our kinship matures!

My recompense may not befit this gifting, yet, still I undertake;
All of my time, love and attention is the promise I make!

Maurice Harris, 25 April 2010

Maurice Harris

Through The Years

Through the years, I have thought of you quite often:
Your absence was ne'er a lacking that time could soften.
I had always hoped that our friendship would last forever-
With a prayer to God, I wished we would always be together.
Nothing could have prepared me for that fateful day-
What it shall mean, only our patient wait will say-
A wait for a time when you and I are both ready-
When our inspired hearts may be made to be steady,
To receive one another-wholly and completely,
When we learn to love one another unabashedly and repletely!

Through the years, I have found naught, with which to draw compare
To the beauty inherent in the depths of your soul-inspiring stare;
You need not be here, nor do I need be, there-
I may not make part with thee, nor would I dare;
Though the years without thee had numbered more than twenty,
Thoughts about thee had been beauteous, varied and plenty.

Through the years, our lives have been quite disparate-
Perhaps it was each of our hearts' way to prepare it
For the glorious resplendence that is our consort's refrain;
I could ne'er aspire to heights this lofty, nor would I deign.
Our parting was my sweetest sorrow, our re-acquaintance, its recompense:
Mine own soul hath gathered inspiration ever since!

Through the years, mine mind hath thusly wandered
To thoughts of the beauty you are, and the years that we squandered
In search of the ardor only we could, to each other, provide-
Though this too, was not left for us, to decide,
But rather parcel to His Grandiose Plan;
It was He alone that decided this separation's span.

Through the years, our disparate lives have yet been connected,
By a Power far greater than we know-He corrected
What was indeed our failure-that to our separation, we ceded;

Perhap we were just not prime, and knew not, what we needed;
It is no matter any longer, the solution hath been provided
Through the render of our ardor, our fate hath been decided:
What hath been yet revealed, is but to the whole, a pittance-
Our lives entire, offered to each as this burden's quittance!

Through the years, the Truth shall be revealed:
A beautiful amative comes to fruition, hitherto concealed!
A fanciful futurity depends upon but our own free will-
What it shall be, is to be decided still.
The power to mold same is in three most capable hands-
Fashioned by what you and I, as well as God Almighty, commands!

-Maurice Harris, 26 March 2011

Maurice Harris

To Her, I Am Just 'Moe'

To most, I am Maurice-but to her, I am just 'Moe';
To most, I must explain everything, but with her, we both just know
What the other is thinking, at any given time:
We could not live OUR dreams, until we were both prime!
With others, I am quite the enigma;
With others, she must face a perceived stigma
Attached by those, who know not, our ardor:
This is a posit, with which we care not, barter!
With others, the love needs further explication-
With others, there lives varied negative sentimentation-
Yet, with us, nary does there exist doubt;
Any that may linger, we cast it out!

Maurice Harris

To Me, A Mystery

In some ways you choose to remain, to me, a mystery-
Wonder do I at thought of such: 'why...what for? '
Alas, the more I know about you-I love you more!
Know do I too, not is it I you fear, but your pain's 'history'!

You must know this though my bonnie lass:
Nary can cause repeat of hurt for you, being my cause-
Thought surely of my requited love enough to give pause!
In return, I offer you stewardship of my heart, made of glass!

Replete am I, heart and soul, with you in my embrace-
Harm shall ne'er come to you as long as I am alive,
To be the Prince worthy of my Princess, is what for I shall strive:
Wanton of naught in return, but witness to your grace!

The fates surely have been kind to me in their erudition:
To recompense their faith in us, I shall make my life's mission!

Maurice Harris, 16 November 2008

Maurice Harris

To Mine Heart's Captor

To mine heart's captor: thou knowest who for art thou!
With its absquatulation complete, what art thine plans now?
Art thine intentions altruistic and pure-
May thine jollity, these intentions, ensure?
Might thine heart be exalted in consort with mine?
If thee were to seek its consult, how would it opine?
Love knows not impediments, it lasts and grows forever;
Come with me, my beloved, we shall live this truth, together!

Have not thee thought of me, fondly, in mine absence?
The gift of our love is proof of His Divine Benevolence!
Walk this journey called life with me by thine side;
Mine unceasing love shall always, and e'er, be supplied-
For so long as thou art enamored by this offer;
First though, you need remove thine heart from its coffer!

-Maurice Harris, 16 May 2011

Maurice Harris

'To Support And Defend'

Unwillingly wading, as I am, in a sea of discontent,
As though I have not a home, awaiting the latest torment;
All hath been absconded-to include 'rights', guaranteed-
Where is my aegis whence I am in need?

To think, I placed myself into 'harm's way'
To help ensure we all remain free every day;
Yet, all the ideals for which I have fought
Seem to stand 'mute'-are they all for naught?

I hold now before you, that upon which you've tread-
Lest you believe otherwise, nothing may stand in its stead:
I have sworn 'to support and defend'-
To my charge, I am steadfast, to my bitter end!

Your day of reckoning shall come surely, fast;
Lessons shall be taught-hopefully, to last
Long after I am gone, for posterity's sake-
I shall do whatever it may take!

To say I am heart-broken is not nearly to understand;
I simply do as my lofty beliefs unwaveringly command:
I shan't allow your ignorance and malice to reign,
You have been causal to a great deal of pain!
Not just whence I am the one concerned-
For far too many, a resplendence has withered!

Take this as heed, that a gauntlet hath been dropped-
I revel not in this role- yet, your depravity hath ne'er stopped!
Ne'er shall I accept this injustice, this cancer-
All those responsible for such, shall be called to answer!
Ne'er shall I bow down and simply take what you have doled,
It is you, for whom the bell has tolled!

Maurice Harris, 19 June 2010

Maurice Harris

Tomorrow's Gift

</></>Believe me, it is far from your enduring charms
That beguile me this or any other day-it warms
My heart to believe that you may have cause to smile
Upon though of me, though we are seperated by many a mile!
It is alteration I find in myself, with you considerate;
Perhaps until now, I failed to consider it
As a factor in favor of a consortium betwixt our souls,
Yet, with time to aid me, my heart furter extols
Virtues, and finds more beauty I had not seen before!
Tomorrow's gift is that there is always more about you, to adore!

Sikerly, I possess more to appreciate about myself, because of you,
And would not have same if it were not so easy to love you,
As I do, indeed, as I have, and as I surely will-
You are a perpetual gift; I owe recompense for same surely still!

Maurice Harris,23 July 2011

Maurice Harris

Transcendent Revelations

Transcendent revelations- a prelude to your entry to this world,
I proffer you all that I possess, my heart, perpetually unfurled!
Though not yet of this world, contemplations of thee abound!
Ever as I may...nary an elucidation could duly expound!

To my world, you have been delivered, as though from above-
Sent to me and my beloved as a symbol of our perfect love!
Created you were by the love we two share, in a distant land,
Indubitably enigmatic, as though designed by God's own hand!

A greater bequest upon me could ne'er be conferred,
The mere thought of your imminence has my emotions stirred!
A life...indisputably created in mine own image,
Though not a sight have I begotten, I know your visage!

Not a day goes by without you in my thought, not one-
Euphoric and exalted am I...my life's purpose truly has begun

Maurice Harris, 30 May 2006

Maurice Harris

Travel Is Not Really About Leaving Our Homes, But Leaving Our Habits

Take a trip with me, -'we' are the destination,
Do not allow this ardor's retreat, do not hesitate
To embrace this most beautiful, everlasting 'vacation';
Let the magnificent feeling inside you, to resonate
To all who see you, to all who know you, and all need know-
Show them that they too, need find their destination, and need go
Now, not at some other time, or in some other place:
'Travel is not really about leaving our homes, but leaving our habits... '**
Life is too short, so when love's beautiful melody inhabits
Our soul, we simply must travel to this place, without delay-
If you do nothing when given this choice, you shall wonder about the day
That you refused to live your dreams, because you allowed fear to steal them!
Your dreams are most certainly your own, but you should never conceal them,
For the sake of anything, especially fear, no matter what form it may take!

Maurice Harris

Travel Partner Needed

I do not ask for the whole world, just your hand in mine-
As we walk through life one day at a time.
My heart surely knows the want and love of your's,
As, over the years, it has become attuned to what it adores;
You need only ensure your actions and wants do comport-
To bring together your soul with its mate, so they may consort,
As inspiration to one another, in a world in need of same,
Where those too afraid to love-to live-are to blame!

Travel partner needed, only you need apply;
I solemnly swear to love you, until the day I die!
The destination is not as important as the inspiration it provides-
No matter where you may travel-the destination, your soul decides.
Inspire me, my beloved, as we share destinations, real and imagined-
And cede acceptance to a love that was predestined!

Maurice Harris

Trinity

All most mighty exist in a trinity,
Some simple or ethereal, others may
Bespeak a most puissant divinity;
Everyone affected by them everyday!

The Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost
Hope, faith and love, they, to us, give host!
Ideals perhaps- learning, virtue and piety
In humble service to your omniscient diety!

Sun, Moon and stars encompass all supernal,
Awe-inspiring, daunting-night and day, a coronal!
Earth, wind and fire encompass all elemental,
Love and respect for each, vital and fundamental!
Mother, Father and child-triad of most import:
Ne'er shall any emperil or lessen their assort!

Maurice Harris, 5 October 2009

Maurice Harris

True Justice

If there were true justice, I would not have to gather
Thought of thee from moments far gone, but rather
Would be witness, each day, to thine own grace
And not be reduced to this time, in this 'place'!

'Justice deferred, is justice denied', a fitting way
To see into my form of thought, this and every day!
I do not seek same, as I do, for any form of personal gain;
I rally for much more, my own self-import I do not feign-
I am but a vessel, used for a world in need of change,
The thought of mine own plight, seems to me, very strange!

I know my cause to be righteous, I have never had doubt,
I look now to God to see this iniquity and to straighten it out;
Whensoever this may be done, not surely, before,
My life shall return to me again, and order shall restore!

Maurice Harris, 6 February 2010

Maurice Harris

True Strength

</>I remember as a little boy, the enraptured awe
I felt when I thought of my Father, and how strong he was;
Sadly, my eyes were not trained, so that's all I saw
And thus, believed him a heroic figure, because
Of same-yet, I was so sadly mistaken!
My Father was not a hero, nor was he truly strong-
He was a coward, and I am sorry he has taken
So much, from so many-and that he did it for so long!

Now, as a man, I know the essence of true strength-
It is the ability to remain resolute in your conviction,
No matter the consequences imposed, no matter the length
Of suffering endured-this is real life, not fiction,
Or make believe-here, pain is very real;
True strength is the endurance, to endure that which you feel,
Inside, at the thought of all the pain endured-
The ability to realize that, his untimely death cured
The weakness he tried to hide from the rest of us,
He took so much through cowardice, but not the best of us-
We have nothing, about which to be ashamed,
The monster I called my Father, is the only one to be blamed!

-Maurice Harris, 28 August 2011

Maurice Harris

Truism Sonnet

Truisms become truth, as justice become adjudication;
Knowledge becomes reality, and reality, life's education!
My heart has stopped beating since 2007, that Veteran's Day;
Ached has it since, more than I could ever say!

Our life together, so amazing, so true;
Our family, together, so beautiful and new;
Though, KMKG is what we may be proclaimed:
Kristina, Maurice, Kalina and Gabriella, who we are, in name!

What is past is prologue, or so it may be said;
What is past affects us, until our days are dead;
What is past never ceases, nor leaves us alone;
What is past ne'er halts, until we have truly grown!

Whenever my love, you allow past to leave us-
Then only my beloved, will you truly see us!

Maurice Harris, 8 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Truly America's Best

I humbly thank you, for your service and sacrifice,
Yet am keenly aware that this alone, serves not, to satisfy-
I need be grateful, both in spirit and appearance
If I am but to be worthy of your accomplishments;
You are freedom's very guardian, a most solemn duty:
You 'protect and defend' the Constitution, in its most profound beauty-
You answer to no man, monad, nor mandate;
Your's is a position I not only envy, but appreciate:
A member of the world's most elite fighting force,
An ambassador of liberty-our strength, with you, its source;
Whether you are a Soldier, Sailor, Airman, or Marine,
You demonstrate what the words 'service before self' really mean;
The free world, from North and South, to East and West,
Is forever indebted to you, you are truly America's best!

Maurice Harris

Trust

Trust-whence breached, never restored;
You have grounded what once soared,
Taken away, not to be the same again,
Chaos in your wake, all that does remain!

Forgiveness shall come, in time's due course,
Not though before evidence of your remorse-
For all you have destroyed, without cause,
All that would still be, had you taken pause!

Scarred am I-and all those I love too,
I remain steadfast, to mine own self, true!
Justice be done, though the Heavens may fall,
No longer frieghtened, nor in your thrall!

Soon to be over, your nefarious plot-
Still, I shed tears for thee, though worthy not!

Maurice Harris,6 September 2009

Maurice Harris

Truth Is Friend To Freedom; Deceit Walks With Corruption

That seen by only one; naught is it what she falsely believes-
So too, not more believable is that which she conceives!
Figmentation of fear, fibs, falsity and fantasy;
The truth emerges quickly, all else-allowed to see!

Incontrivertible truth emits power beyond belief-
All that which opposes such, surely needing of relief!
Ne'er to allow any doubt, nor alteration of reasons;
Even ever if the ethereal winds pass with the seasons!

Truth is friend to freedom; deceit walks with corruption;
Lies and fallacy may corrupt for a time-merely truth's interruption!
Then there is corruptor, on the side of fear and deceit:
They then are sent scurrying-in rapid retreat!

Alas, I bid good tidings still to thee;
Ever do you reside always-within me!

Maurice Harris, 17 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Truth Itself, Longs For Thine Eyes

When the constant drumming of your deceit dies,
To expose to the world entire, your vicious lies,
Thou shalt be left with a self, e'en thou shalt despise;
The unmitigated gall of the story you did present-
A tale still wanton for the fiend you tried to invent-
Obviates thee as the one to blame, and me, as innocent;
'What a tangled web we do thus weave,
Whence we make it our practice, to deceive';
A web more tangled, one may not conceive!
Perhaps, when next your thought is of deceit,
In its stead, you may allow yourself and verity, to meet-
Though others would need recognize it, at thine feet!
Thou hath lived so long, loyal to thine lies,
That truth itself, longs for thine eyes!

Maurice Harris

Truth Leads My Actions

Do you believe still, what your mind caused you to think?
In your heart, you know your cause lacks veracity-
Alas, like a desperate, dying animal-you fight with tenacity!
Your paranoia causes your world to change, before you may blink!

Ever did you think, you may not be right?
Removed have you, their Father, their friend-
For them, I shall wage on, until the bitter end!
Know do I my ultimate victory, as righteous is my fight!

Nothing good has come, from that day on,
This due His rejection of your sinister way-
You had but one choice, from that day!
Accept this and the truth-allow again, love's spawn!

Deserve not, do you, my tolerance and understanding-
Truth leads my actions, my cause quite commanding!

Maurice Harris, 18 June 2008

Maurice Harris

Truth, More Than Deceit, Shall Fill Thy Self

Truly, deeply do I believe in love's power,
Not the tallest of men, but over all others I tower!
No one has the tremendous future I share-
Search high and low- you'll find nowhere!

Perfect as a descriptor would be to understate-
Hopeful am I, that of love's power, you appreciate!
Ever increasing its power from one day to the next-
Not knowing of its presence- most become vexed!

Ne'er may any other render compare,
Nor would any other possibly dare
An attempt at comparison between the love of mine-
As inevitable shall I be the victor every time!

Belief in power larger than myself-
Truth, more than deceit, shall fill thy self!

Maurice Harris, 22 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Truth-More Profound Than Is Love

Truth-more profound than Is Love:
Paramount for the former to be, ever-
Naught shall there be placed above,
Ne'er be there cause from which to sever!

All of virtue and value do, from such, emanate!
Nothing is real without it's presence, replete-
Love is not love, this verity should obviate!
If not, both are not each, yet are deceit!

If but proffered a choice, I choose truth-
Alas, if not, you have but neither!
Certainty lain in this, not must I sleuth,
For I choose both, but truth, if either!

All is ameliorate when offered as veracious-
I now own both, for such, I am most fortuitous!

Maurice Harris, 30 March 2009

Maurice Harris

Tumultuous Temptations Torment My Temperment

Tumultuous temptations torment my temperment,
Though patience and love allow me, regression;
Once done, you may not undo it-for it is permanent-
Alas, its avoidance may be ensured by progression!

Penance shall be served by thee-though given a choice
You shall be, each allowing an eternal reminder! !
Allowance given shall suffice for the decision you voice,
My lonesome heart shall again have a finder!

Flight has been given to our love, for us to find
Our way back to our individual emanence!
The power and magic, shall we two bind
Reminding us each day of its never-ceasing permanence!

Have I now envisioned but your only response?
Enlightened you shall be as to how your heart absconds!

Maurice Harris, 17 June 2008

Maurice Harris

Two Roads Diverged

</>If heartbreak had a face, mine would be it-
As you need only gaze into mine eyes, to see it;
For far too long, my life has been suspended,
And may never again be, as I intended.
They say: 'you make your own choices', but some make you!
You need to let go of the past and allow the future to take you
Wherever it may-I refuse to be a victim of my past,
I will find my happiness one day, and make it last!

The Sun shall surely shine another day,
To alight a path upon some other way
For me to restore a semblance of jollity,
To a life that for so very long has lacked this quality!
Two roads diverged in my life, I chose the wrong one-
Now I must double back and continue to be, the strong one!

-Maurice Harris,8 August 2011

Maurice Harris

Unchained Heart

I begged a wish, emboldened by my heart's intuition;
I shall endeavor every day to ensure it meets with fruition.
Each day when I awaken, and each night before before I sleep,
I pray that one day I may see keep,
The promise I made to my very own heart;
I want for every day, the impart
Of the jollity now asked to bide
For a time when I may follow faith's guide.

Come what may, come what might,
I shall wish thusly again, tonight.

If a dream's eventualization were measured by only desire,
I would sikerly be already engulfed in the unquenchable fire
That is embodied by a want others shall ne'er know-
Epitomized by a love that my unchained heart shall e'er show!

Maurice Harris

Unfinished Opus

You, my beloved, are my unfinished opus;
Though now we lead disparate lives, my hope is
That, through the Grace of God, we will meet again,
And this long-hoped-for consort may finally begin!
Like two melodic diapasons, without a chorus,
He alone, may provide cause, for us
To believe in our still-unseen Providence...
We need only demonstrate our faith, through patience!

We must cause our minds to believe
What now, only our inspired hearts may conceive:
We are but one song, fashioned by two instruments;
We alone may ensure our future makes sense
Of what is now only aspiration, for want of reality-
Only we make make a harmonic unity, out of our duality!

Maurice Harris

Until Reason Itself, Avails

Happy Birthday Gabriella-Daddy wishes he could be there-
As today of all days, a Father should be where
His beloved little Princess celebrates the day of her birth-
To exalt with one another, in a most magnificent mirth!

Alas, circumstance has conspired, to distance us-
A fact that resides with me each solitary moment;
I maintain faith though, as my persistence must
Garner the reward that brings to cease, this torment!

That I may not be there is causal to much lamentation-
As the reason for same defies any reasoned explication;

Alas, the only gift I may offer to you
Is my unceasing love, which I proffer to you-
Bide you must with same, until reason itself, avails-
Which shan't be, until true justice itself, prevails!

Maurice Harris

Until The Day Is Done

Any days rife with anger are long-since gone;
Remaining behind is hurt and confusion, long-lingering, since its dawn!
Love, alone, should've been enough for reasoned thought to follow,
Believe, I do, the mantra: 'always tell the truth...', your words are hollow!

Long gone too, any want for vengeance:
God shall allow for you to serve your penance!
Your futile attempt to prove me guilty, proved you to be such,
Though perhaps deserving of punishment, penal-may be too much!

Self-guilt, served with a helping of inner-shame shall, I believe, suffice,
Though, a taste of your bitter medicine, I think, at times, to be nice!
You have implied in the past that, perhaps I love thee not sufficiently-
It appears though, that you were the one loving deficiently!

If anyone need prove anything, to anyone,
It is you, to me and all others! I await thee dear, until the day is done!

Maurice Harris, 17 January 2008

Maurice Harris

Until You Are Near

</>Though I would wait an eternity,
I know each day would be agony;
No amount of time, nor distance
Can serve to extinguish my resistance
To this doubt, that lingers every day:
When shall I see you again, I may never say,
Nor might I affect same, in any way-
I am now under the control of others' sway!

My acquiescence they shall ne'er gain,
Nor shall my righteous indignation wane,
In the face of this most egregious crime-
No manner of distance, no matter of time
May ever serve to end this anguish, -
Until you are near, this Father's heart shall languish!

-Maurice Harris, 2 July 2011

Maurice Harris

Vision Of Loveliness

Vision of loveliness, no ponderance of why-
Beauteous is she as is the fiery sky!
Ne'er before, nay, ne'er again, shall they see,
A lady, as mine, mostest than she is, lovely!

Virtuous and kind is she, adore she doth, me:
Giveth me freely, all her love-always free!
Love, the most you are able, 'til no more you have-her ideology,
More and more, each and every day, her love's chronology!

Tame is she as is a wild Buck, powerful, she, as a large truck-
Though, love her with all my heart, I do, I am stuck!
Freedom, she offered to me at all times-
Yet, 'Free' she was not herself, as espoused in rhymes!

Hopeful am I, that 'Free' now, she is, at mighty cost-
If not though, know not would I an answer, all hope, then lost!

Maurice Harris, 22 December 2007

Maurice Harris

We Need Not Share Words...

We need not have to be together
In order that we may share forever,
Our interval may be our genesis still,
To opine contrary is to oppose His will!

A respite perhaps, to prepare for our journey?
A time of poignant reflection, for you, for me?
Perchance, even to exact our circumstance?
Maybe to allow adoption of our love's avowance?

For whatsoever it may be, I do not altercate-
With wonderment, we are allowed to alternate!
We need not share sight to share dreams;
Need we be near a star to know it gleams?
We need not share words to share thought
Of the consummate love we have sought!

Maurice Harris, 21 September 2009

Maurice Harris

What Happened The Day I Died

I could not possibly sit idly by
And allow what transpired, to lie;
In the face of such iniquity, something needed be done-
I cried out for an answer and He provided me one,
In the form of redress for rights not afforded;
God-willing, one day I will be rewarded,
Or rather, recompensed, for what has been taken
And for all they failed to offer-it has shaken
Me to my very core, this profound travesty;
Were it not for the Empyrean Majesty
Of my Heavenly Father, to love and guide me,
I would not know I possessed the strength inside me-
That I am now able to gather, when needed.
Indeed, I surely would have never succeeded
Were it not for all the fortitude it thus offered.
My mind was weary, my soul embattled, and my heart coffered,
Until He gifted me new 'life', by briefly taking mine.
I have no idea what happened; one moment I was feeling fine,
And the next, I was in a hospital, where people were saying I died.
Now, I have evidence of same I cannot hide.

Perhaps, one day the answer will be clear to me,
Though, as I lie in poderance of same, it is nowhere near, to see!
As though the very Word of God was spoken,
My heart is new again, where once it was so very broken.
Should you doubt His Great and Powerful Mystery,
You need only take note of my dichotomous history,
Where my once-devastated life is once again uplifted,
By the Grace of God and the strength it has gifted!

Maurice Harris

What If...

Have you ever wondered what would be,
If your 'first love' reappeared, right before thee?
What if time fashioned her as though from the scape of dream?
Now, this former fond memory is held in your highest esteem!

How does a glory pass, then make present-yet again-
As though the most melodious tune, then its refrain?
When does chance fail to explicate and yield to fate?
Naught may douse the 'flame' that time itself could not abate!

Where does the narrative go hence, you wonder! ?
Perchance not, all the wonderment you may ponder!

God is surely speaking to you, through His Empyrean gifting-
With one Divine offer, 2 hearts, at once-are uplifting!
Should you be so blessed as to find yourself so fortuitous,
Celebrate with the world this occurrence, most wondrous!

Maurice Harris, 2 May 2010

Maurice Harris

What If...?

What if I had chosen with my heart
And not my head? For a start,
My life would be drastically different-
I probably would not need to be so persistent
With respect to rebuilding my life;
I would not now be subject to such strife
As my heart almost could not take-
In the most real sense, it really did break!

It is never too late though, to alter its course-
I know the love in my heart, and I know its source;
This is now the heading I shall steer-
To seek the Angel that I hold most dear!
If only I should be so fortuitous
As to tie the bond I do now see, between us!

-Maurice Harris, 17 July 2011

Maurice Harris

What It Means To Forgive

They say: 'to err is human, to forgive, divine',
Though one may proffer you deserve none, I offer mine!
Know not do I, the depths of your inner turmoil,
Yet I am all too aware of it being lain, to boil!

Alas, love is not needed in order to forgive,
It allows a more fastidious, permanent understanding;
This decision must be one with which you may live-
Thus, in its righteousness, our conviction must be commanding!

You shall see, as do I, all attendant facts-
Then truly shall we bear witness to how your heart acts!
What your mind created-a self-fulfilling prophesy,
You allowed to become real-truly a tragedy!

Shun now the spectre, of all who hurt you,
Make consort again with the onlyone who'll ne'er desert you!

Maurice Harris, 14 June 2008

Maurice Harris

What Makes A Coward?

What makes a coward? Is it someone who hides
Behind the mask of fear? Is it one who rides
The wave of hysteria for all it is worth?
When does it cease, to be afraid, is it inherent at birth?

How can you be afraid of the only one you have ever loved?
Why then might you lash out at the one you have dreamt of?
Your reasons are impure, surely too, your cause
Step back and reassess, allow yourself pause!

All the world can see, right through your ruse;
You've given rise to hysteria, yet, truth you must choose!
Away now from madness, stop now the insanity,
Back from the hateful lashing out of your vanity!

My love, cause I've ne'er been, for you to be afraid;
Change for us should've ne'er been, as if you had not strayed!

Maurice Harris, 27 December 2007

Maurice Harris

What Might You Do?

What if you were me-what might you do?
Must you serve, for crimes, your penance-
Yet, to mine own heart, I must remain true;
After all, how penal might be the return of our romance?

In utter disbelief I have wondered the 'why? ' of it all!
Nary shall there be for me, explication, proper,
Nothing but all there was, before your fall-
All or nothing-this is my only, final offer!

Hopeful I am that you see behind my compassion
To the love I feel in my heart!
To your heart, for you to be true, is all I am asking,
Rewind may we, to wherest our love did start!

I shall be free soon, at long last,
But for only now shall I look you, past!

Maurice Harris, 15 July 2008

Maurice Harris

When A Man Loves A Woman

When a man loves a woman, there is nothing he won't do;
He is vested with the strength to move mountains-it's true!
Whence found, true love allows that all his actions be toward one goal-
All a man truly wants is the one magical mate for his all-too-mysterious soul!

Promise a man your heart, you will get his and so very much more, in return;
His whole life shall become a duteous devotion to you and all with which you
concern!
Share with a man your beauty and he will prove its might-even to you, though
you disbelieve;
Share with this man your life-its magnificence shall be far more than either could
ever conceive!

When a woman loves a man, there are no bounds to her steadfast devotion-
It will stand the test of time itself and see its way, even across the largest ocean!

From her heart comes her truth, his only choice-its obliged and humble
acceptance;
He shall offer all he may as recompense, yet, it shall always seem a pittance!

Where there is love, truth, beauty and wisdom abound;
When there is love, its power and resplendence doth truly astound!

Maurice Harris, 8 May 2010

Maurice Harris

Whence It Happens Upon You

Whence it happens upon you, powerless are you to resist-
Omniscient, not am I, but surely knowest do I, this:
Acceptance and obligation are but your only recourse,
This philosophy is what my heart would have me endorse!

We believe we are the masters of our own fate,
Speak this to my soul, as my destiny I await!
Tell my captured heart that it is free to choose,
Surely this would only serve but to bemuse!

Naught is there for such, to allow for my recusal
Remiss too, without mention- my heart's steadfast refusal!
Alas, men have engaged in war for its kind:
For now, my amity is free, no longer confined!

In retrospection, ponderance of life as was before,
Becomes obligation owed, to so much more!

Maurice Harris, 26 March 2009

Maurice Harris

Whence Just Nestlings

Whence just nestlings, our prologue was written,
Upon first sight of thee, surely was I, smitten!
Though far too brief, our time together-
It made for me memories to last forever,
Sustained me through times, most worthy of forget-
Aware all the while you would return to me yet!

Perchance, allowance made for all of my hurt,
Mere visage of thine beauty, my just dessert!
Ne'er have mine eyes been so very blessed,
Alas, if you doubt my words, my heart shall attest!

Though you were not near, in my heart you did reside-
Such is the truth of my heart that I may no longer hide!
Unabashed am I in this unfeigned amative,
Lo, surely not homage proper in this humble narrative!

Maurice Harris, 31 July 2009

Maurice Harris

Whenever

</></>Whenever your heart avails itself of me;
This is the time that you shall know I am ready!
Whenever you are prime, to accept my undying devotion-
This is when you should embrace the foreign emotion
That is love, in all its gracious glory;
Whenever you want to offer the world our ardor's story-
Which reads as a classic 'boy meets girl' amative,
With our hearts exalted, in their wondrous narrative!

Whenever you wish a reality, from what is now a wraith-
Whenever you desire the love and hope, built upon faith,
To be put into action, and at last, made to be real;
Whenever you seek the reciprocation of the love you now feel-
This is when your heart and soul become one, with mine-
When two disparate spirits do, at long last, combine!

Maurice Harris, 12 May 2011

Maurice Harris

Where Dreams Make You

</></></>Ah, to awaken in the aegis of your amorous embrace,
Entranced by the awe-inspiring beauty of your Angelic face,
Ever-enraptured and enamored by your amazing grace-
An emotion embossed upon my soul, which time itself may not efface!

If only wondrous dreams could marry reality
And an existence as this, supplanted the duality
I now live, betwixt what is veridical and mere fantasization;
If but I may conjure it up, with my imagination,
Then I may learn to fashion verity, from thought,
To make my dreams come true, where now, they are not!

For now my beloved, all I have are fanciful dreams,
Where you are made real-or so, to me, it seems,
As I somniate in a state where my dreams may make true
All I have ever wanted-where dreams make you!

-Maurice Harris, 17 August 2011

Maurice Harris

Where Is This Beauty?

Where is this beauty, what soma has she assumed?
Shall I make consort with thee- my heart's consumed?
Ne'er shall I be entire until such time
As I may adjoin with your beauty, sublime!

As though prelude, surely I have met thee before-
Not cognizant of the future we had in store,
Assuredly, our brief confluences of the past
Were but a hint of this amative that doth last!

Significance of such shall not be made of, slight-
Nor too, the jubilation in me it doth incite!
With not a word, still to me, you do speak-
For you are the glorious beauty I do seek!

All shall be proffered for such, as all from such, are begot-
Alas, for my life entire, this embraces all I have sought!

Maurice Harris, 21 July 2009

Maurice Harris

Where Would I Be...?

One day, long, long ago, I dreamt a most beauteous dream!
Though aspiration I know it was, veridical it still doth seem!
Though this be not the part that is most awe-inspiring;
That is reserved for this beauty I am now still admiring!

No departure may be made betwixt reality and semblance,
This verity is the call of my heart, as proof-my adamance!
Nary could one doubt the veracity of such emotions,
Immune to the passage of time, the largest of oceans;
Ne'er to weaken nor wither, nor surely to wane-
Any thought of such, my heart shall ne'er entertain!

What was once but a beauteous dream, now so much more-
I now make consort with the 'dream' I do so much, adore!
That which inspires true awe, may ne'er be torn asunder-
Where would I be if my world were without this wonder?

Maurice Harris, 26 August 2009

Maurice Harris

'Where's Daddy? '

A small child cries out in the night,
As she longs for a Father who can not be there;
If she wishes long and hard enough, he might
Just show up one day, so that they may share
In one another's lives once again-
Allowing time's healing to finally begin!

'Where's Daddy? ' she asks, seemingly out of nowhere;
Her Mother cannot provide a proper answer-
She pretends all the while that she really does care,
Yet, her self-contempt has already spread, like a cancer!

The child has finally started to realize
That 'Mommy' is precisely what she was taught to despise:
She wears a mask, hiding her vicious lies;
The child is left heart-broken-in a world of 'whys? '!

Maurice Harris

Wherest So Ever

Wherest so ever you may roam-
Obliged would I be, if only allowed I'd be to come home!
No matter, for what may be chosen, as reason:
Doest, please, expediently-'fore the changing of the season!

No matter, for what may be regarding, as to why? !
Ever present, all knowing- answer cometh from the Sky!
Life altered all but too fast- too forever, changed
Life altered all but too completely- all too much, rearranged!

Ne'er before, perhaps, ne'er since-
Ne'er shall I know all happening, whence!
Do I yet perceive all differences-
Inherent in what acts, need consequence! ?

Loveth you always, forever and ever;
Love that ceases not, altering never!

Maurice Harris, 11 November 2007

Maurice Harris

Who Better Than We?

It is in the look of verity that I sense in your eyes
And the smile I always envision upon your face,
That causes my heart to refuse to let go!
My hope is, that its steadfast devotion is no surprise,
Nor is my position that none may take your place!
We must earnestly try though, before you know;
Now is the time, for your actions to breathe life into us-
Let us build what is, not mourn what was!

Together my beloved, you and I are an indefatigable force-
Let our disparate lives, here and now, correct their course,
So that, at long last, we may be together,
To start what will become our forever;
Who better than we? When better than now?
We have faith-together with love-it will show us how!

Maurice Harris

Who Cries For The Little Girl? (A Ballad For The Abused)

Who cries for the little girl, lost and all alone?
Who for the little girl, now fully-grown?
Who mourns for the little girl, not allowed to be one?
Who grieves for the little girl, whose pain is never done?
Who comforts the little girl, left to comfort her Sister?
Who consoles the other two, who have really missed her?
Who speaks for the little girl, left without a voice?
Who chooses for the little girl, never given a choice?

For these little girls, there is naught I would not do
To lessen the torment that they have so bravely fought through.
It is I, who cries when empathetic tears need be shed;
It is I, who apologizes for a 'wrong', long-since dead;
It is I, who would have ended the pain-had I only known-
So the little girls left as such, were never lost and all alone!

*Inspired by the poem: Who Cries For The Little Boy? , from the movie:
Antwone Fisher

-Maurice Harris, 19 February 2011

Maurice Harris

Why Am I As Covetous Of Thee As I Am (An Oft-Propounded Query)

Answer Number 1 of...infinity:

Because you listen, with an abundance of patience
And without even one iota of pre-judgments,
NEVER telling me that I 'talk too much' about this or that-
ALWAYS treating what I have to say as the most important
Bits of information in the entire, wondrous world!

My perceived importance, vis-a-vis all other facets of your life,
Minus our combined brood, is unquestionable; and MINE is rife
With exaltation, as I am e'er-more important to you-every day.

I could go on, and on, and on..ad infinitum,
But, of course, YOU know, and LOVE this about ME,
Which brings us full circle-yet, imagine us when we are ibidem!

Thank you for reading installment number O-N-E,
In the ongoing effort toward a more complete explication
Of my unboundable amorous abilities, with you as a consideration!

I love you, my precious Guzel-
With all the love my fragile heart is capable of giving-
For eternity, as we dwell in the Heavens:
The Enchanted Enclave of Empyreal living!
Your ardor is the vocation, to which I remain e'er diligent-

Your e'er-humble appreciant,

-'Baby'

Maurice Harris

Why Am I As Covetous Of Thee As I Am (An Oft-Propounded Query) ? {#2}

WHY am I as covetous of thee as I am (an oft-propounded query) ?

Answer Number 2 of...infinity:

Because I am a better person, because of, and for, you-
Due the only reason I may now muster: I simply adore you;

Mine heart is enamored with thine simply because:
This heart desires what that heart's quintessence, is-
And this heart emulates what it is that, that heart does;
THAT is why, this heart knows not, what obsolescence, is!

More considerate am I, due mine consideration of thee;
'THIS' may be seen every day, in the expansion of, 'me';
Chivalry doth yet dwell, whence a lady is desirous of same-
And that thine heart may have held dubiety, is, for shame!

We two, as a unity, are the very embodiment of true Faith:
We have, thus, fashioned an Eternal Affirmation, from a wraith;

As e'er-biding as the magnificent amarant,

Your e'er-humble appreciant,

-'Baby'

Maurice Harris, 11 December 2011

Maurice Harris

Why Are You Not As I Found You?

My wait continues, for that elusive justice I seek-
Do you really care about the truth of which I speak?
What of the natural order, what about our amazing life?
Why do you want to continue with imaginary strife?

You can't invent something in your mind-
The attempt in vain to convince others of a crime!
Truth need matter to you more than false hate next time-
The conflict between your confused mind and fragile heart, need bind!

Alone are you now with your 'conviction',
Imaginary should not have been your depiction!
You are a grave disappointment to all around you,
Why are you not as I found you?

The choice is your's for the deciding,
It is on the side of love I hope you are siding!

Maurice Harris, 5 May 2008

Maurice Harris

'Why Heavenly Father? '

'Why Heavenly Father? ', I continue to ask,
As I revel in the Glory of His Benificent Acts,
Which now profoundly affect so many, as well as me;
Though no one can possibly know as well as He,
The Path that now unfurls for the world to see-
I KNOW the Truth that He will make, to be!
All around, whether far afield or nigh,
Shall revel in His Amazing Strength, as do I;
'Why with me, do You, this Covenant, make? '
Why are ALL my hopes and dreams here, to take
From wondrous aspiration, to be made so very REAL?
Why may I, all Your Divine Providence, feel? '
He answers: 'All you have ever even thought or dreamed
Is not only fastly being made REAL-it seemed
Too Good to be True, yet IT is, I assure you-
I have made these prayers to be True
And Gifted same because I have tremendous Faith in you:
To Love, Provide, Bless, and surely to Endure too! '

Maurice Harris

Why...Has My Angel Forsaken Me?

Why, I ask, has my Angel forsaken me?
Where has my charmed life now taken me?
I was the most fortuitous man in all the land,
Simply because I was allowed to hold your hand!

Like a flash, my life turned tragically, upside down-
Where once, with constancy, I smiled-now, I am constant, with a frown!
Justice has let me down, in a myriad of ways;
Lo, injustice fades with time, though love stays!

That which you felt to be so very real
Can not be so, runs it does, contrary, to all you feel!
My love for thee stays strong, guarded, in my heart,
Built has it, from that November day, when it did start!

All of my life, I have awaited your presence,
For the rest of my life I shall honor your true essence!

Maurice Harris, 26 March 2008

Maurice Harris

Why?

Why? It seems to be the only question I can ask,
To be sure though, once free, you shall be taken to task!
What you have done should be done to no man,
Lest you seem to forget all that for which I stand!

Have you lost control of that for which made you different?
The glory of yours which to the world was prescient!
Someone I do not care to know has been leading
Your actions, making your decisions-a demon's pleading!

Release yourself, with it your guilt shall relieve,
Allow yourself a chance to truly grieve!
You have lost more than you can care to think,
All because you panicked and acted falsely- before you could blink!

Look back to that which was real and true-
You shall see past your deceit, to the real me, the real you!

Maurice Harris, 9 May 2008

Maurice Harris

Winds, Sun, And Stars

Are the winds, which constantly reshape trees,
A silent messenger, sending my love to you-
Or is it just as it would seem, a mere breeze! ? !
I should think both; so long as it is the one, it is the other too!

Is the Sun and its rays, most brilliant,
Responsible for collecting my ardor in the East
And setting in the West-for you, its recipient! ? !
I should think it does this much, at the very least!

Are the stars, which blanket the sky, each and every night,
Another means by which my love's strength may reach you! ? !
Does it not transcend from the Heavens, to present within your sight?
I should think it is there at all times, with a presence to beseech you
To embrace it, as it has embraced you-and shall, evermore;
Perhaps you shall be loved by another-but, shall never, more!

-Maurice Harris, 11 July 2010

Maurice Harris

Wish I May, Wish I Might-

Alas-wish I may, wish I might-
Lest I shan't take in the grace of her visage tonight,
Not until I lie myself down to sleep
Do I have the same, all the while, to keep!

Fault me not, for I am wanton of such,
Naught is there to compare with her tender touch!
Though long since have I heard her Angelic voice,
It has not been for lack of want, I had not a choice!

Blessed be the one who need not respite
To drink in this beauty, so exquisite:
For it is he who may celebrate in every way
As though it were always St. Valentine's Day!

Wish this do I, for me and the one unseen-
Pondering amorously, what should have been!

Maurice Harris, 14 February 2009

Maurice Harris

With Arms Wide Open

My mind, rife with moments yet to be;
Your absence, I shan't allow to get to me;
My heart, it's lacking again, after a brief respite
From the vigil it has pulled for my beloved, despite
The miles betwixt and with time itself not allaying
Any dolor I may have-though, its needs I am obeying!

My eyes have seen a glory, so now I know it's real;
My soul's capture is complete, it's reality I can feel;
My arms long to nestle thee-I, remiss, for not
Making allowance of your desire, to have-I ought!

With arms wide open, I welcome your return;
All the love you need have, sikerly, I shall earn;
Our future shall be written, upon the shoulders of ardor-
This is but the natural order, with which we shan't barter!

Maurice Harris, 15 March 2010

Maurice Harris

With Constancy, All The While

I lie awake at night, alone, yet not lonely:
Though many miles betwixt us there are,
Naught is there to keep us apart-only
Must I close mine eyes, and you are ne'er far!

Take comfort my beloved, allegiance defines thought of thee!
Nary shall there be departure from such drawn:
This, the narrative of my heart, a tale that shall always be-
Such is at day's end, such is as day does again dawn!

Nihility marries that which draws compare,
I am fortuitous beyond measure, all owed to you!
Incomparable, the life we do share-
But a pittance, I proffer this ode to you!

You are, for me, paramour-sans pareil,
So it is, ever shall it be, with constancy-all the while!

Maurice Harris, 14 November 2008

Maurice Harris

With Love In Our Hearts

As real as if God, Himself opined directly-
The truth I espouse is supported, with facts to buttress;
Mistakes made by all, to mine I did confess,
Truth-the only way to deal with this correctly!

Your deceit showed your motivation to be anything but pure-
A disappointment to all was your lack of good sense!
From your actions, immediate, to all those hence-
Sans reality, inherent-inferences negative fade, to be sure!

You mind tried to convince you that your lies were plausible;
You heart has always known that this lay not in fact's realm!
Right now our ship, we both shall man the helm-
With love and understanding, all is possible!
Love in our hearts, we may conquer fears of the mind-
Allowance of time and space leave your ghosts behind!

Maurice Harris, 18 June 2008

Maurice Harris

With Nary A Word Spoken

With nary a word spoken, still I hear your voice
Naught is there for me, in the way of choice-
For my heart shall ne'er again be still,
As it is you that have made all my dreams fulfill!

Though you are not with me, I assure you of this much:
I shall not be whole until again I feel your tender touch!
Ruminations of thee fill all my days, beauteous
Thoughts of you are nothing but amorous!

One might suggest that I am twitterpated,
Though this invites thought not contemplated:
That it might be not always with me, not abiding-
For to love you, was not of my deciding!

We were led to each other by powers divine,
As sure of this am I as tomorrow the sun shall shine!

Maurice Harris, 28 November 2008

Maurice Harris

With The Help Of Time's Clarity

No matter what you do, or what you say,
You cannot undo the damage, nor delay
The inevitable-namely, that you are a liar, and shall be-
Until you stop lying to yourself, the world, and to me!
This, the fatal flaw in what I once saw as near-perfection,
You went from being true to your heart, to its neglect, when
You chose fear and deceit over love and verity-
Perhaps this will become your reality too, with time's clarity!
How could you turn and then walk away
From the greatest thing that ever happened to you! ?
That was not it though, you chose to betray
Me, when I asked you 'why? '-yet, what was I to do?
This temporary fear that overcame you, was not of my making-
Just as it is not just my heart that you are breaking!

-Maurice Harris, 1 March 2012

Maurice Harris

Without Ration (A Mother's Love)

Somedays you will know me-some you won't;
Some days you seem 'yourself', some you don't;
Be not afearred though Mother, I know who you are:
No matter of time or space, no matter how much or how far,
Could ever cause me to draw from you, distance;
Life is far too precious, so I shan't miss this chance
To let you know how very special you are to me,
Whether you should be very near, or very far, from me!
Your love for me has always been without ration-
I may only attempt recompense in the very same fashion;
You have taught me well: love, respect, honor, and compassion;
My only hope is that, contrariwise, it was also to your satisfaction.
Words are hollow, I speak so much louder, with action-
Since your's is the measure, I hope to have returned you, a fraction!

-Maurice Harris, 14 September 2010

Maurice Harris

Without Thee, No Cause For Me

Its not that you have lost, but that we have won!
Built and sustained have we- many into one!
Correction of errors made in past-
Fixes that are most sure to last!

Better for having to be privy to this-
So sure of such am I, as if I knew this!
God's plan it is for our future to be assured,
Fast, yet slowly has it proceeded, to be most blurred!

Lonely you feel at current, surely though, you are not!
Accept your love back, rapidly you ought!
Much more together, than possible apart-
Hold me near, my dear, always, to my heart!

Without thee, no cause for me- oppositely, dichotomously, for thee!
Remembering always is love- always with you, ever with me!

Maurice Harris, 25 December 2007

Maurice Harris

Wondered Have I...

Wondered have I, into queries, most vexatious-
Why might my love allege deeds, most salacious! ?
Perhap a Divne purpose is my pain, to serve;
Alas, though it be not a pain any man does deserve!

How might this be happening, reversed seem the roles?
It is you for whom the bell of Justice should toll!
Bear witness shall all, to my righteous might
And all inquiries into whatsoever I may invite!

Disbelief is but one descriptor, my grief is utter
Such that when I ponder upon such, my heart does flutter!
In an instant my life was taken, by you acts, irrational;
All too oft in life are these actions consequential!

At the dawn of my journey of justice I shall find
The vindication I have sought, to ease my mind!

Maurice Harris, 30 July 2008

Maurice Harris

You Are The Tree, I Am The Wind

You are the tree, I am the wind,
You alter my course, yet you also bend;
No longer is either the same after each-
I am the wind, be my tree, I do beseech!
Ethereal, unseen-yet alterations I may make!
Magnificent, beautiful-away, my gust, you take!

Together, we are an ever-changing landscape,
Making wondrous reality out of our dreamscape!
A tree, without its wind-breathless, becalmed:
A wind, without its tree-purposeless, withdrawn!

The wind sweeps around the tree, the tree dances
More inspiring is this than all other romances!
I, the most powerful wind, you, the most beautiful tree;
Wonder do I what, as one, together, we may be!

Maurice Harris, 30 August 2009

Maurice Harris

You Do Not Have To Apologize

You do not have to apologize, I understand;
You do not have to explain your actions, I do not require one;
You do not have to go over what we had once planned,
Because we both were not ready, yet now desire one!
What we are supposed to do, is whatever you decide,
I will be with you all the way, and be there with pride
I shall, all the way-never wavering in my fidelity
Toward you, despite what has occurred-this does naught for our futurity,
But repeat our mistakes of the past, in not forgetting them!
Only when you allow the past and others to decide, are you letting them
Decide the life that you lead, and not them-it is not their's to question-
Once more Beloved, God wants you to Truly know, that this is the lesson
That He wishes to impart to both of us, as part of the same lesson, Planned-
And we must be obedient to His every Wish for us, to His every Command!

Maurice Harris

You May Never Know...

Should there have been any doubt, it is now gone;
Had there been enquiry, it is now and e'er, withdrawn!
No form or fashion of question remains to vex,
Yet, this overwhelming feeling still serves to perplex!

I know this, as surely as I do the Sun will set, and the Moon, rise-
Should I further require validation, I need only gaze into your eyes!
My heart's joyful celebration, its awe-inspiring exalt-I remain duteous;
My mind's eye hath been e'er beguiled by this vision, most beauteous!

Sikerly, this shan't fade, as then, a glory shall have been lost,
Lest, this may be causal to heart's lament, my felicity, its cost!

You may never know the beauty I do see, though
It shan't ever be due to my inability to thusly show
You and all else, what, in me you do always impart;
For you are the solitary cause of the beatitude in my heart!

Maurice Harris, 8 April 2010

Maurice Harris

You Must Be Numb To Love

Why would you allow fear to drive your happiness away?
How could you allow yourself to change, so much, in one day?
Since when has a man become defined by another?
Why would you transform, from loving partner, to vengeful Mother?

You have cause more pain than you could possibly imagine!
You have cost us both greatly, from this day on!
Lies, omissions and fantasy, have made me your pawn!
You actually became you own worst nightmare, allow it now to end!

Your false martyrdom is keeping you from what is real;
You must be numb to love, hate is all you feel!
Reality calls you now, please allow for its return-
As for my love, with work, that is something you may again, earn!

Your mind, at times, plays tricks on you-
Aid is all around you, up to you what to do!

Maurice Harris, 22 January 2008

Maurice Harris

You Shall Too

Thou shalt ne'er have cause for doubt, toward mine ardor;
Mine sentiment toward thine beautificence is not one with which I may barter:
Naught that thou shalt ever demonstrate
Shall have cause for my doubt, nor for me to hesitate
For even a mere moment, whence consideration thereof is drawn;
Herein lies verbalization of the amity that your beautificence did spawn:
What for hath God bequeathed me, with eyes,
If not to be graced with your Empyrean beauty, and realize
That if not for thee, I would have not cause to so loftily aspire-
As, I have as much cause to covet thee, as I do to respire! ? !
Your's is a beauty more rarified than any earthly jewel:
The magnificent, resplendent Angel, I have dubbed Guzel.
One day my beloved, contrariwise, you shall surely see,
As I unabashedly profess my love-you shall too-for me!

-Maurice Harris, 2 November 2010

Maurice Harris

You, You

You, you-wonderful, glorious, amazing-you;
What is a humble appreciant such as I, to do-
In the face of this ardor, so amazingly true?
I beam now e'er, clothed in this perpetual endue-
Now recast in a beautiful, resplendent light-
Which shall sustain me, until I am within thine sight!
Naught exists for this, as proper recompense,
But for the honor of your consort's pleasance;

Earthly jollity is but a pallid dream,
Whence weighed next, my soul's redeem;
A glory as this is not extant, it would seem-
But for the verity of the simper, I do now beam!

Obligation owed to Thee, for this precious gift:
The Empyrean presence, causal mine soul's uplift!

Maurice Harris

Your Answer I Await

Your mind causes wander, yet your heart begs of stay!
Your fears, perhaps overwhelming, cause you to stray!
Naught is there a nemesis worthy of love's might-
No matter concern, it shan't suffice to remove you from my sight!

Nary explication, perhaps you are not able to proffer such-
Without reason, my heart's ache is not offered much!
Do you ruminate of me I am left to wonder! ?
In wake of your absence, my heart is torn asunder! !

A promise of unity you made to me for all we face,
In it's stead, I am left without you, not beholden your grace!
Are you now more blithe, without report with me?
If this you do affirm, must you then declare dischord with me!

Your answer I await, I provide you now time for thought-
I believe in your heart's devotion, so too what to be, ought! !

Maurice Harris, 18 November 2008

Maurice Harris

Your Discourse Goes To My Heart

Your discourse goes to my heart
Where it then resides with permanence-
Has it been such from our very start,
Naught is there to rival your ascendance!

Nary could explicate more eloquently but to say this:
Consummation lives with you, as your essence-
Ne'er shall I allow myself to bear witness
To it's want for flourish, nor it's evanescence!

Your visage, unrivaled by even those most fabled:
It comforts me as I sleep and inspires me whilst awake-
Provides it does for my inner strength, courage it has abled-
Joyfully pursy, as away, my breath it does take!

My life, fortuitous beyond measure of mere word:
Expound hardly may I the wondrous emotions you have stirred!

Maurice Harris, 5 November 2008

Maurice Harris

Your Felicitous 'Forever'

My beloved, harken, as I set about to proffer evidence
To you, of all we shall become, so as to allay suspense;
Our destiny hath been written-its recital, a beauteous symphony,
The sounds, far too melodious for refrain, other-my heart's euphony!

Your wants and needs, shall be mine own vocation;
My solitary duty: to provide for your soul's elation-
Too long have I searched, my pursuit of love, ethereal-
Many attempts, valiant, have I made, though-failure, serial!
Reason due, my chivalrous ignore of needs, my own-
Until, I agnised fully, my heart was only ever on loan-
For, it belonged to you, though, in form unknown-
In days since last we met again, this truth hath shone!

As long as I may be able, no wants, nor needs should you lack;
Whence my heart should need retreat, ne'er have I looked back!

As a steward of mine own heart, I shall protect and covet thine;
No longer is there a difference-once two, now one, intertwined!

I want for words to provide for you, acceptance, proper
Of all the love my captivated heart doth, to you, offer!
The most simple of gestures, from you, means so very much:
From a simple 'hello' I may then feel the comfort of your 'touch'!
My want, for you, is the same, reversed, of course-
That you may feel my amorous wonderment, in full force;
My lexical lacking sees me saddened, I want e'er, for explication
To properly expound my soul's awakening, my heart's jubilation!

Ne'er shall there suffice enough to make comely quittance-
All shall e'er seem, belying its own import, a pittance;
Alas, my beloved, still I shall always endeavor
To recompense, and allow for your felicitous 'forever'!

Maurice Harris, 3 December 2009

Maurice Harris

Your Heart Could Never Conceive

Do you ever look in the mirror and see your shame?
Do you stop ever assessing it, and take the blame?
Do you ever take responsibility for the acts you have taken-
For the falsity created, or the love you've forsaken?

You tried, in vane, to create a monster out of me,
Alas, the monster created, is in the mirror and you now see!
Shame and remorse should be your daily companion,
I am sure, if you're honest, you share my opinion!

Leave the monster, both real and false, behind-
Cast all fear aside, from your heart and mind!
Your mind told you not to believe
What your heart could never conceive!

The battle waged: truth versus deceit;
Truth hails victorious-fear and lies lay in defeat!

Maurice Harris, 5 March 2008

Maurice Harris

Your Heart-Felt Apology

I may not help that you and I share a last name-
Still, that I have loathed you is a source of much shame;
Our tenuous connection makes me no more to blame
Than any other, yet, I feel so, still the same.

My self-imposed guilt, though without ration or reason,
Has served as my own fragile heart's treason.

From beyond the grave, you have thieved-
For what you stole, many nights I have grieved-
And grieve still I shall, for as long as I may live;
Whence I am able, I shall offer all I may give,
So as to recompense for what you have done-
Your deeds I shan't forget, but my forgiveness you have won.
You are my Father, I am your Son-
I will be your heart-felt apology, as you offered none!

-Maurice Harris, 27 December 2010

Maurice Harris

Your Loss Is Not Forgotten

</></>It was as though I were 4-years-old again,
Looking at myself in the mirror, when
I realized I held a photograph in my hand
Of a miniature, feminine version of me.
I will admit I was overcome with emotion, and
Cried for 10-15 minutes-almost uncontrollably
You grow more every day, though out of my sight!
And it never ceases to amaze me, and never will,
How you and your Sister are the two things I got right!
Though I have longed for their sight, and do still-
This is not a loss that may be allayed in any way,
But a profound tragedy, that must be righted;
Your loss is not forgotten, on this or any day,
And indeed shall not be, until your visage is once again sighted!

-Maurice Harris, 19 August 2011

Maurice Harris

Your Mind Pushes Me Away, Your Heart Aches

Your mind pushes me away, your heart aches;
I assure you of our truth, whilst my heart breaks;
You are so afeared, that your fear became your reality-
Yet, there is but one way to rid yourself of this duality-
One day at a time, step closer in OUR direction,
Where I shall be already, to offer the protection
Of my love, strength and other-wordly faith,
In the love that we fashioned, through the miles, from a wraith;
Beloved, though we speak not, I call out to you,
And tell you that is ok to be brave-I am not saying what to do,
But merely I proffer salient advice knowing the truth of YOUR dreams-
I do this not for my own gain, nor for anything but what seems
Now to be surreal, where I know the opposite is true;
Love is truth, truth is love; fear is deceit, and deceit led you
To temporarily push away what you have dreamt for all your life,
Fear is your enemy, not I-fear caused this chasm, this strife!
I did not push you too fast, yet for same
I now am accused, and falsely take blame;
You did not use me to get over anyone,
Nor did you deceive just me, yet bludgeon
Only me, with anger over fear-I am NOT the enemy
I am the love that you have held guard over-it is in me
And not else lives there-not animus, nor do I possess baggage
From my past-holding on to the past has caused enough damage;
I would lovingly advise that you do the same, both as it relates to you and to me,

And finally accept the love that we two share, to be
The only 'reality' that you keep in your heart and mind-
Leave the past just where it belongs-behind
Us, both in time and as lessons learned-
It is what you deserve, and I know I have earned;
Become what you have always wanted to become,
At your own pace, but do not allow irritation to be so cumbersome
As to alter what you know as real,
The truth of your heart, what you you truly feel!

Maurice Harris

Your Own Fate

What if you did all that you wanted;
If your hopes and dreams were flaunted,
For all the world to see and applaud! ?
Why not give yourself, instead of others, the nod-
To live your own life, unaffected by others' views! ?
Why not allow your life to be what you would choose,
Without regard for what the uninformed opine! ?
Why not live your life as I live mine:
For, by, and of myself-without prejudice,
Bias, or hate-my heart is for all, commodious.
My dreams are mine for a reason:
I do not seek and find, then alter like a season,
Because others need to assert their ignorance,
All the while under the guise of guidance
And protection-as if you could not possibly know
What is best for you-like this interference could possibly show
The altruism that they so ardently profess!
This decision, made under the throngs of duress,
Is not what is best for you, it is what is easiest for them.
Only when both your and their wants are ibidem,
Should you make a decision, of which others approve.
Though, it is not too late to rethink your stance, before you've
Lost a great and powerful feeling from your sight,
Locked away forever-as though an unending night
Of purgatory, where your afeared heart made a decision
It can never stand to live with-where the derision
Of the moment becomes more and more permanent.
All you need do is look in your heart to know where it went-
There resides the answer, as it has all the while:
Your heart is never prone to your mind's beguile!
Now that time has wend your way
And you are no longer subject to the sway
Of irrationality or the phantom of false fear,
All the answers in your heart should make quite clear,
That a glory need not die, nor does a dream need be gone-
Allow the spectre of the past to fade and a future to dawn,
Where you are no longer conflicted between this ardor
And attempts to please everyone-never again barter
With your heart, it is a losing proposition!

We both know the heights of your life's ambition:
To live the life, of which you have always aspired,
With the one person that you always admired
Fervently, and with strength that neither time nor
Distance may alter-you know that you are prime for
This moment and for this life, all you must do
Is disavow its impedance, and trust you,
And you alone, are the master of your own fate-
Do this now my beloved, before it is too late!

Maurice Harris

Your Tender Touch

This vision hath blessed my every solitary dream;
A wraith? Perchance? No-yet, real it still did seem!

Why then? Its purpose did elude, until again, there was you-
Then, it all made sense-the why, the how, and surely, the cause, too!
Sikerly, it was God Himself, speaking with me as I'd somniate,
His purposeful pensum-for which, mine life, whole, I did await;

This duty, mine only, e'er, shan't be undertaken lightly,
Nor too, shall I doubt His omniscient perspicacity, rightly!
Proffered once, but for to glimpse that which awaited;
Now again offered-in its embrace, I have not hesitated-

For I have not but a choice, it is my heart's benediction-
It is my invitation to utter exult, my mundanity's valediction!
Ne'er before hath His grace tendered so very much-
The mere thought of the imminence of your tender touch!

Maurice Harris,4 December 2009

Maurice Harris

Your Voice

Your voice, as if Angels ariose-a melodious tune:
What I would not do still to have that back soon!
Your eyes, as if diamonds, the most brilliant shade of blue:
Clearly allowance is made to descry to the heart of you!

Your smile, as if a white snow-blindingly brilliant:
Ubiquitous and beguiling-unwavering and resilient!
Your heart, as if a vessel of unending emotion:
Surely it should feel my steadfast devotion!

Your spirit, as if born were you to bless
All other with your beauty and kindness!
Your mind, as if an infinite repository:
Alas, there is held the sharing of our glory!

Love thee do I, for these and myriad reasons,
Shall I ever more, with the passing of the seasons!

Maurice Harris, 25 October 2008

Maurice Harris

Your Words Cut, Whilst Your Heart Bleeds

I have seen signs-they seem to be everywhere;
'What do they mean? ', I wonder-should I even care! ?
There remains a mystery in their appearance-
They seemingly belie a contrary avowance:
Is this a way to speak without word! ?
Should I ignore all that I have 'heard'?
Actions speak the volume that words cannot,
Actions 'say' what your muffled lips, ought.
Your actions give rise to my amorous allusions.
Certain facts are wholly incontrovertible,
Which give rise to certain conclusions
Which are inherent and inescapable:
Your words belie your wants and needs,
Your words cut, whilst your heart bleeds!

-Maurice Harris, 1 August 2012

Maurice Harris