

Poetry Series

Rhonda Davis
- poems -

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Rhonda Davis(07311956)

Welcome to my world! The poems and tales are about my life and things that have occurred in it. I truly believe that everyone we meet and have contact with is a part of our lives as we travel upon this journey. Yes even now you have become a part of my life and you take away with you a small portion of who I am. Have patience with those you touch and remember that it is you that they take with them.

My book 'The Bending Of A Ragingheart' is a continuous work and will be revised and updated.

A New World Awaits

Come with me and let me show you a new creation.

To hold you and feel the warmth of your skin against my breast as we move forever into our own time.

Come with me and find the depths of the canyons.

To taste the sweetness of your lips with all the passion of the earth would be more than anyone could hold.

Come with me and explore the very edges of time.

To blend into you would be the ending of all seasons.

Come with me and hear the movements of the angels' wings.

To explore your body and feel each grain of your skin beneath my hand would take a lifetime.

Come to me and let me explore this new world with you.

RAGINGHEART

Rhonda Davis

Afraid To Be Me

Afraid to be free to love with an open heart the one that fills my thoughts.
Afraid to lay my fearful soul down upon the chopping block that you pledge is
safe and free of blood.
This is no reason for this fear.
But I have felt the pain before.
I don't want to feel that empty again.
You say that you love me but then I see the doubt in your eyes.
You promised that you would never hurt me.
When the time came to stand strong you faltered and fell like a wet cookie in the
rain.
How am I to trust you now?
You come to me and say the same again.
Promising that you will never hurt me.
Will you falter again when society tries to come between because they don't see
the love?
I want to believe your words but my heart has crawled behind that wall and is
braced like a dog going to the vet.
I don't know if I can dig out from behind this shield again.
It took so much the first time.
You promised that you would never hurt me.
Ragingheart-1997

Rhonda Davis

Be My Lover On The Side

I want you to be my lover.
Not my partner but my lover.
That person I meet on the side.
The one who is secret and no one else knows even when others are around.
I need to touch your sweet creamy body and feel my hands go down into your depths.
I want you to be my lover.
I want to know how it feels to kiss those tender lips.
Oh I know about playing with fire but I want to feel yours.
I want to feel your body's heat ignite under my caress so gentle.
I want to feel my heat rise as you touch me.
I want you to be my lover and not my partner.
I want to meet you on the side.
We can find a time and we can find a place.
There are enough opportunities for this to come.
I want you to be my lover and not my partner.
I want to meet you on the side.

Rhonda Davis

Be My Lover On The Side Revised

I want you to be my lover.

Not my partner but my lover.

The one who is secret and no one else knows even when others are around.

I need to touch your sweet creamy body and feel my hands go down into your depths where the furnace is smoldering.

To know how it feels to kiss those tender lips and taste the nectar of your honey wine.

Oh I know about playing with fire but I want to feel yours.

I want to feel your body's heat ignite under my caress so gentle as I feel my own inferno rise as you touch me.

We can find a time and we can find a place.

There are enough opportunities for this to come.

I want you to be my lover and not my partner.

I want to meet you on the side.

Rhonda Davis

Carry A Cross?

Would you be strong enough to take up a cross and carry it knowing that you were going to be hanged upon it?

Could you stand to feel the roughness of the wood bearing down into your skin until surface is torn and the fluid of life weeps onto the ground?

Could you climb up the hill of Calvary in the morning, chilled to the marrow?

Would you able to follow him to the place where good and evil entwines?

Could you follow him to where light and dark became one and the heavens roared out in agony?

Could you arise from death and return as an angel's song?

0397

Rhonda Davis

Decide For Me!

God, please take these feelings away.
I know that they have been there all my life.
I have been able to close the door on them
in the past.
And now, here they are pushing
to get out and take control.
I am screaming in my head to shove them away and to
slam the door shut.
God please reach down and lend a shoulder and
bar the passageway.
Against or with the grain give me the courage to face the day
and live the life
which you have chosen for me.
Close the door or show the path and let me live again.
Ragingheart0297

Rhonda Davis

Do You Realize?

You do not seem to know what you do to me.

Do you understand just far over the edge you push me and then grab me back?

Do you realize the senses that you fulfill with each movement and breath you take?

Can you begin to know just how very sensual you really are?

You move like silk beneath me.

Caressing Movements that match and blend with each rising of you to me.

My heart explodes with love and desire for you even when I look at you across a room packed with people.

Do you realize just how much I adore you?

Do you know that I will never take this precious gift for granted?

Have I said that I love you today and forever?

Ragingheart-021704

Rhonda Davis

Do You Want?

Do you want me?

Do you want to kiss my yearning lips?

Do you want to undress me ever so slowly or rip off my clothes?

Do you want to feel my skin beneath your hand moving so slowly and gently?

Do you want to explore my body and feel the heat of my fire?

Do you want to make love for hours until we both fall into the lovers' sleep?

Do you want to awake beside me and start all over again?

Do you want to tell me?

Then do.

Ragingheart-041204

Rhonda Davis

Don'T Go!

Please don't leave and shut the door.

The door that closes out the light and allow the darkness to enter in.

It steals the warmth out of the room.

Slowing crossing the floor engulfing and devouring everything in it's path.

Nothing is left except the black hole of emptiness.

Screaming with the hollow sounds of loneliness.

Cold wind blows across the soul.

Robbing the energy of life like a thief in the night.

Please leave the door open even just a bit where the light can guard against the dark.

Ragingheart1997

Rhonda Davis

Don'T! !

I chose to shut the door long ago.

Do not open it.

Do not pull in the rusted handle.

Do not unlock the bolt.

The heavy wooden door is the passageway back to feelings from another life.

It is a hall that I do not want to travel down again.

The demons that rest there are shackled to the floor.

That is where they need to stay.

To face them again would be the end of my world.

They would take over my mind and leave me chained inside.

All my treasures would be stolen in the night.

So, please go away and leave it closed.

Please go away and leave my heart alone.

Ragingheart-1992

Rhonda Davis

Escape

A quiet place to escape from this loud and deafening world of madness.

A quiet place to carry with me everywhere I go.

A refuge of peace and stillness to get away and be silent.

A place where happiness and love surround and engulfs me.

A place within my soul.

Rhonda Davis

Finally

To be able to know that finally I have someone who will stand
by my side and give as much as I would is the best feeling in the world.
When I hold your hand I can feel the power of the universe in one place.
When I feel your gentle sweet caresses I know whatever life brings I can
withstand the gale.

Your love is so very precious to me.

To finally know that you are standing beside me brings me more peace than any
song or prayer can.

Know that I love you with all my heart and soul. I will always stand beside you.

I have made a vow to never leave you.

It is a vow that I shall never break.

ragingheart-032698

Rhonda Davis

Fire's Delight

The fire burns with the heat of a single warm coal.
It lies against the others, but only gives the warmth that it can.
Against the fire's glowing inferno burning brighter and brighter as the ashes are
burnt off from the fuel of the heat.
Transference of energy first cold then moving into heat the swell of the fury once
more.
The water of the core is released, as the fire grows higher.
Vapor and steam fills the surrounding air creating an envelope of protection.
As the night moves into the day fading dark to light and light to dark once again
the fire's tempest is spent.
The coals glowing with dim redness with the delight of exhaustion.
Waiting to be rebuilt.

ragingheart

Rhonda Davis

Forbidden Love

What is this beast that has entered into my mind.
This growing scourge that haunts me like an animal at each waking moment of
the day.
Alas. Sleep has been no better form of escape.
For then I am left to run freely without restraint.
The tenderness of your touch draws into this living hell.
The flame of desire burns bright every time I see you.
This cannot be. But I cannot escape the torment of your thought.
I see your face wherever I go.
I want to run and tell you of my love for you but I am stopped.
Barred forever.
Left standing behind that charade of calmness playing the scene of
indifference.
With this hated beast laughing in my face.

Ragingheart

Rhonda Davis

Friendship

What is a friend?

Is it another human being that would stand behind you no matter what?

Would they be willing to walk into battle with you should to shoulder?

Do they exist?

What do they look like?

It has been said that no man is an island.

That's a lie.

Friendship is so rare. It can be so hard to care.

Day to day.

Year to year.

Each one separate.

Take time to hear.

Cherish the place called home.

Reach out with empty hands and come!

Ragingheart

Rhonda Davis

Guardian Angels

There is a light beyond the tunnel's end.
I have shimmered in its brilliant beams.
All around glowed in gold as careless joy swept into my soul.
Met in time by another glowing figure.
Cradled in arms, giant and tender.
Gleaming from head to toe.
No pain, nothing but a yearning to follow this light so bright.
Whisked away across the lands, backward into the night.
A voice gently and large exclaimed: You must go back and finish what is at hand!

Awakened again to the world shivering in the cold light with the image of a
guardian angel's face engraved into my brain.
I know they are waiting, guarding, and standing steady
until the chore of life is done and I am ready.

Rhonda Davis

Here I Am Again!

Here I am again!

I just love being in my little room.

(Wish I had a blanket.)

I am safe here and no one can get to me.

(It is too small for anyone else to get into.)

Here there is quiet.

(The cold shoulder is at the door.)

So I just snuggle down the best I can.

(Might as well I am going to be here for a while.)

And turn off the light.

(What light? I am already in the dark!)

And wait until I can leave the doghouse again.

012204

Rhonda Davis

Hidden Wolves

There are wolves everywhere in the civilized world.
Hiding in the shadows, waiting for a victim to across their paths.
Sheep blindly drawn into the liar, unaware of the sharp nasty yellow teeth
waiting to capture and kill, stained by the blood of the trusting and innocent.
They go to church, share your table, shop with you in the market.
They bare their young and teach them to hunt for the good of the pack.
Like a vampire who silently attacks in the cloak of night they stalk the fool and
pounce before any counter attack can be made.
Quick and deadly is the kill, the prey left exposed and bleeding.
Look into the eyes around you, see them lurking.
Deceit gleams in the iris of the beckoning eyes hidden by the soft pupil luring the
unsuspecting prey into the circle of the circle of trust.
The howl sings out with the soulful song of love and brotherhood hiding the true
hatred.
Tongues that drip and drool with the saliva of the foolish.
Be aware and take care as you travel about your day. They are there living
among you waiting to snatch you by the throat.

Ragingheart1998

Rhonda Davis

How Can You Judge?

Here I stand with my hat in my hand looking like a proverbial fool again.
Egg dripping from my face runs down on this jester's vest of shame.
The hidden wound bleeds internally for I would never let you see the hurt.
It would be to great a sacrifice for you to see the being inside.
You took away my blood of life, the small enjoyment that I have.
How can you stand there going against the world and expect me to conform?
Am I that different from you?
Like the lady says*: 'Cut me, and I'll bleed the same blood'.
Where do you get off telling anyone else what to do?
You have never followed a rule in your life!
And here is that damn rulebook again slammed into my face by those who write
their own!
Well, my dear you can burn that damn thing now and get it out of my face! ! !
Ragingheart1998
*(Melissa Etheridge 'Your little secret'1996) .

Rhonda Davis

I Know You Are There

I can't see you, but I know you are there.

Silently standing and watching keeping harm away from me.

Life must intercede, but guidance of a life span you freely offer.

Patiently standing in the shadows waiting for a time to be needed.

I feel you in the early morning light.

I can hear the song that is being sung in the wind.

I can see the love and gentleness that you bring in the movement of the swaying tree.

Always there.

Always watching.

Waiting for me to go home again.

RAGINGHEART-2001

Rhonda Davis

I Need To Disappear

I wish that I could just simply disappear and go away.
I want to run from here as fast and far away as I can.
I need to leave here and leave everyone behind me.
I need to vanish like to wind and not return.
Stage my death and go forever before I ruin your life too.
I do not why I do the things that I do.
They are not meant to hurt.
They are just simple spur of the moment and not meant to cause you pain.
I did not mean to make you feel like you were less.
I did not mean to make you like you were not the best.
You are the one with my heart clamped tight in your fist and that is where I want
it to stay.
I am there within your grasp because that is where I chose to be.
I could leave anytime but I chose not too.
This place in your arms is where I belong and need to be.

Ragingheart062006

Rhonda Davis

If You Met Me On The Street

The spirit above has said: "Love thy neighbor as thyself".

What is so hard about this?

I do not understand.

You hatred of me confuses me for I have done nothing wrong.

You would not know me if we passed on the street.

You would come into my home and think what a lovely place.

Cats and dogs that live in peace sleeping curled up beside each other.

Boys and girls who come and go in a home with love only to move on with life confident and free.

A normal household not any different from the house you reside in.

Yet it is because here all are truly accepted.

The food is warm and the taxes are paid.

The jobs and responsibilities are done each day to meet our needs.

The spirit above lights our way.

But yet you someone that would not know me if we passed on the street, hates my life and home and love.

You commend and hate a love so true and faithful to only one and no other on earth saying that they will ruin the holy state of marriage.

The marriage contract a written legal contract to be judged by human kind.

What God has brought together let no man put a sunder.

The spirit above tells me I have to forgive you so I do.

Pity grows in my heart for you.

Ah, yes you who judge and grow in hate I ask for your forgiveness from the spirit above.

The one who loves us all no matter who we are.

021304-Ragingheart

Rhonda Davis

Little Baby Jane

Baby Jane was found cold and dead in a dumpster.
She touched the heart and shocked our souls.
Leaving the conscience of a community to ponder and question why.
Little baby girl cast to the side; did your mother practice genocide?
Would you have lived with another gender?
A female child tossed away with the trash.
Does it make you want to cry?
What life would she have lived given the chance?
What impact would she have made upon the world?
Does it strike the marrow with a lance?
What price was the life of this small waif?
How can we make a place for these tiny tots safe?
Frail little thing left in a dumpster, was your mother a monster?
Or just another scared child left alone in society's dumpster to die?

Ragingheart 041897

Rhonda Davis

Matthew's Song

Sleep my little one.
Close your eyes.
Nighttime is here, and the day is done.
Clouds move away to open the heaven's doors.
As angels smile down on you.
Sleep my little once close your eyes.
Moonbeams dance across the sky.
Lighting your path to the Milky Way.
Drift away upon a sea of stars.
Sleep my little one.
Close your eyes.
Morning waits to guide in your heart.
Daylight smiles to grace your life.
Sleep.
My little one.
Close your eyes.

Ragingheart

Rhonda Davis

Memories Of A Loved One

It's been years the memory is still clear.
Impressions of a face remain.
Freshness of youth intact, unspoiled.
Perfume of roses and wild flowers newly cut still briefly lingers in the air.
The wound remains open, unhealed, bleeds with pain each time the mind passes
over you.
An empty grave's famish is ended.
Heaven's gate opened once again to received the blessed.
Courage reigns as faith smoothes a rugged road.
The circle of the soul is once again completed.

Ragingheart 1980

Rhonda Davis

Moving On!

I will survive this time in my life.

I will stand strong for what I believe in.

I will go against the grain if I need to.

I will leave my past behind to be who I am.

I will stand up for my rights and myself for the first time in my life.

I will understand that my children are children and can make mistakes.

I will just be me.

I will stop wanting and trying to love those people who don't love me back.

I will leave them far behind me and start anew.

I will be not afraid of the future it is here before we turn around.

People who cannot see out of the box will not intimidate me.

I will not miss today looking for tomorrow,

I will take all that I can from today and prepare for tomorrow.

Ragingheart

Rhonda Davis

Step Inside

If you could step inside my soul would you be able to leave again?
Can one molecule pass through the membrane and diffuse out the wall?
If the energy exchange is there can you leave whole as one again?
What transformation will occur?
Is a new form born between the walls in a universal space?
How large of an area is required for the division to take place?
Or will the cell be reluctant to release the prey?

Ragingheart-1098

Rhonda Davis

T.V. Crusing

While channel surfing the air waves,
I came upon a show so intense that I laughed.
A rather wealthy and well-fed man,
Was asking for money for God.
I watched in awe as he cursed a nation.
I watched in shock at the hate of his spirit.
Did God really hate those who were different?
Had he misread the book he grasped so tightly?
I have read the same book many times.
Only read to treat others with kindness just as I would wish to be treated.
Thank God the surfing mode was not broken.
I prayed for this wretched person and asked God to bless this busy man, who
was speaking of the impurities of others.
And decided to watch Cartoons instead.

ragingheart

Rhonda Davis

Take My Hand

We are all children, you and I.
We have come along way on very short roads.
The bumps are many and the smooth roads few.
Each twist and turn in the path lead to longer roads.
Take my hand.
Sometimes I'll fall apart, give me your heart.
My love will call. Friendship travels from hill and dale.
Growing stronger everyday.
Fear and calm line the path.
God is the guide.
Life is the gate.

Ragingheart

Rhonda Davis

Teddy Bears And Lions

Remember that special childhood toy?

Where is it now?

Remember how safely guarded you were from the dark monsters that lived under your bed?

Comfort that was given freely each time tears wet your face.

The it brought when no one else could.

That certain smell, and how it felt deeply snuggled into your arms.

The silent vigil it has kept all these years on all your secrets and dreams.

All the world's security placed upon the shoulders of one very wonderful friend.

An everlasting companion we cast aside.

Left, tucked away in a corner as a childhood fled into our memories.

The key to our past.

The gateway to unlock the passageway to the child inside.

Rhonda Davis

Tell Me

The day eases in and out so quietly.

Time passes and never a moment goes away
that I do not think about you.

Your ghost and essence are always playing
and singing in the back of my mind.

I hear a song and you immediately are there.

My wanting draws me to you from miles away.

I feel a breeze and I am gone looking for you.

Wondering where are you? What you are doing?

Who are you with?

What are you wearing?

Is it the shirt that drove me crazy one late summer night?

The pale orange one with the cut and tie opening
and bearing the outline of you breast so clearly

I could not keep from looking?

I see you drive by and immediately I want to turn
and follow you just to see that you are doing well.

Do you ever think of me in this way?

I long to run to you and tell of this crazy love for you.

To say this aloud would hurt

too many so I hold this silence that I keep tucked
way down deep to my toes.

A path that crossed a little to late.

Each with different lives similar but never to entwine.

So, I drown in my thoughts, wants and burning desire
to hold you in my arms

and kiss you ever so gently and passionately.

To touch your smooth creamy skin would burn my soul.

All would be lost forever,

in the night with love's fire burning.

A lost traveler in the threads of love and life.

Strands so fragile but yet so intense,
they can sew a broken heart or rip into the soul.

So I wait for you to come to me

and tell that you love me too,

so I can stop this endless dreaming and
come to this moment in time.

ragingheart-04082004

The Accident

I think about the moment you died.

They told us it was painless, that you could not have felt the impact.

But I know better, and I wish I did not.

I can imagine the fear you felt rising as you saw the oncoming headlights glaring brighter and brighter until all sight was a single blinding light.

I can you ears screaming with the loud screeching of rubber tires tearing through the pavement and the cracking of breaking glass.

I can feel the horrific pain you had to have felt as your head smashed into the windshield.

the sound of the last thud as both vehicles landed together.

The smell of burning oil and stale steam.

Waiting in the early morning light and far in the distance a siren wails. Waiting for help to come, praying they hurry as thoughts of your brief life become further and further away.

Feeling of movement and being bounced and carried then shoved into a small noisy brightly lit space, feeling the swaying, and the smell of strange medicinal odors.

Distant sounding voices slowly fading and then another voice calls out sweetly and relaxing telling to not be afraid.

Waiting in the dark being pulled between two calling pleading voices.

one to come,

and one to fight and stay.

Then quite, abyss of unknown depths where life crosses over to death.

Ragingheart1980

Rhonda Davis

The Journey

Off upon my journey I must go.
To where this road will lead may never be known.
This dance of life can end at any time.
The music is always playing lightly in the background.
The band plays on without the conductor.
The notes walk along the staff's road up and down continuously.
The melody plays without the score.
A score never finished a never-ending tune.
Played into the wind and then returning to the composer to only act as a map
upon this earth.
Ragingheart 0497

Rhonda Davis

The Passion Of Life

One taste of the sweet nectar of passion and like an alcoholic the need to drink will once again overwhelm all reality.

To taste the sweetness of life upon the tongue, swishing gently around the mouth like fine wine.

The aroma and fullness like a kiss placed fresh upon a virgin's lips.

The burning deep within the body as it hits the core like a furnace stoked high in winter,

releasing water droplets dripping to cool the inferno.

Fire's heat that swelters through forming pools as rising steam as the sweat of skin on skin builds and drips.

A heart of fire burns with raging rapids thrown into the pool of human need.

Drenched in the waterfall's depths until the lungs need to fill with the lingering mist left from the fire.

Passion smolders in the essence of the kiss, until the need to drink comes again.

1998-ragingheart

Rhonda Davis

The Resturant

I saw you the other night sitting in a restaurant.
You looked up, smiled that full-face smile and said hello.
I thought I was over you. But my heart went crazy.
I thought I had driven the wanting out.
That smile, dancing in the light shinning like a beacon drives me into a world
beyond compare.
I again want to search all the boundaries and know what you need and what
makes you happy.
I long to become a part of your world and melt into your day.
This desire and wanting cannot be smothered out.
No matter where I go you are always there and I find myself looking for a
glimpse of you wondering what the day has given you.
To think that I am blocked out and forever held at distant is killing me.
So I sit here and hope for the day to just give me that warming smile so I can
live.
I know that that's all it will ever be but I cannot stop loving you here in this
raging heart of mine.

Rhonda Davis

There Is A Demon

You don't know me.
You think you do, but you have never seen the real me.
I am not a person you would want to take home.
If you knew what was really in my heart you would run and never look back.
There is a demon lurking behind these eyes.
A heart of stone lives within.
I can walk away and never look back.
I can leave everything here and start a new life that you would not recognize.
Remorse is not a part of my make up.
Lethal I could be.
I watch you move like a lamb in the meadow waiting to be attacked.
It makes me drool with lust.
Cross me and I can rip out your soul with one look.
So you think you know.
Think again!

Ragingheart

Rhonda Davis

Upon Your 18th Birthday

You made it!

You reached the goal!

Finally the day has come, and all those years of wanting and waiting have come to pass.

Here you stand full measure against the world.

No more do you have to obey or listen. No more do you have to answer to anyone but yourself.

The day for reckoning has come and gone.

The new era has started and a new life begun.

The path you choose be smooth and easy or rocky and hard it is yours to own.

No longer tied to Mom or Dad you are now an adult.

Your backpack ready to be filled with new places and people.

May it always to be light upon your back never filled with heavy rocks of burdens.

The tools to live and prosper by have been given to you lovingly through these years.

The door is open just walk through to enter your new world and be the person you wish to be.

Blessing and well wishes go with you.

A mother's love and prayers will always follow. I know that there will be times of heartbreak but also times of love and joy. But each will make up your adult life and hopefully bring you peace at the end.

Ragingheart 062304-Jeffrey Allen Porter

Rhonda Davis

Where Do Fairies Live?

Thistle fairies exist.
Do you know where?
Brightly shining glimpses of light barely seen.
Look into a child's eyes.
You can see their home.

Rhonda Davis

Where Is Your Soul?

Do you know where your soul is?

Does it shine among the stars at night?

Is it lost in the sun's bright light?

The individual stars glow in the peace of the night against the blackness of infinity.

Each glow of hope lighting it's own path in the void of the universe.

Beacons of life pasted and woven into a pattern telling the story of lives gone before.

Where is your soul?

Guiding the way brightly glowing in the universal depths or shouting in vain hidden against the day.

Ragingheart-1998

Rhonda Davis

Why Do You Treat Me The Way You Do? ? ?

You say we are friends and that is fine.

But then you treat me like a leper and I do not understand.

I have known you now for almost ten years and still you are a puzzle to me.

One day you smile and bring me into your circle and if I come close to walking in you move the edge.

I cannot tell if I have done something to offend you or if you are scared that your world will change.

This hot and cold is driving me crazy.

You ask me questions and if I respond you do not answer.

This a friendship of one-sided need?

I have supported you in your quest to sing to the world.

But have you ever supported mine?

I thought that is what friends do?

I have invited you and yours into my home and opened my heart to you, but have you ever done the same.

Friendship is not a convenient relationship to be had if it suits your goals alone.

So I think I must leave this so called friend in the dark before I break my heart in two.

Ragingheart031204

Rhonda Davis

You Know

You know what you do to me every time I see you.
You know how my heart aches to tell you that I love you.
You smile, and I am immediately drawn into your power again.
Oh, you know exactly what you do to me.
There is no way within this time and space that you could not know.
That day that we met and sat outside, the way you smiled and looked into my eyes. Sent me over an edge that I am still falling down.
The way you smiled and gleamed with delight when I came in view.
I knew that you shared the same dreams that have haunting me for years.
To take you into my arms and hold you near.
To smell the wonder of your skin and feel its softness below my hand.
To kiss those sweet lips that calls to me every time you are near.
To show you love that you have never known.
To return your passion with same the intensity that it is sent.
Yes I feel and see that you share my dreams, and desire for you.
Enter into this heart, a waiting place for only you and fill this void that life still withholds.

Ragingheart

Rhonda Davis