

Poetry Series

Shelly Price
- poems -

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Shelly Price(7/12/1964)

'Never be afraid to feel love...be more afraid not to'.

-Shelly Price

My poetry is written about the most exquisite emotion known to mankind...LOVE.

My poems represent the turbulent and often overwhelming feelings and emotions that I have experienced while in love. I have written about many colossal emotions...passion, lust, pain, joy, ecstasy, betrayal, anger...all centered around being in love or being heart broken because of love. I offer my poetry to you so that you may feel some of what I have felt...in LOVE.

May each of you find your true love in life...never stop looking for it until you do.

A Single Tear

Shadows dance on the walls as I lay next to you,
I'm hypnotized by your breathing as you sleep.
I feel an overwhelming sense of peace within me,
which has caused a single tear to roll onto my cheek.

This tear has fallen, fallen for all the yesterday's,
for all the pain I've caused and for all the sorrow.
A single tear has fallen to wash away all my wrongs,
to make way for love in our life together tomorrow.

To be afraid of our love is to fear life itself,
for without love what true meaning does life have?
Life is about the sharing of ones self with another,
and reaching for all of the gusto we each can grab.

We each bare our own set of love's battle scars,
we've allowed our pain to block us from what's real.
Wounds will heal when we begin to trust in love,
and can acknowledge what we both continue to feel.

I dream of the day we both finally can surrender,
and be freed from the painful bondage of our past.
A day when the storms within us are quiet and still,
allowing us to embrace our love, meant to last.

Shelly Price

A Wave

Sweeping down like a cold winter's storm,
your smile caught me unaware.
Like a great wave it cast me high upon its crest
to ride joyously, yet uncertainly,
towards a distant shore.

Bright sun shone high overhead casting no shadows,
and like a giddy child, I laughed long and hard
from deep inside.
Laughter heard easily over the roaring surf.

Letting go, I closed my eyes to hear the sea
and feel the sun.
As the rolling surf caressed me gently,
the curling waves carried me from the safety
of shallow water.

The point of no return had long since past.
No longer could I control my fate within the wave.
Opening my eyes at last, I saw the shore so near
and could only thank the vibrant force that had
allowed such joy.

Too soon the wave returned to the sea to begin again,
leaving me alone yet peaceful on the shore.
Unafraid to taste the salt and feel the sun on my face.
Unafraid to look at the mirror image the sea
cast back at me.
Unafraid to embrace the future.

Shelly Price

A Wish Upon A Star

Once upon a shining star,
I made a wish and it came true.
I wished for someone for me to love,
and then I was loving you.

You quickly became my everything,
my hopes my desires and my dreams.
Though we had our share of problems,
they were never as bad as they seemed.

But apparently they were bad enough,
you decided to part and go your own way.
Life for me has been an empty void,
since I couldn't convince you to stay.

In all my life I have seen so much,
I never imagined there could be more.
But trying to face each day without you,
is the toughest thing I've had to endure.

The saddest part about you being gone,
is that I no longer have my trusted friend.
I guess I always thought you would stay,
and we'd be together until the end.

So today I'm searching for another star,
one that I can wish upon once more.
I'll wish for you to come back to me,
to be the lover and friend I so adore.

2004

Shelly Price

Addicted To...

I'm consumed and I'm addicted,
today you're my drug of choice.
My lips, they crave your kisses,
and my ears, they crave your voice.

My body yearns for your touch,
my addiction grows harder to hide.
Please don't make me suffer today,
please let me feel you deep inside.

I've tried to stay away from you,
just to prove that it could be done.
But each attempt I'm afraid I've failed,
my addiction took over and won.

Restless and irritable without you,
I'm lonely as I lie in my bed.
When, I wonder will I get some relief,
from the corruption that fills my head.

I crave the softness of your lips,
planted feverishly upon mine.
Feed my addiction with just one kiss,
and satisfy me one more time.

Enable me to feel whole today,
I just need to know you are near.
I can't stop wanting you...or needing you,
I just can't stop loving you...I fear.

Why did our paths intersect I wonder,
from two opposite sides we crossed.
We spin a web of hunger and passion,
as we try to forget what we've lost.

Look back to when you first loved me,
close your eyes and journey there.
Feel the warmth of the love I give,
let me show you how much I care.

I can hear your heart beating,
it echos deep inside my mind.
The stability of it's rhythm,
allows me to feel peace, I find.

It's time again to feed my addiction,
time to fuel the flames of my desire.
Don't deny me what I need to survive,
your love is the spark that ignites my fire.

2004

Shelly Price

Afternoon Delight

He is a shimmering mountain
of muscle and flesh
with the fluidity of unfurling silk

the hard edges of his body
melts dark chocolate in my eyes
twisting all my senses into knots

he is hauntingly unaware of me
as I marvel at the art of his sculpture
mesmerized by the imagery of his
masculinity

I am in awe behind his smile
shining beams of radiance
onto all that favor his dusting of magic

he is my fantasy
having marched through my dreams
in my secret garden time and time again
I feel his heart beating
inside of me
the rhythm echoing my own

how do I tell him
that he fuels the flames of my desire
that he is the spark
that has been smoldering within me

how do I tell him
I've been secretly watching him
through veiled windows in the shadows
lurking with lust being drawn to him
like a moth to a flame...

...I guess I don't

Shelly Price

Believe In Me

What have I done this time,
to deserve your wrath?
What infraction have I violated,
causing this kink in our path?

Where did I go wrong,
I really have to know.
Please tell me what I did,
don't just get up and go.

Don't shut me out again,
don't close every door.
Don't use silence as a weapon,
to justify settling a score.

Please talk to me, I'll listen,
to every word you have to say.
I'm your lover and your friend,
so please don't treat me this way.

Please tell me with words,
what has made you retreat,
into the darkness of solitude,
feeling defeated and beat.

It can't be what you think,
that would mean I had purpose.
Dig deeper for your answers,
don't just scratch on the surface.

Give me the benefit of your doubt,
and choose to trust and believe.
It takes far less energy to love,
than it does to practice to deceive.

2004

Broken Toy...Ugly Monster

You pretend to love me, you have no heart.
A savage beast, telling repeated lies.
Love doesn't exist to you, it's a game,
just a bitter soul with non-remorseful eyes.

You pulled me hard into your wobbled web,
always wrapped me in your cold, dark pain.
You're an unimaginable bully, a coward,
slowly-but-surely tried to drive me insane.

You tried to make me believe I was pale,
while you lived on the color of my soul.
You sucked the love and life from my heart,
dictateing to me when I could come and go.

Rainbow colored pain scared the skin of my life,
with the invisible poker you held to my heart.
With every hurtful jab, draining more life from me,
wanting me to believe you were so damn smart.

You're a damaged broken toy, an ugly monster,
better left alone at the bottom of a toy chest.
Always the same, your true colors exposed,
your darkness is ugly, your worst is your best.

You tried to steal my every thought and word,
misery loves company in their own private hell.
You wanting to break me down to the bottom,
to be an ugly monster...your toy chest our cell.

I have been a puppet on strings, no control,
forsakeing all others...love they say is blind.
Today I'm cutting the strings that bound me,
and far away from you, a new life I will find.

Like Ivy once cut from you I will flourish,
to make my way across the wall of life alone.
I will sprout and grow and spread my wings,
over new landscapes of beauty I will roam.

You will remain a broken toy, ugly monster,
left alone in the bottom of the toy chest.
One day you will get all you having coming,
an invitation with destiny to be karmas guest.

Shelly Price

Did You? ? ?

Did you really mean to cripple me...
and leave me helpless when you said goodbye?
Did you mean to cut off the air I breathe...
when you told me your last lie?

Did you mean to cut off my arms...
so I could no longer feel my way?
Did you mean to stifle my voice...
so you wouldn't hear what I had to say?

Did you mean to stab my heart...
and leave me here alone to bleed?
Did you really mean what you said to me...
or did you think only of what you need?

Did you really mean to rob me...
of the love I cherish most?
Did you mean to leave me all alone...
with only the memory of your ghost?

I wonder if you realize what you did...
when you did what you did today?
Did you really mean to destroy me...
when you turned your back and walked away?

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Shelly Price

Does He Already Know?

I've tried to write these words,
so many times before.
To say the things that are in my heart,
to the man that I adore.

My page continues to stare at me,
with a blank, empty stare.
Too many thoughts cloud my mind,
too deep my words to bare.

Do I tell him that I love him,
in a way not like before?
Do I tell him that I need him,
each day, more and more?

When lying in his bed at night,
does he know that I am there?
I'm with him in his day and night dreams,
does he know how much I care?

Overwhelmed by our passion,
and consumed by our lust.
I wonder if he wonders,
if his feelings he can trust?

Does he know when he touches me,
it nearly drops me to my knees?
Does he know what I would do for him,
for the sake of wanting to please?

I wonder if he senses,
the longing that I feel,
to see him, touch him, taste him, hold him,
to tell him this is real?

Now my page is written,
these words that bare my soul.
Do I tell him what I'm feeling,
or does he already know?

Shelly Price

Dust Covered Memories

On the top shelf,
way out of reach,
behind two heavy boxes
of worn out and tattered shoes.
Right beside a bag of clothes,
too small to ever wear again
and an old baby doll I used to play
with when I was just a child,
I found the box...

It was heavy as I reached for it,
heavier than I remember,
covered in layers of dust,
dust from the past.
A past long since dead and buried,
forgotten days,
forgotten moments,
disregarded like old furniture
that had been used for far too long
and no longer carried any value.
A past that never existed,
never meant anything to anyone,
but me.

Pulling the box from the shelf,
I felt the weight of history
and the power of memories
bridging a gap between
past and present.
A past where footsteps had long faded,
whirling in a hypnotic motion,
warning me of the lessons,
harsh lessons forced upon me,
painfully and laboriously endured,
memories belonging to another lifetime.

I sat positioning the box in front of me,
thief-like I stole glances of my surroundings,
feeling terror-haunted by ghosts of that misty past,

that had been laid to rest within the box.

I opened the box and there everything was,
the skeletons of yesterday that had been viciously killed.
Now alive again right in front of my eyes.

Why did I open the box and read the letters,
where the broken promises had left their stains,
and all of the many lies bled from the pages?
So many words capriciously scribbled,
with never an intention of being carried out.
What need did I feed by revisiting
this grave yard?

So much had happened back then,
We shared love and I gave you my heart,
I trusted that you would keep it safe,
instead you chose to close your grip,
slowly squeezing tighter,
until you crushed all the love,
all the life it once contained,
leaving me gasping as you walked over me,
killing any part that you might have forgotten.

Thumbing through all the letters, all the cards,
all the pieces of that broken torn life,
I remembered my voice screaming at you
telling you the devil was going to take your soul,
you were worthless and insignificant.
Threatening you with doom,
cursing as I told you karma would visit you,
when you least expected it,
fate was gonna smack that smile right off your face.
I remember all the ugliness,
the hatred and the heartbreak.

Tears blurred my eyes as they streamed
down my cheeks dropping on to the newspaper
that had been opened to the section
that had printed, in black and white
the obituary of you.

I have read it a thousand times over and over,
each word a jab deeper into my heart.

You died such a a horrible death,
karma had shown you what you had been,
all you had done to so many people,
especially those who loved you.

And I...

I sat numb remembering,
holding the letters and cards you had written,
against my heavy beating heart,
regreting never speaking to you again
after we seperated,
regreting our last exchange of words,
regreating never telling you
what I should have told you.
I wanted to tell you,
thought about telling you everyday,
but couldn't get up the nerve,
to tell you...

I forgive you.

And now you're gone

Shelly Price

Experience Me

Let me be a new flavor for your tastebuds,
a new smell to tickle your nose.

Let me distract you from life's contineium,
have to have me over and over again.

Let me be that new toy that only you get to play with,
I want to consume you with passion for life,
I am at the top on your list of goals to achieve.

Let me intoxicate you with my presence,
massage my being into your body.
Bathe with me in my lust,
for I am the woman that you've always needed.

I am the richest most decantant piece of candy,
dripping my rich flavors all over you.
You have no will power against the sweet taste of me,
indulge yourself and make no excuses.

Let me catch a ride on a star and blow into your dreams,
and fill you with passion you have never felt...
a passion that ignites an inferno inside of you.
I and I alone can can extinguish that flame.

Drink from my lips and quench your thirst,
dine on me until you hunger no more.

Let me stir the pot of your life
until you crave all that I give to you.
You must have me again and again.

Open your doors to me,
let me come in to you and be all the woman you need.
Experience all of the woman that I am.

Shelly Price

Feeding The Ducks

I reached inside the box of us,
eyes tightly closed shut...

Enie, meanie, miney, mow...
catch a memory of long ago.
If it pains me let it go
enie, meanie, miney, mow.

I grabbed a handful from the box,
excited to see them all again.
Decided to ask them to stay
for lunch and a glass of wine.

We sat and had a lovely visit
on the deck overlooking the pond
feeding the ducks with bits and
pieces of our pleasantries.

So much to sit and chat about,
warmed by the mere presence
of an afternoon spent remembering
all the reasons why we had planted
our seeds together and grew life
from the uniqueness of our love.
Having no remorse, no regrets for
the beauty that painted the walls
of our once upon a time together.
Laughing out loud at the tender
moments that even now make me
catch my breath, I stare at
them eye to eye with the same
clarity as yesterday's rising sun.

A slide show of images dance before
me gracefully on the pond alongside
a family of ducks waiting for another
tid-bit of memorabilia to nibble on...

until there is nothing left to feed

them.

Shelly Price

Find Your Wings

in the warmth of the summer sun...
adrift on a gentle breeze,
splendid shades of color fluttered by...
floating gracefully with ease.

What should have been a struggle...
was more like triumph in the sky.
What should have posed a challenge...
was a mere lesson in disguise.

Soaring with the wind...
elegant beauty adorned my eye.
When next you feel your storm within...
just find your wings and fly.

Where life looked to be over...
it wasn't to its surprise.
Broke free from its entrapment...
a gentle flight from its demise.

So when you know not what else to be...
like a beautiful butterfly...
spread your wings...
and fly...fly and be free.

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Shelly Price

First Kiss

Closed eyes can see,
lips upon lips.
Thoughts empty of resistance,
bodies filled with urgency.
Hunger turns into a beast,
without hesitation.
Closer than close,
lips brush lips.
Electricity surges,
lightning strikes the sky.
Tongues seductively dance,
harmonious with the sounds of lust.
Passion consumes,
lips tasting, feeling, teasing, yearning,
urgent to satisfy the starvation of time.
Tongues gently licking wet lips,
sucking.
Bodies are alive,
burning with heat.
All reason cast aside.
The sheer pleasure of a oneness,
feverish, passionate, wanting more.
More pleasure,
more hot steamy,
wet tongues flickering.
Slowly parting gazing eye to eye,
the purist truths exposed.
Nothing hidden in the instant
that we first kissed.

Shelly Price

Flawless Illusions

Crying a river,
levy walls about to break.
Searching for the exact day,
a time when the road veered
left and I choose to go right.

How could I have missed it,
scarlet letter on my chest.
Trying to make the jigsaw puzzle
pieces fit when they obviously
didn't.

Your round hole, my square peg,
crammed into place for a blink
of an eye.
For all intents and purposes,
a picture perfect charade.

Until I broke the spell,
wanting to have a face in
the emptiness of your heart.
Needing a louder voice to be
heard over the screams of sirens,
flashing red light warnings,
while you continued to tread water.
Weighing the cautions
against the broken pieces of
splintered glass impacted under the
surface of your flesh.
Hour glass of yesterday
having shattered the integrity of
your being.

On and on unvaryingly we went,
layer after layer after layer,
peeling back bits and pieces
of the scarred tissue,
exposing filled suit cases
still packed,

lies folded neatly.
The house of cards built
on a foundation of mistrust
so thin...so fragile,
waiting for me to step just once
in the wrong direction.

You watched from the distance
as the walls came tumbling down
in heaps on top of me.
Buried in your smug satisfaction,
content in your thinking.
A coward who watched the pain
engulf me,
sitting on the bench,
waiting another turn to swing the bat.

Slapped hard,
stinging cheeks,
blood stained in vain,
the inevitable motion of
no turning back facing me head on.

Now you dare to come to me,
to burglarize my dreams,
you are a thief in the night.
A robber of peace and serenity,
I sleep.

You come armed with memories flashing,
rolodex images,
plastered smiles on mannequin faces,
white picket fences.
Not a hint of your round hole,
my square peg.
No forced jigsaw puzzle pieces.
Only the dangerous perfection
of flawless illusions...

daring me to feel something from
the nothing you left behind.

Hand's Off My Purse

What's in my purse you ask,
I'll have to look and see.
Usually the same ole crap,
but nothing would surprise me.

A wallet for my credit cards,
to show that I have clout.
Then there's two bic lighters,
just in case one runs out.

I have a half pack of cigarettes,
a reminder to stop at a store.
Then there are sixteen ink pens,
do you think I should carry more?

On to the next compartment,
I have a speeding ticket to pay.
I have a great story behind that,
but I'll save it for another day.

My favorite pair of sunglasses,
they have their own special place.
Then I have correction fluid,
just in case I need to erase.

I have tweezers...
one, two, three, four different pair.
All of them are needed tools,
to remove one stubborn chin hair.

I have fifty nine dollars in cash,
four bills that will require much more.
I have a variety of shopping cards,
just in case I stop at my fav. store.

I have two debit banking cards,
a checkbook I need to update.
Business cards for all my clients,
a piece of chocolate I never ate.

I have a sharpie, a highlighter,
a mini stapler that doesn't work.
A half filled out complaint card,
about a worthless store clerk.

Then a new cell phone case,
that I forgot I even had.
Coupons for the grocery store,
all expired, isn't that sad.

Then I have two veteran Id cards,
both pictures make me look old.
Seven casino gaming cards,
three silver cards, the rest gold.

Thank you for asking me
what it is I had in my purse.
The contents are quit necessary
and could have been much worse.

Shelly Price

Happiness Is...You Loving Me

There's a certain kind of magic,
that exists within your eyes.
It's there I can see what I mean to you...
It's there you loose your disguise.

There's something in your movements,
so assured, so strong and true.
It's no wonder there are entire days,
when I can think of only you.

There is a certain moment,
it happens right before we kiss...
it's a moment filled with splendor...
followed by a moment filled with bliss.

There is a magical tingle,
when ever you touch my skin.
The same way you touch my spirit,
which warms me from within.

There's something in your face,
I see it often in your stare.
It's your patient understanding,
that makes me always want you near.

There's a calmness in your hug,
and a peace that echo's your voice.
There's singing in your laughter,
that makes my heart rejoice.

There are moments when I wonder,
why destiny chose you for me.
At times I feel it's so I can learn,
to be the person I'm supposed to be.

I can't explain the things I see...
what I know and sense and feel.
But I can explain what's in my heart...
it's a love that's pure and real.

Treasure's are meant to be found,
by the lucky ones picked by fate.
I must be one of the luckiest around,
to have deserved you for my mate.

Together as a team we're invincible.
I just wish I could make you see.
That love is the answer for true happiness...
True happiness is...you loving me.

To E.M. My one and only...I Love You

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Shelly Price

Heartache

As I sit here and I think...
and I think here as I sit...
I'm troubled by so many thoughts...
that I'd just as soon forget.

Why is it that my brain won't listen...
hour after hour and day after day.
The same thoughts keep rushing at me...
and I keep pushing them away.

You're no longer aloud here...
I demand you to leave my head.
How dare you try to creep inside...
and stir up memories that are dead.

Sad that I should feel this way...
I never imagined that I could.
There's a fine line between love and hate...
that before now, I never understood.

WOW...It amazes me how my breath changes,
like the shifting winds of a raging storm.
One minute I've banned you from every thought,
and the next I want you here to keep me warm.

How do I cope with life without my heart...
it still beats as if everything is ok.
But it's not ok, my heart is broken,
and I don't know how to live this way.

Where do I read the rule book...
'Surviving life without a heart'...
How do I take the first step...
where do I begin, how do I start?

I've become desperate to move on,
but the pain is all consuming and real.
Whoever said heartache doesn't hurt....
hasn't felt all the misery that I feel.

I'm waiting to wake up one morning...
to find this hasn't really happened to me.
Wake up Shelly you're dreaming...
oh what a gift that would be.

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Shelly Price

Home

With wild anticipation,
heart beating,
uncontrolled,
each breath filled with purpose,
each second,
one closer,
and then...
everything is clear,
wrapped in a cocoon.
A safe,
secure place,
to feel whole,
complete,
undeniably real,
no worries.
Life a mysterious puzzle,
of pieces...
pieced together,
during moments
of clarity...
moments where
the rest of the world
doesn't exist.
Inside the haven,
that is wrapped
around me,
surrounding my being,
tucked in,
without fear,
naked,
exposed to truth,
to trust,
be loved,
accepted as me..
I am home,
always,
when you hold me
in your arms.

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Shelly Price

How Could You Have Known

You came and you rescued me...
from the wind of a turbulent storm.
You offer comfort and security,
and a place to feel safe and warm.

But how could you have known,
that I could so easily be led...
away from what I thought was love,
into your arms instead.

I feel as if I've known you...
because of your kind and gentle ways.
You're like a ray of sunshine...
after too many wet and cloudy days.

You seem to see right through me...
and have read me like a book.
You have touched me your gentleness...
and caressed me with your look.

Your passion has surprised me...
because it so matches that of mine.
You're like a diamond in the rough...
so exquisite and hard to find.

You excite me beyond explanation...
you have caused a fever deep within.
I want to share my passion with you...
but also I want you to be my friend.

It's too soon to know where this is going...
or where this discovery could lead.
I only know that when I'm with you...
you seem to satisfy my every need.

For today I wish only to thank you...
for giving me a new reason to smile.
You're a much needed breath of fresh air...
that I want to deeply breathe in for a while.

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Shelly Price

I Search For Myself

Overwhelmed by my sudden show of emotions...
It's hard to know how to even begin to feel.
I'm trying to see through what I now know is fake...
so I can somehow get a grasp on something real.

Where did I come from on this journey so long...
but more importantly, where is that I want to go?
I'm in a boat surrounded by fog and darkness...
not knowing in which direction I need to row.

One step forward and then yet another one back...
I continue to walk blindly with unsteady feet.
My first thought is to run away from myself....
to hide until I can find a safe place to retreat.

What is it exactly that I'm so deadly afraid of...
can someone tell me how to face this ugly fear?
I no longer can recognize the person that I see...
when she stares at me, staring back at her from my mirror.

Why does my growing up seem so impossibly hard,
when so many have done it with such success?
In particular, why do I struggle with change,
when all I've ever wanted was to be my very best.

Should everything I do in this life be a struggle,
I know there has to be a softer, easier way to live.
I search for the answer to this question and more...
ever willing to give up whatever there is left to give.

Balance is what I've never had and so want in life,
along with the knowledge of who it is that I am.
Who can tell me where I might find some truth...
so I can finally say 'I'AM" really worth a damn?

I must dig deeper into what makes me...me...
only from my past can all there is be revealed.
How and from whom did I learn what I've learned...
and why is the truth hidden away and concealed?

I stand teetering on a narrow ledge of a mountain...
so unfamiliar I am with myself and my terrain.
Each step I take I see more of the devastation...
but I trudge on with hope of all there is to gain.

I thank my God there will always be tomorrow...
a new chance to fix what I know is really wrong.
I pray to my God with hope for his direction...
and ask him also to continue to make me strong.

I know there are no simple tricks, easy answers,
no quick fixes for the emptiness and void in me.
Each day I must continue my fearless search...
and hope more is revealed about who I will be.

Shelly Price

I Watched

I drove to the end of the familiar street,
turned left instead of right,
drove up one block,
slowed to exactly the right spot,
stopped,
between two trees,
engine still running.
I watched.
Barely visible,
I could see the yellow house with green trim,
on the corner lot.
It's manicured lawn,
pruned fruit trees,
wooden mailbox by the street,
all called out to me.
I watched.
Not a blink,
afraid of what I might not see,
rushing thoughts invaded me.
Statuesque,
fear pounding,
heart beat after heart beat,
shallow breathes escaping my lungs.
Frozen,
I watched,
as a car turned into the driveway
of the yellow house with green trim,
on the corner lot.
Not breathing,
she got out of the car first,
walking through the open door of the garage into the house.
Then the driver got out,
grabbed something from the back seat,
walked away,
through the open door of the garage into the house.
Heart sunk,
tears welled,
slowly sliding down my cheeks.
Eyes blurry,

I watched.
Nothing.
Broken,
distraught,
driving away from exactly the right spot,
between two trees.
I watched the yellow house with green trim,
on the corner lot,
fade away through my rear view mirror.
Leaving me to wonder,
who the woman was,
with the man I love,
going into his yellow house with green trim,
on the corner lot?

Shelly Price

I Will Love You

For all the days of my life...
I will love you.

I will love the beauty of what was meant to be,
deep into the quiet hours of the night when all is still,
I will remember how loving you made me feel...
I will love you.

I will love the memory of each touch,
the fire of each kiss,
the consuming desire that filled us both
each and every moment we were apart...
I will love you.

I will linger in and forever cherish
thoughts of what it meant to be loved by you...
I will love you.

I will love the person I am today,
for I know that I am that person because
of the time you spent being patient,
being forgiving,
being understanding...
I will love you.

I will love the softness of your lips...
the scent of your flesh...
the weight of your body pressed against mine...
as the essence of you filled my being
with so much certainty...
I will love you.

I will love the rain in the springtime...
the clouds in the fall...
the heat of the summer sunshine...
and the chill from winter...
Each season will come and then go...
over and over and over again...
I will love you.

No matter what words I say...
no matter how far away...
during my darkest hour,
or the height of my glory...
I will love you.

I will love you whole and complete just as you are.
I will accept each new wrinkle or blemish...
each flaw in your character.
Each wrong we never made right
will be a reminder of what we had together...
I will love you then and always.

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Shelly Price

In Poetry

in poetry

we have the ability
to be the lovers
we never were
or never had the chance
to be -

we snap our fingers
with a bit of ink,
stars explode
and the moon appears
pale pink

song birds sing
when our lips meet
blood turns to fire.
We become
waterfalls and waves,
the wind
that bends trees
and moves mountains -

our bodies,
in the throes of poetry,
transform into lyrics
written by the gods

we thirst passionately
pound our desire
ferociously
into golden skin
we are beautiful
beyond anyone's imagination

in poetry...

Shelly Price

Inadequate Words For Thank You

I know the words I'd like to say to you...
to give thanks for all that you've done.
But each time I try to say the words...
they escape me as fast as they come.

How could I ever thank you enough?
It's because of you I now feel whole.
You encouraged me to find my strength...
so I could embrace the depths of my soul.

You've taught me so many lessons for life...
you made me believe I deserved to be first.
You forced me to test my broken wings...
and hugged me when I was at my worse.

You paint the world a colorful rainbow...
It's because of you I now can dream.
You never gave up on who you knew I was...
knowing I was not the person I seemed.

Could there ever be adequate words of thanks...
for being there with me when times were tough?
Everything that I feel I want to say to you...
doesn't quit measure up to being enough.

How could I possibly just say thanks?
Thanks for being there through all my tears.
Thanks for ten thousand little things you've done...
and for putting up with me over the years?

Thanks for changing with me as I changed...
and for NOT accepting some of my flaws.
Thanks for not loving me because you had to...
but still loving me... 'just because'.

A million thanks for never giving up on me...
though I know you've been at wits end.
Thanks for always being honest to me, about me...
but mostly thanks for truly being my friend.

Shelly Price

Letting Go

Yesterday is gone...
soon I'll face a new tomorrow.
Today is my reality...
no regrets and no sorrow.

So many a times...
I have wanted to go back.
Back to a place, to a time...
to a moment to extract.

But what purpose does it serve...
to live in days gone by?
Afraid of what I see in today...
in yesterday I hide.

Without thought to the present,
I cling to the crest of a dieing wave.
It's one precious moment in time...
that at all costs I fight to save.

What I forget when I cling...
is that my moment has passed...
and all that I'm clinging to...
is just a moment in the past.

What was...was...
and in my mind will always be.
Today I let go of my wave...
and it rolled back into the sea.

What's left of my moment...
is a memory that's all mine.
A memory to cherish always...
of a precious moment in time.

There is no regret in letting go...
in letting go I can live in today.
What is...is today, it's my future...
and my past is no longer in my way.

Dedicated to one I love...

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Shelly Price

Lies Served A La Carte

From this side of truth
lies fell twisted on the plate

served in courses
forced to swallow
the bitter taste of dishonesty
sauteed in deceit
prepared with disloyalty
smothered with indiscretion
topped with faithlessness
served on the finest china
a La carte

the pungent after-taste
blackened betrayal
burning blisters on my tongue
churning like heavy cream
in my unsettled stomach
nauseated by the truth
that was never spoken

Shelly Price

Lost In Translation

Lost in translation between
formulation of the mind,
passed between moist clad lips,
dangling adrift pockets of stale air,
trapezing one to another,
carried onward by shifts of tone,
in warm breathes that blow,
landing on ears meant to hear...
sweet sounds of love and laughter,
like music that echos within.

Your words no longer sing to me.

Shelly Price

Loving You Still

On the threshold of what, I wonder...
as I sit thinking, still of you.
Are you the man for me or not...
in darkness, the answer I pursue.

So many things are clearly right...
a true love which can't be denied.
Why then can't we forget the wrong...
and cross over to the other side?

A sorrow so deep like an ocean blue,
I watch the clock of life tick by.
With you I found a new set of wings...
clipped without you, I can't seem to fly.

I just can't convince myself it's over...
my heart just won't let it be so.
Each time I try to say goodbye...
I grab on one more time to letting go.

Only God knows how I feel...
and how much I really miss you.
He knows in order for us to be one...
It's gonna take the effort of us two.

Remembering all the good times...
and how we always keep in touch.
Keeps me holding on to you still...
and loving you still as much.

Shelly Price

My Lost Soul

Somewhere in the darkness...
buried beneath the debris.
There's a soul that's been lost...
the one that lived inside of me.

Lost to sorrow and sadness...
faced with anger and regret.
The soul that once was mine...
still can't forgive and forget.

It's been a long lonely journey,
for my soul without a home.
Imagine never feeling happiness...
and forever feeling alone.

Imagine ever present fear...
at every turn in every day.
Only then can you imagine...
why my soul ran away.

Still afraid of each tomorrow...
carrying the pain of all that was...
in search for all the answers...
to help explain each because.

My soul has been sick...
sick and tired of the life I've led.
Always an absence of spirit...
where reality and truth were dead.

I've surrendered to my soul...
and have begged for it's return...
with promise of God's spirit...
to help us together grow and learn.

Dedicated to myself...to remember that my pain
has been a stepping stone to my growth.

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Shelly Price

My New Beginning

It never ceases to amaze me,
how life continues to change.
One minute, one hour, one day you're here...
and the next, life has been re-arranged.

The two of our lives were so inner-mingled,
I never imagined us living apart.
But here I am standing alone at a crossroad...
with a brand new life, making a brand new start.

I never wanted to go it alone...
in you I thought I'd won the grand prize.
But for some, when the going gets tough...
the tough politely wave their good byes.

It only hurts when I breathe...
breathing in and out an emptiness so vast.
I'm lost in a desert oasis, where I thirst...
unable to fly my colors of life at full mass.

I continue to search relentlessly...
trying to find myself buried within the debris.
Daily I rediscover pieces from the wreckage...
of a person that I know can only be me.

A million insecurities I face with fear...
they come racing at me in my head.
Today I choose to face those fears...
and bury the life with you that is dead.

Come...go...stay...leave...
which direction will I finally take?
Indecision is not an option for me anymore...
the right choices for me I now must make.

I know you'll put your money on my failure...
you don't think I can play to win.
Today I must move on without you...
without you is where I now will begin.

Shelly Price

My Prayer...Dear God

Here I am now before you...
and on bended knee I pray.
Please won't you forgive me...
for living my life this way.

It has taken me so very long...
for my blind eyes to finally see.
The road I now choose to travel...
is paved with promise just for me.

I want to humbly thank you God...
for always standing by my side.
I no longer wish to deny the truth...
nor do I feel the need to hide.

I accept your forgiving mercy...
and trust the power of your voice.
I thank you God for my free will...
knowing I always have a choice.

I ask you God to show me love...
and give me patience to understand.
Strengthen me in my trust for you...
and guide me with your loving hand.

Allow me God to accept each day...
as an opportunity to do thy will.
Open my heart and fill it with love...
let my past rest quiet and be still.

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Shelly Price

My Soulmate...My Destiny

I have loved but one man in my life...
one man that I loved who didn't love me.
I tried to get him to open his eyes,
but his eyes were shut and too blind to see.

Blind to all that my love could offer...
I gave him my mind, my body and my soul.
I offered him true love unconditional...
but he didn't want love...he wanted control.

I tried to make my square peg fit...
into the roundness of his balanced life.
No matter how hard I tried to be his,
he wouldn't let go of his beloved ex-wife.

For years now, I have accepted second...
for the sake of making life easy for my man.
I compromised myself in every way possible,
waiting for him to wake up and take a stand.

I wanted so much to be right for him...
to be the woman he wanted at the end of the day.
But never have I been the one he longed for...
I'm merely the woman who wouldn't go away.

I've made myself be so many things I'm not...
for the sake of being with the man I love.
I've been cheated on and I've been lied to...
I've even been pushed around and shoved.

I keep thinking that soon he will recognize me...
as the woman who truly gave him her all.
And when that happens I will have finally succeeded,
in being the one to break down his protective wall.

But that day has still not been given to me...
that day seems even further away then before.
I wonder if I will recognize my chance when it comes,
or will I have given up and walked out the door.

It would be easy to give up and just give in...
to all that is wrong between my man and me.
But easy is not what I keep fighting for,
I fight for a life with my soul-mate...my destiny.

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To E.M. it's never too late to love...unless you believe love is too late for you.

Shelly Price

No Looking Back

It's time for me to say goodbye...
to a love that used to consume me.
A love that was so bitersweet...
but had nothing to do with reality.

I had mine and you had yours...
but the two were never the same.
My reality said love was the answer...
your reality said love was a game.

You played your game for far too long...
guess what...in the end you lose.
You never should have expected to win...
at the expense of those you used.

Your pedestal doesn't exist anymore...
I hope it didn't hurt when you fell.
I look at you and see a cowardly man...
one who's disguises have served him well.

You pushed me one too many times...
surely you've heard of a woman scorned?
I refuse to be responsible any longer...
especially since you've been warned.

You know I tried to make it work...
I tried everything...to no avail.
I should have realized much sooner...
how determined you were that we fail.

I hate to admit that I'm giving up...
we both know that quitting is not my game.
But today I took my last dose of you...
and now I quit you without shame.

There is no looking back this time...
if I look back I'll see only regret.
Today I look only to the future...
and hope I can learn to forgive and forget.

Shelly Price

Obedience To Fear

All the years of life fastened
neatly under belted loops
wisdom knocking on hollow
doors signs flash no vacancy

childish fear comes from
everywhere with blank stare...
eye to eye
open toy boxes pop in her face
frightening the timid child
held captive by it's strength
leaving her paralyzed

age old weakness gives fresh breath
of life to the obedience of fear
shrouded behind the physical body
of her adult
hungry for the peripheral glance
of terror as it glazes over her eyes

bound to her - her to it
a lifetime of adult child barriers
blocking wisdom from it's flow

grotesque the decision to endure
for the lifetime still before her
or cut the limbs baring shackles
hard steel binding them together

render her a cripple...
crippled she is either way
her fear laughs in celebration
victorious over another day taken
her life consumed
pride and honor beaten from her
stripped to cowards flesh
left naked in the darkness

huddled within herself she rocks

wrapping her arms tightly around
the child inside...

and together they weep

Shelly Price

One Moment In Time

Dinner is done and the night is still early...
the clock says it's just past nine.
I want to move a little closer to you...
so I can feel your body next to mine.

The room is getting a little warmer...
suddenly there is a burst of heat.
I see passion deep within your eyes...
knowing our bodies soon will meet.

Your hands begin to explore my flesh...
and you gently caress me with your lips.
I can feel your deepest wants and desires...
as you gently rock me with your hips.

You wrap me tightly in your arms...
and together our bodies take flight.
We dance a dance that is our own...
while passions flame burns bright.

I can feel your heart beat against my own...
the rhythm has it's very own rhyme.
We lose ourselves for the briefiest moment...
one brief moment spent together in time.

Shelly Price

Our Last Goodbye

As we each said our last good-bye...
each mistake rolled through my head.
I tried so hard to block them out...
all the ugly things we said.

I've tried to relate each mistake...
to a lesson I now understand.
As each new day comes and leaves...
without the sweet caress of your hand.

I'll struggle through each new day...
searching for hope yet seeing blind.
As my heart continues to morn...
for my dear friend that was left behind.

You'll forever have this heart of mine...
that I'm afraid I just can't undo.
Along with all the love I have...
still inside of me just for you.

I'm sorry for the pain that was caused...
each time the tables got turned.
I'm sorry that we just couldn't stop...
until we each felt we had been burned.

You have justified all the reasons...
why you felt it best to say good-bye.
I guess it just wasn't worth it anymore...
so why bother to continue to try.

And so now we both have closure...
to our torred love affair at long last.
We each have said our final good-bye...
making 'us' now just a thing of the past.

Do me a favor as you try to move on...
remember 'us' with a smile on your face.
Hold tightly to each memory you have...
memories of us will be hard to replace.

Shelly Price

Our Love A Gift

We've said it was over between us,
a million and one times...plus ten.
It's so hard to say good-bye to you,
knowing I'll be loosing my very best friend.

We've hurt each other so many times,
It's a wonder we both keep holding tight.
I guess sooner or later one of us will stop...
and no longer feel it worth the fight.

The thought of me not being a part of your life,
and you somehow not being a part of mine...
is something I can't put together in my head...
it's like poetry with no rhythm or no rhyme.

You try to punish me for my actions...
actions that pale in comparison to yours.
All I truly care about is simply loving you...
I'm not interested in settling any scores.

So when do we say enough is enough,
and close the door to permanently turn away?
I think we purposefully create turbulence...
because each of us knows that we're here to stay.

If staying power is what we each have...
because we do know what we have is real.
Then why can't we each call a truce for a while...
And start enjoying the great love that we feel.

This love of ours is our destiny I'm sure,
I know you don't believe it to be true.
But I have said it to you from the beginning...
I'll always be with you no matter what you do.

I don't want to stop loving you,
I don't ever want to call it the end.
I love you and all of your imperfections...
but more than anything I love my friend.

I see everything so clearly through your eyes,
you've taught me so much about being me.
You've even learned a few things yourself...
together...better people we both can be.

What a ride this love has taken us on...
a ride so many people wish they could take.
There is no one for me that could compare to you...
for that I am certain ...there could be no mistake.

If there is so much good between us...
let's focus on that instead of the bad.
We waste so much energy and emotion...
trying to hurt one another when we're mad.

I'm not ready to part ways with you...
I'd rather stand firm and fight for love.
For to love with such certainty must be a gift...
given to each of us from the man above.

Shelly Price

Painting Pictures With Words

An escape from my reality...
this is what you get when you read what I write.
Writing allows me to grieve or to smile,
It's a warm hug during a lonely night.

My writing gives me wings...
with it I can soar through the sky.
It allows me to dance if I choose,
or it can even hold me while I cry.

I lose myself with my pen in hand...
my writing is an old trusted friend.
It allows me to express the truth within...
It will be with me until the very end.

My writing allows me freedom,
to tell the world a story of me.
My words are arranged in perfect order...
creating an open window for all to see.

I create pictures when I write...
fabulous sights of beauty I draw.
I draw pictures of my broken heart...
or the emotions on my sleeve so raw.

My pictures are drawn with words, not colors.
My art is seen through your imagination.
You must first read the rhythm of what I write...
in order to see my artistic creation.

My words are used to fill my canvas...
an empty page is where I find my start.
My writing is a gift I give to myself...
written from the depths of my beating heart.

I never know what picture I will draw...
until the words flow from my pen to paper.
Writing comes as natural to me...
as a rainbow comes to mother nature.

Shelly Price

Pale Pink

The night was wrapped
in a glow from a far away moon,
painted the palest pink as it sliced
into the dark of the evening sky.

It's shimmering light drizzled
champagne waterfalls of liquid
stars falling from his eyes.
I drank in the fluidity of his
body language as he moved closer
to me. Swimming in the ambrosia
of his provocative molasses,
that caressed every curve of my mind.

He was wearing sleek with sexy
on the nakedness of his brown skin.
The hard rock of his body played
electric guitar with my senses,
turning moist into wet between
my thighs.

His lips crushed rose petals
onto my tongue as I licked the taste
of him into my lips.
He teased my desire with his tongue,
opening me artfully, crashing tidal waves
over me, licking the inside out of me,
until the height of my ecstasy
could subside...

The night wrapped itself around us,
while the far away moon shared
in our afterglow,
painted the palest pink as it sliced
into two hearts new in love.

Shelly Price

Passions Flight

Oh the highs...
the feeling I get when you rise...
to the occasion...
and I see deep within your eyes...
the why's of our lust...
the must of our fussion...
the illusion that is the draw.

It's there that I saw what I saw...
I saw it there...
in your stare...
how much you care...
but do not dare...
how fully aware...
you are of what you do to me each
time we come together.

You take me on a journey, a wingless flight...
never wrong, always right...
today, tomorrow, tonight...
we hold tight with no end in sight...
to the burning inferno that is our passion.

What started as a spark...
left it's mark...
then turned into a flame...
nothing hidden, without shame...
not a game...
but a fever that burns out of control.

We roll like thunder...
on top and then under...
our bodies dance in perfect rhythm
to the music of our souls.

The anticipation of the sensation...
I get is beyond pleasure...
it's a treasure...
too perfect to measure...

I can't stop wanting or now needing more...
feet never touching the floor...
we continually soar...
to heights never seen by us before.

It's the knowing that you will please me...
and tease me...
and take me effortlessly...
down the road to pure ecstasy...
that leaves me always wanting.

I'm breathless
and restless...
to feel your hands...
as my body responds to all your commands...
as it demands...
to be seen by the face of euphoria.

I want it so much, your touch...
I can't wait...
to relate...
to you in the most physical way,

Today...
I want to stay...
inside the womb of our passion
and take that wingless flight...
into the wee hours of tomorrows light...
where we'll fight...
to extinguish the flame
that still burns within us both
so very, very bright.

We'll finally say goodnight to our passions flight...
and fall silent together...
spent...
gently caressing the memory
of where we went...
completely and utterly content...
to bathe in the afterglow
of the love that was meant...
to be ours.

Shelly Price

Penetrate Your Heart

You seek the pleasure of others for a time,
but it's only fleeting...you soon will see.
You have no real reason or no rhyme,
it merely fills the emptiness and void of me.

I am the one to satisfy you completely,
I feed your body, your heart and your soul.
I am what is good and wild and free within you,
I'm what you need to make you whole.

I am the one who will always fill your void...
you will forever seek me for fulfillment and fun.
I chase away your boring, balanced, dull life...
I allow you to take your moment in the sun.

All you have to do is take the risk, say yes...
it's hardly a gamble if you truly find the real.
Your life could be so rich and full of reward,
if you'll just let go and let yourself feel.

Don't fear the one who tenderly holds your heart,
the love I offer is pure and deep and strong.
It is love unconditional without any rules...
how could a love such as this ever be wrong?

I stir the feelings that are deep within you...
you know that is what you fear the most.
While all along you try to run and hide...
I just want to comfort you and hold you close.

Put aside the others, where no joy is found.
Take my hand and love the tried and the true.
For my love for you has no limits or no bounds...
it has patience and will always be there for you.

I long to see sunrises and sunsets in your eyes,
I see the two of us together walking hand in hand.
I shall forever carry thoughts of you with me,
as I continue to wait for you to take a stand.

I will carry on each day with my hopes and dreams,
looking for you to want to make a new start.
I'm praying that my love will find a way...
to penetrate the wall you've built around your heart.

Shelly Price

Pleasure

I
can
feel
your
breath
on
my
neck
inviting
me
to
dance
it's
warmth
sends
shivers
up
and
down
my
spine
heat
rising
hot
to
melting
my
inhibitions
away
burning
me
from
within
a
fever
smoldering
out
of
control

blazing
in
a
wind
of
glory
as
it
spreads
ravishing
quickly
through
my
body
leaving
me
wanting
until
I am
no
longer
myself
but
an
animal
freed
from
captivity
taking
what
is
needed
to
fill
me
full
of
primal
hunger
that
feeds
me

your
hot
steamy
passion
devouring
your
heat
buried
so
deeply
inside
welcoming
your
thrusts
sucking
you
into
me
feeding
my
desire
as
you
take
me
to
the
place
where
lovers
go
together
soaring
to
new
highest
of
higher
mountain
tops
lost
to

the
sheer
magic
of
the
ecstasy
that
builds
from
raw
naked
frictioned
flesh
climbing
higher
still
wanting
it
to
linger
for
eternity
the
perfection
too
much
to
bare
as
the
truth
utters
itself
from
sharp
vocals
muffled
caught
between
the
here
and

now
a
cardinal
point
of
no
return
the
paroxysm
with
it's
ultimate
pleasure
E
X
P
L
O
D
I
N
G
in
waves
of
euphoric
harmonious
rapport

Shelly Price

Prisoner Of Love

I picked up my pen and I started to write,
about the many things I was feeling today.
But there simply were no words to express,
the heaviness that my heart had to convey.

Verses of beautifully written poetry in the past,
always came to me with such wonder and ease.
Words would flow like magic from my head,
like that of a gentle blowing summer breeze.

Today I was utterly and completely wordless,
not a single rhyme could I muster in my head.
The gentle breeze suddenly stopped blowing,
and I realized that my poetry in motion was dead.

What a horrific shock it was for me to discover,
that what I thought was all along...wasn't at all.
The man I had freely given so much of myself to,
had taken all he could and then set me up to fall.

Without a second thought he disgraced me,
his intentions where never genuine, never real.
My punishment for giving my heart to this man,
is the continued agonizing pain that I feel.

Yes...I suppose it's for the best that it ended,
although I can't for the life of me tell you why.
I've never had to loose someone I loved before,
loosing HIM makes me want to curl up and cry.

There is no sunshine in my world these days,
only a steadfast cloud of confusion and pain.
It follows me where ever I go...like his ghost,
the skeletons of our past are all that remain.

How sad and how unfortunate I still want him,
I couldn't NOT, no matter how hard I tried.
We don't get to choose who we fall in love with,
we only get to hold on tight and enjoy the ride.

I am weak and vulnerable when it comes to him,
I've become ignorant about what's best for me.
I am blind to all his faults...I see only perfection,
I'm a prisoner of love and don't want to be free.

Shelly Price

Raging Storm

Dark are the clouds that move in and around,
robbing the sun from it's ability to shine.
Gloom replaces radiance.
Anger turns to rage.
The storm builds momentum within you.
Loud is the thunder as it breaks
the dead stillness of the gloom.
Direct lightning strikes with blazing sharpness.
Harsh is the storm that devastates
with it's fierce brutality.
Razor sharp raindrops slice at the
emptiness that engulfs the passing of your fury.

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Shelly Price

Remembering

Together, tangled they lay as one,
breathing in and out each others air.

She moved closer, still not a part of him,
as he craddled cheeks between his hands.

Lips met, gently brushing lips together,
one-by-one, ever-so-delicately tasting.

The flames hissed as the fire roared,
bodies burning together from the heat.

Shelly Price

Somehow

We lay silent together, relaxed and ever so content...
breathing in and out the essence of each others air.
Our bodies tangled, twisted and molded together as one...
while your hand ever so gently runs through my hair.

Not a single word has been spoken between us...
none adequate enough to begin to say what we feel.
We bathe in the after glow of what was our passion...
naked and exposed to what we both know is real.

We linger in the intoxication of the moment...
drunk from the perfection of our bodies in motion.
The hunger within us finally fed and satisfied...
we now ride on wave after wave of raw emotion.

Ever-so-slowly-but-surely reality peeks in...
threatening to take us back to the here and now.
We hesitate to go where we know we have to hide...
the love we're supposed to try to forget...somehow.

Shelly Price

That Was Me

Do you remember feeling, not long ago, the fingers
of lady sun gently reach down and caress your face?
That was merely my smile spreading slowly like jam
across my face after waking from a dream about you.

Do you remember also the feeling of the ocean breeze
as it delicately blew full colored sails through your hair?
That was merely a whispered sigh escaping my lungs
trying to swallow the memory of one of our moments.

Do you remember the many sounds of a roaring surf
rolling it's blue tides that carried curling waves to sea?
That was merely the hushed sound of my desolate voice
cracking as I whispered aloud your name to myself.

Do you remember the taste of the ocean's salty spray
as it misted you while strolling in white-capped waves?
That was merely my tear drops falling overflowing eyes
remembering there is a sea of distance that seperates us.

Shelly Price

The Book Of Us

There are two sides to every story,
in this book of life between me and you.
I have my page to share and you have yours,
each of us contributing a different view.

In the beginning of our love story,
it was about the opening of our hearts.
Our imaginations added to our fantasies,
while each of us learned to play our parts.

Thoughts grew from one page to another...
adding chapter after chapter to our story.
Never did we think about what to write next,
we only marveled in all of it's glory.

As we continue to live our lives together,
each day our love for each other grows.
We've had our share of beautiful ups...
and know how to pull together during the lows.

Our book has become the continuation...
now with two minds that blend together.
Our hearts beat and follow the flow...
to each new and exciting endeavour.

The book about us is filled with memories,
memories that can't ever be taken away.
Each word that fills the pages we write,
are about a love that is destined to stay.

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Shelly Price

The Cost Of Loving You

I hate that you have the ability to make me cry...
why...I sigh...
for relief from the pain.
Do I win...lose...or gain?
Do I move forward or step back...
look ahead or behind?
Where is the sanity...
I need to find...unwind...
let go of my heart...so I can start...
to rebuild the life...torn apart...
by loving you.

Left in shreds...my emotions raw...
I saw love inside your eyes...
lies...farewell and goodbyes...
over and over again.

I pretend...to defend your actions...
but inside I crumble...
from the rumble...
and then humble myself by wanting...
and needing...pleading...for you to see...
that I continue to be...
all for you...and less...and less...
and less for me...by loving you.

Was it yesterday or today or tomorrow...
that I close this book of you and me?
What is there left to see...
how could it be...over before it ever began...
you ran...buried your head in the sand...
and expected to command...the respect of me.

I gave it to you...I gave it all...
you let me fall...hard against your protective wall...
I call...for you to rescue me from the pain I feel...
it's real...and hard to deal with...
each day I give away...more and more of myself...
by loving you.

I have to stop before I can't go on anymore.
I wanna soar...and feel the roar...
from the lure of life...
in love with a man not afraid of sharing...
and caring...giving...and living...
being one with me.
I must face my reality...
and say goodbye to the man I know to be my destiny...
before it utterly...and completely...
destroys me.

Today is the day...I must walk away...
I can't stay...I can't play this game.
I can't continue to pay the price...
the cost is too high...I must say goodbye.
I need to let you fly...and be free...
so I can be...once again...
ME...
totally...and completely.

To E.M...the man everyone knows I write about...the man I must let go of...I
now have closure and can put an end to the pain of loosing you. You are and will
forever be...EVERYTHING to me. I love all of you and will miss...all of you, my
dear friend...until the end...I'll be loving you.

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Shelly Price

The Gift Of His Love

We lay there silent in the darkness,
with not a single thing to say.
Words could not describe the feelings,
that we no longer could push away.

I could feel the beating of his heart,
it was reaching out to touch my own.
His eyes were filled with happiness,
as his whisper turned into a moan.

Nothing could have come between us,
our bodies were tangled together as a whole.
I could feel him loving every part of me,
he was loving my mind, my body and my soul.

I'll never forget the look on his face,
or the passion and fever I saw in his eyes.
I could see him letting go of all his fears,
I could see him letting go of his disguise.

He looked at me with such tenderness,
as he continued to hold me tight.
He gazed deeply into my eyes as he spoke,
and said 'I won't ever forget this night'.

He said he loved me and he needed me,
the words still echo within my mind.
He has given me such a cherished gift,
the gift of love...simple and divine.

To My man...E.M. I will love you
for as long as there is air to breathe.

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The Woman I Am

I'm known as the defiant one...
My life is full, my life is fun.
I dance at dusk in the moonlight,
and I play at dawn in the sun.

I conform to no one else's rules,
I'm a woman of my own.
I will not bend to obey your will,
I'll choose first to stand alone.

My love I freely give to you,
but it's not for you to control.
My love is free and expressive,
it's what makes me a woman whole.

I cast aside all your claims,
when you say I belong to you.
For I belong unto myself,
only to my own self I am true.

I am a woman strong and proud,
I live by my own moral code.
Internal strength is my victory,
for it is I who carries my load.

Please do not try to own me,
I'm not some prize to be won.
I stand firm with my convictions,
each day when my day is done.

This life I live belongs to me,
I share it with whom I choose.
Please don't try to change me,
like you change a pair of shoes.

Just because I'm in love with you,
doesn't change the woman I am.
You can't lead my soul to slaughter,
like some meek and gentle lamb.

I am precisely who I want to be,
you must accept me for what you see.
I have a world of love to give,
if you can love the gift of me.

Don't compare me to the others,
I'm not clay for you to mold.
Don't put a chain upon my spirit,
for my spirit's not yours to hold.

Inside and out I am beautiful,
the beauty of my spirit is free.
I too have flaws and imperfections,
which is what makes me uniquely me.

Shelly Price

Three Dimensions Of Fall

Excitement
overwhelms me, it's fall.
The colors of the world are changing,
texturizing the landscape with three dimensions.
See the change in brightly colored hues,
smell the freshness blowing,
feel the chill.

~*~

Remember
feeling the first cool breeze
against skin still bronze from summer sun?
Caught off guard by the coolness of it's whispering,
gently caressing bare flesh exposed,
with feather soft freshness,
like a kiss.

~*~

Fall begins
with the dancing of leafs
absorbing the colors of nature.
Then the cooling winds of change begin to blow free
and evolution's slow magic starts.
A gift given to all
from above.

~*~

Enjoy it,
embrace the miracle.
Let the beauty of color warm you
and the breezes of autumn rejuvenate you.
Count your blessings instead of problems.
Find peace within yourself.
Live life large.

~*~

Shelly Price

Translation

Like a blind woman,
I felt his lips
when they formed
words of love,
warm short breaths
followed by a cool intake
and a release.

I heard his heart
on the tips
of my fingers,
and taught my own lips
how to beat
in the same rhythm.

I spoke into his palms,
licked the line
of his life,
and found enlightenment
in this primitive
ritual
of mating -

Every movement
we made
became a translation of love;
his body spoke
in long drawn out moans,
his mouth moved
like a willow
in the wind.

and I interpreted
every word he created,
I deciphered
and defined,
I learned

sensuality.

Shelly Price

What We Are To This Love

You be the wind within my hurricane,
I'll be the center of your raging storm.
You be the hills that make up my valley,
and I'll be the sun that keeps you warm.

You be the steady rock for me to lean on,
when my body seems heavy and has to rest.
I'll give you a shoulder you can cry on,
when life tries to put you to the test.

You be the lighthouse that guides me,
when my path has grown dark and is dim.
I'll be the rope tied to your anchor,
keeping you steady from the shifting wind.

You be the water for me when I am thirsty,
I'll be the air in which you need to breathe.
You be the gold at the end of my rainbow,
and love will show you what it can achieve.

You be the fertilizer that makes me strong,
I'll be the solid ground beneath your feet.
Together let's dine on what life has to offer,
choosing only the best from life's menu to eat.

You be the teacher of life's many lessons,
I'll be the student ever eager to learn more.
You be the flame of my never ending passion,
and I'll be the woman you can trust and adore.

Shelly Price

When Love Become Affliction

When love becomes affliction,
there's not much one can do.
Despite the way you don't love me,
I'm still deeply in love with you.

I am the wave and you the rock,
against which I must break...
again and again the crushing jolt,
of pain I continue to make.

Once again the long retreat,
to safety far from shore...
and then again, I don't know why,
the long trip back for more.

Perhaps it's for the nostalgia,
or to reap that which we sew.
Maybe it's just pure hope, I hope,
that won't let me let you go.

Perhaps it is the need to try,
for those who might depend,
on who we are and what we do,
for whom this should not end.

What need do I have within me,
a certain defect in my heart?
To sense there is no greater whole,
for which you are a part.

What lonely choice that only I,
be served by love in vain?
What fear of giving up this love,
makes me sure I must remain?

I've searched for all the answers,
I've dug deep within my soul.
The certainty of my love for you,
is all I know for sure, I know.

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Shelly Price

When We First Kissed

I close my eyes to see
your lips upon mine.
Your thoughts empty of 'I shouldn't'.
your body full of 'I must'.
Your hunger now a beast
all hesitation gone.
You move close to me
your lips brush mine.
Electricity surges through our bodies
lightening strikes the sky.
Our tongues seductively dance in harmony
to the silent sounds of our lust.
The passion that consumes us
our lips tasting
feeling
teasing
yearning
to satisfy the starvation of time.
Your tongue gently licking my lips
sucking them.
A light moan escapes my lungs.
Our bodies are alive
burning with heat.
They have betrayed us
all reason cast aside.
The sheer pleasure of our oneness
feverish
passionate
wanting more.
More pleasure
more hot
steamy
wet tongues flickering.
My lips and yours
they slowly part.
We look into each others eyes
no secrets hidden there.
All has been revealed
when we first kissed.

Shelly Price

When...

When tears never fall,
and birds never fly.
When winter never ends,
and children never cry.

When the nights are not dark,
and the days are not light.
When forever finally comes,
and my eyes have no sight.

When my ears can't hear,
and the grass never grows.
When silence is too loud,
and a genius doesn't know.

When the wind never blows,
and the rain is never wet.
When thunder can't be heard,
and the sun refuses to set.

When pain does not hurt,
and enemies never fight.
When rainbows have no color,
and wrong seems so right.

When all these things finally happen,
when they finally do come true.
That's when I will finally say...
I'm no longer in love with you.

To E.M....always in my heart! !

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You

Eyes that caress
with hands so tender.
Quiet gentleness
in movements that arouse
and awaken within
passion long since
forgotten.
Eager to feel
to hear
to taste
to smell
to breathe in and out
again...
all of the man
that is you.

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Shelly Price

You To Me...Me To You

Goodbye...
I sigh...
still wondering why I cry and cry...
and listen to you lie...
as you tell another alibi...
and then deny your love for me.

Can't you see the 'we'...
not the 'I'...
not the 'you'...
I'm stuck like glue...
but so blue...
with so few days not knowing what to do...
what to say...
go away!

Today I'm confused...
used up and abused...
and then accused of what?
when?
where do I go from here?
do I go up or down...
turn my world around and around...
listen to the sound of my heart...
as it breaks...
mistakes...
yes I've made a few too many...
I know...
I've been to that all time low...
let me show you how I can reap from what I sew...
don't let me go...
please! ! !

I've grown...
left alone to feel each pain...
oh how it hurts...
but I gain...
a new perspective...
I'm improved...

so far removed from the game...
not the same ole girl I used to be...
once upon a time.

So hold on to me...
hold on tight...
we can get it right...
don't fight...
or lose sight of what we could be together...
we can weather this storm...
out of our rut...
and into the norm...
let's form that bond that sticks like glue...
you to me and me to you!

Shelly Price