

Oh Precious Heart Of My Lover So

By Mark Edgemon

She walks before me undisguised, revealing her gentle beauty
I am transfixed as she walks into my gaze
Her image most gratifying to my senses, I feel the imprint of her soul
upon mine
And I find harmony in the singleness of our union

I cleave to her with all that is mine
And I worship her, the handiwork of creation
She is the pronouncement that beauty still exists
And is proven, by the light that is reflected back from her countenance

Oh I love her from the depths of my soul
I bow down to her feet and if I may, I kiss them
I would that she walked upon me
Saving her feet from ever touching the ground

I have never known such deep stirrings
That swirls through my mind and soul
And the blush on my face proclaims my embarrassment
When she looks at me, ever so slightly

I feel her, reverberating through my body
Whispering loving things, that fall like kisses on my face
Oh my heart is filled with adoration
Wanting to be close to her, time without end

She is my woman and yet, she is not
A woman of such greatness of spirit belongs to the heavens
But she shares my space and time
For I have been given the sacred task to protect this special woman...given
to me from the heart of God