

Crease Not Thy Brow

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Crease not thy brow
with fear and doubt,
let not thy sleep be
turbulent,
disturbed with wild visions
images blackened by regret
swimming in a raging sea
of that which might
or cannot
be.

Have peace
within
the chaos
without,
know that our love is
the calming force
the gentle breeze
that blows
the crease from thy brow
the dreams from thy sleep.
And know that we are
now
as ever we have been
and forever shall be
two bodies
of the same heart.