

for the
LOVE

Short Stories and Poems
Vol. 1

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Never in a million thoughts
did I imagine life landing upside down for us.

Never in my darkest dreams could I have pictured my love
for you slipping free and falling miles away from my
heart...

for the
LOVE

I left you behind to find me.

Walked away from all I knew to be better.

Searched and Found.

Found love. Found me.

But now I'm back and ready to live again.

for the
LOVE

Right.

Wrong.

Truth.

Lies.

Who is to say emotions don't justify the effects?

Or cause them?

You.

Me.

Neither one willing to quiet the tongue-battle.

Neither willing to listen.

Love.

Lust.

The letters of the alphabet don't differentiate their meanings.

We do.

I am hidden.
Hidden even from myself.

Far from reality, far from reflection, far from truth.

I'll remain buried in this place, within reach, but too far
to touch.

Until you find me.

for the
LOVE

ode to love

It's as discreet as the wind whisking cool air on a
hot day.

Gentle.

Subtle.

Yet you know it's there.

It's fulfilling.

Nourishing.

Everlasting.

As profound and extensive as the sky;

No reach can touch it.

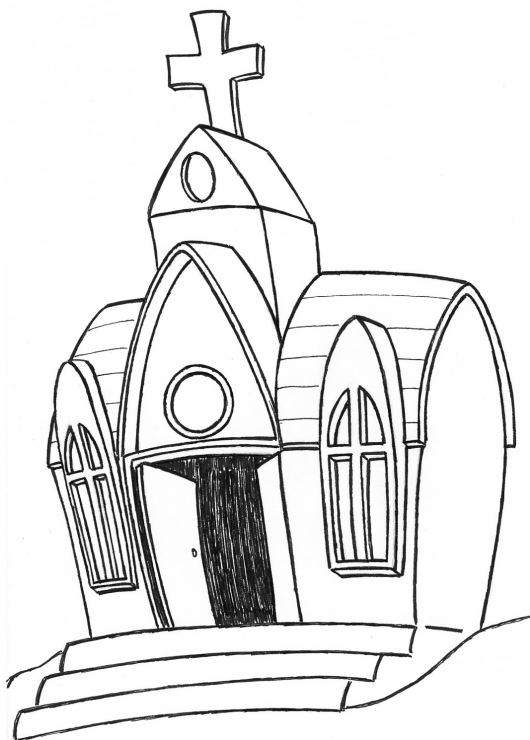
No end in sight.

Can't feel without it.

Can't breathe without it.

Can't live without it.

Love.



My love, what to do?
Stay or leave, go or stay?
How to choose?
He's like air

Makes me laugh when I wish I could be mad
Makes me scream during lunchtime quickies
and evenings of passionate fights
He eats my soul with his longing for me

Touches me in a way that no other has done before
And I don't mean down there,
I mean touches a place that's

forever and always



Like laying next to the one you love,
bodies close enough to feel warmth
yet far enough away
to breathe in your own air

He relaxes my mind and eases my spirit
Touches me spiritually and emotionally

But still I am confused
Maybe not confused
Maybe just scared
This man has dared me to just be

Dared me,
Actually challenged me
(with my stubborn, know-it all
attitude and having-it-my-way
self) to just be with him

No questions, no doubts
Only trust and freeness

And I think I like it

I love him, I love him!



The microphone doesn't interest me,
nor do the snaps of fingers mid-air
after a great performance
give me an unforgettable high.



I am not a poet.

I am a person who loves
poetry, music and words.

The way they can transformed
synonyms, verbs, nouns, or prepositions
with one swipe of the pen.

How they can sing a sad song,
speak life in the midst of doubt
and soothe minds through
truth or fiction.

I am not a poet
in the traditional sense
but I am poet...

I use words to intensely
give meaning to blank pages.

I am not only a poet,
I am most importantly a writer...

