

It's Love: Suzanne Blatchford

You cannot force the mortal heart
To beat a beat, or long a longing
There is no logic or voice to sway
or lead a heart to yearn or stay.

A thinking head will have no place
No logic, no reason, to win the race
The force of feelings, trumps the score
That leaves us, humans,
Vulnerable and raw.

Destiny, soul mates and twin flames
Society's brainwash, who is to blame?
Endless seeking for the better half
Complete, content, arrived at last.

But are we not already whole?
Or does another complete our soul?
The torture, triumph and the pain
The human condition, a global same

Unrequited, mismatched, forbidden
A road not taken; a path not ridden
Obsession, regression, a bridal procession.
Heartbreak is our only lesson.

It cheats, it steals, it mists the eyes
Changing destiny, Its carving lives
But who am I or you to say
Why we mortals live this way
Heavenly mystery from above
Its love, its love, its love.