

Marsin

i

the centipede they called
Love



e.02 foreword

Poems of love hold no disdain, they show, not preach, they heal, not reign. They teach, one lesson stays, another fades in time's embrace. To weave a verse is to let go, to drift, adapt, let goodness flow. To honor words, to stand up tall, with love forever over all. For nothing builds the way love does, nothing strikes with such a cause. Even when she's feeling low, even when her stomach's sore. Hear her spirit, not her sound, let her roam, don't pin her down. Even when she plays her part, don't take her matters to the court. Love needs air, not an extra gene, needs compassion, not obscene. Walk your path, let love be near, I can show the way, but won't demand your fear. These poems are a guiding light, they tell more than they have the right. They hold more than they dare to say, accept the call, don't turn away. Read with openness, not haste, not for rushing, not for waste. Speak with love as pages turn, feel the lesson, make it burn. For love will hold and soothe you tight, you won't die from birth's first fight. To live is more than gaining weight, the soul will rise, it's not too late. Poems have their way to dig, to stir the conscience deep within. They whisper of warm summer days, where sun and laughter paved the way. They bathed, they dreamed, they took their time, ate and wandered, watched the shine. So lean in closer, take their call, these words were made for you, for all. I sit and write, I think of you, of what you do, of what is true. Are you locked within your mind? Far from love, yet trapped in time? Poems will remind you, anger's path won't ever guide you. Poems will recall that pride can make the weak one fall. That reason matters more than rage, no need to whine, no need to cage. To fill your gut, to plan, to thrive, who cares? Just learn to feel alive. I don't mind if dreams come true, just make sure they live in you. Think, digest, and smile bright, take these words and feel them right. Take them slowly, don't consume, live inside them, give them room. Make a shelter, let them grow, let them soothe or wake your soul. Let them rock you into sleep, or curl beside you, soft and deep. Or shake your mind with sudden force, to bring you wholly on this course. To fill your chest with love so vast, to show what truly, deeply lasts. Love will measure, love will weigh, she won't let you drift away. She won't quit, she won't resign, she will guide your every line. Don't twist the road, don't walk astray, don't tighten bolts or turn away. The road of love is straight and clear, lifting you, no need for fear. It carries you with steady arms, it pulls you up, beyond the storms. It lifts you high into the clouds, where you can see the world aloud. A forest maze you would have lost, if love had never been the cost. Love won't shift with modern trends, won't fade away as seasons bend. Love won't cheat or play pretend, it understands, it makes amends. Through these poems, love will speak, show how strong, yet soft and meek. Show how much it still can give, how it leads, how it lets you live. Love remembers, love will stay. How much? We hope, let's simply pray. That she lingers, that she won't flee, that she thrives with you and me. Love can shock, you'll see it soon, it's not a trick, nor market's boon. It's not some cheap and hollow price, it's priceless, pure, and truly wise. She won't bow to passing time, won't be carried by the tide. She hides her riddles, veiled and keen, yet holds a beauty bright and clean. With one hand, she guards the glow, with the other, she lets you know that love is more than just a taste, it's more than meals, more than waste. That when the fire starts to fade, you need to fan, not turn away. Add some coal or add some wood, to keep the flame where love once stood. A poem is the kindling bright, a piece of cake, a guiding light. Or maybe just the words you need, when love's unsure, when doubts proceed. A poem will embrace you whole, a poem

will mend what time once stole. It won't deceive, it won't mislead, it stands for love, it plants the seed. Love is here, she's here for you, she's in the sky, she's in the dew. In daily steps, in wind so light, in morning sun and fading night. Cherish her, for time won't wait, love's embrace won't hesitate. But if you let her slip away, it's on you, don't shift the blame. Half a life, half a dream, half a heart, don't live between. Almost happy, almost free, don't get trapped in that decree. Take these words, take this sign, let love's presence fill your mind. Let it guide you, let it stay, don't let fear get in the way. Poems lead, poems heal, they won't break, they won't steal. They will show what's pure and real, they will teach you how to feel. Read and smile, don't look down, read and wear no bitter frown. Here's a piece of truth, my friend, not all will get it in the end.



TROUBLEMAKERS

Poems of love,
Bring joy from above.

They're here to remind,
That love's always been in your mind.

You just forgot, let it stray,
Greeted strangers along the way.

But now you know what's false, what's true,
So don't let the smoke blind you.

the centipede they called Love

(1st from the right)

Love unites,
Love won't divide.

You won't find her beneath a bar sign,
Toasting Sundays, full of pride.

You won't see her lonely,
Lost in housework, worn and tired.

She won't beg for pennies,
No one's business, uninquired.

How she earns,
Or if she pays her dues,

If she stays loyal,
Or breaks the rules.

What are her plans,
How will she raise her child?

How long till pension?
Is her trash well-filed?

Does Love have dreams,
Hopes that gleam?

Does Love have debts?
A debt so long - it never forgets.

Does she have faith?
Hope suits her best.

But once I saw her
Love, dreaming like the rest.

(1st from the left)

Love once handed me a bill,
I was surprised - it cost so little still.

I left a tip, just to be kind,
Yet she packed her bags, left me behind.

She didn't look, she didn't stare,
Didn't flinch or seem aware.

That I was silent, yet still smiled,
That I stroked her soft with words so mild.

Not a sound,
Love speaks without being bound.

She only gazed into my eyes,
Then turned to hatred in disguise.

No longer did she drift away,
For she had mocked herself that day.

She asked for pain, for retribution,
For every debt of our conclusion.

She asked for furs, a coat so grand,
I pulled a sack with my own hand.

I packed up Love,
That wasn't love anymore,

And drove her off to be disposed,
To change into something worth much more.

(2nd from the right)

I once wrote Love a letter so true,
Telling her how much I miss her, too.

How much I long,
How nights feel wrong.

Love wrote back,
A poem intact.

"Don't say you miss me,
Don't claim you break,

For I saw you with Greed,
As Mercy made you hesitate.

You laughed so bright,
A grin so wide,

Telling Greed your clever jokes,
Thinking fate won't turn the tide.

You thought I'd never know,
That it'd stay just between you two,

That you'd meet in secret halls,
Mocking all the loves you knew."

I apologized,
Begged to be recognized.

Swore "Never again."
And washed my hands of sin.

(2nd from the left)

One day, I took Love for a walk,
Not too long, yet full of talk.

Love kept sighing,
At strolling crowds, at heat so trying.

She grumbled about the burning sun,
The people swarming, everyone.

She'd rather flee to mountain peaks,
Or hear the ocean when it speaks.

I told her that the seaside shore
Would hold even bigger crowds, for sure.

She answered, "No, away from here,
It feels so different, don't you see?"

"On a trip, we turn into waves,
Just like the sea-no one behaves.

We only chatter,
On what should or shouldn't matter.

We only claim,
What's good, what's wrong, who's to blame."

So I said, "Then let's stay home,
At least for now, let time roam.

Let's demand from us, not them,
And talk, just we, again and again.

Let's cherish moments,
You with me, in pure devotion."

(3rd from the right)

Love once boasted, full of delight,
That she had bought new shoes so bright.

Another time, she showed to me,
A pearl necklace, shining free.

Then one day, a ticket in hand,
A flight to somewhere far and grand.

I asked her then, "Where will you go?"
She smiled and said, "Where pearls will glow."

I asked again, "But with what means?
Where does love find such grand schemes?"

Love just answered, soft and light,
As if my question wasn't right.

"Money matters not," she said,
"When it flows, or when it's dead.

When it's gone, it plays pretend,
Unless one longs with no clear end."

(3rd from the left)

Love once told me, bright and bold,
How she skied down slopes so cold.

She learned from scratch, step by step,
Falling down with each misstep.

Yet she never lost her way,
Always stood and tried to stay.

After years of falling, striving,
She became a pro, kept thriving.

Led expeditions to the peaks,
Raced down slopes so wild, unique.

And not a cloud could dim the sight,
Of truth she carved in trails so white.

That love must train, it must endure,
While time allows, while life is pure.

For if ignored, it fades away,
And stumbles long before the race.

(4th from the right)

Love stood waiting in a line,
For a ticket, for some time.

But they sold out, not one left,
Love just stood there, lost, bereft.

"How could this be?" she asked, confused,
Yet fate had played the path she'd choose.

Left outside in bitter air,
Drowning sorrow at a square.

Drowning pain though she can't swim,
In every martini, an olive dim.

I asked, "Why the sadness? Why the gloom?
Was it just a ticket, just a room?"

But Love just stared, her voice turned rough,
Then cursed the world, she'd had enough.

"It's the system, it's the greed,
They preach of love but never bleed.

They speak of passion, deep and bright,
Yet throw it out before the night."

(4th from the left)

I once sat with Love, flipping through old frames,
In one, she stood with Wholeness, calling her name.

In another, she sailed with Unity's grace,
On the third, she fought with Emptiness' face.

Love just shrugged, said she couldn't recall,
Only the pictures remembered it all.

I told her softly, "You don't need to know,
It's not your fault if memories don't show."

That her mind was light, never dwelling too long,
That she never clung to what felt wrong.

Love just smiled, said, "That's how I stay,
I only keep the good, let sorrow drift away."

"That pain and loss fade out with time,
That it's not my fault if smoke starts to climb."

"I never stoke the fire bright,
Sometimes I just set things right."

"It doesn't matter who strikes the spark,
What matters is that Love still holds the heart."

(5th from the right)

Love once drove big rigs at night,
Smuggling joy past border's sight.

One day they caught her, did the math,
Calculated loss and tax.

For happiness held, yet duty unpaid,
Love just smiled and calmly said,

"It's for the people, for their sake,"
But law replied, "That's no escape."

"The law is law, the toll must stay,
No love can simply give away."

So Love paid up, what had to be,
Though it lost a hefty fee.

It took on debt, it borrowed deep,
Still, joy's worth was hard to keep.

It couldn't count, nor memorize,
How much joy was whose, or why.

Even Joy itself confessed,
That its own price was anyone's guess.

At last, Love struck a deal,
Under sunlight, firm but real.

They agreed they'd never met,
Just crossed paths by mere regret.

(5th from the left)

Love was drowning once, deep in a pond,
I leaped to save her, no second thought.

I swam to her, arms open wide,
She smiled and thanked me for my pride.

She said she was only pretending to sink,
Just testing the waters, just wanting to think.

To see if someone would dare to dive,
Or if all were too busy just staying alive.

Would there be one, brave and true,
Who'd risk his life to pull love through?

But now she knows, and she feels fine,
For there are still souls who cross the line.

Who value love beyond their breath,
Who don't count life in fear of death.

Who don't believe when they are told,
That love is just a habit old.

That when two live side by side too long,
Love appears as if by song.

She comes and says, "I've always been,
Just standing quiet, never seen."

"I never pushed, I never cried,
It's you who thought I lived inside a dream."

(6th from the right)

I once stepped into a newsstand bright,
Picked up a paper, and there in sight...

Love was nestled between the pages,
Smiling back from glossy stages.

She asked me why I looked so lost,
I said, "Just puzzled, that's all, not cross."

Love just laughed, "I'm making my name,
I'm famous now, I'm in the game."

I praised her for the rising fame,
She sighed and said, "Oh, what a shame."

"Get in line, if you want a photo,
Get in line, if you want to follow."

"I'm a star now, a face to see,
With stylists and a strict routine."

"A diet plan, a polished glow,
To keep my beauty on the go."

I answered, "To me, you were just right,
Before the fame, before the lights."

"Before you turned into a star,
That's a bittersweet remark."

"But still, it's good to know, it's grand,
That even strangers get to sit with Love firsthand."

(6th from the left)

Love once joined me on a fishing day,
We took a boat and sailed away.

I cast my line into the deep,
Love called out, "They start to leap!"

She said, "I've got one, look and see,"
She pulled the line - Joy broke free.

"What's Joy doing in the lake?"
I asked Love, but she just swayed.

"Maybe she had enough of land,
Maybe she longed for different hands."

"Maybe she wanted a world so vast,
Or just to swim, to dive at last."

Love just laughed, so light, so true,
While Joy just smiled, said nothing new.

Love let go, no chains, no ties,
And Joy swam off with turtle's stride.

Never looking back to shore,
Love just whispered, "She had her more."

"No need to fish, no more today,
Lest Anger bites or Stress betrays."

"For some emotions weigh too much,
And Love should never bleed from such."

So she sat back, watched the waves,
And hid from tempests she could not tame.

(7th from the right)

Love took a sip of coffee black,
Then frowned and pushed the cup right back.

She said, "It's not the taste for me,
I crave the past, the way it used to be."

Feasts of meat, fine wine, delight,
But Love won't waste her time on vice.

She'd rather sit in silent air,
And read my verses, soft and rare.

Or rise within the noisy streams,
Lifted high by vaped dreams.

From misty heights above the land,
She watches peaks that humans stand.

And tells the clouds, her drifting kin,
Of wagers made with mountains grim.

That they would never rise above,
That Love would match them, strength for strength.

The mountain lost, in anger steeped,
For Love was small, yet reached the peak.

For though she seems so faint, so slight,
She holds the key to endless life.

For when you seek what never dies,
You'll find Love staring in your eyes.

(7th from the left)

Love picks the dirt from under her nails,
Strokes her elbows, frail and pale.

Her hands are sore,
From working the fields before.

She plowed the land, she cut the grain,
Yet still she smiles, she won't complain.

She never asks what time it is,
She never checks when I might cease.

She doesn't question why we live,
She has no grander words to give.

She simply is, and that's enough,
She lives, she breathes, she ties things up.

She gives existence meaning true,
She makes the old beliefs renew.

That life without her turns to dust,
That food without her lacks its crust.

You chew just to fill the void inside,
But Love is richer than meals worldwide.

She won't leave you bloated, sore,
But Love - you must desire her more.

(8th from the right)

Love once wandered through Paradise fair,
Yet found no joy beyond the air.

She saw no charm above the trees,
No golden gates, no sense of peace.

She felt no honor in the land,
No sense of purpose near at hand.

So down to Earth she chose to fall,
To find herself within us all.

Here, where Hatred walks so near,
Where opposites shape what we hold dear.

Where nothing lasts, where all things shift,
Where nothing's sure, where meanings drift.

That Love on Earth is just one thing,
And Hate, its shadow, following.

Hatred mocks and shakes Love's core,
Love wonders, "Was this the right door?"

"Is this the way it's meant to be?
Where every contrast silences me?"

She's tired, questioned, pulled apart,
They ask why paleness veils her heart.

But how could she shine, when traps are laid?
When every step feels like a blade?

Where Love must fight to find her place,
Unlike in Heaven's soft embrace.

Yet still, despite the weight and pain,
She longs to stay, to live again.

(8th from the left)

Love set sail upon a ship,
Greeting strangers on her trip.

Then, without a warning sign,
Seasickness struck, stole her time.

Locked inside her cabin tight,
Shoes a mess, hair far from right.

The journey still had miles to go,
Yet Love felt weak, rocked to and fro.

She wondered why the rest stood tall,
Why she alone would rise then fall.

How could they stand while waves still spun?
How could they dance when she came undone?

Love complained, she moaned, she cried,
While I just heard the ocean sigh.

The sea and Love - a chorus grand,
For what is a ship without command?

For what is a journey, if none may learn,
That all must face the waves in turn?

That every tide, both high and low,
Still shows the path where courage flows.

That even Love, in swaying motion,
Might wretch from drowning in devotion.

(9th from the right)

Without Love, we are hollow inside,
Empty shells where nothing hides.

A fragile shell that eats, that drinks,
Yet never feels, yet never thinks.

Without Love, life makes no sense,
With Love, we long for existence intense.

In Love, with Love, and for Love's sake,
That never bends, that never breaks.

That knows no fear, no bitter rage,
That won't be found upon a ledge.

That won't hide inside a shed,
Or watch me eat alone instead.

She only wants to share it all,
She only wants to hear my call.

Love longs to be a part of you,
To live, not rot, to stay in view.

Not cast aside as something old,
Not locked away, not left in cold.

Not judged as cruel, not caged, restrained,
Not fed with scraps, not left to wane.

Love is light, a feather's flight,
Love wipes your soul and makes it bright.

If you listen, if you care,
She will stay with you, always there.

And in her voice, you'll find a way,
The answer to what life must say.

(9th from the left)

Love feeds the fire when winter is near,
To keep herself warm, to chase off the fear.

She chops down trees, the ones untrue,
Cuts them apart, in measured view.

She breaks them down, piece by piece,
So they may burn, so warmth may reach.

Yet once they're split, they can't return,
Your dreams now lost, no bridge to burn.

For those who wish to use Love's light,
To twist, to mold for selfish might.

Love won't serve, won't play along,
She'll leave, she'll drift where she belongs.

She'll stay afar from fleeting hands,
From those who crave what time demands.

From those who claim, "It's mine, it's due,
If it is there, then I want it too."

But Love stays faithful, Love stays whole,
She's like the air that fills the soul.

For those who long to truly breathe,
For those who learn what Love believes.

So hear me now, take heed, be wise,
Cherish Love before it dies.

For if she leaves, she won't return,
And time won't grant another turn.

(10th from the right)

Homeland teaches us to love,
To cherish her, to rise above.

Homeland teaches us to be free,
In love, in faith, in loyalty.

She shows that love, so strong, so pure,
Brings heaven down to earthly shores.

She teaches how, through sacrifice,
We find belonging, deep and nice.

She tells the tales of those who gave,
Who stood in love, yet stood so brave.

Not just for her, not just for land,
But for the truth, on which they stand.

She tells the stories of those who fought,
Not just for love, but all it brought.

They marched with love onto the field,
They taught her war, they taught her steel.

She learned to strike, she learned to shield,
To guard the ones who'd never yield.

And to this day, she still defends,
Those who call her home, as friends.

Those who see, in fields and trees,
A homeland longing for her peace.

For days where love won't lead to death,
Where hate won't steal our every breath.

Where enemies will cease to fight,
And love will bring us all to light.

(10th from the left)

Love stepped onto a speeding train,
And rode ahead through sun and rain.

To lands unknown, so far, so wide,
To search for self, to look inside.

She saw the past, she felt the glow,
She watched how kindness used to flow.

She saw how joy could light the air,
How people thrived with love to share.

She learned how much she had to give,
How much it took to truly live.

Then Love decided to return,
To rest where Polish hearths still burn.

But when she reached into her coat,
No ticket back, no way, no hope.

She asked around, but none would lend,
She fought herself, her own best friend.

And from that clash, a storm arose,
She stood alone, with doors all closed.

No one claimed her, none had seen,
Love was foreign, lost between.

She thought, "I should have stayed at home,
Not chased the world, not fled to roam."

"For even in the poorest nest,
I had a place, I had my rest."

(11th from the right)

Love needs a witness, someone to see,
To swear she is who she claims to be.

Love needs a grandfather's gaze,
Where his wife still lives in endless days.

Love seeks proof, a sign, a name,
That she transforms yet stays the same.

The one who stands, who saw her shine,
Who knew her soul, who read her sign.

The one who knew, without a doubt,
That she's the dream they spoke about.

For Love, he'd fall, he'd fade, he'd break,
He'd never turn, he'd never fake.

No other path, no second way,
No other hands to steal her stay.

He lost his mind, he tricked the sky,
Yet Love still saw devotion's cry.

He swore, "With you, I'll always stay."
Love held his arm and laughed away.

And whispered soft, "I am for all,
For those who dare to take my call."

(11th from the left)

Love went to the market on Thursday at dawn,
To buy some Tenderness, but it was gone.

So she thought, "Then Mercy instead,"
Yet Mercy was sold out, nothing was left.

Only a handful of Faith remained,
So she took it - and fate was regained.

For Faith had wished to spark once more,
To find a reason to restore.

A reason to trust, a reason to see,
That Love could still expand and be.

Not fleeting mist, not fading air,
But something firm, something rare.

Something steady, small yet true,
Growing vast in every view.

Love, content, returned with Faith,
But Faith fell ill, fevered, swayed.

Love was touched, she caught it too,
And suddenly, Love felt renewed.

"It's just a dream," she thought, unsure,
Yet life with Faith had now endured.

(12th from the right)

Love arrived to visit me,
I am just another stop to see.

She came to check if I'm the kind,
A place where she might stay, confined.

Where she could settle, doubt-free, whole,
And love me without regard for the old.

Will I succeed, will I endure?
It all depends on if I'm pure.

On how much openness I hold,
And where my heart may now unfold.

On whether I embrace mankind,
On whether I seek the divine.

On whether I am built to last,
Or let her slip away too fast.

For every step, a path is sown,
Will Love remain, or be my own?

For a moment, she may stay,
In my heart, she leaves a trace.

But what if Love should walk away?
What if she is not meant to stay?

Will I return to what I knew?
To anger's weight, to bitter hues?

No, I'll do it differently,
I'll grow Love as a living seed.

I'll plant her deep within the ground,
And watch her bloom as spring comes round.

I'll guard her well, I'll let her grow,
She'll never leave, this much I know.

(12th from the left)

I found Love beneath the tree,
Wrapped in ribbons, just for me.

A brand-new toy, a gift so bright,
Something to hold, to bring delight.

I'd take her out for walks at dawn,
I'd stroke her hair as days went on.

I'd show my friends, I'd proudly say,
"What a wonderful time has come my way!"

That Love is mine, all mine alone,
That she is here, that she's my own.

I hoped she'd listen, stay polite,
And take her baths without a fight.

I hoped she'd learn to heed my call,
To echo words, repeat them all.

To do just what I'd wish and dream,
To shape her world inside my scheme.

But Love grew tired, Love grew weak,
She couldn't stand the rules I'd keep.

And after just a week or so,
She left, she chose to let me go.

She walked herself to where they keep,
The Loves abandoned, lost, or beat.

For those who held them far too tight,
And drained them out in selfish light.

(13th from the right)

Mama baked Love in the oven bright,
With rose-filled heart, so soft, so light.

With Tenderness mixed in the dough,
And not a trace of Cold to show.

Mama baked, and Love was glad,
To be desired, to be had.

To be the taste that all would crave,
To be enjoyed, warm and brave.

To feel the bite of Love so true,
Still fresh, still hot, still breaking through.

Yet those who wear a bitter guise,
Won't grasp the taste, won't realize.

And those who choose a different way,
Might never know how Love could stay.

For they ignore the signs so clear,
And rot alone in empty fear.

Half-eaten, wasted, cast aside,
Without the scent of love inside.

Not like the warmth a mother brings,
Where Love still bakes, where memory sings.

From ovens rich with tender tones,
Where hunger finds its heart, its home.

One Love, one taste, pure and wise,
No need for poppy seeds to rise.

(13th from the left)

Love went walking on a trail,
And met with Silence, calm and pale.

Love was stunned, yet didn't part,
She stayed, she spoke, she touched her heart.

She shared herself, she showed her way,
And Silence, curious, chose to stay.

To prove that Silence eats as well,
She took a bite, and Love could tell.

Silence, full and satisfied,
Smiled with Love now by her side.

She felt the taste, so new, so sweet,
A flavor she had yet to meet.

And eager now, with joy so bright,
She ran to Noise to share delight.

She told him all, she spilled the tale,
Of Love's embrace, so rich, so pale.

And Noise grew troubled, deep in thought,
For how could chaos fight what's soft?

How could the world still rage and cry,
If Silence let Love settle by?

(14th from the right)

Love went to live among the trees,
To rest, to breathe, to find her peace.

No one came, no footsteps near,
For fear had claimed the world that year.

All were scared, all held their breath,
They fought, they cursed, they feared their death.

Without Love, they learned too late,
That life alone was sealed by fate.

Without Love, they saw with dread,
That harmony was cold and dead.

For Love gives life, she lets hearts shine,
She teaches warmth, not bitter pride.

She shows the way to gentle hands,
Not how to sulk at fate's demands.

And so, one day, they left in search,
To find the Love they'd lost on Earth.

To see where she had gone astray,
To bring her back, to make her stay.

They found her weak, her lips so dry,
Without the world, she'd fade, she'd die.

Love can't exist in silent halls,
She needs the world, she needs us all.

So Love returned, she said goodbye,
To forest winds and moonlit sky.

She walked among us, stood once more,
And stayed with us, forevermore.

(14th from the left)

Fulfilled Love,
Is a wife embraced.

Fulfilled Love,
Is a child first traced.

Fulfilled Love,
Whispers, "Love me more."

Fulfilled Love,
Calls, "For Love, endure."

For Love, give all,
For Love, leave pride.

For Love, seek God,
And know your kind.

Know who's a brother, true and near,
And who just wears a brother's gear.

Who speaks of light, yet walks in shade,
Who knocks with good, who knocks with pain.

Who aches to see you love and trust,
Who dreads the fire of Love's bright touch.

Who dims your heart, who drains your glow,
Who tires of kindness, lets it go.

Who longs to love, who longs to take,
Who fears to live, who fears to break.

Yet I have tried, and Love I found,
Embraced the world, stood safe, unbound.

I loved, I gave, I chose to stay,
And left the dark to walk away.

For evil stands where hearts grow weak,
I hear it not. I will not seek.

(15th from the right)

Today, my mother cooked me Love,
I stirred the pot, I spiced it up.

My wife just sighed, "I'm not that hungry,"
So I stood alone, my plate still lovely.

I served myself a feast so bright,
A plate of Love, a meal of light.

She sat with me, she did not stray,
Not out of pity, but to stay.

She told me how the world now spins,
How Love is born, how Love begins.

That one will shape it, build it strong,
A brother's bond, a lifelong song.

Yet others push Love far away,
Ignoring signs, lost in the fray.

Unsure of where their feet should land,
Unsure of where they ought to stand.

Love drifts down,
Like autumn leaves.

And I just wonder,
What it means.

That not all stomachs can digest,
A tale of Love, a truth confessed.

That Love should be for everyone,
Not just for few, not just for one.

Yet forcing Love is never right,
Nor stirring Hatred just for spite.

(15th from the left)

Love went to college, eager to learn,
To study, to grow, to take her turn.

She listened close, she took her seat,
She wanted more, she stayed discreet.

She filled her notes, she wrote them well,
She read, she learned, she knew the spell.

She learned how the world is shaped and spun,
That not all seek her, not everyone.

That not all see the signs she leaves,
That not all know what Love believes.

That not all grasp why she exists,
That life itself is Love's true test.

She finished school, she laughed, she shone,
A journey grand, a lesson known.

She held her diploma, proud and tall,
She met herself and knew it all.

So honored now, she felt so bright,
Like a wife, adored in light.

Cherished, grand, yet just too small,
To grasp the weight, to hold it all.

And full of pride, Love lost her way,
For ego turned her bright to gray.

For when the self grows far too wide,
There's nothing left of Love inside.

(16th from the right)

Love once thought of ending it all,
The thought consumed her, a silent call.

How to do it, swift and wise,
How to leave, with no goodbyes?

How to show the world so blind,
That she no longer cared to shine?

How to prove to those she knew,
That love received no honor due?

If they can live without her grace,
Then let them drown in Anger's place.

If they won't give her room to stay,
Let them taste life, stripped away.

Let them feel the weight of gloom,
Let them learn how fate can doom.

"I, Love, refuse to play this game,
I won't exist in loss and shame."

"No one will mourn, no one will cry,
Perhaps they'll learn, but I'll be gone."

But time was late, and Love had left,
For those who lived, just emptiness.

Yet Love was wise, she saw ahead,
She knew her story wasn't dead.

She'd rise again, where life begins,
In newborn hearts, in children's dreams.

For those who mocked, who cast her out,
She left a trace, a crimson doubt.

She staged her death, she faked her fall,
For Love refused to die at all.

She played the part, she took the stage,
For Death was not her rightful cage.

(16th from the left)

Grandmother wished to teach me Love,
To share her wisdom, passed from above.

She wanted Love to thrive, to grow,
To settle in me, soft and slow.

She hoped that we would bond with ease,
That Love would choose to stay and please.

But Love just smiled and shook her head,
"It's never that simple," she softly said.

"You cannot claim me at first sight,
Or steal my secrets in the night."

For Grandmother sighed, "You seem so grim,"
And Love just laughed, yet stayed so dim.

"No, Grandma, words won't pull me in,
Not even if you fade within."

"For Love, like marriage, is never light,
It comes with burdens, dark and bright."

"It comes with in-laws, flaws, and weight,
You fry it deep, you serve it straight."

With Love, one walks with measured pace,
Discovering truths, not forcing grace.

One shapes her slow, with tender hands,
Not mocks, not bends to own demands.

Not claims to know, nor acts so wise,
For Love still seeks what love supplies.

For Love will always chase its kind,
And only Love will make Love bind.

(17th from the right)

Love once tried to strike a deal,
To name Joy's price, to make it real.

The seller stood, firm and tall,
Unwilling to bargain, to bend at all.

Love insisted, "Joy must be weighed,
It has a price, a cost to be paid."

The seller smiled, unmoved, untamed,
"Joy is priceless, it can't be claimed."

Love grew restless, turned to leave,
Pretending fate she would deceive.

Yet just before she walked away,
The seller sighed and chose to stay.

"Joy without Love is worth no gold,
So take it now, let fate unfold."

Love lit up, embraced the prize,
And in an instant, changed her guise.

For Joy and Love are one, the same,
And Love had won her rightful name.

And so, the deal did more than thrive,
For Joy now spread, began to rise.

It doubled, tripled, soared so free,
And price no longer meant a thing.

(17th from the left)

Love once dreamed of catching a ride,
To see the world, to roam outside.

She stuck out her hand, free and bright,
But Journey refused, dodged from sight.

"You, Love, are trouble, don't you see?
Who will fill the world if you leave with me?"

"Who will spread warmth, who will mend hearts?
How will you chase your own restless spark?"

"How will you travel, dream, and explore,
If those who need you stand at their door?"

"Maybe someday, but not today,
Perhaps in years, when skies aren't gray."

"For now," said Journey, "stay and be,
People need you, desperately."

"Without you, Anger takes the throne,
Without you, Mercy stands alone."

"Without you, sorrow fills the air,
And pride grows bold, beyond repair."

"Without you, life begins to fade,"
Love simply smiled, and chose to stay.

She nodded once, with knowing grace,
And Need stepped in to take Love's place.

(18th from the right)

Love sat upon the sandy shore,
Building castles, dreaming more.

But soon a child came rushing near,
Screaming loud for all to hear.

With playful feet, it kicked them down,
Then laughed so hard, then spun around.

Love just sighed and walked away,
But trouble was not kept at bay.

For the child chased with wicked glee,
Destroyed again what Love set free.

For this was Hatred, wild and small,
Sent to make Love trip and fall.

To break her joy, to see her weep,
To steal her peace, deny her sleep.

Yet Love stood firm, refused to fade,
And slowly, surely, she gained weight.

She swelled, she rose, so vast, so bright,
Until she towered out of sight.

And when that child of spite and pain,
Tried once more to bring Love strain

She crushed it whole beneath her might,
And cast away the endless fight.

No hands remained to strike, to tear,
No voice to mock, no feet to snare.

Love stood tall, no need to hide,
At last herself, with arms stretched wide.

(18th from the left)

Love once rode into the ring,
To taste the thrill, to hear it sing.

She craved the rush, the roaring sound,
The weight of fear, the shaken ground.

She wished to feel the rising heat,
To stare at trouble, eye to eye.

And trouble came - but to her sight,
It seemed like mischief, nothing dire.

She thought it all a fleeting game,
So she played along, she staked her claim.

And after moments wild and raw,
She sent the bull to flee in awe.

She gave it Freedom, tore the chain,
Refused to let it act in pain.

For Love could never stand and cheer,
For cruelty masked in grand veneer.

For Love was born to heal, to feel,
To break the cage, to bend the steel.

For Love finds joy in life unchained,
Where winds run free, where hearts remain.

Where mint leaves dance in summer air,
Where passion breathes with tender care.

Where Freedom whispers, fresh and bright,
A life of love, both fierce and light.

(19th from the right)

Love was stuck in endless lines,
Trapped in traffic, lost in time.

She couldn't reach the one in need,
Who longed for Love, who sought to be freed.

Who wouldn't bow, who wouldn't break,
Who wouldn't live by strings so fake.

Who faced a world where Love was scorned,
Yet chose to rise, to be reborn.

Could Evil now just walk away?
Could Love outshine, could Love dismay?

At last, she reached, she made her way,
And met with Love, who chose to stay.

They spoke of truth, they spoke of pain,
They spoke of being whole again.

They made a vow, a soft decree,
That peace would stand where Love must be.

The Love that traveled, stayed in part,
The rest went seeking another heart.

A Love now stronger, bold and bright,
No longer feared the dark of night.

And as she grew, and stood her ground,
At last, she knew: she had been found.

(19th from the left)

Love is a keeper of olden ways,
She trims the tree on holiday.

She builds the manger, bows her head,
Beneath the cross where tears are shed.

The cross that people place on her,
Yet will not bear, yet will not stir.

Love forgives, she tells the tale,
Of one who walked a road so pale.

For Jesus was Love, so pure, so bright,
He bore the weight, he faced the fight.

He lived for all, he knew the cost,
He taught the world what they had lost.

They knew that Love could heal the blind,
That Faith and Love would soar, aligned.

They grew so used to Love's embrace,
They lived in peace, they knew her grace.

Until they placed her on the wood,
And wept too late, misunderstood.

They missed her touch, they missed her light,
They missed her Faith that burned so bright.

For Love without love is nothing at all,
A hollow trick, an empty call.

Yet Love returned, in time, once more,
But not for all, not as before.

She lives within the faithful soul,
Who longs for Love in something whole.

(20th from the right)

Love once spoke of days long past,
Of times that seemed to race so fast.

She said, "Back then, life was bright,
I ran through summers, bathed in light."

She laughed, recalling joy so free,
The dreams she shaped, her destiny.

She traced her youth, the way she grew,
The spark that made her heart so true.

She spoke of her very first kiss,
A moment charged with electric bliss.

She smiled at memories fresh and sweet,
Like Tenderness slipping on new shoes for her feet.

She sighed at the first little lies she told,
The cracks where trouble took its hold.

She frowned at fights with Anger deep,
That left her torn, that made her weep.

For memories live between the lines,
They linger softly, left behind.

They never fade, they never stray,
They always find some words to say.

They tell the tale that Love has spun,
Where she remains the chosen one.

And even if she bends, distorts,
Love still remains life's guiding force.

(20th from the left)

Winter held on, fierce and tight,
The roads were glazed in frozen white.

Love got stuck, could not ascend,
Her wish came true - but not as planned.

She dreamt of snow, a world so bright,
A fairy tale wrapped up in white.

And so it was - but then she learned,
How winter twists, how ice can turn.

She left her car and walked ahead,
Embraced the cold with no regret.

She longed to wander, breathe the air,
Yet found herself caught unaware.

For on the way, she chanced to meet,
A Love transformed, yet bittersweet.

A second face, unknown before,
A side of Love she'd not explored.

She stood in awe, she had no say,
As Love was changed and slipped away.

People missed her, longed to see,
But winter shaped new memory.

They learned to live, they learned to stay,
With Love now formed a different way.

A stranger now, a sharper tone,
A Love that burned, yet felt alone.

But people take what they receive,
They bend, they break, they still believe.

For Love may twist, for Love may ache,
Yet lovers love for love's own sake.

(21st from the right)

Love longed to be a mystic true,
She prayed to God, sought out His view.

She searched for Him within her chest,
And God just sighed, with quiet jest.

For as He watched her strive so deep,
He heard her plead, He heard her weep.

So many words, so much unrest,
Love sought and sought, yet failed the test.

Until one day, the vision came,
God was not lost, nor hid in pain.

He dwelled within the sacred walls,
Not just on Sundays, but through all.

Transformed within the Host so bright,
Stirring hearts, dispersing night.

Calming minds that burned too fast,
Pointing toward the truth that lasts.

Giving meaning, piece by piece,
Offering Love a taste of peace.

And so she took Him, held Him tight,
Embraced His warmth, embraced His light.

She merged with Him, she stayed the same,
Yet Love now bore a holy name.

Still Love, still gentle, still so pure,
Yet now she healed, she could endure.

For Love made sacred, Love made whole,
Found her place in every soul.

(21st from the left)

Evil set its sights so high,
And hunted Love beneath the sky.

The chase began, the shots rang loud,
A war of fire, a restless crowd.

Love ran fast, her heart beat wild,
She fled, afraid - no more a child.

But in the end, she found her way,
She hid where shadows dare not stay.

She took her place in Father's home,
She found her refuge, found her throne.

Yet Earth still longed, yet Earth still wept,
For Love had left, for wounds had crept.

So much anger, so much lost,
A world now cold, a world embossed.

Then God looked down and spoke anew,
"Go back, my Love, let fate ensue."

And so she stepped upon the land,
Returned to reach out with her hand.

She took new form, she bore new light,
She walked no more in mortal sight.

She lived as honor, faith, and grace,
A boundless force, a known embrace.

She never hid, nor played pretend,
She sang for God, her voice ascends.

And from that day, Love changed her name,
With God she stood, with Him she stayed.

No longer touched by hands of sin,
For Love became divine within.

(22nd from the right)

Love once thought she'd play it smart,
She'd steal the world, she'd win each heart.

She showed herself in every way,
Proclaimed perfection, night and day.

She danced at concerts, grand and bright,
She bathed in opera's golden light.

She graced the halls where nobles swayed,
Where masks were worn, where fortunes played.

She smoked the finest, sipped the rare,
Draped in silk, beyond compare.

Yet later on, she stood and stared,
Why had she shrunk? Why no one cared?

For Love had learned, though late it came,
That hearts were never won by fame.

That they had liked her, nothing more,
She'd met them all, yet felt ignored.

And so she changed, she let them yearn,
No longer begged for their return.

She ceased to boast, she ceased to shine,
She chose to live by her design.

Now Love is humble, soft yet strong,
No longer plays, no longer wrong.

She does not chase, she does not wait,
She soars through skies in feathered fate.

If now you seek her, look up high,
She races swallows in the sky.

(22nd from the left)

Love once walked through Love's Grand Fair,
Where every kind stood bold and bare.

There was Love infused with Care,
And one so soft, dissolved in Air.

There was Love of Vanity bright,
And Love that wandered, chased the light.

There was Minimalist Love so clean,
And Love obsessed with perfect sheen.

There was Love that craved delight,
And Love that itched when out of sight.

For Love that's ignored will scratch and sting,
It frets and fumes, it longs to cling.

There was Selfless Love, so pure, so kind,
And Gentle Love with peace aligned.

There was Love that gave with grace,
And Love that begged to be embraced.

There was Love that longed, Love that roamed,
Love that sought but found no home.

There was Love in colors bright,
And Love that lived in art's own light.

Love sold in bulk, Love passed for free,
Love in ads, on screens, on streams.

Yet of them all, one caught her eye,
Not Joy, not Care, nor Love that sighed.

It was Anger, fierce and strong,
For Love had seen where it belonged.

She saw in Anger a space so wide,
A place where Mercy still could hide.

A place where Love could shape, could heal,
Could speak her truth without a quill.

And so our Love embraced the fire,
And Anger turned to Love entire.

(23rd from the right)

I once fell in love so deep,
With all my heart, with every beat.

But she belonged to someone new,
So I just waited for my cue.

I waited long, till night had come,
For that was when he would be gone.

With no one left to claim her hand,
I took my chance, I made my stand.

I spoke my truth, I showed my soul,
I brought her close, I made her whole.

We talked for hours, raw and real,
No walls, no masks, just what we feel.

She told me all, I listened still,
Two drinks down, yet time stood still.

And as I sat and heard her speak,
A thought crept in, a truth unique.

It wasn't her I longed to own,
But Love itself, I should have known.

For Love was kind, Love knew no spite,
Love welcomed guests, Love shone with light.

So I let go, I walked away,
For Love had taught me more that day.

And bound to Love, I found my peace,
She made me brave, she set me free.

(23rd from the left)

Love once found herself ringside,
At a fight where giants collide.

She felt the thrill, the rising roar,
In polished boots upon the floor.

She sat among the men of war,
Great commanders, minds at war.

All engrossed, all deep in thought,
As blow by blow, the fighters fought.

She watched them clash, she watched them fall,
Each strike, each hit, she felt it all.

She wondered who would stand the test,
Who'd take the pain, who'd be the best?

She wondered how it'd feel to hold,
The victor draped in glory's gold.

To lift him high, to taste his might,
To keep his triumph firm in sight.

The fight was done, the crowd stood still,
A victor rose, imposed his will.

And Love, she leapt, she ran, she soared
But not to him, not to the lord.

She knelt beside the one who fell,
Who bore defeat, who knew it well.

She held him close, she took his pain,
She whispered soft, erased the stain.

For Love does not embrace the strong,
But heals the wounds of those who've lost.

For victory is cold and bare,
Yet mercy gives a heart repair.

For kindness grants the fallen grace,
And courage grows in Love's embrace.

(24th from the right)

Love once pondered, lost in thought,
What would it be, this act so sought?

She dreamed, she mused, she asked her ex,
But found no answers, only specs.

She tried to picture, played pretend,
She kissed her hand, she let it bend.

She scratched herself, she wore a dress,
Yet still, the mystery felt no less.

How does it work, how should one start?
How do you give, how do you part?

How do you choose, how do you dare?
How not to flee when laid so bare?

She thought and thought, yet found no way,
Till Wisdom came to save the day.

She turned to Wisdom, sought her grace,
And asked the truth, face to face.

"Tell me, Wisdom, what is this art?"
And Wisdom smirked, played her part.

"My dear," she sighed, "you try too hard,
It's ink that smears upon the card."

"You dream of crafting words so grand,
Yet find a scribble in your hand."

"You plan, you think, you break your mind,
But rush too fast, and fall behind."

"If you overthink, if you control,
You'll steal the pleasure from your soul."

(24th from the left)

Love once wished to watch TV,
To sit with Tenderness in harmony.

But Tenderness chose a drama bright,
While Love craved nature's ocean light.

A show of dolphins, wild yet free,
With simple joys, with modest needs.

But soon the air grew tense and thin,
A clash, a fight - the war began.

The remote was struck, the voices raised,
And love was lost in fleeting rage.

No longer tender, no longer kind,
One moment's spark had left them blind.

And so, with coldness, harsh and clear,
Tenderness cast Love out in fear.

And as she left, just at the door,
A parting slap, one final score.

Love walked away with lowered head,
And filled the void with words instead.

She swore to find a kinder touch,
To seek a bond not strained as much.

She swore that screens would rule no more,
She'd seek what warmth was made for.

And there she found, beneath the store,
A different Tenderness - just as poor.

And both, as fate would now decree,
Ended up on live TV.

(25th from the right)

Love once wished to take a break,
A trip, a journey, an escape.

She packed her bags and left in haste,
She reached the station, scanned the place.

She checked the routes, she weighed the stays,
Yet what she found sparked no amaze.

For nothing seemed to fit her mind,
No simple choice, no peace to find.

She settled then on Ciechocinek,
Not for romance, nor for cheap thrills.

Not for the crowds, not for delight,
But for the quiet, for the night.

She longed to fade, to not be seen,
To live beyond the camera's screen.

She reached her place, she dropped her bags,
Yet found herself beneath the flags.

For even there, where air was thin,
Where spa days slowed what rushed within

She was known, she was pursued,
Asked for words, her name renewed.

So Love then fled, without a trace,
She left behind the crowded place.

She sought a path of prayer and grace,
A pilgrim's road, a sacred space.

She walked among the faithful ones,
Yet even there, the tale was spun.

For in that march, in hymns so high,
She was embraced, she felt their sigh.

She found no cloak, no veil to hide,
For Love was seen in every stride.

And so she sighed, her path was clear,
She let go of escape, of fear.

No journey fit, no place was new,
So Love remained where Love was due.

She stayed at home, where she belonged,
For Love is sought the whole world long.

(25th from the left)

A friend once met with Love one night,
He offered her a cigarette light.

He watched her pause, he watched her sigh,
With pity gleaming in his eye.

She hesitated, weighed the thought,
Yet gave no nod, no answer sought.

She would not break, she would not bend,
She'd rather perish than pretend.

She'd rather lose than trade her core,
She'd rather be herself, not more.

And so it was, she stood her ground,
And Love was left without a sound.

For smoke and scent she could not bear,
The poison thick, the heavy air.

She could not watch him waste away,
Nor drown herself in his decay.

She would not stay, she would not bend,
She would not break just to pretend.

And since that day, the smokers burn,
Yet Love no longer takes her turn.

They smoke by habit, not by need,
Without her warmth, just scent of greed.

(26th from the right)

Love sat down to watch the news,
Expecting rain, a softer gloom.

Yet cold arrived, without a sign,
A sudden chill, no warmth, no time.

And Love grew tense, her breath ran tight,
She almost choked, consumed by spite.

For she had thought she'd never stray,
From lands where sunlight paved the way.

Yet here she stood, against her will,
A test of strength, a bitter chill.

How to live? How to survive?
Must she adjust, must she contrive?

Must she change, must she endure?
Or find escape, some fleeting cure?

Love no longer knew her course,
She only knew she craved much more.

A place where warmth would let her rest,
Where work and peace could coalesce.

Where cold no longer shaped her fate,
Where life was calm, not locked in wait.

Where she could breathe, where she could be,
Not shiver through eternity.

Where she would give herself in full,
Not fight the frost, not play the fool.

(26th from the left)

Love sat down to play a game,
With Honesty, both bold and brave.

Yet in the end, she bowed, she fell,
She lost with grace, she lost too well.

She let Honesty take the crown,
She let her win, without a frown.

For Love could bear the weight of loss,
If it would save a greater cause.

Honesty, pleased, stood tall and proud,
Declared her strength, she spoke out loud.

"I have won, I walk away,
Nothing now stands in my way."

Yet Love then smiled, and softly spoke,
A whisper calm, a gentle stroke.

"Remember this, though you may shine,
Without my touch, your win's not mine."

"For truth alone can stand too cold,
Yet Love gives warmth to what unfolds."

"For victory may blind the view,
Yet truth is formed by reasons true."

"A bond of pieces, linked and tight,
And Love's the core that holds them right."

(27th from the right)

Love stepped out to walk her hound,
The air was crisp, the rain poured down.

She met a neighbor on her way,
A friendly face, a voice so plain.

He asked if Love must bear the cold,
Or if she longed for warmth to hold.

Love just smiled and softly said,
“The weather matters not a thread.

Of course, I'd wish for skies so bright,
For golden sun, for softer light.

But what's in my hands, what is my part,
Is what I choose within my heart.”

“It's not the rain, it's not the chill,
But what I do, the way I feel.

It's not the clouds that write my day,
But what I give, the steps I take.”

“For all that counts is joy that stays,
A dog that wags, a bill that's paid.”

“When all is placed where it belongs,
There's nothing left to fear or wrong.”

“For life still calls to start anew,
To shape the day in colors true.”

“With Love tucked deep inside my coat,
It warms my heart, it keeps me whole.”

“Even through the storm, through rain,
Even when temptations reign.”

(27th from the left)

Love wandered through the stores at night,
A thief so skilled, so swift, so light.

Not drawn to coins, nor stacks of gold,
She stole what few could grasp or hold.

She took Insomnia, snatched up Change,
She slipped away with Difference strange.

And yet one day, she met her fate,
A guard stood firm, she took the bait.

He caught her hands, his voice grew tight,
"Did you not know? All thieves lose sight."

"Did you not see, that in the end,
Each one who steals must break, must bend?"

But Love just laughed, she tossed her hair,
Her voice was light, yet filled the air.

"I know, I know, yet still I take,
For Love was made to bend, to break."

"For Love is fresh, Love can't grow old,
She steals the moments, turns them bold."

"She craves, she hungers, takes what's near,
To fill her pockets, kill her fear."

"For what's on shelves, I claim as mine,
To taste, to hold, to make divine."

"And I will never change my way,
For Love must steal to make her stay."

With that she turned, with that she ran,
No words, no guilt, no shifting plan.

For Love had tired of words so vain,
She stole her breath - and fled again.

(28th from the right)

Love was strolling through the park,
When she met Hatred, cold and stark.

She asked, "May I sit here a while?"
And took her place with softest smile.

Then gazed upon her weary face,
"What makes you sad in such a place?"

Hatred sighed, "The sky is cruel,
The world is cold, the air is dull.

No one sees me, no one cares,
They trade me off for Love elsewhere."

Love just nodded, soft but wise,
"The world has changed - so change your guise.

Rebrand yourself, be something new,
Turn into Love, like I once knew."

"Then people will adore your name,
They'll call for you, they'll chase, they'll claim.

They'll long to meet you, wait in line,
And write you poems, make you shine."

Hatred pondered, deep in thought,
"Could it be done? Could Love be taught?"

Love just smiled, her voice sincere,
"Simply love, and let go of fear."

Hatred listened, let it in,
And let her darkness fade within.

She chose to change, to shift, to grow,
And where Hate stood, Love came to glow.

She never harmed, she never swayed,
For Love had come - and chose to stay.

(28th from the left)

Love was weary, weak, unwell,
So off to see the doctor she fell.

He checked her pulse, he shook his head,
"My dear, you've run yourself half dead."

"It's time to rest, to step away,
To slow your breath, to let time sway."

"Take some days, just stay inside,
Let warmth and blankets be your guide."

"Drink your tea, take healing sips,
Let silence pass upon your lips."

But Love just frowned, she raised her eyes,
"And what of them? What if they cry?"

"If I retreat, if I stand still,
Who'll hold their hearts? Who'll mend their will?"

"They'll wash away, they'll tear apart,
Without my hands, without my spark."

"A single day, a fleeting pause,
And all will fall to rusted flaws."

So Love refused, she broke the rule,
She left the room, still fever-fueled.

She walked, she gave, she carried light,
Though sickness dimmed her steady sight.

For Love knew well, she understood,
That without her, none withstood.

For Love had built the world so vast,
And held it firm through ages past.

(29th from the right)

Love was never one for dawn,
She'd leave her bed long past the morn.

She'd grumble, sigh, complain aloud,
As if they woke her with the clouds.

Yet by that time, the world was bright,
The sun stood tall, the sky burned white.

While Love still fought her lazy fight,
The world without her felt too tight.

For people, small and drained of care,
Were left with Anger in despair.

They spent their morning lost, unsure,
With only Wrath to reassure.

They'd sit and wait, they'd count the time,
Till Love would rise and cross the line.

Till she would dress, would brush her hair,
Would eat, would stretch, would start to care.

Till noon had passed, till time was spent,
Till Love at last felt her ascent.

And once she walked, once she had shown,
The world then softened, hearts had grown.

For rules of Love returned anew,
Respect replaced the morning's feud.

And Anger fled, it lost its reign,
For Love had woken once again.

And so they learned, though Love may sleep,
She stirs, she lifts, she plants the seed.

For all she needs - a gentle start,
To warm the world, to mend the heart.

(29th from the left)

Love resigned, she walked away,
From corporate chains, from cold decay.

She'd had enough, she'd seen too much,
Of rigid rules, of time's tight clutch.

Where minutes ruled, where eyes would glare,
Where late-night work was met with stares.

Where bosses yelled for no real cause,
Where kindness met unspoken laws.

Where colleagues frowned, where stress would reign,
Though Love had shared, she'd given, stayed.

Yet once she left, they saw her worth,
They longed for all she'd brought to earth.

For only now, when Love was gone,
They saw how much she'd built upon.

They whispered tales of brighter days,
When Love had danced in every space.

When office walls were filled with light,
And even coldest hearts felt bright.

She had no fear, she called them out,
She ran through halls, she shook the doubt.

She scolded fools, yet with a grin,
And maybe, just maybe - she had been right within.

But now no voice could chide their greed,
No hands could push, no heart could lead.

For Love had left, she'd found her way,
And they had lost their right to stay

Within her warmth, within her light,
For Love had gone, and so had sight.

(30th from the right)

Love went out to shop one day,
To find what kindness had to say.

She bought a bit of Tender Care,
A touch of Truth, some Smiles to spare.

Yet Mercy sat beyond her reach,
Too high a price, too much to keep.

A moment's stress, a hands-clasped sigh,
For what is Love if Mercy dies?

Then someone laughed, and in a rush,
Threw in some Anger, loud and lush.

But Love refused, she stepped away,
She would not let the fire stay.

For Love and Rage can't share one space,
And Love must rise, must leave no trace.

She saw at last what held its weight,
What mattered most, what shaped her fate.

She left the store with what she'd won,
And clapped her hands - her work was done.

For all she gained, for all she knew,
Had made her bright, had shaped her view.

And as she walked, her heart felt light,
For Love had grown, for Love shone bright.

(30th from the left)

Love once wrote a letter sweet,
To Tenderness, with heart's heartbeat.

She wrote of longing, dreams at dawn,
Of lonely days forever gone.

That with Tenderness by her side,
She'd never again in sadness hide.

She'd never doubt the path she chose,
Even if fame around her rose.

Even if cameras watched her move,
Even if all the world approved.

For all she wants is Tender care,
She'd trade the spotlight then and there.

She'd stand on her head, she'd cross the sea,
Just to keep Tenderness close and free.

She wrote, "I may sometimes mislead,
I'm neither he, nor she, indeed.

At times I soothe, at times I sting,
But I swear to you - I feel everything."

Tenderness replied, "I do,"
And joined with Love, both strong and true.

Together now, they shared one way,
Their joy lit up each passing day.

They had some children, love-born and wise,
And posted photos full of surprise

Of tiny hands, of newborn grace,
Of joy that time could not erase.

(31st from the right)

Love set out on a river glide,
In a kayak with Joy by her side.

They drifted quiet, wordless, free,
Embracing sun and scenery.

Love thought the moment would end in peace,
That stillness would bring them sweet release.

But Joy, out of nowhere, gave up the game,
Flipped the boat and walked away in shame.

She left the water, climbed the shore,
And vanished into forest lore.

She didn't look back, not once, not twice,
Didn't ask if Love paid the price.

Didn't care if Love was sinking deep,
Or struggling hard in boiling grief.

Didn't ask if she made it through,
If she found someone kind or new.

If she still leapt from soul to soul,
Filling hearts, making broken things whole.

And Love, now dripping, caught in the stream,
Stared ahead like in a dream.

For she had thought that Joy was true,
That Joy would never bid adieu.

But now she knows - not all that glows,
Will stay when the river overflows.

(31st from the left)

Love was drafted, sent to train,
Marched with weight, through dust and rain.

She bore a pack upon her back,
And shame beneath each gun-filled track.

They handed her a weapon cold,
Told her to shoot, be fierce, be bold.

She pictured evil in her aim,
Yet all the rules still felt the same.

They made her pour out water clear,
To fill a bottle full of fear.

They made her trade one life for loss,
A soldier's fate at any cost.

But this was not the life Love knew,
Her soul grew faint, her strength withdrew.

She shrank down low to Anger's size,
Her fire dimmed behind her eyes.

In uniform, she looked so wrong,
Like joy misplaced in warlike song.

She'd rather wear a beast's disguise,
Than dress her heart in battle's lies.

So one day, Love made her escape,
To warmer lands, to softer shape.

She baked beneath the golden skies,
With sun-stained hands and peaceful sighs.

No extradition, no commands,
Just space to dance and sink in sands.

Love didn't mourn the life she fled,
Though part of her still hung by a thread.

She'd dreamed of changing every troop
But armies feed on a different soup.

(32nd from the right)

Love tried baking Tenderness
In the oven, no more, no less

Hoping it would rise so grand,
To share it proudly with the land.

To bring it to a village square,
And toss it high into the air.

So people'd cheer and fight to hold
A piece of warmth, a heart of gold.

But something went a little wrong
One key ingredient was gone.

She'd left it out without a thought,
And panic quickly came and caught.

Too late now, the tray was hot,
Tenderness was all she'd got.

Out it came, half-baked, too dense
Not a treat, but consequence.

Not the showpiece she had planned,
Not the warmth to gift the land.

Love grew angry, pacing wide,
With disappointment locked inside.

"How to live without this grace?
How to fight off Anger's face?"

Then someone whispered, kind and low:
"Why not just let your own Love show?"

"Share yourself, you're more than sweet
You carry all that hearts could meet."

"Within you lives what people seek
Compassion, care, the strong and meek."

Love began to softly smile,
Realizing all the while

That even when her plans collapse,
She holds the world within her clasp.

Now they call her bold, sincere,
A hero dressed in warmth and cheer.

(32nd from the left)

Love dreamed one day of something new
A wardrobe change, a different hue.

She went to visit her tailor old,
With thoughts of silk, of threads, of gold.

She scanned the fabrics, touched with grace,
A connoisseur in every case.

But many colors made her frown,
She shook her head, she turned them down.

"Not yellow, no, nor golden shine
I'm not a wheat field in a line.

I can't wear anything too plain,
They'd laugh at me - I'd wear the shame.

I'm popular, I must stand tall,
Not like the nameless, faceless small."

"Everyone knows me, all eyes see,
So I must dress accordingly.

I need a look that hides me well,
While letting all my essence swell."

The tailor paused, then gave a smirk,
"I've got just what will do the work.

A red corduroy - it's bold yet kind,
It hugs the shape and frees the mind.

It fits for Sunday or for rain,
For joy, for comfort, not for fame."

"Try it on, you'll see it's true
The fabric doesn't change you.

It's you who gives the cloth its worth,
You bring the light, you spark the mirth."

Love beamed wide, her choice was clear,
She smiled and shed her hidden fear.

Now wrapped in red, she's full of cheer,
And knows she's all she needs to wear.

(33rd from the right)

Love had fallen deep in debt,
She hadn't paid her taxes yet.

She thought that maybe she'd slip through,
That no one cared, that no one knew.

That no one saw her wealth increase,
That gains would pass and troubles cease.

But no, the warning came at last:
"Your lucky days are in the past."

"If you don't pay, you'll do your time
Behind locked bars, you'll pay each dime."

Love grew pale, her hands turned cold,
She made a list, her story told.

She did a full confession sweep,
Let go of things she didn't need.

And what remained, she gave away
To hungry children with no say.

Now time moves on, serene, complete,
Love walks again with lighter feet.

Her debts are paid, her heart is clear,
She lives in peace, without the fear.

No longer rich in coin or gold,
But rich in soul, and joy untold.

(33rd from the left)

Love was once out hitching a ride,
Hoping to reach the city's side.

She waited long, the sky grew gray,
Till hope itself began to sway.

At last, a car pulled up and slowed
It was Jealousy behind the road.

"Hop in," she said, "I'll take you far,
No need to wait for another car."

Love agreed, though not quite sure,
If trusting her was all that pure.

Jealousy laughed, amused and sly,
Already scheming on the sly.

She thought, "Along the road I'll shift her views,
Show her how much she has to lose.

I'll teach her numbers, wealth, and gain
That wanting more is never vain.

That those who own, control the light,
That happiness is having might."

But Love just smiled and stayed the same,
Reached the city, played no game.

She stepped out calm, unchanged, complete,
Still dancing with her own two feet.

Jealousy grumbled, torn in pride,
For Love had not come to her side.

Love turned and said, "Thanks for the lift,"
And walked away, her soul a gift.

(34th from the right)

Love once longed to learn to ride,
To sit on horseback, full of pride.

She begged, she searched, she wouldn't stop,
Her dreams too high, she'd reach the top.

At last she found a riding school
With not one horse, but two to rule.

She signed up fast, her hopes ran wild,
She felt again just like a child.

A week went by - she barely slept,
Until the day her promise crept.

She climbed aboard, she took the reins,
And galloped through her long refrains.

She learned so fast, she rode so far,
The horse grew weary from the star.

The creature wasn't quite prepared,
For all the love that she had shared

For all the weight of all her needs,
The love that sows but also feeds.

Love had achieved her heartfelt dream,
She rode with joy, a steady stream.

But that poor horse, he won't forget
Love changed him deeply when they met.

(34th from the left)

Love went strolling to the park,
To laugh, to play, from morning's spark.

She greeted children with a grin,
And kindly asked if she could join in.

She chose the merry-go-round with glee,
Spun with joy, wild and free.

But something shifted, something spun
Her face grew pale, the fun was done.

She lost her step, began to sway,
And sickness took her joy away.

Too much spinning, too much heat
Anger rose and stole her seat.

It climbed her throat like rising flame,
And Love no longer felt the same.

She hoped it'd pass, a fleeting flush,
But Anger lived in lavish hush.

It waits for moments, quiet, sly,
To catch Love off guard as it goes by.

And so it struck with sharpened pride,
Trying to push Love to the side.

But Love stood tall, with shaky breath,
And showed she's stronger still than death.

She drove out Evil from the place,
With quiet fire and fearless face.

Evil fled, but not with peace
It roared at all before its cease.

(35th from the right)

Love arrived on Christmas Eve,
A quiet guest with truth to weave.

She broke the wafer, smiled with grace,
With warmth and peace upon her face.

She wished them all a life of care,
Of love, without the hate to bear.

But no one heard her silent plea,
No one knew who they should be.

They didn't grasp what she had said,
Until, at last, Love quietly fled.

And when alone, their hearts grew tight,
They longed for her through silent night.

No longer could they breathe her in,
No longer feel her deep within.

Without Love, even bread feels bare,
Without her spark, there's less to share.

Without Love, Christ is just a man,
Just flesh and bone, without a plan.

Without her touch, He'd drink alone,
No miracle, no sacred tone.

Without Love, the world would crawl,
A life half-built, if built at all.

But with Love near, it all aligns
She makes life fit, like perfect lines.

(35th from the left)

Love was watching disaster films,
With cities drowned and sinking realms.

She didn't know it wasn't real,
The fear she felt began to steal.

What if this truly came to pass?
What if the end came, fast and vast?

What if the world would fall apart,
With no more hope, no healing heart?

What if God refused to save,
What if Love no longer gave?

No rescue boat, no bandaged soul,
No light to lead, no higher goal.

What if all the people died,
And those who stayed were trapped and tied?

What if the world had lost its worth
A broken shell of grieving earth?

What's the point of such a place,
Without a smile, without embrace?

A world of pain and vanity,
A world with no humanity.

But then, at last, the screen went black,
And white words rolled along the track:

"This was fiction, pure invention,
A tale without real-world intention."

The real world still has room to grow
For Love remains, and that we know.

Love calmed down and let truth show:
Even Anger melts when Love says so.

(36th from the right)

Love once fired a rifle
But loaded it with Tenderness.

No one expected the outcome,
That it would stir up Anger's mess.

For Evil doesn't like to feel,
Doesn't want to bend or kneel.

It won't accept a gentle touch,
It hates when kindness does too much.

Love said softly, "It was a joke,
Don't take my tenderness as poke."

But Evil, wounded, wouldn't hear,
Still snarling in his dark veneer.

Compassion pierced but didn't cure,
The damage stayed, the hate was pure.

"Not enough," the Evil growled,
Though Tenderness had softly prowled.

So Love stepped back and took her aim
She'd flood the world and change the game.

She'd bomb the city, not with fear,
But pour out warmth from far to near.

A storm of care, a gentle flood,
A kindness surge in every bud.

The world went still, the lights went low,
And everyone began to glow.

They didn't know what they had felt
But something in them gently knelt.

They realized - it had a name:
It was Tenderness, not shame.

Love, now smiling, saw her goal
She'd struck the earth and healed the soul.

She saved the world from wrath and rage
With Tenderness, she turned the page.

(36th from the left)

Love once took a sip of wine,
Insisting, "This fault isn't mine."

"They offered it with warmth and cheer,
Just good intentions, nothing to fear."

"They only wanted to have some fun,
To loosen me up, just a little run."

"To help me laugh, unwind a thread,
And sneak a moment from my head."

But Love, a little drunk and dazed,
Didn't notice as the moment phased.

Some boys had pulled a piece away
And Love began to drift, to sway.

She shrank, turned pale, grew full of doubt,
Her courage dimmed, her fire went out.

"More wine!" they called, "That's strength, that's power!"
But Love now trembled by the hour.

Until one blink, she came awake
Relieved to learn it was all fake.

Just a dream, a warning sign,
Not a true and fallen line.

No real collapse, no poison trace
She walked to work with steady pace.

No hangover, no shame to bear,
Just Love, still whole, and fully aware.

(37th from the right)

Love joined in a game of ball,
With friends from down the street and all.

She kicked, she ran, she played her part
But then said, "No goal," right from the start.

"Let's check the play, do a review
No need to win, or shame the crew."

She didn't care to take the win,
Or leave her friends with loss and grin.

She only wished for them to smile,
To laugh and play, to rest a while.

But no one really understood
They wanted fights, as rivals would.

They wanted loss, or wanted glory,
Not Love's soft hands to write their story.

In sports, they didn't care for peace
They only sought that pressure release.

They'd rather feel the thrill of rage
Than let Compassion take the stage.

So Love stepped back, left the field,
No grand goodbye, no heart revealed.

No one asked the reason why,
No one caught her thoughtful sigh.

She waited quiet, out of view,
Until the boys were tired too.

And when the match had met its close,
And every pulse had slowed its blows

Then Love returned, sat by their side,
And gently let the calm abide.

They noticed then, in silence deep,
That Love had never played to keep.

She didn't fight, she didn't flee
She simply let their hearts run free.

(37th from the left)

Love trimmed branches
With a roaring chainsaw's hum

She wanted the tree to thrive again,
So fresh ideas had to come.

A touch of whitewash here,
A careful cut there

You must tend a garden
Not strip it bare.

You can't just watch it rot and fade,
Can't let wildness steal the glade.

You can't just shrug
When something's wrong

Love couldn't stand
That care was gone.

No one else would lift a hand
To help the trees across the land.

She watched the people turn away,
Let nature crumble day by day.

They'd grown too wild, without direction,
No gentle hand, no real connection.

Without tenderness,
They'd lose their worth

Without good will,
They'd burn the earth.

So Love stepped in to prune and teach
To set a shape, a higher reach.

Not to make them small or tight
But to guide them toward the light.

Everyone needs tending,
Both self and neighbor too

And Love knows what's good for us,
No matter old or new.

(38th from the right)

Love once needed money,
So she walked into a bank

Hoping for a little credit,
But soon her spirit sank.

She was shocked to see the crowd,
The hunger in each face

So many there to borrow,
But few with any grace.

Everyone was asking,
Yet few gave back in kind

Taking without giving,
With profit in their mind.

At last, it was her turn,
The banker raised a brow

Checked her score, looked her over,
Then whispered, "Not allowed."

"We can't approve your loan,
Though we've reviewed your case

You've no job, you live in lack,
You give too much away with grace."

"You long too much, you earn too little,
You're driven by the heart, not riddle."

"No assets, no securities,
You lack our guarantees."

"There's no compassion here," he said,
"We don't admit guests, just clients instead."

"We're a business, not a prayer,
You must profit to be fair."

"We might lend, sure
But how will you repay?"

To that, Love softly answered,
"Well, Love is trending, by the way."

"And what of that?" the banker scoffed,
"You earn no wage, you drift aloft."

"You're free, you pray, you speak of grace
But we require a profit base."

"Would you deny God credit too?"
Love asked with quiet fire.

The banker said, "That all depends
On whether He fits the curve we require."

(38th from the left)

Love became a mystic
And no one understood.

They all claimed to know her,
But none of them truly could.

Each time someone tried to grasp her,
She would softly slip away

Each time they tried to buy her,
She'd quietly refuse to stay.

When they asked to borrow Love,
She'd duck and dodge the plea

When they brought her lavish gifts,
She'd vomit visibly.

Wealth gave her rashes,
But from poverty, she took bread

She lived off humble offerings,
Not fame, not gold, not dread.

She didn't care for riches,
She didn't care for fame

She had no close companions,
For no one knew her name.

But once she met a gentle boy,
Who floated through the air

He said, "Come with me to my hive,
There's sweetness waiting there."

Love replied with half a grin,
"See that lump rise in my throat again?"

"I value freedom, not possession
I want to feel, not face oppression."

"I want to be chosen without a price,
Not caught in longing's grip of vice."

"Only through love, and for what is true,
Not lust or need that breaks in two."

"No toxic ties, no longing chains
Just prayer and fire in my veins."

"A love that strikes like holy flame
A spark that never plays a game."

(39th from the right)

Love sat down with the boys
To play computer games

Seemed made for kids,
But they twisted hearts and brains.

Shooting, killing,
Pixelated blood on screen

Wipe them out,
Keep the battlefield clean.

“You gotta play,” they said,
“To fit in, be one of us.”

“Spend your foggy evening
In this digital blood and dust.”

But where’s the joy?
Where’s the light?

You show me you’ve won
By ending every fight?

You brag that you’ve killed,
That you’ve cleared the space,

No rival left alive,
No soul left in the race.

You invite Love in
But ask her to waste her time,

In a world that drains her dry,
Masked as harmless pastime.

Instead of sharing peace,
You train her to pull the trigger

Instead of joy and laughter,
The screen grows darker, sicker.

Love looked around and sighed,
In this game of death and pride

Where's the room for kindness now,
If every spark of life has died?

(39th from the left)

Love wanted a dog
So she went to the pound.

She thought it'd cost a fortune,
But the price was oddly sound.

The dog was calm,
Well-mannered and sweet

He surprised Love deeply,
Though he came with heavy feet.

He wasn't young,
But wise beyond his years

He didn't bite,
Though he'd bark through minor fears.

He had his moods,
Like all living things

Sometimes peed indoors,
Despite leash and rings.

Still, life with Love
And Dog was smooth

They even shared
A bed to soothe.

Love bought him toys
He'd chase and chew

Gave him treats
He slowly grew into.

And so they lived,
Peaceful and close

Until the day
That shattered most.

The dog fell through
A frozen stream

Love jumped in
With a desperate scream.

But spirits of the river,
Hungry and cold

Swallowed them both,
In silence bold.

The dog and Love
Were taken deep

By ghosts who feed
Where sorrow sleeps.

So heed this tale
If Love you keep

Beware of spirits
That in still waters creep.

Not even a dog
Can pull you free

When ghosts are starving
For love and loyalty.

(40th from the right)

Love decided one day
To confide in an angel

To share her burdens,
Not just her glowing fable.

To say that not all
Hold her in esteem,

That some ignore her,
While she still dares to dream.

She said, "They don't cheer for me,
Though I wish they would."

"They mock me,
Though I mean only good."

The angel replied,
"I cannot force their will

Humans choose freely,
Whether to love or to kill."

"I whisper and nudge,
But they decide the course

Whether to carry you gently,
Or drive with ruthless force."

Love sighed, "Unwanted, I wither.
And waiting drains me dry."

"I give, but I fade
Each time they pass me by."

The angel stood,
Fastening robes of light,

And said, "It doesn't matter
If they see your fight."

"It doesn't matter how hard you try,
Or how loud your cry"

"What matters is that you remain true,
Not scatter your soul to appease the view."

"You are not here to win the crowd
Not to shout your worth aloud."

"Your calling is quiet,
Sacrificial and real."

"To serve without glory,
To teach hearts how to feel."

"That's the role we share,"
The angel gently spoke,

"Serving those who rush about
Jumping from worry to joke."

(40th from the left)

Love decided one day
To write a poem of her own

But didn't quite know how to start,
Or how to set the tone.

She wasn't sure what it should say,
She didn't want to fake it,

She didn't crave applause or praise
Just truth, if she could make it.

She only hoped it'd speak her soul,
Be honest, raw, and real

But how to pour the heart on paper?
How to make a verse that feels?

So Love began
And turned it into play,

One word at a time,
She carved her way.

She showed it's worth
To let her be heard,

Not to hide behind plastic cards
Or debt-heavy words.

No need to swipe,
No need to fear

No need to hide
From a partner's stare or sneer.

Love and the poem
Sat side by side,

Giggling softly,
With nothing to hide.

The poem was done
It had found its voice,

And Love, through writing,
Had made her choice.

The poem had learned Love,
And Love had learned the line

Now joy was blooming,
And the verse became divine.

(41st from the right)

Love once agreed
To give alcohol a try

A friend persuaded her gently,
Without much reason why.

He poured the bottle,
Set it on the table

Said nothing, just watched,
As if Love weren't stable.

She poured half a glass,
And hesitated for a beat

Wondering if she'd vanish
The moment drink touched her feet.

She drank.
And the room began to spin

A carousel with no driver,
And no way to win.

"Is this how it's meant to be?"
She asked, confused and slow

"Is this peace,
When nothing seems to flow?"

The world spun faster,
No end in sight

Her friend just smiled,
"Not bad, right?"

But Love stood firm,
With a shaking breath

"I'd rather dance with joy
Than flirt with death."

"I'd rather feel my thoughts,
Than lose them in a haze"

"I don't need to vanish
To survive these days."

She stepped away,
From the blur and the game

Too old for this ride,
Too free to feel shame.

"There's no thrill in sinking,
No truth in escape

If I lose my soul,
Who will wear my cape?"

Love walked out,
Head high, still spinning

But her heart was clear
And that was winning.

(41st from the left)

Love one day decided
To sing in a choir

She signed herself up,
Heart burning with fire.

They placed her up high,
In the topmost row,

At the very first rehearsal
She just didn't know

What to sing, or how to begin.
So I told her: "Sing what you hold within.

Sing what your soul wants to say,
Let your spirit show the way."

Love said, "Okay, I'll try
Though chaos swirls behind my eye."

Then suddenly she cried, "I've got it!"
And sang right there on the spot

Not quite soprano, nor full bass,
But her smile lit up the place.

The lyrics mattered more than tone
Of God and Love, in sacred stone.

For one without the other falls,
As woods are empty without forest calls.

Love found herself inside that song,
Felt whole, felt safe, felt strong.

She surprised herself with what came through
And from that day, she was kind to herself too.

(42nd from the right)

Love decided one fine day
To become a mail carrier, come what may.

A dream fulfilled, or so she thought,
But soon she found herself distraught.

For work was hard, her feet were sore,
Though she met a thousand souls or more.

She couldn't bear to simply deliver
Letters that made her stomach quiver

Bad news sealed in every note,
Was Love the one to rock their boat?

More bills, more court demands,
More proof of lust with shaky hands.

Love tried to carry Love within,
But after time, it wore her thin.

She had to hide herself away,
Each letter chipped her soul each day.

She dropped the Love she once had known
And turned to stone, to stand alone.

She built up walls, refused to feel,
So pain would glance, but never heal.

And what was left of Love grew cold
A job, a uniform, a hand to hold

Only letters, not connection,
Only duty, no affection.

She'd meant to help and lift up hearts
But slowly, she fell all apart.

Not every job will help Love grow
Even honest work can steal her glow.

(42nd from the left)

Love was summoned one grey day
To court, where hearts go separate ways.

The hearing: divorce from Tenderness
Once fresh, once full of happiness.

Tenderness had changed with time,
Once, she called Love truly mine.

They used to laugh, they used to play,
She once dreamed of kids someday.

But years wore down the common thread,
Now Tenderness craved thrill instead.

She chose to chase a wilder pace,
To leave behind their shared embrace.

For thrills and fire, she left behind
The steady hands, the patient mind.

She filed her suit, a spiteful blow
Just to watch Agreement go.

Love stood silent, hurt but strong,
She held her peace through all the wrong.

She braved the storm of harsh attacks,
With kindness still upon her tracks.

She wished her well, no bitter plea
Said, "Go and live your life, be free."

For Love will love in joy or pain,
Even when no hope remains.

Even when she's left alone,
Even when no warmth is shown.

And only later, once apart,
Did Tenderness feel her broken heart.

She'd cast away the truest flame
But Love had moved on, without shame.

Now someone else holds Love's sweet gaze,
Beyond what Tenderness could face.

(43rd from the right)

Love once decided
She'd learn how to drive,

Signed up for lessons,
Felt ready, alive.

She bonded fast
With her driving teacher,

But he soon saw
She wasn't a natural creature.

He said, "Let it go,
This just isn't your lane."

But Love was stubborn
Refusing refrain.

She wanted to prove
She could master the art,

To show the whole world
She'd play every part.

To prove she was more
Than softness and sighs,

That there's strength inside
Where determination lies.

That those filled with Love
Carry more than light air

They've got spirit and soul,
And a will they can bear.

But the ride ended rough,
The wheel slipped in her hand,

Love crashed the car
Didn't quite go as planned.

So her driving dreams
Were left behind in the mist.

Not everyone's built for everything
Especially those who resist the fist.

(43rd from the left)

Love once longed to fly on a plane
So she bought a ticket - not thinking of pain

Of what might come
Of what might wait

She met with Emotions
Had a chat, felt the weight

And then came fear
What if we fall?

She thought for a moment
In encouragement small

But she broke through
Courage beat fright

She boarded the plane
And took off in flight

From high above
She looked at the ground

And questioned herself
As the world shrank down

If everyone's tiny
Then who am I?

She dimmed for a second
With clouds passing by

But then came Perspective
A friend from the skies

Love made her welcome
And kept her close by

Now Love walks around
With Perspective in tow

She sees a bit further
And dodges the show.

(44th from the right)

Love one day
Wanted to ride a bike

So she asked dear Tenderness
If she'd join her for the hike

If she'd ride along
To see the world unfold

From a saddle's point of view
Not through prison bars so cold

"Freedom," said Tenderness,
"That's something no one steals

It shows itself most clearly
When you ride on two wheels

It's even easier to spot
When you pass her and she waves

And you wave back with joy
No fear your heart betrays

That she might hurt you
Or misunderstand your tone

Or fail to find you
In a crowd, alone

You simply breathe, and there
The bike is part of prayer

It helps you see how Love and Joy
Need Freedom to be there."

(44th from the left)

Love decided
To go and get a trim

Her hair felt heavy
And life a little dim

She booked a slot
A time and date set tight

Arrived a bit too early
With brows raised in slight fright

The hairdresser told her
“Your style is all the rage!

Why change a thing?”
But Love just smiled, so sage

“It’s fine the way it is,”
He said, “Don’t overdo it.”

He kept persuading
Like poison, softly fluent

So kind, so certain
Love thought: maybe he’s right?

But still, her bangs fell in her eyes
And that awoke her Fight

She felt like a dog
Who stares at a bone

But can’t eat it, can’t reach it
And feels utterly alone

So Love went home
And cut her hair alone

Took up the clippers
Made the change on her own

From then on no one
Told her how to be

She knew what worked for her
And feared no calorie.

(45th from the right)

Love decided to find love
On a modern dating site

She logged in with a brand-new name
And hoped her aim was right

She chatted, dated,
Met people far and near

A girl reached out, heartbroken,
Still wiping off a tear

And Love, instead of flirting,
Gave wisdom soft and steady

On how to fix a broken bond
No one gives tips like Love already

The tips worked well
The girl went back to him

She thanked dear Love sincerely,
While Love walked home, still dim

Another time
A guy began to flirt

She was quite surprised
Until desire made her hurt

He craved some Tenderness
Not Love, not the whole

He knocked on the wrong door
At the end of the soul

So she kindly said goodbye
Let the poor man go

And after a few more weeks
Love came to fully know

Let's be honest:
She didn't find that much

On the Internet,
Which has the world in clutch

Which marvels at itself
For replacing human touch

And still can't seem to grasp
Why people trade the real

For digital affection
That forgets how to feel.

(45th from the left)

Love was once locked
Inside a quiet cloister

With monks,
Bound by vows and holy posture

They were quite surprised
Such joy they'd never known

For Love was playful, laughing,
While they wished to atone

How could they reconcile
This light with sacred bows?

One longed for solemn silence,
The other - joy here and now

Love longed to dance,
To greet the world anew

To run, embrace,
Forgive until life's through

"Can Love be harmful?"
The monks began to muse

"She's loud and always asking
We seek the stiller views

She interrupts our rhythm,
We follow a strict plan

She asks for full attention,
Not every monk's a fan"

So they decided:
They locked her in a cell

Let her out two hours a day
And prayed the rest as well

But Love rebelled
And quietly crept inside

Each monk's own heart,
Where Love refused to hide

From that day forth,
Each monk became Love's mirror

Though they once locked her out,
They now hold her nearer

They got just what they needed
And never even knew:

That prayer fused with Love
Becomes its purpose true.

(46th from the right)

Love fell ill
Her glow began to fade

Something strange had happened
So much of her slipped away

She went to see the doctor
Who calmly shook his head:

“It happens rather often
Love feels half-alive, half-dead

When no one takes a bite
When no one wants her touch

When no one really gets her
Or seems to care that much”

“But I am Love,” she said
Which made the doctor grin

He gave her pills,
But they did nothing from within

He gave her shots
In fact, he gave her two

Injections made of Love
To help her push on through

Love was brave and patient
The shots brought back her smile

They helped her stand again
And learn, through pain, a while

That people often fail
To see her true worth

That some will mock her name
Or treat her like she’s cursed

That she must grow thick skin
Like nature always does

That she mustn't fear alone
Or live for hollow "because"

She must care for herself
And let Love freely flow

In every way she can
And use it head to toe.

(46th from the left)

Love once took part
In a musical game show

She had to guess song titles
With a magical glow

And she guessed, and guessed,
Till she gasped for a break

But the cameras kept rolling
No pause could she take

It was all live-streamed,
Each moment on display

Every answer, every glance
And missteps don't just go away

Love, exhausted,
Started talking absurd

And soon she lost
Unknowing crept in like a bird

It pulled her by the hair
And whispered, full of spite

It drained her spark
And dimmed her light

Love began to argue
With ignorance and doubt

But arguments fail
Only peace figures out

Love never made a career
The show had its own style

They liked what looked good on screen
Not truth that paused awhile

The show had rules
Fit for bright illusion

But wrestling with Love
Felt more like... confusion

She had dreamed of resting
Just breathing, just being

But rest, on TV,
Isn't part of the seeing.

(47th from the right)

Love took a trip
To visit a coal mine

She saw a miner
And tunnels cut in line

She saw the coal
And how it's pulled from stone

She saw the labor
That makes a job your own

How effort
Stops hiding in disguise

And starts to fit
Like truth behind the eyes

Hard work,
It seems, repays with Love

And so she smiled
It fit her like a glove

She chose to stay
No one made her leave

And since that day
No miner dared deceive

They all liked her
She learned their words and ways

In Silesian tongue
She found her voice and praise

She lived her dream
To be respected, seen

To be admired
By hearts once hard, now clean

The secret plan
Was simple, clear, and strong:

To join with heavy labor
And Love belonged all along.

(47th from the left)

People threw Love
Out on the street

They didn't want her
Just buildings in concrete

She wandered the corners,
Found quiet retreats

She walked without meeting
A soul in the streets

Rejected Love
A dangerous thing

Homeless Love
Can make darkness cling

But not in Love
She didn't turn cold

The ones who cast her out
Let cruelty take hold

Yet nothing in Love
Turned bitter or wrong

She stayed who she was
Unloved, yet strong

She was marked by poverty,
But not by shame

She found her place
Among those with no name

Among the homeless
She offered her grace

Asked for no riches
Just warmth, just a face

She was Love
And she taught them her ways

With nothing but kindness
And shelterless days

Since then the streets
Have echoed with song

From hearts that were broken
But learned to belong

Though still without houses,
They shout without fear

For Love came to hold them
And now they feel near.

(48th from the right)

Love made a bet with Tenderness
On who could eat more donuts, no less

It was Fat Thursday, after all,
And both were ready for the call

Tenderness skipped meals all day,
Hoping her hunger would pave the way

She wanted her belly
To be completely hollow

Love found this odd
But chose not to follow

She kept her pace steady
Ate meals just fine

Till the donuts appeared
Stacked in a line

She picked up the first
With a glint in her eye

Took one small bite
And let out a sigh

Something awoke
A beast so devout

Love, fierce and mighty,
Let no cream spill out

She fought like a lioness
With a fierce kind of grace

While Truth counted donuts
At a regulated pace

By the tenth, Tenderness
Started to slow

But Love just grinned
"Donuts aren't bones, you know!"

They won't choke you,
Even if you swallow them whole!"

She reached twenty
Tenderness lost her soul

She gave up the battle
In sweet, sugary shame

But Love kept eating
Unbothered by fame

She ate till midnight
And needed assistance

To rise from her chair
She lacked all resistance

She'd eaten enough
To feed a small troop

Counting them all?
Don't even stoop

Love, it seems,
Should probably train

Or those donuts
Might clog her lane

Still - donuts made
Her sweeter and rounder

A love like a cat
Full, purring, and sounder.

(48th from the left)

Love went to the circus
And watched each act unfold

She stared and wondered
Is this the stage, or something untold?

Is she part of the show
Or just watching from afar?

Is there danger near
Should she run before the scar?

Suddenly, the tightrope walker
Fell, and hit the ground

He didn't rise
Love thought, he's playing around

But the clown wasn't laughing
The silence grew deep

The tightrope walker
Had fallen too steep

Love's eyes went wide
She held her breath

And watched the clown
Confront near-death

He loaded the walker
Into a rusted cart

And wheeled him away
Still, the show wouldn't part

It carried on
For the tickets had been bought

The seal, the dog, the rabbit
Did tricks as if distraught

But Love walked out
To search behind the scene

She found the tightrope walker
A figure dark and lean

He lived
But wanted nothing of Love

He said he danced
On the edge, above

Each day was risk
And risk was all he knew

He wouldn't drag Love in
Too much to lose, too few

He'd rather risk a lonely life
Than feel something like bloom

He thought the cost of Love
Was shadows in the room

Still, Love did not give up
She stayed, she tried, she stayed

Until she drove out sorrow
And with it, she quietly traded

The tightrope walker cried
For now, with Love he leaps

And from that moment on,
Love walks the heights he keeps.

(49th from the right)

Love wanted
To learn how to ride a bike

A real motorcycle,
Fast and sleek and like

A windstorm
Though she kept falling down

She didn't give up
Though she bruised her crown

One day, Truth appeared
And gently asked, "Need aid?"

I could teach you properly
Lessons carefully laid"

Love was thrilled
And gave it her all

Truth taught her Freedom
The wind, the call

A motorcycle
Is wind through the hair

A motorcycle
Is Love in heather air

Now Love rides often
Sometimes Truth passes near

They wave to each other
With a smile, sincere

It doesn't matter
Who taught or who knew

What matters is learning
And staying true

It's not about
Knowing all there is

It's whether you long
For what Freedom gives

Whether you seek it
With heart open wide

Whether Love still guides you
With Freedom as your ride.

(49th from the left)

Love went
To a football game

As a fan
Not volleyball, not the same

Don't mix the two
Don't try to combine

They're polar opposites
Depends which mood is thine

Do you want to be calm
Or wild and loud?

Sing sweet songs
Or curse with the crowd?

Jump in joy
Or rip out seats?

Love was the type
That never retreats

A fighter kind
Not fully polite

She brawled in Love's name
With a furious might

Her team lost the match
And the cheering fell flat

And that's how her day
As a fan ended - just like that

Love wound up
At the police station

And they told her:
"What a strange situation!"

"Why'd you act out?
What was the point of that show?"

"Why all the noise?
What made you go?"

And Love replied:
"It was love, you see

Love for my football club...
And hatred for Fury."

(50th from the right)

Love decided
To bring Tenderness some delight

She made a homemade pizza
To spite Spite

The pizza had olives
Picked with Love's own care

The pizza had pickles
Grown with loving flair

The pizza had sauce
Prepared with a smile

The pizza had cheese
That wished to hum awhile

But it wouldn't hum
It ended as the meal

As homemade pizza
With irresistible appeal

Tenderness teared up
When she saw the plate

Love hugged her close
And they shared every bite they ate

Happiness is born
From food, warm and true

Happiness is born
From time shared by two

Happiness doesn't question
What you meant to say

When there's warm pizza
In your hands today.

(50th from the left)

Love went to the zoo
To see the Leopard, true

She cared so deeply
Wanted to see what card was due

With Tenderness in hand
She said, "Let's see what lies beneath"

And the Leopard leapt
Like any beast with teeth

Drawn by fresh meat
By promises sweetly said

"You'll be fed, be full
You'll be yourself instead"

But he forgot his cage
And what it meant to stay

He couldn't reach Love
Had to let Tenderness walk away

He never got her
He missed what she gave

For years he wondered
Why he could not be brave

Why it had to happen
That Love stayed far, not near

"Should've stepped outside the cage,"
He sometimes thinks, with fear

But it's never that simple
When you are your own parenthesis.

(The spare leg)

Love can only last
When united with God

Without Him, Love
Becomes her own facade

Without God, she's lost
Doesn't know the way or why

Without Him, she wanders
Alone beneath a dark sky

Love and God are one
In thought and in deed

They are the same
Like each seed's hidden need

They speak only
For themselves

They cheer each other on
And trust no one else

Love and God
Know one another through

Without their union
There'd be no me and you

No children born
Of Love and of Light

No hearts that beat
With double-souled might

With Love and God
Together, forever entwined

Their glory shared
Their purpose combined

Don't ask how
To become Love true

Just be, and part ways
With the anger in you

Just live,
And cherish what's given

Respect each soul
And love - without hidden.



Table of Contents:

Cover illustration: Illustration generated with the assistance of artificial intelligence

Poem from the introduction: Marsin, Troublemakers.

Final image: Marsin, [i](#).



Marsin

born December 2, 1986 – present

What might occur, when one helps oneself for sure. Author of books that move the soul. Sometimes written in rhyme, sometimes not at all. But can we survive, without the rhymed kind? Marsin's books are available for free online. You can find them at: wilusz.org Under the cycles section. There is also an "in English" tab.

Everything might unfold, when we look into the soul, out in the cold. The court belongs to the Lord, and the story will be explored. You can read two beautiful spiritual guides by Marsin: "lectures. the mystical Path" and "letters. a journey into the Self." A great addition to these works is a set of parables under the title "tales with Meaning". In English, Marsin also published a poetry collection about Love: "the centipede they called Love" and four debut short stories

gathered into one work titled “with a touch of Irony”. It’s worth it, the pages are still wet with fresh paint. And so it shall remain, the human task, clear and plain.

Contact Marsin:
szulif@gmail.com