



*A Romantically  
Inclined Samaritan  
To Jonathan, Love Michela*

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# *A Romantically Inclined Samaritan*

*To Jonathan, Love Michela*

By Katharine McLennan

(Note: my name and branding footer would NOT appear on your poem)

You've stumbled upon a woman finding herself at a new stage  
You call it roaring 40's, but is it really just the age?  
Or is it a calling so vibrant and so raw?  
For a man's touch and his wit, his honour and his awe.

In return I will open my Pandora's box  
Of quirks, of insecurities, of laughter and loss  
Of life in its messiness, in its glory rarely achieved  
Except in small moments of stillness and reprieve.

I think I talk too much, and I move too fast  
For an introvert, I've learned how to play with too much sass  
But I long for a lover who'll show me how to relax  
Who will accept WHO we are at the min, at the max.

Who laughs at the absurdity of human laws so random  
But honours our core Essence with wild abandon  
We all are born with beautiful intent  
We simply neglect to look again, to see what is meant.

You'll need to have patience, I am always wise,  
Except in my mind, who oft hides behind disguise.  
I long for a teacher, gentle and soothing,  
Who wants to love, to caress, my passion so moving.

Who needs to feel free, to come and to go,  
I fear we'll disappoint and maybe we won't know,  
Remembering False Evidence Appearing Real  
Will we sense what is false, when the layers are peeled?

I'd like to please you, your mind, body, your soul  
I'd like to experience what it's like to have my senses unfold  
While still knowing the tenderness of two hearts so alive  
Nourishing each other yet individuality never deprive

We honour parts of everyone crossing our path  
Which is why I think I search now for your lust and your laugh  
That extra massage, that honesty, that nerve,  
That thrust, that libido, that whispering word.

Take me with your words and take me with your hands  
Take me for a journey without knowing where we'll land,  
I'm willing for it to last for just one glass of wine,  
Or for it to be often or just once upon an exceptional time.

How will we know; maybe "chemistry" won't exist . . .  
But maybe it will, and for your body I'll insist  
To feel you within, to feel ourselves shudder  
Or simply hold your hands and celebrate friendship together

So, lift your glass, and toast the moment.  
That's all that there is, no need for torment.  
About pasts that can't change, about futures that don't exist  
About flaws, about jealousies, about pain that persists.

Thank God for our humanness, and thank God for this life.  
Thank God for this music which seems so rife.  
It teaches us of love, of tenderness, and care,  
Of friendship, of honour, of giving beyond compare.

God grant us the serenity, God grant us the love  
And steer us towards Heaven, which need not exist above.  
Show us the way to Heaven here on Earth,  
I trust Your guidance, and I honour Our worth.

To Jonathan,  
Love, Michela

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