



Goodbye My Love
To Gregory, Love Grace

By Katharine McLennan
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Poem continues on

Goodbye My Love

To Gregory, Love Grace

- In February 2010, a Prince blew in from the wind
- To wipe away need, to annihilate sin,
- Replacing these with life's pleasure, its beauty, its fun
- He brought these through his soul, his hands, and his sun.

- She was not expecting, she was not aware
- He surprised her in each moment each step that she dared
- Allowed him to pass into the boundaries blocking her heart,
- Which was stern, which was strong, perhaps brittle to jumpstart.

- She had a little "crew" with her on her journey of this life
- Three daughters, two sons, two dogs, and title "ex wife,"
- He was free to do and act as he desired
- Yet he longed for creation, a child to sire.

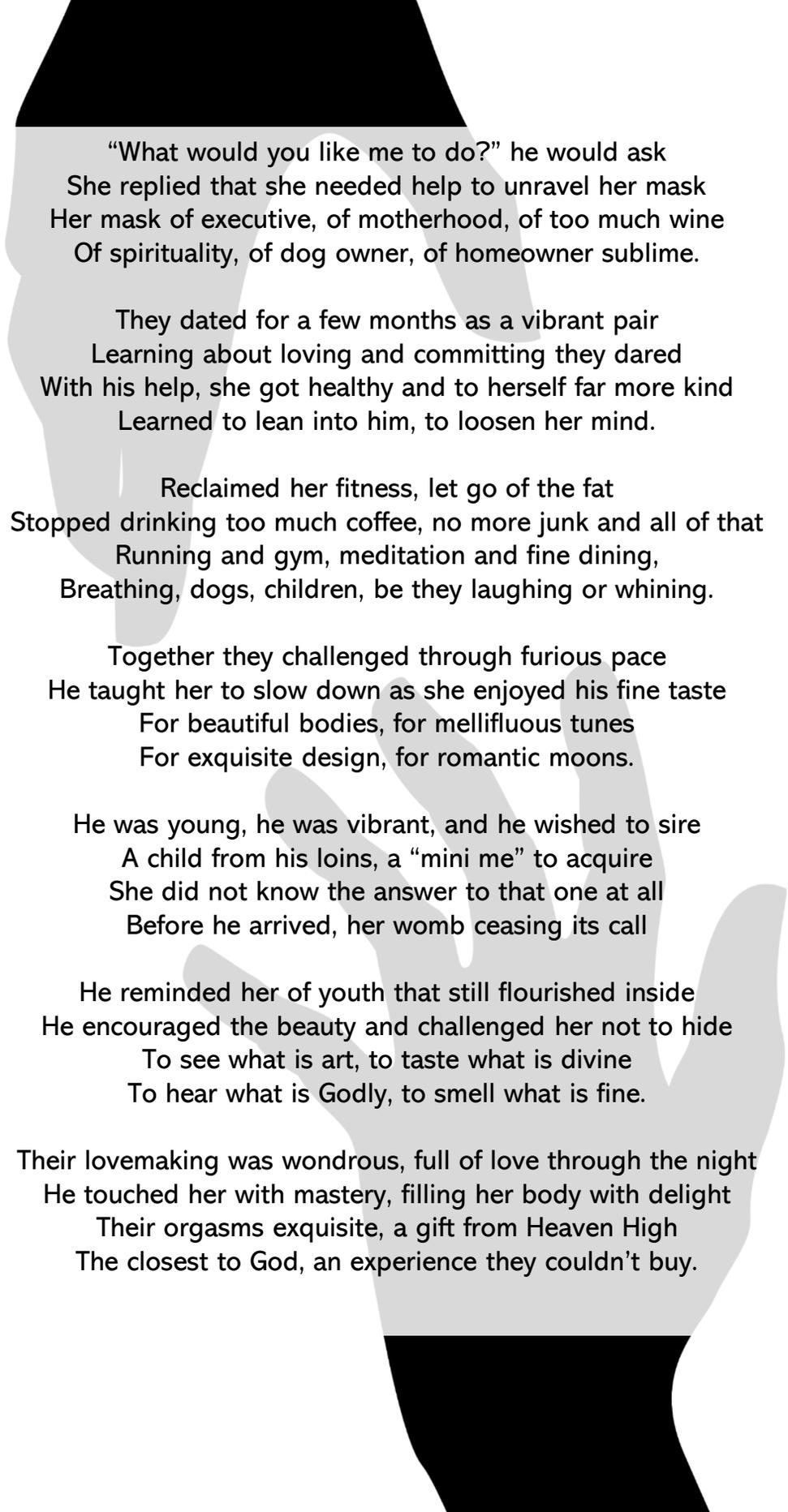
- She sometimes felt old and large in his presence so free
- But then convinced herself at times her beauty to see
- She was afraid to add weight to his journey so light
- At any hint of transgression, she often moved to take flight.

- Yet his love that he gave from his body, his soul
- Was so pure and simple, so sensual, so whole.
- She had not felt love like this in a very long time
- It was powerful and caring, consuming and divine.

- Perhaps her fear blocked her; "I do not deserve you"
- Perhaps she did not trust his offer to solemnly
- His rush to speak on the future like no other man

Poem continues on

By Katherine Milner
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“What would you like me to do?” he would ask
She replied that she needed help to unravel her mask
Her mask of executive, of motherhood, of too much wine
Of spirituality, of dog owner, of homeowner sublime.

They dated for a few months as a vibrant pair
Learning about loving and committing they dared
With his help, she got healthy and to herself far more kind
Learned to lean into him, to loosen her mind.

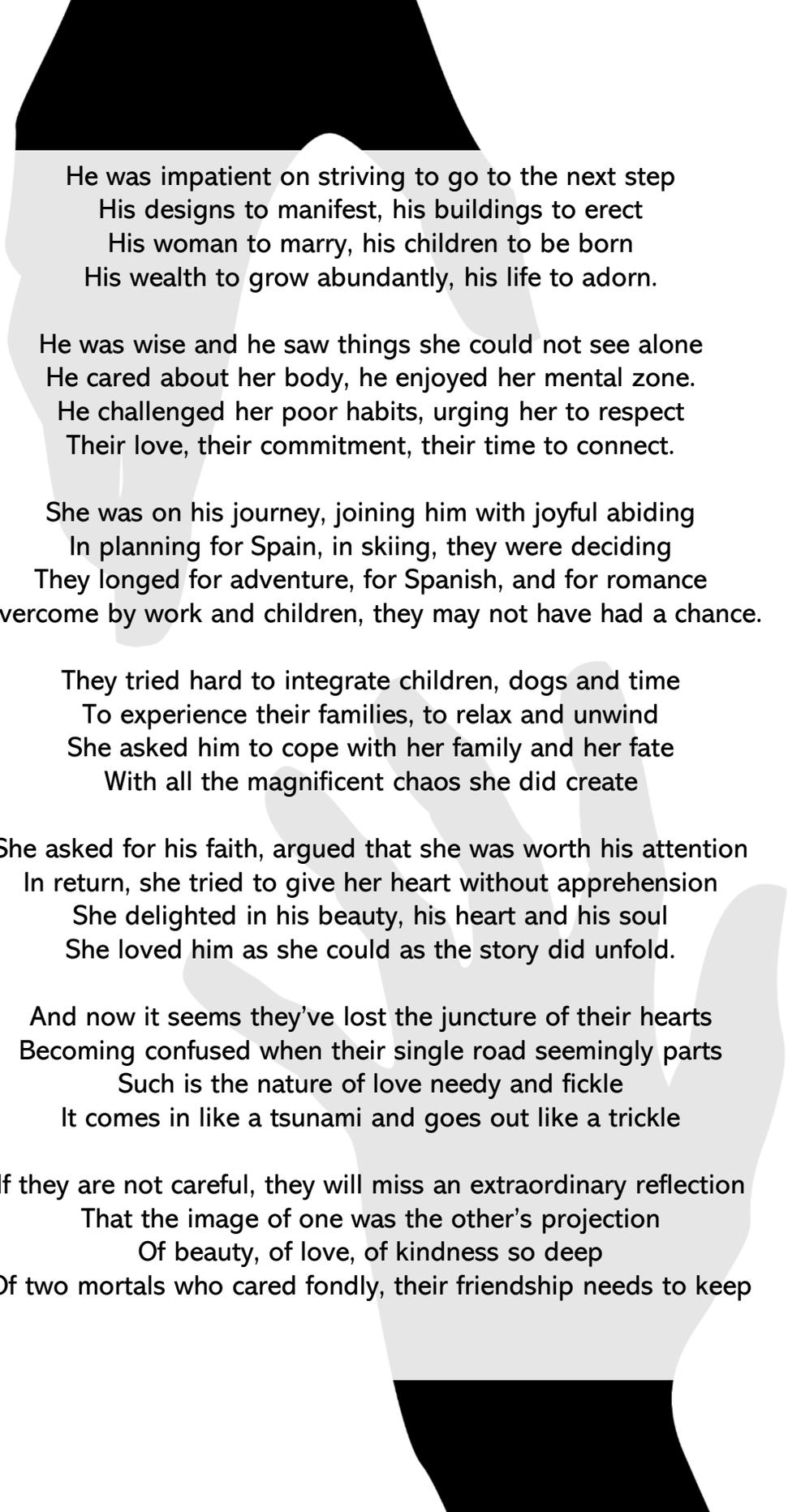
Reclaimed her fitness, let go of the fat
Stopped drinking too much coffee, no more junk and all of that
Running and gym, meditation and fine dining,
Breathing, dogs, children, be they laughing or whining.

Together they challenged through furious pace
He taught her to slow down as she enjoyed his fine taste
For beautiful bodies, for mellifluous tunes
For exquisite design, for romantic moons.

He was young, he was vibrant, and he wished to sire
A child from his loins, a “mini me” to acquire
She did not know the answer to that one at all
Before he arrived, her womb ceasing its call

He reminded her of youth that still flourished inside
He encouraged the beauty and challenged her not to hide
To see what is art, to taste what is divine
To hear what is Godly, to smell what is fine.

Their lovemaking was wondrous, full of love through the night
He touched her with mastery, filling her body with delight
Their orgasms exquisite, a gift from Heaven High
The closest to God, an experience they couldn't buy.



He was impatient on striving to go to the next step
His designs to manifest, his buildings to erect
His woman to marry, his children to be born
His wealth to grow abundantly, his life to adorn.

He was wise and he saw things she could not see alone
He cared about her body, he enjoyed her mental zone.
He challenged her poor habits, urging her to respect
Their love, their commitment, their time to connect.

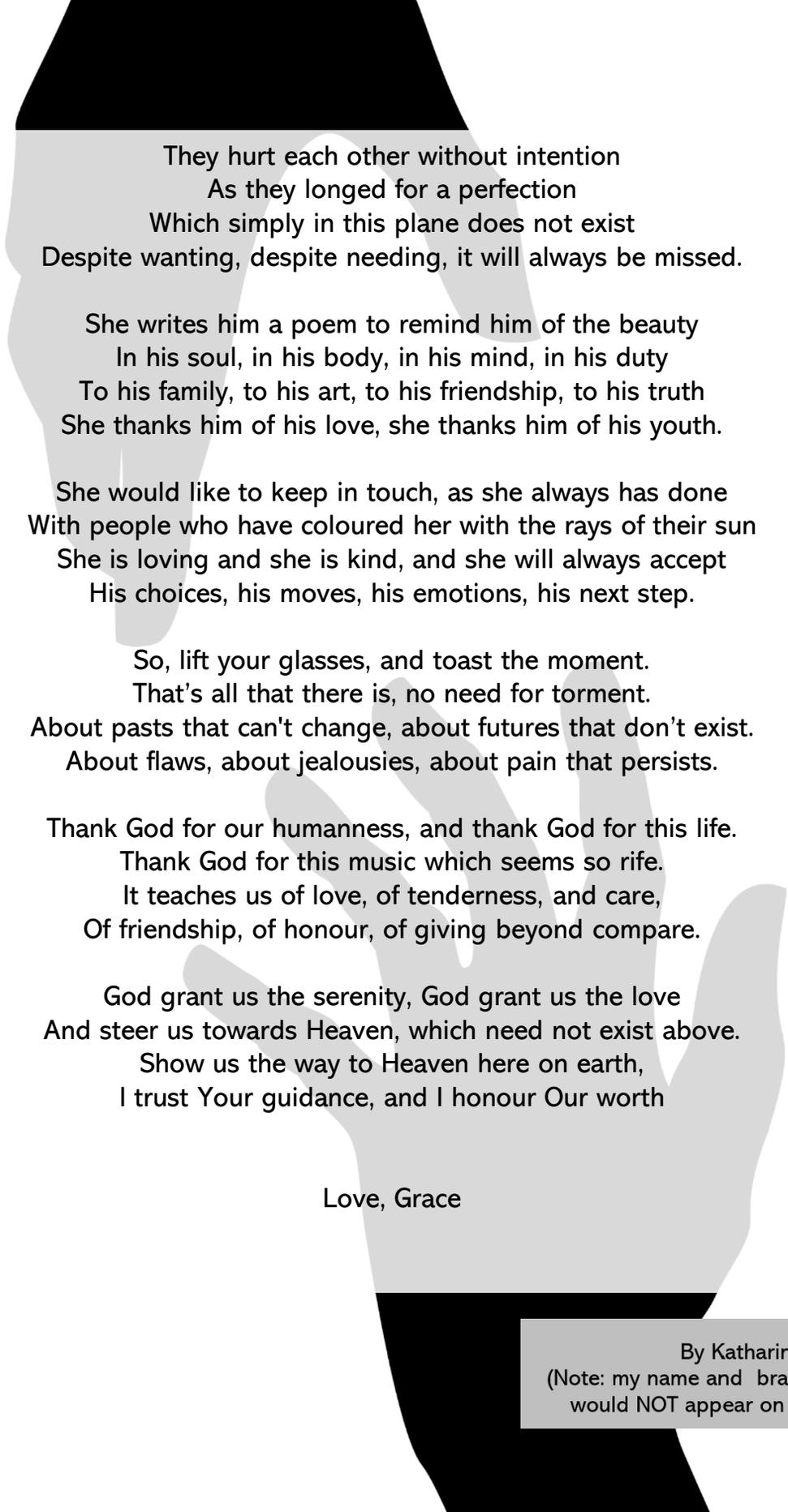
She was on his journey, joining him with joyful abiding
In planning for Spain, in skiing, they were deciding
They longed for adventure, for Spanish, and for romance
Overcome by work and children, they may not have had a chance.

They tried hard to integrate children, dogs and time
To experience their families, to relax and unwind
She asked him to cope with her family and her fate
With all the magnificent chaos she did create

She asked for his faith, argued that she was worth his attention
In return, she tried to give her heart without apprehension
She delighted in his beauty, his heart and his soul
She loved him as she could as the story did unfold.

And now it seems they've lost the juncture of their hearts
Becoming confused when their single road seemingly parts
Such is the nature of love needy and fickle
It comes in like a tsunami and goes out like a trickle

If they are not careful, they will miss an extraordinary reflection
That the image of one was the other's projection
Of beauty, of love, of kindness so deep
Of two mortals who cared fondly, their friendship needs to keep



They hurt each other without intention
As they longed for a perfection
Which simply in this plane does not exist
Despite wanting, despite needing, it will always be missed.

She writes him a poem to remind him of the beauty
In his soul, in his body, in his mind, in his duty
To his family, to his art, to his friendship, to his truth
She thanks him of his love, she thanks him of his youth.

She would like to keep in touch, as she always has done
With people who have coloured her with the rays of their sun
She is loving and she is kind, and she will always accept
His choices, his moves, his emotions, his next step.

So, lift your glasses, 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

Love, Grace

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