

LOVE POEMS - THE LOVE FOR MY CINDY.

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NO HOME ADDRESS

SCI-FANTASY

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FORGET CHOCOLATE, EXOTIC LINGERIE OR MARRIAGE COUNSELORS,
THE ONLY PROPS YOU'LL EVER NEED, WHETHER YOU ARE IN LOVE OR
OUT OF IT, ARE THE POEMS IN THIS BOOK. THERE ARE VERSES
HERE TOO CONSOLE YOU WHEN THE PHONE DOESN'T RING OR THE
DIVORCE PAPERS HAVE BEEN SIGNED, AND POEMS THAT
CELEBRATE THE JOY OF BEING IN LOVE, FOR THE FIRST TIME TO
WALKING DOWN THE AISLE. THESE POEMS, WILL TELL YOU ABOUT
THE TRAGEDY OF LOVE.

ADVICE TOO LOVERS

THE WAY TO GET ON WITH A GIRL IS TO DRIFT LIKE A MAN IN A MIST, HAPPY ENOUGH TO BE CAUGHT, HAPPY TO BE DISMISSED.

GLAD TO BE OUT OF HER WAY, GLAD TO REJOIN HER IN BED,
EQUALLY GRIEVED OR GAY TO LEARN THAT SHE'S LIVING OR DEAD.

SYMPTOMS OF LOVE

LOVE IS A UNIVERSAL MIGRAINE, A BRIGHT OR A VISION BLOTTING OUT REASON.

SYMPTOMS OF TRUE LOVE ARE LEANING OF JEALOUSY, LAGGARD DAWNS.

ARE OMENTS AND NIGHTMARES LISTENING FOR A KNOCK, WAITING FOR A SIGN.

FOR A TOUCH OF HER FINGERS IN A DARKENED ROOM, FOR A SEARCHING LOOK.

TAKE COURAGE, LOVER | COULD YOU ENDEURE SUCH GRIEF AT ANY HANDS BUT HERS.

IT'S ONLY LOVE

IT'S JUST THIS JUDGMENT BYPASS, NOTHING DRASTIC. I'M TOLD THEY DO IT WITHOUT ANAESTHESIA. IT LEAVES YOUR CONSCIENCE SUPPLY AS ELASTIC. ONE OF THE SIDE EFFECTS IS MILD AMNESIA, FACES GET RESHAPED, PAIN SLIPS YOUR MIND. SOME BLINDNESS IS NORMAL. SUFFERERS CLAIM TO SEE HEAVEN ON EARTH, STARS IN BULL EYES, WITHIN UNKINDNESS. THIS COMMONLY RESISTS ALL TREATMENT GIVEN. IT'S NOT ALL BAD, BRAINED, NO FLAME RETARDANT WILL WORK, BUT STILL, THE TOXINS ARE A TOXIN. THE VIRUS LEAVES YOU SELFLESS, BRAVE AND ARDENT ANYWAY, ONCE YOU'VE GOT THE THING, IT'S CHRONIC. MOST PEOPLE LEARN TO LIVE WITH THE CONDITION WHATS KILLS THEM IS THE TERROR OF REMISSION.

FIRST LOVE

I NE'ER WAS STRUCK BEFORE THAT HOUR WITH LOVE SO SUDDEN
AND SO SWEET, HER FACE IT BLOOMED LIKE A SWEET FLOWER
AND STOLE MY HEART AWAY COMPLETE. MY FACE TURNED PALE AS
DEADLY PALE MY LEGS REFUSED TO WALK AWAY, AND WHEN SHE
LOOKED, WHAT COULD I AIL? MY LIFE AND ALL SEEMED TURNED
TO CLAY.

AND THEN MY BLOOD RUSHED TO MY FACE AND TOOK MY EYESIGHT
QUITE AWAY, THE TREES AND BUSHES ROUND THE PLACE SEEMED
MIDNIGHT AT NOONDAY. I COULD NOT SEE A SINGLE THING. WORDS FROM
MY EYES DID START. THEY SPOKE AS CHORDS DO FROM THE STRING. AND
BLOOD BURN'T ROUND MY HEART.

ARE FLOWERS THE WINTER'S CHOICE? IS LOVE'S BED ALWAYS NOW?
SHE SEEMED TOO HEAR MY SILENT VOICE, NOT LOVE'S APPEAL TOO
KNOW. I NEVER SAW SO SWEET A FACE AS THAT I STOOD BEFORE.
MY HEART HAS LEFT ITS DWELLING PLACE AND CAN RETURN NO
MORE.

CINDY CINDY

WHEN I AM SAD AND WEARY WHEN I THINK ALL HOPE HAS GONE
WHEN I WALK ALONG HIGH HOLBORN I THINK OF YOU WITH
NOTHING ON.

A RED, RED ROSE

MY LUV IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE THAT'S NEWLY SPRUNG IN JUNE
MY LUV'S LIKE THE MELODIE THAT'S SWEETLY PLAYED IN TUNE, AS
FAIR AS I THOU, MY BONNIE LASS, SO DEEP IN LOVE THERE STILL, MY
DEAR, TILL A THE SEAS GANG DRY-

TILL A THE SEAS GANG DRY, MY DEAR, AND THE ROCKS MELT WI THE
SUN! I WILL LUV THERE STILL, MY DEAR, WHILE THE SANDS O LIFE
SHALL RUN - AND FARE THERE WHEEL, MY ONLY LOVE, AND FARE THERE
WHEEL AWHAILE - I AND I WILL COME AGAIN, MY LOVE, THO I WERE
TEN THOUSAND MILES.

THE LOOK

STEPHON KISSED ME IN THE SPRING, ROBIN IN THE FALL, BUT COLIN ONLY LOOKED AT ME AND NEVER KISSED AT ALL.

STEPHON'S KISS WAS LOST IN SILENCE, ROBIN'S LOST IN PLAY, BUT THE KISS IN COLIN'S EYES HAUNTS ME NIGHT AND DAY.

THEY WERE IN LOVE

THEY WERE IN LOVE, BUT NEITHER WOULD LET THE OTHER KNOW
AND WHILE THEY WERE DYING OF PASSION, HAIRD WAS ALL
THEY'D SHOW.

THEY PERISHED AT LAST, AND ONLY IN DREAM DID THEIR LOVE LIVE ON.
LONG AGO THEY PERISHED, AND SCARCELY KNEW THEY WERE
GONE.

WILD NIGHTS

WILD NIGHTS - WILD NIGHTS! WERE I WITH THEE, WILD
NIGHTS SHOULD BE OUR LUXURY:!

FUTILE - THE WINDS - TO A HEART IN PORT DONE WITH THE
COMPASS - DONE WITH THE CHART.

ROWING IN EDEN - AH, THE SEA! MIGHT I BUT MOOR - TONIGHT IN
THEE.

UNFORTUNATE COINCIDENCE

BY THE TIME YOU SWEAR YOURS HIS, SHIVERING AND SIGHING,
AND HE VOWS HIS PASSION IS INFINITE, UNDERLYING - LADY,
MAKE A NOTE OF THIS THIS, ONE OF YOU IS LYING.

SATURDAY MORNING

EVERYONE WHO MADE LOVE THE NIGHT BEFORE WAS WALKING AROUND WITH FLASHING RED LIGHTS ON TOP OF THEIR HEADS A WHITE HAired OLD GENTLEMAN, A RED FACED SCHOOL BOY, A PREGNANT WOMAN WHO SMILED AT ME FROM ACROSS THE STREET AND GAVE ME A LITTLE SHRUG, AS IF THE FLASHING RED LIGHT ON HER HEAD WAS A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR WHAT SHE KNEW.

PERMISSIVE SOCIETY

WAKE, FOR THE DAWN HAS PUT THE STARS TO FLIGHT AND IN MY
BED A STRANGER, SO ONCE MORE, WHAT SEEMED TO BE A GOOD
IDEA LAST NIGHT, APPEARS, THIS MORNING, SOBER, RATHER POOR.

NEVER SEEK TO TELL THY LOVE

NEVER SEEK TO TELL THY LOVE, LOVE THAT NEVER TOLD CAN CAN
BE FOR THE GENTLE WIND DOES MOVE SILENTLY, INVISIBLELY.

I TOLD MY LOVE, I TOLD MY LOVE, I TOLD HER ALL MY HEART,
TREMBLING, COLD IN GHASTLY FEARS, AH! SHE DOIT DEPART.

SOON AS SHE WAS GONE FROM ME, A TRAVELLER CAME BY,
SILENTLY, INVISIBLELY, HE TOOK HER WITH A SIGH.

I'M REALLY VERY FOND

I'M REALLY VERY FOND OF YOU, HE SAID.

I DON'T LIKE FOND. IT SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING YOU WOULD TELL A DOG.

GIVE ME LOVE OR NOTHING.

THROW YOUR FOND IN A POND, I SAID.

BUT WHEN I FELT FOR HIM WAS ALSO WARM FRISKY, MOIST MOUSHED, EAGER AND COULD SWIM AWAY IF FORCED TO DO SO!

LOVE POEM

SHARING ONE UMBRELLA, WE HAVE TO HOLD EACH OTHER ROUND
THE WAIST TO KEEP TOGETHER. YOU ASKED ME WHY I'M SMILING
IT'S BECAUSE I'M THINKING I WANT IT TO RAIN FOR EVER.

MAYBE

MAYBE HE BELIEVES ME, MAYBE NOT. MAYBE I CAN MARRY HIM, MAYBE NOT. MAYBY THE WIND ON THE PRAIRE, THE WIND ON THE SEA, MAYBE, CAN TELL. I WILL LAY MY HEAD ON HIS SHOULDER AND WHEN HE ASKS ME I WILL SAY YES.

PROPOSAL

LET'S FALL IN LOVE - IN OUR MID THIRTIES. IT'S NOT ONLY WHERE THE HURT IS.

I WON'T GET SMASHED UP. SHOULD YOU GO AWAY FOR WEEKENDS - WE BOTH KNOW.

NO TWO PEOPLE CAN BE COMPLETELY ALL SUFFICIENT, BUT TWICE WEEKLY.

WE'LL DINE TOGETHER, SPLIT THE BILL ADMIRE EACH OTHERS WIT WE WILL.

BE SPLENDID LOVERS, SLOW, WELL TRAINED, TACIFULL, GRACEFULLY UNRESTRAINED.

YOU'LL KEEP YOUR FLAT AND I'LL KEEP MINE - OUR BANK ACCOUNTS SHALL NOT ANIMATE.

WE'LL MAKE THE WHOLE THING HARD AND BRIGHT. WE'LL CALL IT LOVE. WE MAY BE RIGHT.

CHILD

YOUR CLEAR EYES IS THE ONE ABSOLUTELY BEAUTIFUL THING. I WANT TO FILL IT WITH COLOR AND DUCKS, THE ZOO OF THE NEW.

WHOSE NAMES YOU MEDITATE - APRIL SNOWDROP, INDIAN PIPE
LITTLE.

STALK WITHOUT WRINKLE, POOL IN WHICH IMAGES SHOULD BE
GRAND AND CLASSICAL.

NOT THIS TROUBLES WRINGING OF HANDS, THIS DARK CEILING
WITHOUT A STAR.

CHANGING

IT OCCURS TO ME NOW, I NEVER SEE YOU SMILING ANYMORE.
FRIENDS PRAISE YOUR HUMOR RICH, YOUR PHRASES TURNING ONTO A
THIN DIME. FOR ME YOUR WIT IS HONED TOO KILLING SHARPNESS.
BUT I NEVER CATCH YOU SIMPLY SMILING, ANYMORE.

GO NOW

LIKE THE TOUCH OF THE RAIN SHE WAS ON A MAN'S FLESH
AND HAIR AND EYES, WHEN THE JOY OF WALKING THUS HAS
TAKEN HIM BY SURPRISE -

WITH THE LOVE OF THE STORM HE BURNS, HE SINGS, HE LAUGHS,
WELL I KNOW HIM NOW BUT FORGETS WHEN HE RETURNS AS I
SHALL NOT FORGET HER GO NOW!

THOSE TWO WORDS SHUT A DOOR BETWEEN ME AND THE BLESSED
RAIN THAT WAS NEVER SHUT BEFORE AND WILL NOT OPEN AGAIN!

DEFINING THE PROBLEM

I CAN'T FORGIVE YOU. EVEN IF I COULD. YOU WOULDN'T PARADON
ME FOR SEEING THROUGH YOU AND YET I CANNOT CURE MYSELF
OF LOVE FOR WHAT I THOUGHT YOU WERE BEFORE I KNEW YOU!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

MR. THOMAS W. CURTICIAN JR. IS AN INMATE AT A PENNSYLVANIA STATE PRISON. ON MARCH OF 1988 IN BUTLER, PENNSYLVANIA USA, HE HAD MET A WOMAN NAMED CINDY MYERS AT A ROLLERSKATING RINK, AND THOMAS AND CINDY STARTED DATING. THOMAS AND CINDY HAD A RELATIONSHIP FOR ONLY A FEW MONTHS. THOMAS HAD COMMITTED A CRIME AND WAS SENT TO PRISON. ON AUGUST OF 1988 HE WAS RAPED BY TWO BLACK INMATES AT SCI - PITTSBURGH IN PA, PENNSYLVANIA USA.

FOR 26 YEARS HE BEEN TRACKING CINDY, AND HAD WRITE TOO CINDY'S FAMILY, BUT HER FAMILY CONTACTED THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE POLICE AND THE PENNSYLVANIA DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS AND HAD ISSUED A NON-CONTACT ORDER AGAINST THOMAS. CINDY HAD MARRIED IN 2009, AND 3 WEEKS LATER, HER HUSBAND BEAT HER. CINDY HAD CAME TO WORK ALL BEATEN UP. HER HUSBAND WAS DEMOTED AT HIS JOB. ON AUGUST 27, 2014 CINDY'S HUSBAND HAD DIED OF A MAJOR HEART ATTACK. THOMAS IS GLAD HES DEAD. CINDY'S HUSBAND WILL NEVER HURT HER AGAIN.

THOMAS, ALWAYS THINKS ABOUT CINDY AND MISSES HER. I LOVE YOU CINDY MYERS!