

In Love with an Idea

I am in love with an idea

With the idea of a person

Which my heart's yearning eyes will never rest upon,

With the idea of dishonored saints

Whose traduce souls speak miles of morals set by societies hand,

With the idea of fantasy's and realms

Whose soul conjures in the dead of night flooding inter being dreams,

With the idea of tranquil warmth

That's extinctive brawn masks unease

I am in love with an idea

Yet know nothing of what love is

Know not the definition

Or even its perception.

The wall between ideas and feelings

Share the same bedrock of connections,

Yet feel of agony and pain

Instead of harmony and vain

Limerence enshrouded by a dreamer's will

I am in love with the misspoken tales of fallen angels,

Those whose hearts were touched by fate's hand.

Temptation clutching souls, dreams met in bitter fables.

Icarus's perception shattered with ego,

Speaking nothing of blistering passion

And yet

Fictitious flames provide no glister of light in isolation,

Eternal fate promised to that which is but a chimeric longing,

Dimmed destiny formed from hallucinative desire

Infatuation with an imaginary source,

Fabricated reality forsaken solus by force

I am in love with the idea of a person,

With the idealistic hopes of what love is,

With the promised connection formed in human touch.

I am in love with a spark of light at the end of a forsaken tunnel,

With the journey not taken
With the conversations not had,
Feelings and thoughts never mistaken

I am in love with the idea of unconditional support
That would never fall short of pleaded expectation,
An idea never witnessed by jilted rejection,
Validating comfort, bonding trust, provided readily by burning desire,
Simple pleasure received from a warmth not lived

I am in love with that which is not susceptible to failure,
To that which is not messy or full of complications,
To that which masks human corruption
For an idea that causes no cheeky torment.
That entertains no veiled manipulation,
Only shining light on rooted tenderness
Present in a void of commitment and individuality

I do not encompass a true connection,
I do not harbor a deep affection,
I do not love the person,
I love the idea of, a person

Infatuation with an imaginary source,
Fabricated reality forsaken solus by force

I am in love with the idea of fantasies and realms,
Tales that pierce lacking souls with lust,
Overwhelmed fabricated ardor
With grasped phantasm waiting to combust,
Stories blossoming life, steering sorrow,
Spirit intertwining desire to illusion

I am in love with mythical notability, that which powers infatuation
And filters desire to purpose,
Using passion to lure frail vehement essences
To worlds where mortal souls lay docile
and grail rules all, distant lands continue to move
Where that which was held dear has escaped from destiny's clutch

Reality tells no fate,
Reality leaves no room to create,
I am in love with fantasies and realms,
I am in love with the idea, of leaving reality on the other side.

Infatuation with an imaginary source,
Fabricated reality forsaken solus by force

I am in love with the idea of tranquil warmth,
Stability in a state of calm, that which protects inner peace.
The fragmented breeze that loosens nerves and relinquishes unease,
Mascarades of serenity paint silence, a masterpiece.
Talents remain subdued, all medial praying for absence of novelties ,
torment settled through a game of hide and no seek,
a place where joy comes from no motion at all, from hiding like the weak

I am in love with invisible Competency,
that which provides protection from degrading Critic,
Vaulters that tear at the skin, picking Confidence and self worth from the bone.
Devastating doubt Crippling one's thought, Conceal behind Crutches
so one can breathe.
Devoted security in defensive restfulness

Fight no more,
Peace in my core,
I am in love with the idea of hidden power
For it holds my Peace,
I am in love with the idea, of tranquil warmth

Infatuation with an Imaginary Source,
Fabricated Reality Forsaken Solus by Force

A fateful tale which ideas stem, A never ending cycle
False hope becomes when growth is never met, Love is Movement , Motion is Death .
Illusions lose faith and lay still in desire, From which none shall arise.
A promise never kept, Destined disappointment to be held
Imprisonment in Supposititious hope, Disconnection to reality.
Tribunal isolation , Alone until nonexistent ideas burst to light.
Only when the impossible occurs may rest become my soul, In Desolation,
I am in love with, an Idea.