The background of the entire page is a collage of vibrant red roses of various sizes, some in full bloom and others as buds. Interspersed among the roses are several staves of musical notation with black notes and stems on white lines. The overall aesthetic is romantic and artistic.

HOLY INNOCENCE

A COLLECTION OF LOVE POEMS

This is great. Every young girl should read this...

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NaijaStories

Simply sensational. I love the way you play with language and make it sound so beautiful.

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HOLY INNOCENCE

A Collection of Love Poems

ELOVE POETRY

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For

First Loves



*My only love, sprung from my innocent heart,
Too early seen unknown, and known too late.
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I ought to love a heart that knows no love.*



Sneak Preview of them...

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Secret Love

You're a song I can sing,
Written by the hand of God;
You're a tune I can put to my music,
Composed by the choir of angels;
The sweet music of my heart.

You're the morning after the golden night
the sun of my silver dawn,
The only flower in the garden—
Blossoming after the rains,
In a summer afternoon.

You're the star in my sky
The light I follow
In my dark nights,
Leading me to the land of no sorrow
Where no hearts are hollow,
The home of eternal love.

You're my secret love
The one I adore,
The one I long to be with—
Spent the rest of my life with—
Yet I don't tell...
Not even you in my fantasies!!!





Don't Know Yet

You mean the world to me,
I always tell of your stories,
Just that smile of yours
And I think of nothing more;
You set everything straight for me
With every passing minute.

In my heart
I've written history,
Unravelled the mystery
Of the love story
I have not yet finished
And maybe I will never
For you know not
I love you so much.





Sonia

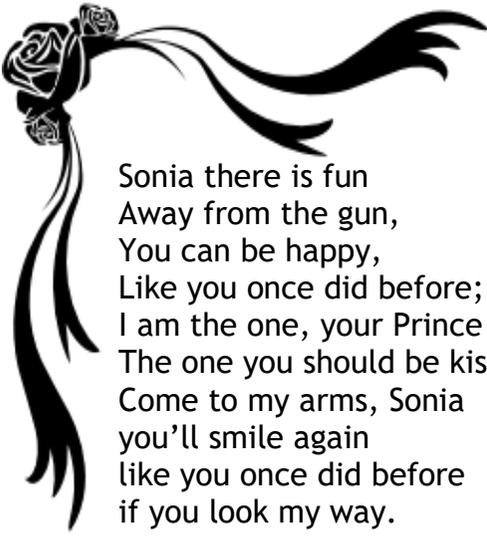
Sonia look my way
You're enslaved by him,
My heart
Hurts to see you,
In his arms,
I am the man
Of your dreams
Your king
The one
You should be kissing.

Sonia tell me the truth,
There's no way you can deny it,
Your love is a blown out candle;
Here with me
You can smile again
Sing a new song, Sonia.

Sonia you and I know
How the pains come and go
And the scars they're leaving;
With me you'll smile again,
There'll be no more grieving.
Sing a new song, Sonia
I am your dance floor,
You're the ballerina, come dancing
Like you once did before
Sing a new song, Sonia.

You are always the merry one,
Now I see you're so sad, so quiet





Sonia there is fun
Away from the gun,
You can be happy,
Like you once did before;
I am the one, your Prince
The one you should be kissing.
Come to my arms, Sonia
you'll smile again
like you once did before
if you look my way.





I Dream of You

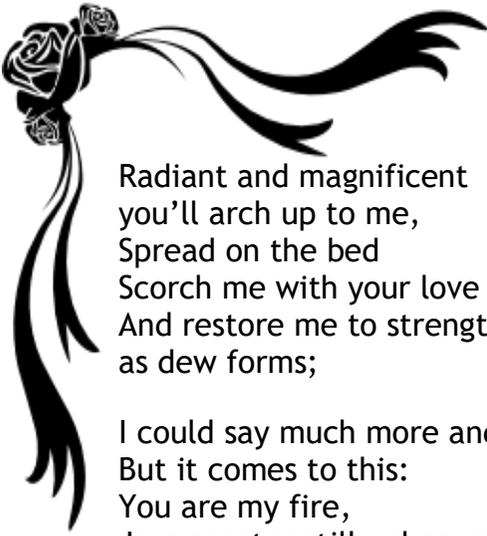
I'll never tire loving you,
Tell you how much I love you,
Words lack;
The light of the sun shines on you
Your beauty marvels
Only God knows more
That this love'll never be graded;

I look at your beautiful smile,
Listen to every word you say,
My heart knows no other
And nothing will change this, babe;
Hope shall go forever and ever.

How beautiful you are, peach,
More than the daughter of the moon
In the night sky above;
What a glorious sight you are!
You glitter like gold,
I can't stand your sight.
Your passion debilitates me,
Can't you feel it's getting close?
Ready to explode?

The moon is fuller tonight
Our sign tonight
When out loud you'll cry
While in your rightful place,
My humble arms, you'll be
Enjoying the ride of all times.
Oh my rainbow,





Radiant and magnificent
you'll arch up to me,
Spread on the bed
Scorch me with your love
And restore me to strength
as dew forms;

I could say much more and never finish
But it comes to this:
You are my fire,
Joys greater still unknown,
My one desire.
You make my body whirl
whence thou say you love me not,
my head twirls
And I dream of you, my love
Yet your love is wit' strange men.





Womanizer

I have a woman I love,
She's gentler than a dove,
I've never known such love
Yet I am jealous of my love.

I am trapped,
I can't keep from others' wives,
I don't fear to be tricked;
I keep company with divas
I can't take my eyes off pretty girls;

I have broken much virginity,
Given myself to prostitutes;
The other day I saw
Sister Gertrude, the nun,
She got off her church regalia—
I satisfy all my mania.

My mind dwells on their beauty
I've lost my one desire,
Passion inside me is like fire;
My love's turned against me
Listens to my sweet words no more,
She already knows what I am
That I am—I am—a womanizer.





Angel Love

I am a victim of overwhelming sorrow
with no hope for 'morrow since the day
The Queen of my heart left;
Absence I dreaded all along
during the days of her life, until
the loss of her dying.

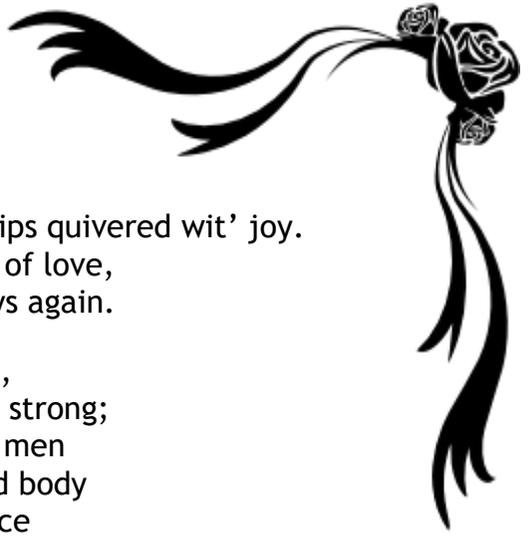
She died as the woman with love
the only my heart wanted
to rise an angel perfect from head to toe;
She lives with me in spirit
She exists, of that I know
for her existence sings to me in organ tones.

I was in the act of nostalgia
reminiscing, the good times we had daily
then realized I was not alone,
she was beside me, standing in the air
her feet not touching the floor
her whole a halo of blinding light
Brighter than noonday.

She was garbed in the wedding dress she never wore,
Garment of astonishingly exquisite white
her willowy figure exuding beauty;
Glory and splendour beyond description
her countenance truly like lightning.

When I looked at her I was afraid,
She smiled because she knew;
Soon fear left and went AWOL,
My eyes she loved were consoled
and my heart of hearts rejoiced;

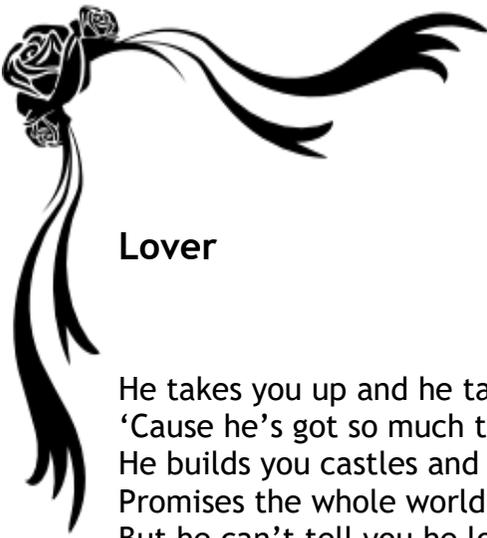




Ears opened to her music, lips quivered wit' joy.
I reached for her—My angel of love,
and it was all like those days again.

I realized she still loved me,
her heart still firm and soul strong;
Angels still love the love of men
Resist dissension of soul and body
and are attracted to radiance
O Angel Love so sweet.





Lover

He takes you up and he takes you out
'Cause he's got so much to show;
He builds you castles and fortresses,
Promises the whole world would be yours,
But he can't tell you he loves you so...

He looks at you and you melt away,
He touches you and you give in,
but he can't tell you he loves you so...

He drives you crazy and he knows it,
thinking of him makes you brainsick
but he can't tell you he loves you so...

He plays with your mind you're fooled,
the dirty games and the silly pet names
this world of sweet nothings he knows,
but he just can't tell you he loves you so...

He tricks your mind and you think he loves you,
you just realize there're a million ways to love,
the day he walks out you cry a river
'Cause he can't tell you he loves you so!





My Gardenia

An apple a day keeps the doctor away
with you it ain't, not for a single day.

I am weak with passion
You restore my strength with raisins,
Refresh me with vitality
Every time I breathe, I take you in.

How beautiful you are, my love
your eyes shine with love
your lips to taste mine I yearn
how lovely they are when you speak.

I'll stay on this hill of gardenias,
The hill of the lone longing
Until morning comes
A new day, as bright as the sun
to bring you to my arms.

I've fasted and prayed,
I've hoped and waited,
I am gathering my all now;
I ain't leaving without you.
I can't continue like this;
I tell you the bitter sweet truth
I love you, I mean love you
I want to be with you.





Stephanie Meets Stephen

He gently kissed her on the cheek,
Convulsive chills rushed through her willowy body.
She rubbed the cheek over and over
Till it was red with blush,
Her humble lips chirped
And her scarfed throat choked
She was coquettishly breathless.

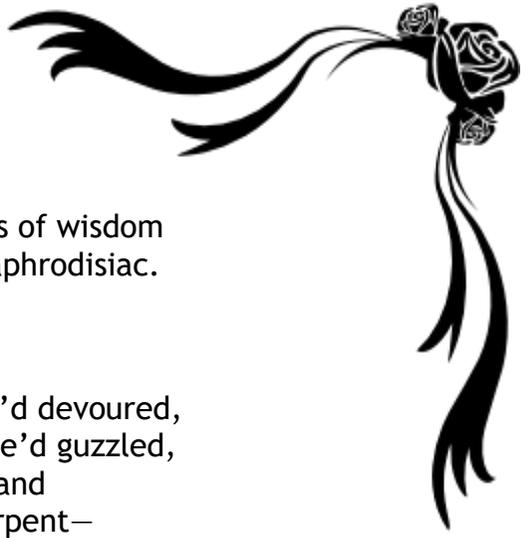
Her humble breasts heaved up and down,
The hairs at her Madonna nape stood up
A debilitating wave of warmth swept through her;
Explosive shards prickled her body,
Hairs inside her pants danced a slow waltz
To the tingle of yearning.

How she hated the moment:
 The brusque kiss,
 His sudden leaving to nowhere,
 and the crazies they'd done.

She undressed him mentally,
Lost herself in fantasy
Imagined his skin: lustrous, and sexy;
 His broad shoulders,
 Gorgeous masculine waist,
 A body of marvellous symmetry;
 Shameful and vaguely revolting, his vibrant manhood
 A bush of tar-black hair entangling...

Memories of the original sin struck her—
it must have been like this
For the Eve of Eden,
The serpent of passion:





The apples Eve saw as fruits of wisdom
Stephanie saw them as an aphrodisiac.

It was all over;
In the air she breathed
The smell of the apples she'd devoured,
The stench of their juice she'd guzzled,
The satiation she had felt, and
The mellow voice of the serpent—
It was music to the ears,
The tune she'd danced to 'till she's naked.

She was not alone in her room
A familiar voice asked her,
"What have you done, Stephanie?"
She realized—and knew—
And innocently said,
*"The snake of Eden tricked me,
And I ate the apples that Stephen gave me."*





Hymn to Love

You're the sun, my love,
You chase darkness from mine heart;
I love to watch you in the morning rise
And walk with you till you set for the night.

You are the moon, my love,
Shining in my dark life
A sliver of you in mine heart
Illuminates the night dome when all is bleak,
Calms my nerves at cock crow
When you set for the dawn.

You're the stars, my dove,
The million faces of love in the sky above
That twinkle just for me as I live
To love and fall in love with the night;

You're the sea, my love
The waters of my life
A sail on you never hurt,
You're the calmness in turbulence,
You're the waves, my love
You rise and hit the cliffs
No further do you go
When you come into mine arms
There does your torrential heart find solace.

You're the Kalahari and Sahara,
with an oasis of untold love
Adorned with dunes so beautiful
Sandstorms find us strong and safe
In where we belong—The arms we love
Singing hymns of love to the love we have.







The Call of Love

Time went by, daily measured in bitter chapters,
Life deficient of laughter,
Wondering wherever I wronged,
Questioning whatever happened,
Speculating whenever he'd come:
The love I nurtured not,
The love I gave bird wings,
The love I let fly away,
The love I let go.

My heart's crying silently
For the loss of my cause,
My heart's longing for him
The hurt's lounging in me
No more can I endure
*"I miss him like crazy
I must call him and tell
The truth why I fell"*
I now know why...
Love doesn't call
'till it is afar.

Joy.



About the Author

Elove is a freelance writer, blogger, author and poet. *Holy Innocence* has won numerous accolades from fans all over the world.

Elove works and lives in Kenya.

www.elovepoetry.wordpress.com

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stories

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Holy Innocence is a collection of innocent musings on love, the things lovers do moved by love, that emotion that debilitates the body, melts the heart, confuses the mind, and strengthens the soul.

It is innocent, from teen horniness, school-boy/girl crush on someone, secret admiration, harmless flirtation to infatuation or lust for someone already taken—love fills the longing of a heart that is helplessly in love for which words can't describe.

Holy Innocence is sensational, love poems so passionately composed.

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