

# Lights and Shadows

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## A New Kind of Love

Doris G. Cox

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## A NEW KIND OF LOVE

Our love is like the wings of a bird,  
Free,  
Soaring into the heavens.  
Our joy filling the universe.  
Our love is silence,  
After the roaring of passion.  
Listening to each other's pipe-dreams,  
Philosophizing to each other,  
Hearing each other's disappointments,  
Soothing each other's aches.  
And because of our love  
Our combined wisdom can solve  
The problems of the world.  
Giving completely,  
Asking for nothing.

Our love is like the wings of a butterfly,  
Free without restraint,  
Going from flower to flower,  
Finding only beauty where we rest  
For all our moments are a field of flowers.

Our love is like finding shelter in  
A sudden storm.  
For within each other's arms  
The outside world fades.  
Some people's love is like that of the  
Wings of a June bug  
With that fatal string tied on its leg.  
Their strings are made up of  
Bands of gold . . .  
Bonds, mortgages, requirements, duties,  
Expectations and commitments.  
And finally they break their love  
By pulling the string too tight.

Our love has no ending  
Because we will not tie a string  
On each other's heart.  
We are free to fly,  
Free to go.  
Free to return,  
Free to continue.  
Free to end.  
And in this freedom  
Even ending will be like a bird  
Soaring into the sunset,  
Leaving a beautiful image on the mirrors of our mind.

—Doris G. Cox