

THE WOMAN



BOYGENE BORICE

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August, 2023

Dear Love....

In the beginning I chose you,

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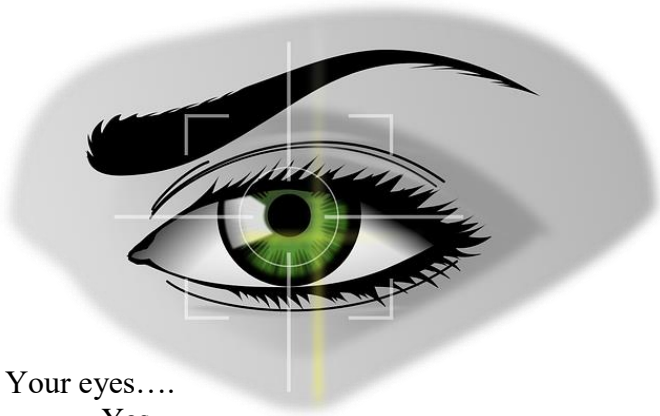
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In the end, I will still choose you.

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Your eyes....

Yes,

Your eyes,

They are the mirror in which my soul
dances.

I am yours,

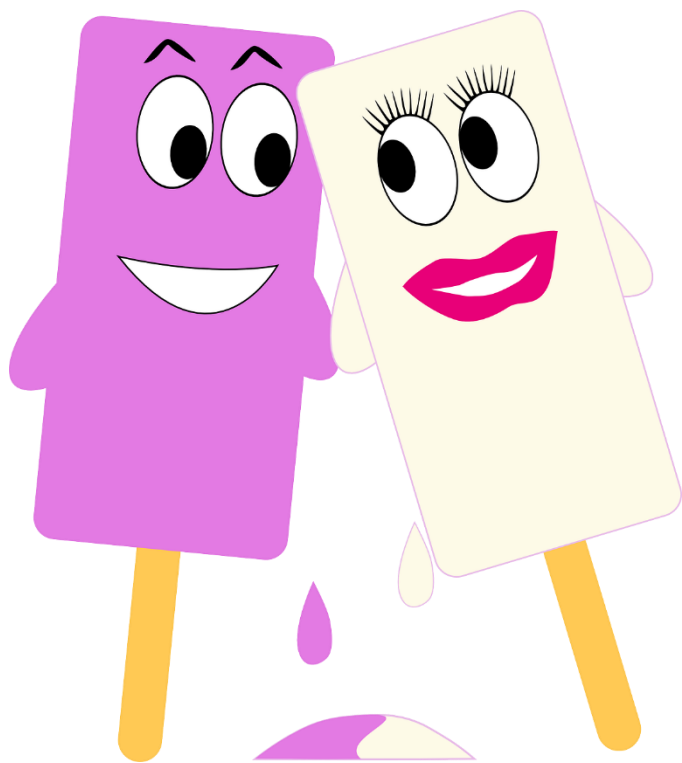
Be it in pain,
Be it in merry.





I can't promise of weddings,
Yet I am sure, I will always be there,
At the dining table of your affections.
Even if what you serve is tears.

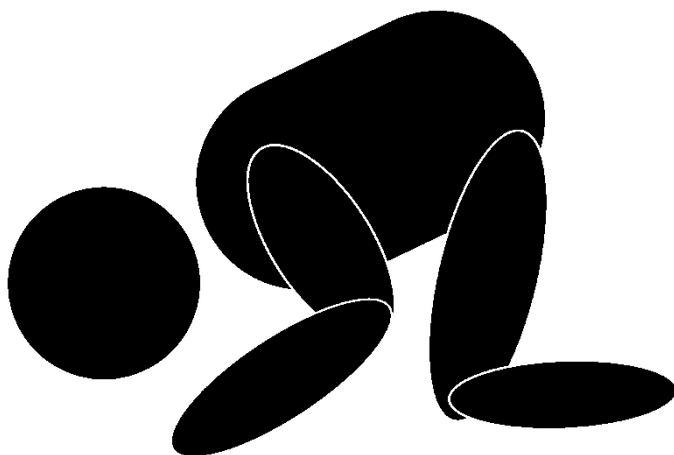
You are the flesh of my flesh.



If tears come,
I shall drink them away.



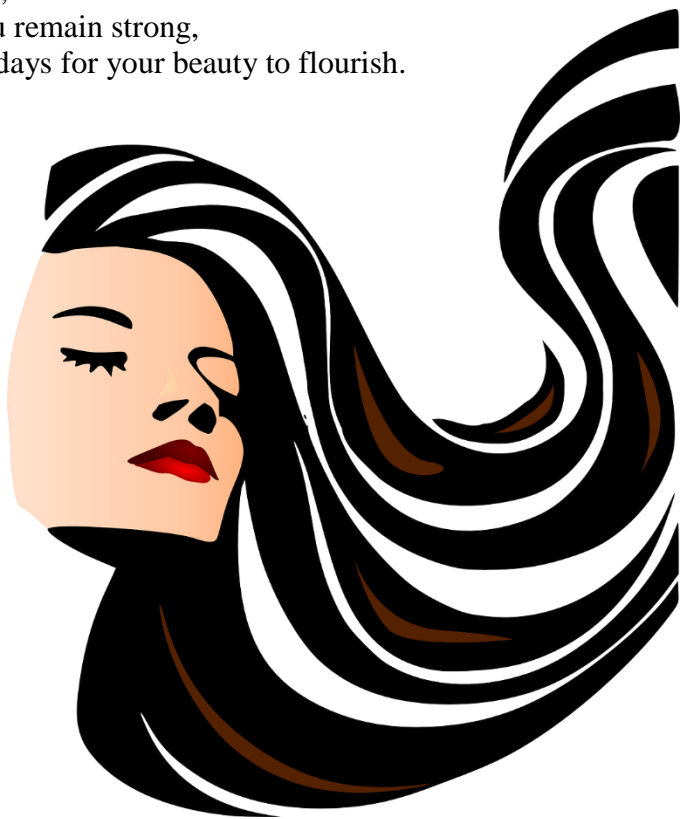
I am not perfect
In my imperfections,
I shall still revere you.





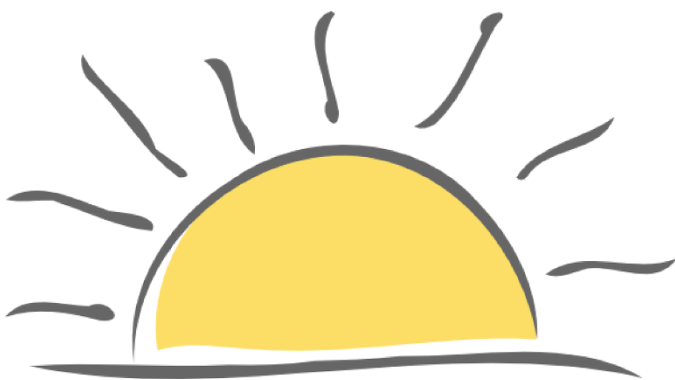
This is a journey,
I can't promise it will be smooth.

If I was to fall,
I pray that you remain strong,
For those are days for your beauty to flourish.



I have become so drowned,
In the thoughts of you,
I don't even know myself anymore.





You have risen in my heart,
Like the sun rises at dawn,
I pray that you never set.

Am I really mad for loving you?
I am told, that I'm running insane.



Every day, I shall wake up,
Look unto the sky,
And I shall whisper to the heavens:
Thank you, for giving me this virtuous woman.



In this chaotic world, where lies rule,
While truth is buried,
I vow to be peace and truth for you.



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