

LOVE POEMS
Of Frederick Douglas Harper

By

Frederick Douglas Harper

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ROMANTIC POEMS



THE RIGHT TIME, THE RIGHT WAY

I needed someone—

I needed someone special;

My eyes lay upon your face—

In anticipation but doubt;

I was so touched by the softness of your eyes,

The grace of your stance,

The peacefulness of your temperament;

Your presence responded to my need and wish;

You came to me,

At the right time;

You came to me,

In the right way.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

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SPEAK TO ME OF LOVE AND MORE

When I first looked at you,
 I saw something special;
 I saw something special
 With you, in you, and between us.
When I first looked at you, I felt something special;
When I first looked at you, I was special—
 We were special.
So answer me and strip free
The truth of your presence coming;
Is your image the echo of my ideal?
Speak to me of such and more:
 Through eyes bright like candles' glow
 And unarming smiles of coy around the
 Tenderness of lips so virgin and pure;
 Through natural beauty untouched by
 False disguise and spiritual energy so
 Flowing to the talents of your future's call;
 Through the life of movement so confident
 Yet modestly unartificial and true.
Speak to me of such by more:
Is this first parting's sweetness a passing
 Dream to keep?
Is it the inspiration of the Inspirer's design
To know you once in passing, or will privilege
Be destiny's desire to look once more upon the

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Light of your lovely face aglow and budding
Energy in flow?

Speak to me sweet flower, and pray
By chance to smell once more the fragrance
Of your presence, and feel once more the
Vibrancy of your natural way.

Be it friendship or more;
Or a spiritual passing of two destined souls
Who love the world so much so as to want so
Much to give of ourselves to that world
Through the gift of ourselves to each other.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

Frederick Douglas Harper

I FEEL I'VE KNOWN YOU

Sometimes I feel I've been in another world;
Sometimes I feel I know there's a world beyond;
Sometimes I feel I've stood in this space with you;
This space and moment of today in our first
 Meeting of eyes—
Without a word, I knew I knew you as I had before;
I knew I wanted you as I did before;
I knew I wanted you and had to have you
As much as I fought my feelings for you,
 And you—yours for me.
So come quietly to me in peace and burning
Desire, and let me receive you around me as one;
I've waited long across lifetimes for your face
 In the parade of many—
Come let us savor the souls of our many lives
 Before, and fulfill the destiny of our
 Long-lasting desires;
Come to our dining to feast first upon the spirit
 Of each other's energy;
Face your face to mine in sweet teasing of
 Dessert's patient waiting;
Rush not the sacred sensuality of our prolonged
 Romance asleep;
Come, come, come my love.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

FIRST GLIMPSE, FIRST DANCE

The first glimpse of your face
Took the light of my eyes deep to
The core of your countenance;
To know as you knew that we both
Were made and sent for each other.

At first touch of you, I knew you were
Sculpted to my arms' embrace as we
Glided as one in musical magic's
Movement to the body's call of our
Bemused spirits' wish.

So effortlessly and pleurably we
Danced as playful birds suspended in
Flight and to life's breathing of our
Energies real and memories sealed.

Thanks for the dance sweet lady,
And permit me to hold you once more
To our own spiritual rhythm and to
A music that is unending.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

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WILL YOU COME WITH ME?

I have sought your image

Without knowledge of your existence,

My ideal woman you are;

So come with me please—

Be with me and share your life;

Create life we will, and together

We'll be trustees of another;

Come with me and I will pick a red hibiscus

For your hair and the sweet magnolia flower

As your perfume's fragrance;

I'll promise nothing except to be with you

And be for you as long as we live

Under the watchful eyes of the stars.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

ROMANTICA

Again, we meet in the common air of
Our private space—to breathe, I hope, the
Anticipation of love's possible excitement
From this serene peace; your fresh flower
Has sprung from youth's tender bud, so
Luring to the patience of my long wait and
The wisdom of my awaited patience.

With face to the light of you, I fix my
Energy to the spirit of your field; so
Wanting to be with you, to touch with eyes
And arms but not too soon so as to spoil
The pleasure of our precious urgings and
Restrained glee.

Let not your presentation of reservation
Betray future's life of a whole love of two—
Of a spiritual union destined for the divine
Creation of love's life from our shared bond,
Our priceless oneness, our future hopes,
Our sensual moments of untempered desire.

Come with me, be with me, romance with me,
And let our eternal love be an unending evening
Of special things shared—of sparkling drink with
Rhythmical dance, of musical tunes under many

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Full moons, of colorful flowers and pastel towels,
Of tender touch and vacations much.

Come with me to the sacred temple, or simply
Stand with me under God's old oak tree;
Allow me to veil your face under the purest
Lace to the slight peek of your shining eyes
And the sweet gentle reach of your life's breath—
Yes, be my wife, be with me in this special
Moment of ceremony, and touch tenderly and
Ever slowly your lips upon mine; to seal
Evermore the energy of our romantic union
And precious love.

Go patiently we will in the wind of destiny's call
And with sweet memories of dreams made true;
Create we will a life of two or more—
With shared fortunes and misfortunes, with
Cherished joys and borne pains, and with a
Love unyielding to life's tests of time and a
Romance that will never die.

Let me come with you, be with you, and
Stay with you my lady; let our love anew grow
And pierce deep within our souls an untarnished
Commitment and an unbroken peace;
Let our lasting love scream forth in silent truth
Our romance forevermore to all the universe
In the sacred message of:
ROMANTICA, ROMANTICA, ROMANTICA!

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

A WEDDING PLEDGE

In this, my left hand, I take you as my wife/husband
And hold sacred your life and welfare as long as we
Choose and hold each other;
With my right hand, I promise to work for you,
With you, and for life we may create as one;
In both hands, I cup and nourish the trust we place
In each other as persons and in ourselves as a
Partnership in life.

With this heart, I set forth my allegiance to a sensitivity
For your feelings, and pledge to put no other person's
Needs or wants before your own;
With will and determination, I shall do my best to remain
Patient with your weaknesses as well as your personal
Changes over the years, and I will hold in confidence that
You will do likewise with me;
With this, my head, I will think of you wherever I am
And whenever I can as thoughts of concern for you and
Shared experiences with you.

I pledge at this moment to do all I can:
To help minimize your pains and maximize your happiness,
To forgive you for inadvertent errors of human frailty,
To respect you as a person and as my wife/husband,
To be open with you about my thoughts and feelings,

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To touch you each morning and kiss you each night,

To trust in your words and actions,

To be kind, courteous, and considerate to you,

To respect your right to freedom, solitude, and

Individuality,

To commit myself totally to you and our relationship.

Furthermore,

I will try my best not to hurt you in any way or discredit

You before peers or yourself;

I will encourage your personal growth and internal peace,

I will allow no person to conspire to alienate my love for you;

Neither will I allow myself to be blinded by false

Feelings for another or life's many luring excitements;

I will talk with you, walk with you, and persevere with you

Through tests of time and condition;

I will pray with you, hope with you, struggle with you,

And suffer with you in your hardships;

Most of all, I will love you, without condition, for as long

As I can and as long as you want me to—

Hoping and trusting it will be forever.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

OUR HOLIDAY

'Tis a cultural holiday of celebration;
But it matters not the differences
Of our worlds apart;
For celebrate we must on this
Merry day of glee—our love,
Ourselves;
'Tis not your holiday,
'Tis not my holiday,
But our holiday—
'Tis a special time for special people
To love and celebrate happiness.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

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LET US WRITE A SCRIPT IN OUR HEARTS

Let us write a script in our hearts,
And let us play it out from
 Moment to moment in spontaneity;

Let our needs be felt and realized,
 Our drives reduced,
 Our anxieties subdued,
 Our depression minimized;

Let us enjoy our others and
 The worlds around us as we encounter;
Let us enjoy our own selves;
Let us eat, rest, explore, and talk
 In the presence of each other's
 Comfort, good company, and security;

Let us write a script from moment to moment
 In our hearts and
 In our lives.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

WE SAW WITHIN EACH OTHER'S EYES

We sat alone,
We drank wine,
We intellectualized about nothing.

Then we saw within each other's eyes
The nature of our true being,
Then we realized our gender,
Then we communicated our nonverbal
Desire to move toward our other.

Our instruments of vision touched in softness
Suppressing our eagerness,
Our tools of manipulation searched
The pleasures of our curiosities,
We slowly lost the control of our rational
Being to the passion of our desires,
We shed ourselves of that which hid our
True selves from the honey of each other's fruits.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

Frederick Douglas Harper

CAN I BE FREE WITH YOU?

Can I be free with you—
And not have to rush anything,
And not have to prove anything,
And not have to be anything?
Can I be me, and you be you?
Can we be we, can we be one,
Can we be free?

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

**LET ME LOVE YOU IN THE MORNING OF YOUR
WOMANHOOD**

If you let me come into your heart,
I will do wonders with the clay of your
 Parents' making;
Let me touch you in the morning years
 Of your womanhood, and make you
 The better lady you must eventually be;
As I must, let me hold your heart next to
 Mine and stroke your contour to fineness;
Let the warmth of your deepest breath
 Massage the perceptiveness of my ear,
 That I may feel your life grow in my arms,
 And that I may live again through the
 Life of your love;
Let me love you in the morning of your
 Womanhood, that you may become the
 Lady of my night for all occasions
 And all times.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

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FINE WOMAN

Fine woman of svelte neck, straight back,
And sturdy hips—let me
Watch your stance and poised presence
Among others; let me breathe the energy
Of your elegant space.

Fine woman of creamy texture and
Tanned hue, I secretly watch you—and
Patiently await my turn of acquaintance,
To feel the peace of your calm temperament
And visualize up close the form of your
Lovely essence.

Speak to me, speak with me, and let my
Total attention for you be yours on this
Special night of ours. Let us dine under
The stars of this resort and smile for each
Other as night grows old to morning's birth;
Let us breathe of each other's air, and be
One in the moment of our private selves
And space.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

MEANING OF ROMANTIC LOVE

Romantic love is two dynamos that turn on and
Feed into each other;
It is total energy directed toward another that
 Makes one oblivious to time and space;
Romantic love is that emotion that contradicts and
 Obfuscates rationality, reality, and responsibility;
It is that acted-out fantasy realized for the moment
 And hoped for forever;
Romantic love is two persons alone in the universe
 Who prize each other's presence and consume
 Each other's essence for every moment and in
 Every good way;
It is the visceral excitement that compels the
 Fulfillment of one's capacity for sensuality,
 Sensitivity, and possibility;
Romantic love is that ecstatic, good feeling that
 Provides a secure feeling, enhances worldly
 Appreciation, promotes confidence, and overhauls
 Physical and psychological health;
It is the force that drives people out of their skin,
 Pushes them to a higher level of emotional
 Realization, and overpowers human control;
Romantic love is giving for the joy of giving, sharing
 For the sake of sharing, and enjoying each other
 For the pleasure of each other.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

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A PHONE CALL'S WAIT

I've lived today in wake—
From morn to night this date,
Just to hear your voice once more
 Across the miles;
I've anticipated the breath of
Your energy's space to make my
Day by phone, to complete my
Night hitherto alone—with exciting
 Thoughts of you;
I've lived this day in wait for
Your call of tone's ring of phone
 Here alone;
I've lived all day just to hear the
Breath and sigh of your sweet
 Voice for me;
I've lived all day, in my patient
Way, just to hear you say,
 "I love you."

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.



NOSTALGIC LOVE POEMS



OUR LAST NIGHT TOGETHER

On a moonlit night, we stood
Under the privacy of a backyard tree,
Never once with the courage to explore the pit
Of our youthful volcanic desires on this last night;

We stood and stood in caress on the eve
Of the moving truck's coming, and counted
So painfully our last minutes of evening,
Ever together;

She placed her miniature cross and chain in my hand
As a symbol of remembrance; only to watch me
Clutch passionately before losing it to my jeans's pocket;

One last hug, one last fumbling kiss
As her father called, "bedtime";
Reluctantly, she walked away, shielding
The treacherous door from the night light's torment;

I remember dearly, her back showed well in the moonlight
As she turned to give me the last image of her face.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

Frederick Douglas Harper

WE WALKED

Our shoes powdered themselves
In the sun-beaten earth along the
Side of the road, as we strolled so
Closely to ourselves while oblivious
To school peers.

She 13 and I 15, as innocent and shy,
Yet so aware but resisting of feelings
Awakened by maturity and our own
Simple attraction to the sweetness
Of each other's flower.

Not yet a kiss or thought of else as
We touched our other's voice and face
With ears so tuned and eyes so focused
Within the range of our own youthful
Company.

Parted we daily did to sweet evening
Memories of an afternoon walk so
Much anticipated upon each morning's
Wakening.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

LOVE ME NOT WITH WORDS ONLY

Great, how sweet the sound of your voice
In accolade and promise,

The twinkle and glitter of your mirror's eye
Complement the timbre of your utterance,
Your vibrations bring warm news to my ear,
Good news I like to hear,
But oh how transient the sounds, though sweet;

Love me not with words only,
But with your good deeds;
Let me know that you care for me—
Through action, effort, and sacrifice;

Let us share time, let us eat—
Eat under the shade of a summer's tree,
Dance in the spotlight of the public's eye,
Hold hands in strides of step and time;

Let us care for our lives and even that of another;
Let us work together, plan together, play together,
Laugh together, meditate together, sacrifice
Together, hurt together, and feel good together;

Love me with your complete feelings, actions, and
Thoughts,
And love me not with words only.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

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I'M GLAD I MET YOU

Gee, I'm glad I met you;
Together, we have made each other better;

We have shared each other,
And have realized our sensations;
We have experienced reality,
And have grown together in knowledge;
We have encountered each other's worlds,
And have mutually shared our feelings;

Our joys have been increased and our pain
Minimized by the mere presence of our other;

Gee, I'm glad I met you;
Let us remember all the good and pleasant things
We have shared together,
And let us reserve a space in each other's
Heart for all those special moments and memories.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

LET US MAKE MEMORIES

Let us make memories that we
Can prize forever;
Let us make them in our minds
Of spontaneous and planned
Experiences of ourselves—
In all Earth's seasons and glorious
Splendor.

In spring or fall, in the park or
By the waterfront, let us breathe
Our existence within the energy of
Romantic thoughts, feelings, and
Surrounding.

Let us make memories that we
Can appreciate now but treasure
Always in our minds and hearts.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

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WILL YOU ROW IN MY BOAT?

Come sit in my boat at morn
When the mist of fog shields the
Privacy of precious romances, and the
Coolness of dawn preserves the
Goodness and innocence of virgin loves.

Come sit with your face to mine
And let the bashful, gleaming sun's light
Reveal the pristine beauty of your
Lovely eyes and skin aglow.

Come sit with me and row with me,
And let our love afloat gently disturb
My favorite flowered dress of our
First acquaintance.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

I LONG FOR YOU

Please, relax now,
I long not for the revelation
Of the privacy of your temple,
But for the company of the
Whole of you; to be with you,
Anytime and anywhere.

I long for your respect, for the
Energy of your existence to make
Me the better for your most
Worthy appreciation and happiness.

Please now, know my cause and motive,
For they are true to you;
Sincerely, I long for your heart,
Your soul, your inspiration, your
Presence, your natural warmth.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

Frederick Douglas Harper

NOSTALGIA I

When the night light was bright,
We stood underneath looking at our feet;
You touched me—oh so gently with your breath,
And I felt within me a leap of warmth
Corralled by my own tremor of shyness.

When the night light was bright,
Oh how I remember the cool breeze
Of midnight air that swept us homeward;
You touched my hand with your fingers,
And there we clutched in stride—
Onward, homeward, yet so slowly we paced.

When the night light was bright,
Our youth tormented us without
Conscious thought of time passing.

When the night light was bright,
We were in the dark privacy
Of each other's world;
Nothing beyond penetrated our attention
Thereof fixed.

When the night light was bright,
We thought it would shine forever,
For us.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

NOSTALGIA IV

It was a time to remember,
Of romance galore and unforgettable
Memories of adult images in the eye of a child;

It was a time of Black shoes shined,
And quality hats so fine;
Of men's coat and tie,
And women's stockings up high;
Of romantic touch dance,
And navy-blue gabardine pants;
It was a time of hard work at less pay
And nightly prayers of appreciation each day;

It was a time to remember in June and
December, when things were quite simple;
A time when people had time and mind
To love much more;
A time when people had time and mind
To be at peace with themselves.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

Frederick Douglas Harper

QUINTINA

There was a young girl
Named Quintina you see;
A bright child of 8 with
A smile of glee;

After years of my absence
She grew up to be
A beautiful woman and
Fine lady;

With courage, class, and grace
From Thee,
She exuded a countenance
Of sweet femininity;

Quintina, smile for the world to see;
Quintina, please smile again for me.

LIE DOWN

Lie down and feel yourself in our presence;
Let the ocean roar in the peacefulness of
 Your ear;
Let the sand tickle your back and the sun
 Wash your face.

Let us think of nothing except our feelings
 For ourselves and this little world's
 Moment.

Lie and let life's air bring meaning to our
 Souls that we may breathe such
 Memories forever.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

Frederick Douglas Harper

WEAR A WHITE DRESS FOR ME

In the sunset of your womanhood,
Wear it for me;
Memories of innocence and coy,
Of private moments of our genuineness,
Spontaneity, and naive joy.

Wear it for me in my mind's eye,
Of images in the sunlight and
Unrestrained freedom in the shade
Of the old oak tree.

Wear a white dress for me in the sunset
Of your womanhood—so I will know the
Purest image of my greatest love;
That I will always know you as the sacred
Temple of my life-long and devoted trust.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.



SENSUAL LOVE POEMS



BEFORE WE LOVE

Before we love to love's height,
Wash each other's image we must
In sensual grace of our eyes' sight;
Breathe each other's natural scent
We should in the blow of evening air;
Touch we must with gentle care;
Hear we can of our other's breath
Upon the softness of a neck's rest;
Before we love to love's height,
Romance we must the other's self.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

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SHE CAME AT 5

She washed herself in his image at noon
And brought herself to him at five;

The natural scent of her told of a day's work
Under the shroud of cream and perfume;
A mixture that aroused the privacy of his
Heaven so patiently anticipated;

Four walls and one wait for the appearance of
Love's greeting; to see, to touch, to embrace
The energy and essence of his sweetest hope,
His sustaining thought, his fondest dream,
His greatest love, his sole source of life;
His woman, his lady.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

LOVE HAS COME

He came into her so gently, as he did
 To her;
Her presence was with courage but deep
 Exhilaration of an experience
 Never felt;
They were one in ecstasy atop a mountain,
Together, they realized a shyness and the
 Downhill awkwardness of separation;
 However, a deep fulfillment of a dream
 Anticipated and complete;
They relaxed, she on his arm and he against
 The softness of her;
Her breath whispered to his ear,
 “I love you”; and he replied,
 “I love you too.”

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

Frederick Douglas Harper

TOUCH ME, WILL YOU?

It's been long, too long;
So will you touch me with the
Tender tips of your fingers aglow,
And let the heat of love's past
Set free the spirit of our fiery
Passion's remains?

Touch me now, in the privacy of
This day's secret love and space,
That we may live life's life as
We so once did.

Come to me so slowly and walk
Your image so larger into my eyes' view
And the whole of you into my arms'
Embrace.

It's been long, too long,
So will you touch and we touch
As we once loved before?

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

POETICA SENSEROTICA

And she spoke of love's passion:

“Come with me dear love;
Come within me as one,
And let my warmth for you alone
Puncture deeply to the tip of your
Soul's yearning for me; and, as you wish,
Allow me to come so tenderly
And peacefully as a lamb to the gentle
Thrust of your lion's passionate
Growl and groan of sweet sensual
Satisfaction;
Let me touch, breathe, and sense
Completely the acclamation and
Celebration of this our romantic love.”

And he replied:

“I will come to you my lone love awaiting,
And into love's chamber of your
Sensual pleasures so as to pay in burning
Passion our time's debt of love come due;
Trust me to lay upon you my long-held
Desire and set free the tension of love to
Bloom forth your hidden orchids asleep;
Let me come with the rhythm of your
Sweet kitten's purr and as a lion's gentle
Touch to your loin's tender flank—

Frederick Douglas Harper

Such as to set our hearts and souls afire,
Forever, in this life of our love,
And in this love of our life's remain.”

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

MY PLEASURE IS YOUR PLEASURE

Dear love, my pleasure is to give you
Pleasure,
For that is the light of my life.

The sharing of the desire you evoke in me,
I trust, will burn free the shackled joys
Of your most precious and priceless reservoir
Of sensations longing.

So timely now, so fervently now,
Let us come into each other's gentle arms,
And set aloft and aflame the honey of our
Ripened fruits.

In this natural and spiritual attraction of ourselves,
Let us trust our future hopes and happiness
Untold to our romantic desires' yearning.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

Frederick Douglas Harper

I WANT YOU

We sat juxtaposed for a purpose other
Than the unforeseen;
Our eyes touched out of courtesy, but
Quickly locked from the magnetism
Of our own sensual vibrations;
We trembled and struggled to control and
Sequester our feelings for the other;
Our bodies filled each other's eyes in
Subtlety and brevity between interludes
Of trying to look unassuming;
Our gender's scent betrayed the truth of each
Other's desire to our deep breath's yearning;
Our skin flinched and our muscles tensed
As we waited for separate buses,
Hoping they would, this time, be late;
We parted so painfully, knowing that
We must see each other again, but
Wondering so desperately
"How" and "when."

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

LOVE BONE'S WISH

Let me touch you with the tender
Tip of a love bone and explore sites
Of honey along the darkest chamber
Of your hidden love asleep;

Let me awaken the deepest senses
Of life's heights of two, connected in
A whole thought of this love's moment;

Let my love bone embrace my bones
To your bones' embrace for this timely
Moment and experience of our irresistible
Love.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.



POEMS ON LOVE LOST



TO SAY “HELLO” IS TO SAY “GOOD-BYE”

To say “hello” is to say “good-bye,”
For that’s the orderly way in which things are;
Faces appear in winter to be lost in spring,
Doors open to be closed,
The sun rises and sets,
Babies come and old folks die,
And all people must laugh and cry;

Night naturally follows day,
As moon the sun;
Boredom steals from life’s excitement,
As hatred from love’s promise;

Say “hello” with enjoyment, excitement,
And appreciation;
Say “good-bye” without anger, grief, or sorrow;

To say “hello” is to say “good-bye,”
Remember, that’s just the way things are.

Reprinted: Harper’s *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

Frederick Douglas Harper

LOVE KNOCKED

Love knocked once,
You refused;
Love knocked twice,
You opened the door;
You opened your heart;
Feelings awry in joy and agony;
Tension and conflict of pleasure
And pain—and peaks and
Valleys of sweet sensuality;
You called once,
Love closed the door;
You called twice,
Love said, “No more.”

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

DON'T PASS ON LOVE

A love passed up can be a
 Love lost forever;
A choice delayed, can be a
 Love unmade;
Think too long about love, and
You often think wrong about the
Opportunity for a love that could
 Have been;
Grieve long about a loved one lost, and
You will suffer daily at your own
 Precious cost;
Wait too long for the ideal prince or
Princess unfound, and life will find you
Empty-hearted and dead in the ground;
Nevertheless, don't rush into a false love's
Net, but, to the converse, don't run
From an opportunity that can be lost
 In regret;
Go with your heart's feelings
 And less so with your thoughts,
Because a passed-up love that's caught
 Will only be your fault;
A passed up love lost, will be your
 Remorse.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

Frederick Douglas Harper

LOSS

To lose is to have had;
One cannot lose a loved one
Without falling in love,
Or lose a spouse without the experience
Of marriage, or a child without
The creation or adoption of life.

We can lose one's presence,
But never the images of or
Experiences with that one;
We can lose a loved one's presence,
But not our memories of that one—
Not until we lose ourselves.

To lose is to have had;
To lose is still to have.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

TODAY AND TOMORROW

Happy today,
 Sad tomorrow;
Loved today,
 Rejected tomorrow;
Hello today,
 Good-bye tomorrow;
Here today,
 Gone tomorrow;
Thus is life.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

Frederick Douglas Harper

POETIC LETTER TO MY LOVE

If I never see you again,
 Remember our good times
 Together;
If I must go today or tomorrow,
 Remember my love for you
 And things we shared;
I have not deferred your call
 In times of need;
I have not promised the
 Unfulfillable;
If it is God's will that I not
See you again in this world,
Just remember:
 I loved you then,
 I love you now, and
 I will love you forever.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

LOVE IS LIKE A CANDLE LIT

Love is like a candle lit
 And burning;
Sometimes bright and light,
Sometimes dull and dim,
Sometimes flickering and unsteady—
Pacing its way into the dark.
Love is like a candle lit
 And glowing;
Spewing its brilliance toward the heavens,
Casting its warmth with gentle wind,
Buttressing confidences with hopes of joy.
Love is like a candle lit
 And burning;
And though love's precious candle may
One day burn cold, its memories
Must be savored and cherished always.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

Frederick Douglas Harper

SICK LOVE

I tell you,
There is no love
In the slavery of another;
There is no love in death
From love, as with
 Romeo and Juliet or
 Othello and Desdemona;
There is no love
In a love not loved,
 Or a love betrayed,
 Or a love paid;
There is no love
In the love of a body's pleasure
 Alone, or a love of repeated
 Anger and destruction atoned;
There is no love
In a love that is sick.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

WHEN PIECES FALL APART

When pieces fall apart,
Away from the whole—
Hurt it does, but go on
We must with a love of those
Remains and priceless memories
Of past's parts, people, and places;
Cry we should of tears that
Do dry.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

Frederick Douglas Harper

DEAR LOVE

And it was said:

“Dear love,
Please know I will not
Call you or call upon you again;
I want nothing and need nothing
From you; and what I shared
With you was unappreciated
But with no regret on my part;
Please know you can rest in
The privacy of my absence,
And go both we our separate ways
In search of our own happiness.”

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

TO HAVE

To have is to miss,
To know is to miss,
To experience the ecstasy of
Sensuality is to suffer the pain
Of absence.

Love comes and love goes,
Choosing carefully in couplets its
Beneficiaries and victims of joy
And pain, of happiness and shame.

But, such is the beauty of things
That come and go; of flowers,
Stars, and theatre lights.

Love comes and love goes;
To have is to hold it precious.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

Frederick Douglas Harper

LOVE WHAT YOU HAVE

If you can,
 Love what you have;
For once lost, you may
 Not be able to love it again.

Love what you have;
For once lost, you may
 Not be able to love it the same.

Love what you have;
For once lost, you may
 Not be able to love another—
 You may not be able to love
 At all.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

WILL YOU LOVE ME IF...?

Will you love me if I'm not,
Or will you just love me if I am;
Will you love me if I should have,
Or will you just love me if I do?

Will you love me if I fail or if
I diminish size in your eyes,
Or will you just love me as I was;
Will you love me if I'm paralyzed,
Damaged, lessened, or embarrassing;
Or will you just love me no more?

Will you love me if I change;
Will you love me if I am changed—
Changed from your ideal of the lovable;
Will you love me if...?

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

Frederick Douglas Harper

LIVE AGAIN

Don't die with another's death;
Don't die with the loss of love
 Or a dream gone sour;
Don't grieve, or complain, or look
 Back in regret;
Look to the future, act in the
 Present, plan for you, and
 Live again;
Live again for yourself and for those
 Who must depend upon you;
Live now or you will not live well;
Live now or you will not live long.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

DIVORCE

Pain from love's death, unlike that from the
Death of a love one; pain from love's death,
A prolonged pain that goes not away with buried
Tears of time; images recalled from the candles'
Glow of a wedding cake's reflection and the warmth
Of a child's eye from a shared creation; love astray
In smithereens of shattered glass; a crushed crystal
Of life's love's image blown off course by time's
Changes.

Loss of affection, physical separation, and divorce;
A cruel turn of events of lost love and loyalty;
A rare admixture of compassion, care, indifference
And hatred; a cauldron of a million reflective
Thoughts, driven by repeated pain that sucks the
Blood of past investments in contributions of time
And energy; sacrifices of sleep and eat and conscious
Hopes for sweet revenge in defense of hurt feelings
For the sake of nothing but self-content.

Loss of affection, physical separation, and divorce;
Smiles turned to frowns, promises to naught, and
Pleasures to pain; yesterday's toast of wine glasses
Broken and cut and wet all over, and love's honey

Frederick Douglas Harper

Turned vinegar sour to wine's wasted mess among
Hopes scribbled on a white table cloth.

Loss of affection, physical separation, and divorce;
Doubts about identity, trust, and self-pride;
Love still, love nil—confused thoughts and hopes of
Minds now vetoed by twisted hearts.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.



POEMS ON LOVE RESTORED



LOVE AGAIN

Yes, as you fell in love once,
You so can again, and with
 Greater feeling and care;
Burn the bush of past pains,
But not the roots of pleasure and
 Learned memories;
If you open your heart and cap grief,
You can love again with belief;
As long as you breathe air and hold
 The heat of romantic yearning,
You can love again;
You can love another;
 As long as you love yourself.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

Frederick Douglas Harper

CAN WE WAIT FOR THOSE WE LOVE?

I'm not complaining, so why are you explaining;
You are late, and I mind not the wait;
We all wait to die,
 So why can't we wait for those we love.

I'm not explaining, since you are not complaining;
I am late, and you seemingly mind not the wait;
We all wait to die,
 So why can't we wait for those we love.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

WHAT IS LOVE...?

What is love,
If not for a season
Or a lifetime?

What is love,
If not for a season—
Or a reason felt?

What is love without
The excitement of it;
Without casting a spell
Of spirit, and mind, and heart
Upon one who casts upon you?
What is love without God's
Spiritual sanction of a divine
Union of two meant to be as one?

Frederick Douglas Harper

HUG YOUR LOVE

When there is anger and rage,
 Hug your love;
When there is anxiety and fear,
 Hug your love;
When there is disappointment and failure,
 Hug your love;
When there is reservation and doubt,
 Hug your love;
When there is pain and hurt,
 Hug your love;
When there is mutual grief or mutual joy,
 Or just simply a time for celebration
 Of life, hug your love;
At morning's rising and night's bedtime,
 Hug your love; hug each other.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

LIVING AND LOVING ARE ARTS

Living is an art, loving is an art;
Both take thoughtfulness and not just thought,
 Learning and not just performance,
 Compassion and not just passion,
 Care and not just concern.

To live is to love life; to love is to live life
 With patience, respect, appreciation,
 Excitement, energy, and good feeling.

Living is loving self, loving others, and loving life;
Loving is living with self, living with others, and
 Living life in great appreciation.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

Frederick Douglas Harper

WE LAY

We lay, back first, with eyes toward
The stars; thinking of nothing
Except the moment of our appreciation.

The grass beneath cushioned our relaxation,
While darkness of the night shielded
Us in anonymity.

The cool air of evening helped our shared
Presence to erase regrets of the past
And worries of the future.

We lay calmly, serenaded by our own
Breaths of life and comforted by our
Selfish thoughts of each other.

We lay alone as two; but really as one—
Together for each other,
Together in the world,
Together against the world.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

HELLO, I LIKE YOU

Person 1 speaks:

“Excuse me please;
Hello,
I saw you;
I like you;
Would you care to talk?”

Person 2 speaks:

“You are excused,
But not from my presence;
Hello, too;
I also saw you;
And, sure, I would like to
Talk to you too,
Because, I too like you.”

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

Frederick Douglas Harper

LOVE'S CLAIM

Let us forget the images of old
And the attitudes we hold
Of pasts;
Let us start anew,
For I come to claim the
Woman I love—
The heart of my youth's
Nurture and the soul of
My manhood years;
I come to claim her claim
On the remainder of my life's
Time and the blood of my life's
Remains;
Make easy my return and our return
To each other's task of romance
Anew and love of two;
Pluck thoughts of ill from the brow
Of times gone, and claim again
That which was and can be.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

A LOVE UNLOVED

There is nothing more painful than being
With one you don't love, and being deprived
Of happiness thereof;

There is nothing more painful than "loving
One" with whom you don't want to be,
And hoping that one day you can make
Yourself free;

There is nothing more unromantic than to
Live a myth from kiss to kiss, or weeks to
Months to years to tears in boring times and
A hopeless mind, smiling when you wanted to
Cry and crying when you wanted to smile;

Fill your empty life with something meaningful
For you;
Fill your empty life with love regained anew,
Or seek a new love in earnest truth.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

Frederick Douglas Harper

OH WOMAN, OH MAN

“Oh woman,” he asked—

“How can I satisfy you?
Your suspicions are too great,
Your anger is too deep;
Remove thoughts’ blocks from
Our past romance longing;
For I stand tired of your displeasure,
While wanting deeply the sweet
Touch of our yesteryear’s memories’ call;
Spit forth your bitter venom once and
For all, and lie bare to my bed of roses
Waiting, that I may lay upon you the
Pleasures remain of your unconscious
Yearning.”

“Oh man,” she replied—

“How can I trust you?
Give peace to my mind’s assurance
Of you to me, and put still my doubt
And rage from thoughts of another;
Bring peace to my soul by you,
Your act, and self—that I, as you wish,
Can lie upon your bed of roses,
So warm and sensual to your true touch
To lay me bare in yesteryear’s rousing
Ecstasy for today’s calm peace to our
Enlightened romance anew.”

Reprinted: Harper’s *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

LOVE'S HOPE RENEWED

It is said:

“There is no pain and shame like
The hurt and embarrassment of
Love rejected;
There is nothing more confusing than a
Love flaunted and then unwanted;
There is no cruelty like the destruction
Of the spirit of a love gone bad or
A love once had;
There is nothing more lonely than the
Wish for the return of a love lost.”

However, with love's new romance's
Seeding, its blossoms and fruits
Will lay dormant the thoughts of past
Harvests gone.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

Frederick Douglas Harper

A LOVE TO WALK WITH ME

And he said,

“In my transition from a love lost,

I need a woman to walk

Behind me to encourage me to

Become all I can;

I need a woman to walk

Beside me when I’m honored

For what she has helped me to

Become;

And, certainly, I need a woman

To walk *ahead* of me,

As I help her to become

All that she can become.

I simply need and pray for a

Good woman to walk God’s path in love

With me and me with her.”

YOU HAVE AND I HAVE YOU

You have class and you don't
 Have to lie;
You have natural beauty and don't
 Have to try;
You have bright eyes like a supernova
 Starlight in the night's sky;
You have security and don't
 Have to deny;
You have mental health and you don't
 Have to get high;
You have happiness and peace and don't
 Have to cry;
You have a pleasurable sweetness
 Like sugared apple pie;
You have me and don't ever say
 Good-bye;
I have you and that is why—
 I write this poem.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

Frederick Douglas Harper

MATHEMATICAL LOVE

Sincere love is a true number,
A whole number;
Never divided, subtracted, or diminished
In quantity or quality;
Never zero, never negative;
Always positive and increasing in
Weight and geometric size;
Sincere love is an infinite whole of
Two intersecting human sets;
Sincere love multiplies itself by itself,
And adds to itself over time.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

SITTING IN A CHAIR WITH A TEDDY BEAR

You say you sat in a chair
 With your favorite teddy bear
 Tucked beneath your hair;
Yes, you relaxed in your chair,
 So you now tell, by the fireplace's
 Glare—hugging, soothing, and stroking
 A warmed teddy bear with gentle
 Care and a pleasurable stare;
So you tell, you breathed holiday
 Air in the cuddly care of your
 Designated bear;
Now you recall of a night with
 Christmas tree lights and a lovable
 Bear in the romantic embrace of your care;
You tell, I see, of sitting in a chair
 With this special teddy bear;
Now you have told of a night, I see;
A night I recall that you spent with me.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

Frederick Douglas Harper

TRUE LOVE LASTS

True love like gold
Will not rust with time;
And like fine silver, its
 Tarnish can be polished to
 Original brilliance or
 A greater luster;
True love seeks not fault nor
 Excuse for escape;
True love seeks itself;
True love endures all times
 And circumstance;
True love shines forever.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

A GIFT TO YOU

A gift to you

For what you've done,
Not for what I expect of you;

A gift to you,

For what you are,
Not for what I want you to be;

A gift to you,

For what we have shared,
And not for what we give
To each other.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

Frederick Douglas Harper

I WILL NOT PROMISE

I will not promise that
 I will love you tomorrow
 Or that I will love you tonight;
I will not promise that
 I can love you tomorrow
 Or that I can love you tonight;
I will only say that I love you now,
 And I trust that now will
 Last forever.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

I LOVE YOU

Can we say, "I love you,"
If we mean it and feel it?

Can we say, "I love you,"
Without hesitating, hedging,
Stammering, or lowering our
Voices to a fade?

Can we say, "I love you,"
Without biting our tongue
Or fearing regret or else?

Can we say the words
"I LOVE YOU";
Can we say these three words
Often and clearly,
Loudly and surely?
Say them now; say them often.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.



***POEMS ON LOVE OF FAMILY,
CHILDREN, FRIENDS, AND
NATURE***



LOVE YOUR CHAIN

Love the links in your chain,
For a broken chain has no purpose;
Love your parents, love your children;
For they are strong links of proximity.

Love your grandparents,
Love your grandchildren,
Love your sibling too;
For they are also important links
To a strong chain.

Most of all, love your link;
Love yourself—
Love all links in your chain
For a broken chain has no purpose.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

Frederick Douglas Harper

THANKS MOTHER

There is nothing you can say,
That is enough to thank your mother;
There is nothing you can do,
That is enough to thank your mother.

A mother is a trustee of God's seed,
A sacred temple of life;
A mother's touch cannot be duplicated,
Her comforting voice is never replicated.

A mother's greatest gift is the gift of life,
Her highest status is that of motherhood.
No matter what else a mother might be,
No matter what a mother does—
A mother is a mother.

Thanks Mom; I love you.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

ADVICE TO YOU MY CHILD

Be true to your eyes, ears, thoughts, and feelings;
Listen to your heart but yield to your mind's best
Judgment;
Be kind and wise in spoken words, for surely your
Words will follow you;
Be not afraid of risks but be cautious of actions
Driven by emotion, confusion, and false friends;
Avoid jealousy of others' achievements and possessions;
Don't live with an insatiable greed for more than
You can appreciate or use;
Don't eat more than your hunger's call or
Drink beyond your thirst's needs;
Listen to spirits that favor you and offend not
Those that oppose you;
Absorb yourself in an activity worthy of your unique
Talent, and develop as many common
Potentialities as you desire and can;
Whatever you do, do it as well as you can;
Live comfortably with your conscience,
And be at peace with your soul;
Be courageous in life, while always respecting
Death's luring and lurking;
Rest when tired and think when you are uncertain;
Be kind to the sacredness of life and respect the
Natural order of the universe;

Frederick Douglas Harper

Follow no one or no thing except your own judgment
And your own God's wish;
Love and respect yourself and your family;
Be all you can by developing yourself;
Do all you can in helping worthy others;
And live a quality and meaningful life.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

NOSTALGIA III

He was big, I little;
 But both men in our sights;
We worked together and played together,
 At day and night.

I remember, and will forever, his
Kindness and love, though only a small child;
Together, we shared time:
 Walking in the corn field,
 Feeding chickens and the hog,
 Driving a mule-driven wagon.

I watched him pray in church, drive his car,
 Work at two jobs, plant and harvest,
 Make old-fashioned wine, and care for
 His wife and offspring of eight.

I, a child of seven, was by his side when he
Died so peacefully, so courageously on a small
Bed alongside a sun-lighted, open window.
Granddad, I will always miss you;
Granddad, I will always love you.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

Frederick Douglas Harper

LOVE IS...

“L” is for laughter shared, lament
Endured, and a life cared;
“O” is for obedience to another,
Offering of self, overindulgence of
Time spent, and okay’s and ought’s;
“V” is for the value of sacrifice, vibrations
In common, verification of feelings, and
Vivid joyful experiences;
“E” is for eagerness, excitement, and
Energy given and received through
Time and effort.

LOVE is—

“L”oving
“O”thers with
“V”erve, vitality, and vow; and with
“E”nthusiasm, expressiveness, and exhaustion.

LOVE is without condition, expectation, or
Anticipation.

LOVE is...

Reprinted: Harper’s *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

A FRIEND

A friend is
 Special for you
 And not against you;
Being a friend is in
 One's state of mind,
 One's state of action—
That special one who thinks and acts
 For another's happiness,
 For another's welfare;
Being a friend is giving of self
 With joy;
Being a friend is receiving from another
 With appreciation;
Being a friend is wanting to be a friend.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

Frederick Douglas Harper

A POET'S POEM TO A FRIEND'S FRIEND

You ask me to write a poem
For a friend not near;
Though miles away, one you have known
Closely over the years;
An unusual request to me I must tell;
But one not denied since it seems
You so care.

A small price of time to give such precious
Thought, for a long-lasting bond
On each part sought;
With nostalgic memories of childhood years;
Remain close you have, yet seldom as near;
It's been years and miles of telephone talk,
Between movies, theatres, and city-park walks.

So the essence of friendship, it seems
Two have learned,
Out of much shared experience and
Mutual concern;
And thus this poet closes with good thoughts
Of my task,
In trust that your dear friendship
Will continue to last.

LET US LOVE CHILD

Let us love child
As a precious and impressionable life;
Not as an object of selfishness,
Not as an object of frustration,
Not as an object of sensuality;
Let us love children
As the future, our future—
And even more their future;

Let us love children by preventing
Their undo suffering;
Let us wipe horrid images from view
Of their little minds, and
Harsh words from their ear's reach;
Let us block unnatural pain and trauma
From their tender little souls, while
Teaching them the natural way,
The healthy way, the realistic way of life;

Let us love child
As we have been loved;
Let us love child
As we should have been loved;
Let us love child
As we ought to love ourselves.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

Frederick Douglas Harper

I'M IN LOVE

I'm in love,
I'm in love,
I'm in love
 With my son.

Oh gift of God,
 How sweet,
 How joyful,
 How refreshing.

Oh light of God,
 My son,
I'm in love.

To hold him,
 Is to hold Thy holy trust;
To kiss his little lips,
 Is to feel the creation of
 Thy gift.

Oh light of day of night,
Oh light of my life,
 My son, my love.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

I NEVER SAW

I never saw a woman who
 Loved her baby son so much;
I never saw a man who
 Loved his baby son so much;
I never saw parents who
 Loved their baby son so much;
I never saw—until I saw ourselves.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

Frederick Douglas Harper

THE SENSES OF MY LOVE

What I can see, I have often loved;
What I can hear, I have often loved;
What I can touch, I have often loved;
What I can smell, I have often loved.

I have known the beauty of flowers,
Music, birds, foods, people, trees,
Rivers, oceans, mountains, and other
Artistic creations of God and humankind.

Things of beauty I have known,
I have often loved—
Especially when I have paid
Attention to sense their world around me.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

A FLOWER

A flower—

How temporal its beauty,
How delicate its petals,
How variegated in colors of
Red, yellow, pink, purple, and white.

A flower—

How simple, how sweet the smell;
A thing of adorability in bloom,
A thing that expresses our
Thought, care, and love.

A flower—

To touch, to share,
To wear in one's hair,
For holidays and special occasions everywhere.

A flower—

That graces our surrounding
And brings happiness and joy
To the sick, the grieved, and the well.

A flower—

To see, to smell, to hold;
A flower, to love
In the moment of our presence.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

Frederick Douglas Harper

ODE TO A FLOWER

Oh flower, in the light of sunshine
And the secrecy of night's cover;
Show your beauty—
Show your beauty through the moisture
Of dawn's dew and the teardrops
Of April's rain;

Oh flower, the source of a florist's
Dream to create your gift for
The giver's gift of love and
Compassion;

Oh flower, a flower;
The repeated miracle of God's grace
Through the arms of plants so green
With outreached branches of life's
Touch;

Oh flower, smile for me;
Oh flower, smile that we
Might see the love of Thee.

Reprinted: Harper's *Romantica: On Peace and Romance*, 1988.

TREES OF MAINE

Elegant they stand in Maine of the USA;

Tall and straight they grow

In pine, fir, and spruce;

Welcome and farewell they bid, through branches

So broad and orderly in symmetry,

So robust and serene in character;

Trees, trees, and more trees,

Carpeting great acreage in a mosaic

Of variant shades of green;

Trees, trees, and more trees,

Against God's glistening sun, rolling clouds,

And calm blue skies;

Trees of Maine, I accept your heartening

Presence and message;

Trees of Maine, I wish you a happy

And long stay.

Reprinted: Harper's *Poems on Love and Life*, 1985.

***THOUGHTS ON LOVE AND
RELATIONSHIPS***

**The following thoughts are reprinted from Frederick
Douglas Harper's
*Romantica: On Peace and Romance, 1988.***

We give to and share with those we love and are not taken by those who
profess to love us.

««««

We can often end up loving most, those who need us most.

««««

Romance often develops like a rose, that is, budding, blooming, and
eventually dying.

««««

Your love has made me stronger, and, even in your absence, you are
present.

««««

Romantic love frequently turns out to be everything hoped for,
everything forbidden, everything gained, and everything lost.

««««

Frederick Douglas Harper

You cannot be hot unless someone lights your fire.

««««

I can never be you, and you can never be me. But we can be we; we can be one.

««««

For those we love the most, we do our best.

««««

It takes a special person to think and feel of love; it takes a special person to reveal such things.

««««

Often, if a person is in love with you, no matter what you do wrong, “you are right.” By the same token, if a person hates you, no matter what you do right, “you are wrong.”

««««

Never accept gifts from one who wants to claim ownership of the receiver.

LOVE POEMS of Frederick Douglas Harper

««««

Women *tend* to believe in anything that sounds good, and men *often* believe in anything that looks good.

««««

We can often hate those we know best, and we can often admire those we know the least.

««««

The aftermath of lost love involves not just putting pieces back together; it is also the salvaging of old pieces and the creating of new pieces.

««««

Love is a complicated thing that never stays the same; because love hangs on the vine.

««««

Love's parting is always sweet sorrow, except when there is no sorrow.

««««

Frederick Douglas Harper

Romance has a life, and sometimes a lifetime.

««««

One who loves too much can one day hate as much.

««««

Beauty is born; glamour is acquired.

««««

There are those who want to get married, but who don't want to be married.

««««

Beauty is to appreciate, not necessarily to consume.

««««

Romantic gifts of appreciation are much better than gifts of obligation or manipulation.

««««

LOVE POEMS of Frederick Douglas Harper

We very often expect too much and tolerate too little from those we profess to love.

««««

Love is the a priori to creation, and it is the antithesis of war and destruction.

««««

One of the great anxieties of romance is “rejecting or being rejected.”

««««

In romance, the “right person” is the one about whom you feel excited and around whom you feel comfortable, complete, and at peace.

««««

There are those who are desperately in love with those who are not ready to be loved.

««««

To love, unrestrained, one has to *feel* free and *be* free.

««««

Frederick Douglas Harper

True romance is free from and not fraught with maybe's, might's, and may's. True romance rests on quality time shared and not on empty words.

««««

The test of romance is one of mutual infatuation; however, the test of love is a test of lasting commitment to each other.

««««

Love is the willingness of two persons to *let* things happen that are meant to be, and not to *make* things happen unnaturally.

««««

There are times in people's lives when they should do nothing except think about things about which they have not taken the time to think.

««««

In a relationship, when a person learns to lie as habit, it is difficult for that person to know and tell the truth.

««««

One who tends to lie is likely to believe anything that seems to be true.

««««

There is no need to control others when you can control yourself. There is no need to manipulate others when you can manipulate your own behavior.

««««

Anger has no virtue in the destruction of sacred things.

««««

Many a person very often forget the living, once the living is dead.

««««

In some relationships, people can get angry for nothing and stay angry forever.

««««

You have to know what you want and you have to go get it; you have to know what you don't want, and you have to keep it from getting you.

««««

Frederick Douglas Harper

A major difference between boys and men is that boys like to play too much and men like to work too much.

««««

Many times, true answers come not with words but with time and actions.

««««

Users tend to be losers; they use other people, and, in their greed, they tend to get used.

««««

Man cannot be greater than woman, because he comes from woman.

««««

A person who *has not* learned to love a child is one who has not learned to love self.

««««

You'll never know what you are missing if you don't realize what you are missing, and you'll never know what you have or could have if you don't appreciate its value.

««««

You never can tell where the spirit of God might lead two loving souls or one; however, don't look to the past except to appreciate and evaluate; concentrate on and live in the present, and seldom look forward except to plan.

**The following thoughts are reprinted from Frederick
Douglas Harper's
*Poems on Love and Life, 1985.***

Treat true love with kindness although caution, for it seldom visits your doorstep.

««««

The goal of marriage is not to have a happy marriage, necessarily, but to be happy in marriage.

««««

In planning marriage, it is wise to know your mate's pedigree and history.

««««

Frederick Douglas Harper

Jealousy is the mother of hatred, and hatred is the mother of destruction.

««««

Nobody can be truly used in so-called love unless that person submits to being used.

««««

Loss of love and affection is not just a personal experience, it is a human experience.

««««

People don't make love; love makes people—or at least it should.

««««

There are many lovable qualities in people besides their physical attributes.

««««

The greatest love is the love of a lost love—so take not for granted those whom you profess to love.

LOVE POEMS of Frederick Douglas Harper

««««

A woman is God's most sacred trustee and temple of life.

««««

There are some people who want to be in love without falling in love;
there are those who want love without taking the risk to love or be loved.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Frederick Douglas Harper has authored more than 300 published poems. As an international scholar and professor of counseling, he has authored more than 100 publications including college textbooks, journal articles, and book chapters. In addition, Harper has served as a professional counselor, university administrator, president of professional associations, and editor of two international scholarly journals. He has conducted numerous workshops on “love and relationships” and has presented hundreds of motivational speeches and scholarly conference presentations throughout the world, including speeches and lectures in Argentina, France, Greece, India, Ireland, Sweden, and the Netherlands.

Harper’s most popular poem, “A Wedding Pledge,” has been recorded on CD, recited in more than 5,000 weddings, translated into other languages, and reprinted in magazines. His poems have been read on WPFW Radio in

Washington, DC for more than 15 years, alongside the poetry of the famous Langston Hughes. Harper's other poem books, sold throughout the USA and in numerous other countries, include *Poems on Love and Life* (1985), *Romantica: On Peace and Romance* (1988), and *God's Gifts: Spiritual Writings* (2003). Harper has received hundreds of letters of appreciation and commendation on his poetry from readers of his work, including letters from public figures such as Lionel Richie, Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee Davis, and Renee Poussaint (national network news commentator).

An extraordinary and highly spiritual human being, Frederick Harper has jogged more than 32,000 miles in 119 different cities throughout the world, and he has inspired many people through his writings, teachings, and public speaking.

