

Love is a breath of fresh air giving life for the time,

Like floating on a cloud in heaven where the love is in a rhyme;

For the atmosphere is perfect to those who smell roses,

And life is sweet for those who perfect the scent to their noses.

Love is air and the breathing of life is better than heaven,

For the gift of joy that God believes beats breathing over seventy;

And the purpose for the fulfillment is the perfection of new life,

Where the air is love like photosynthesis and being you're wife.

Love is that breeze that blows gently through you're hair,

Touching the skin on you're face so light puts you in heaven on air;

And this is so meaningful and heavenly you think you're brain is money,

But nothing beats the taste of fresh morning and on you're toast is honey.

Like Robin Hood rides through the Glen stealing from the rich,

To give something to the poor so they have something for nothing;

For even the type of cheese is tasty to a mouse's last breath,

When love is air within the house and the little fellow dies his death.

Me chief and you Indian on television as the love goes to air,

And the screen will scream at ice cream I scream at it so fair;

For all the world is the joy of it and aerals are heaven and hell,

Because if you can pick the years of it love is air and stations well.

Love is air I think is fair to say is both beautiful and complex,

For the simple explanation of it all is concentrating when completing;

For poetry on the internet or in books for those who love to read,

Or those that need to learn from it by doing or have faith in what they need.

Signed,

Blind Stupidity

