

What is Passion?

by Marilyn Reeves

A lost babe returned to Mother, who,
Sobbing, wrenching, insanely eager
to hold again that dear soft flesh
And press once more to loving breast
her precious infant: That is passion.

The breeze that bends the trees to swaying
The rain, the hail, the wild wind saying:
Bend or die, I'll have my way,
for you are nothing!
Nature's raging: That is passion.

The beauty of the sun arising
Pools of water, light reflecting
A single fallen leaf goes sailing.
Nature's calming: Stills the passion.

Sharp black eyes that shine and beckon,
Lips that curve, white teeth revealing.
Strong arms on which the fine hairs glisten.
Let me hold you, the one who loves you!
A lover's yearning: That is passion.

The sweet sad song of violins,
bass and horns and oboes blending,
The symphony builds to grand crescendo
with drums a-rolling and cymbals crashing!
Music conquors, overwhelming:
That is passion.

The tortured blows of hammers striking,
The endless toil of human striving,
Living, loving, death defying –
All is naught except surviving!
Against all odds to keep on trying.

The will to live: That is passion.