

*My
Yearning
Never
Ends*



Illusions of A
Dream

*The Sequel To:
Tears of An Empty Heart*

Antonio Fleming

IP

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My Yearning Never Ends
Illusions of A Dream
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IN THE NAME OF
GOD
THE COMPASSIONATE,
THE ALL MERCIFUL

All praise and thanks are due to Allah ta'ala alone, the Sustainer and Creator of existence. May the choicest blessings and peace be upon the last of the righteous messengers and prophets,

Muhammad ﷺ his family, Companions and all those who follow in his footsteps till the blowing of the trumpet.

قُلْ إِنَّمَا أَنَا بَشَرٌ مِّثْلُكُمْ يُوحَىٰ إِلَيَّ أَنَّمَا إِلَهُكُمُ إِلَهٌُ وَاحِدٌ فَمَن كَانَ يَرْجُوا لِقَاءَ رَبِّهِ فَلْيَعْمَلْ عَمَلًا

صَالِحًا وَلَا يَتَّبِعْ أُمَّةً دُونَ حَرَامٍ ۚ ﴿١١٠﴾

Say: "I am only a human being like you. It is revealed to me that your God is One God, therefore whoever wishes to reach Allah (before death) let him do improving deeds (the soul's cleansing) and let him not associate anyone with Him in the worship of his Lord".

(Surah Al-Kahf: 110)

Dedication

I thank Allah ta'ala for bestowing upon me the creative gift of being able to detail my thoughts and dreams so passionately. I thank Him for granting me the ability to discover love, understand how to love, and the heart of appreciating the privilege it is to love. Love is not an illusion, nor is it lost in the days of our ancestors. I'm thankful for every woman Allah ta'ala bestowed upon my life in which He taught me the value of love. I also thank Allah ta'ala for awakening me to be a man, one who knows not to take love for granted and whose not afraid to open his heart to love.

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"I'm Sorry"

As I face my broken reflections in the silence
surrounding my existence
I find understanding and self-elevation
by the acknowledgement of yesterday's ignorance
My selfishness caused me to fail at achieving your
acceptance
because I was traveling to a destination with no arrival.

Precious, by heart I'm sorry beyond mere spoken words
for guiding you nowhere in our togetherness
beyond the intimacy of selfish desires
I'm sorry for constructing a life of ignorance for myself
and disrespecting the rare breath of life you are
by embracing your essence with my broken attributes
I'm sorry for allowing you to witness me journeying as a lost
child
with no sense of balance or purpose
an existence with definition greatly undefined
I'm sorry for hiding from you and using your genuine
affection to overshadow the fact:
I have no true understanding of myself.

I'm sorry for constantly making you feel undesired,
unappreciated,
and meaningless
to a closeness you comforted with your captivating
warmth
I'm sorry for diluting the expectations you envisioned of us
for embedding your life with regretful tears
on account of my stupidity

and the elements of no sustainment
I'm sorry for cheating on you
and for trying to make you feel insecure as though I was
pure
I'm sorry for lying to you concerning the inner depths of my
emotions
even the conflicts of life we faced
because if I honestly loved you as I cry
instead of withering as an un-nurtured fool
I would have not only cherished the irreplaceable light
you are
but I would have unquestionably
solidified our togetherness with no elements of fear
suppressing my steps.

I'm sorry for lowering my standards and walking out of your
life

only to sit alone chasing memories and staring at your
pictures in the dark

My fallen love

I'm sorry in true sincerity
for I am not just seeking your forgiveness
but the forgiveness of God as well
for disrespecting your honor
acting as though you're replaceable when you are not.

I was blessed by His will

with the ability of discovering how magnificent you are
and my offering of gratitude in return
was a development of emptiness and lack of gratitude

As a fallen creation I may lay void of your acceptance

but always know that my soul cries openly
for the immeasurable beauty of your smile

You are the element suspended within my existence
that makes my life significant and complete

No dream can replace the exotic sweetness of your breath
I'm sorry for standing before you less than a man
hurting you instead of loving you
I'm sorry for breathing before you as a boy
When I was groomed by a Queen to be a King.
I'm sorry!



"Maybe I Miss"

Maybe I render too much of myself
To the illusions I dream
Because it's comforting to believe
I'm blessed enough to be thought of by you.

Maybe my emotions are sensitive
Given
I've forgotten my last erotic touch
Or just rebelling against Cupid's puncturing my heart
And allowing me to breathe
Without anyone to love.

Then again
Maybe I just miss you enough
To desire not the knowledge of knowing
What it feels like to lose your thought
Or discover sensation uncentered upon you.

Maybe I miss you enough
To stand before you
As an immortal Gardenia
Given the chance
To choose not to journey upon selfishness
That causes your warmth to feel unappreciated or disrespected as a woman.

Maybe I miss you enough
To follow no footsteps of your priors
Enough
To lay my desires behind the walls of no lies
Nor fear conveying what's stirred inside
Even If
I'm secretly rejected, doubted, or unheard
Given what we both know is true
'That No More Than Open Words Have We Shared.'

Maybe I miss you enough
To cherish greater than the irreplaceable acceptance
You are offering
Enough
To recognize a once in a lifetime blessing
Only granted by God's mercy.

Regardless
Of what's classified as enough

I am not afraid to prove
'I Miss You'
Or foolish enough to portray
I am significant without your smile.

The tears of my yearning
Descend upon the seal of my loneliness
Puncturing its tenderness
With passion so intense and rich with meaning
That a single drop
Would extinguish the flames of the soul.
I Miss You, Beautiful
And even if I force myself to love in your absence
Truthfully my heart will never stop loving you.

