

Love Vine

The origin: (melodic, jazz like, inviting, sensual)

The love vine,
Twisting and turning; short or long.
For better or worse, for right or wrong.

Being on the love vine
Has benefits and loss.
You get companionship at some steep costs

Its roots can be deep or shallow.
Its longevity brief or sustained.
If a worthwhile vine at all, it must be maintained.

The process: (trot, fast paced)

The early flames of youth, body and soul attraction
Propel us to pursue the love vine fruit.
The taste is so good we believe we have the root.

We wallow in this amazing find, but
As time and life would have come to show
We sometimes feel more than we really know.

Sometimes we pretend to feel passion love
For the sake of the other.
And as we pretend, perhaps, the other fails to bother.
Or maybe you both pretend.

And so you stay to tend the love vine.
Offering to the other this and that line.

Or maybe you accept that love is hard
And you talk and act to really deal
And strive to express what you really feel.

For those who stay or leave the love vine
There is wear and tear on the mind
And that way of suffering is not kind.

There is no pretend in this.
I gallop, you trot. I boil, you simmer.
I crash, you dash. I burn, you glimmer.

There is no pretend in this.
I laugh, you smile. I talk, you walk.
I crawl, you climb. I fall, you balk.

Even though we change places with circumstance
The twists and turns of the love vine remain
And those enraptured must bear its terrain.

Seeking the ideal: (slowing DOWN THE beats, pacing, more serious)

How can we who climb the love vine
Find a branch of its kind
That can support some peace of mind?

Enough of this constant boiling-simmering
Gallop-trotting; falling-crawling-climbing.
I want a place on the vine that's imbibing.

I can stay there a while, maybe for years.
I can document it and reveal how it happened
Rather than the days and weeks, then dampened.

What is the way out of this boiling?
Even in my ripeness, rather than stew, I boil.
Don't touch me! And then recoil.

Realizing the Ideal: (rich, deep..)

I've been on the love vine a long time.
I want something better with age.
This is the *I want, I want^l* stage.

But tending love is not an *I want* proposition.
At best it is *we want*. Here lies the dilemma.
The ideal tending is performed by each member.

Love Vine cont'd

For the bitter to be made sweet, I cannot make it.
Nor can another fruit on the vine or the picker.
Only the source can do it--if we confess, that is much quicker.

I'm growing old on the love vine

Trying as I might to make the fruit sweet
Slowly, sadly, sighing at times of defeat.

In the midst of my hurt and hardness I forget the source.
It has taken distance and times of repeated separations
For me to remember that the source is a builder of nations.

All of my unfilled expectations about my love vine
Can be absorbed by replacing *I, my* branch mind
With the *Spirit, divine* branch kind.

God, you are my only hope.
I strive to ripen under the sun, not the cloud.
To declare my love, loud and proud!

Come from the source of sun, rain, earth!
The mover of humanity, the nation shaker
I want to shine in your glory--not the love vine but the love maker!

The final chapter: (even beats and less deep and lighter)

Will I petrify, remain a stone when things go wrong.
I am who I am but what about who God wants me to be.
Can I pause long enough to let God help me to see?

It is sour, mixed with laughter, joy, and pain.

The hardness--hurts and helps.

Develops?

How do I feel?

What do I lose or gain?

Pain?

It's the other who is at rest while I implode.

What prevents me from stewing slowly?

Glory.

What are the benefits of my implosion?

I write and think about the act

And travel a distance from the fact.

And then I see that the victory is the goal. (high lighter hopeful!)

The victory is in what God wants.

Therein lies the glory. While what I want, haunts.

I in my vanity-- vain and self-invested.

Struggling to get my way--your way.

Can we pause to consider a better today?

The call came minutes--an hour after the implosion.

I wanted to say, '**so you needed something, that's why you called.**'

But I didn't say what I wanted to say, I stalled.

And waited for God to speak to me

As He does when I'm willing to hear.

He told me what would be helpful to draw my love near.

And that's all I wanted all along,

To feel close to the other fruit on the vine.

Not just any fruit, but the one I call mine.

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