

I Want To Be A Fool Who Loves Love So Much

BY ILDA

The Fool Of Magic & Stardust Love

I may be a fool
but I love it
when a man
kisses a woman on the forehead,
before he reaches for her eyes.

I may be a fool
but I believe in those touches
that change the dynamics of my soul,
painting higher landscapes of beauty,
where magic is not a trick
but a reality
made of stardust love.

I may be a fool,
but I crave that kind of love
where you hold his hands
in your palms,
a deep silent gaze
worth thousands of words
and sparkles that fall from the sky
as stars.

I want to be a fool
and believe in a man
that caresses my face
while he runs his fingertips
in my messy hair,
before he kisses me.

I want to be a fool,
who loves love so much,
and believes in silent conversations under the moon's light,
in a place between stars
when he and she
hug each other tenderly
holding each other's breaths
between our lips
until we turn on, in arousal,
even the moon.

I want to be a fool
and still believe that holding hands
and kissing the lover on their forehead is a sacred act of
opening their inner world into new richness
that perhaps did not exist before.

If all this is foolish,
I chose to be a fool and experience love in ways yet to be
written in books.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Inner Voice of Love: A Journey Through Anguish to Freedom](#) .

Sip a little more:

[Love Potion: A Recipe For Opening Yourself & Letting Love In](#)

[Love Is The First Medicine, He Told Me](#)



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