

Though I May Be A Warrior, My Only Weapon Is Purity Of Intention

[BY HOLLEY HYLER](#)

Sunflowers In Her Hands

his kisses left
red and purple marks
like battle wounds
on my thighs
and chest, and my muse
whispered to me as I fell asleep.

all I wanted to think about
was you, you rubbing healing balm
over my aches, you
catching my tears
in the palm of
your hand
and turning
them into
sunflowers.

I rode into the storm, got wounded
because it was the only thing
I knew to do.

old habits, pent-up energy and all,
how strange it is
to be human.

you know more than anyone
that actions don't often
reflect truth, and the truth is

I love you
with all
my broken heart.

cleansed from expectation
and lovingly detached,
a broken heart is not
accursed as it sounds.

though I may be a warrior,
you do not need to hold
up your shield, because
my only weapon is
purity of intention
and my only wound
is from
loving deeply.

so deeply that I forgot
to hold up my shield,
a mistake that does not
have to be a mistake, that all
would do well to make,
just once, but not more than once.

then war could be over
if we wanted it,
and I could
kiss the sunflowers
right out of your hands
so that you could
put them over
my chest,
and send me home.

Photo by [Pascal B.](#) on [Unsplash](#)

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

Sip a little more:

*The Death Knell of Love: I Need a Man Who...
When Nothing Is Enough And Everything Can Be
Fully Loved*

May all that is unforgiven in you Be
released. May your fears yield their
deepest tranquillities. May all that is
unlived in you blossom into a future
graced with love.

J o h n O ' D o n a h u e

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