

Pink Stone Seeds

Hay Howe

Well, I've got rose quartz on my sleeve, and my heart promises it'll follow.
Stick around and watch it propagate beyond just a vessel.

A heart that embraces mine and reminds it of purpose beyond the simplicity of

Pump

Pump

Pump

And the love that's planted within it.

The beat of yours moves more than survival within me,
a source that becomes rooted in the soil of subconscious.

Grab me in soft blue salty water and watch as life fills emptied veins.
My heart impels the aptitude of life and breathes with the waves of yours.
A pattern so repetitious and trancing,
I can't help but crave the rhythm that pulses through my complexion, that is you.

Ebb current of the ocean, pull me in with the naturalness of soul.
I'm entranced by the ease of smile and the softness of touch on my sleeve.
The seed of rose quartz nurtures heart that embraces and loves love.

Well, my heart is worn on those outskirts of skin once left unsown
and I can say now,
I've met someone who grows life from within pink silky stone.