

**THE
ENDLESS
SUMMER**



BRENDEN MARIAGE

THE ENDLESS SUMMER

Message to the reader:

Love with everything your body has to offer. It is so important to show the world that there is good in all of us. I hope from this short 10-page chapbook you relate in some way. I decided to make this all in one night, to give everyone something of mine to read. I have faith that we all have so much to offer, and I know you, the reader, have more than enough to offer this world.

Even though I don't know who you are necessarily, I would like you to know that I am proud of you. I know you've done something that has changed someone's life for the better, and for that, I say thank you! Enjoy the read, and if you'd like to read more I have some poetry on my website (www.beyondablog.com) and a link to my book *The Definition Of Love*; also on the website.

Much Love, Brenden.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

1 - enlightened.

2 - collapse.

3 - redemption.

4 - addiction.

5 - eclectic.

6 - prosperity.

7 - unwavering.

8 - eternal.

9 - psyche.

10 - holy.

The summer is made for loving.
Warmth starts in our skin and
Soaks into our veins, which carry
The message to our hearts.

Enlightened.

Truly feeling other-worldly
Forces in our souls

Rooting in our ribs, giving
Life to innocent butterflies

Giving refuge to love
During the endless summer

For now, I will hold your words
Between my lips, at least until
The sun returns from its
Daily absence

They burn like lit candles
In my throat; but for you,

I will hold them.

When you return

I will hold whatever burden
You may bring, in my chest
Till I collapse into my own
Heart.

There's something about the suns
First breath whilst in the arms
Of the one you love.

It's as if the new day symbolizes
The act of redemption, no matter
The severity

A new life.

What did we do to deserve
Such a magical experience
Each day?

What did I do to deserve

You?

As for addiction, it is no
Surprise love is the most
Blinding. The highs and lows,
A whole body experience
In every moment of a day.

Those moments that
Feel out-of-body, followed
By knives in your chest
So deep they cut into
Your emotional walls.

Liver failure seems so...
Easy.

But as an addict to love,
I must say, there is a
Tolerance that is built,
Yet I always come back.

You taste like a
Waterfall, act as a
Hurricane, and move as
A forest fire.

Eclectic.

You define it.

Dust particles float
In harmony with my
Words that we attached to
A wood burning stoves smoke
In the depth of a
Pine forest.

My words are written
From the look of your
Dimly lit, saturated lips.

I only see prosperity and
Love in your mind.

My muse!

The lows hits with
Words unspoken by
Lips, but the language
Of the body does not lie
It is unwavering in its
Communication with the eyes.

Then she spoke,

“I love you, Isn’t that enough?”

If the mind finds refuge
In another's heart what
Happens when there is an
Absence of this new home.

Hearts are no place to live,
Not in something so
Uncertain.

But the sun

The sun is eternal.

Rivers run through the
Depths of my psyche, till
The mountains take my hold.

Mountains of hope and love.

Please let true love thrive
In my heart. It seems so
Uncommon nowadays

My holy promise land.

Where our eyes meet.

Where there is no thought
Of pain.

There is no need
For escape in this land

Drunk on thoughts and feelings

To feel,

How holy.