

BY VINCENT BOATENG

If You Should Ask Me Why I Love You: Poems About Love, Lust, Memories and Longing

The Jesus I know: Religious (Christian) and Inspirational Poems

Fishing For a Poem (Poems)

Upcoming Books

How Aliens Fall in Love: A Practical Manual For the Serious Marriage-seeking Woman

How Aliens Fall in Love Too: A Gentleman's Guide To Finding Love That Leads To Marriage

IF YOU SHOULD ASK ME WHY I LOVE YOU

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IF YOU SHOULD ASK ME WHY I LOVE YOU

POEMS ABOUT LOVE, LUST, MEMORIES AND LONGING

VINCENT BOATENG

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To my wife, Mavis,

the love of my life and the center of my universe. You have loved me, sacrificed for me and inspired me in more ways than I can count. I love you.

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Imagine

Imagine you and I as two distinct rivers
flowing gently alongside each other,
and despite our differences,
joining together
to produce currents of love and care.
Imagine us flowing together with greater force,
overcoming obstacles and expanding into an ocean.
Imagine you and I in an ocean of love
swimming in synchronized motion
and washing the shores of life
with waves of peace and joy.
Imagine you and I
together forever.

**The Gift I Really Want
(As Told by a Woman to Her Lover)**

The gift I really want is you.
The car and jewelry were nice, and so was the card.
You wrapped them up the way I wish you would wrap
your love around me.
You spent so much time shopping for it the way I
wish you would spend time with me.
The message in the card read so nicely I wish
you'd actually live it.
Thank you for leaving the gifts at my door;
I know you were in a hurry to catch the football game
in New York. But I wish sometimes that
you would love me with the same passion you love football.
Remember how you watched and listened to the waitress
who took our order at Hooters?
I wish you would watch me like that, you know what I mean?
And spend some time to listen and understand me.
When you quickly told her with a smile not to worry
after she spilled our drink all over the table and said sorry,
I wished you'd respond to my mistakes the same way
instead of the usual yelling and frowning.
And when my birthday celebration is over,
and we leap into the next day,
I wish that you would treat me every day
as if it were my birthday.
You see, the gift I really want doesn't cost money;
it's just you.

The Gold Hunt

At fourteen I understood love
as I watched mom and dad glow
in each other's presence.
I wondered how dad had found mom,
a woman as virtuous as a goddess.
Dad said mom wasn't his first love;
he told me a story I thought was akin to a gold hunt.

At sixteen I understood pain
as I suffered a heartbreak
from a girl from whom I needed no break.
I learned an important lesson in the gold hunt:
sometimes sand, clay, gravels, pebbles and rocks
will come along to haunt and daunt
before the gold appears underneath with a glint.
Dad's story started to make more sense without a glitch.

At eighteen I was mating
with a woman I thought was golden.
It was a love affair that was probably a maiden.
It made me think of butterflies and rainbows.
But she turned into stone just when I thought she was gold.
I decided to give up and grow old alone.
But dad told me to keep digging in the cold.
He said only those who don't give up will get to the gold.

At nineteen I've settled down
with a woman I believe is gold.
I told dad the gold hunt was over
and dad came over to give his blessing.

But in my mind I'm still struggling to believe

I found the real gold.

I'll know it at twenty, I hope.

I Knew

When our eyes first met,
I knew.
Your gaze was focused and intense,
strong yet gentle
like love.

When I greeted you and you smiled,
I knew.
My world was suddenly bright.
Behind that smile must have been a love song,
for your eyes were dancing,
and my heart started to dance along.

When I asked you out on a date,
I knew.
You said, *Yes* when you could've said *No*.
And I thought, *Some blessings may delay
but will never be too late* –
like love.

When I asked for a hug
and you gave me a kiss,
I knew.
What my ears had missed,
my heart had heard –
your kiss said it all.
It was tender and sweet
like love.

When I asked for your hand in marriage
and you gave me your heart,
I knew
that this wasn't a mirage,
I had found love.