
Roberta's
Coffee Table
Book of Love

*“Just Another
Stuffed Poet”*

From the Author of
Living On Love
“The Messenger”

Klaus J Joehle

Other Books Written

By

Klaus J Joehle

Living on Love "*The Messenger*"

Living on Love "*The Shameful Secret*"

A Weekend With "a" Drunken Leprechaun "*Finding Your Joy*"

Roberta's
Coffee Table Book of Love

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**To my sweetheart
Roberta Joehle
For her 39th birthday**

**All my love
Klaus J Joehle**

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To My Sweetheart
Roberta Joehle
For Her 39th Birthday

All my love
Klaus J Joehle

To a beautiful inspiring woman
Who brought out the best in me
With just a thought of her...

Roberta Petersen
(Roberta Joehle)

If it wasn't for Love
If it wasn't for women
And their ability to love
And share love
Where would we be?

KJ

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Knowing is Loving
Fear Intimacy
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Notes

No Instruction

The problem with relationships is
There are no instructions
Everybody says this and that
So many things are said
But there is one thing
That everybody missed
It's a simple thing
But magical to no end
It's hard to believe that something so simple
Could be so profound
Something as incredible as Love
But the very essence that binds Love
Behold my Love for I believe it
To be a question
The question we should always
Ask our ourselves just before
Anything
Will this bring us closer or not?
The answer is so clear as will be the result

Cover Picture

Woody is proud to be keeper of this book and says how his life has changed since finding "Living on Love"

I have been Roberta's friend and confident for many years through thick and thin. I feel now she has Klaus and practices "Living on Love" I can finally sit back and retire. My first ambition is to become captain of my own ship. Klaus says I can start on his boat "The Scurvy Dog" as a shipmate/ anchor boy and he will teach me the world of the sea. I am going to take Klaus up on this offer and while learning to sail the seas I will take up my other ambition in life and become a Pirate; which means Captain Klaus will have to walk the plank... HA!

Lots of Love

Captain Woody

Introduction

I named this book “Roberta’s Coffee Table Book of Love” because I took all the insights and the poetry I wrote for my wife during our courtship and pasted it in a book for her 39th birthday

I thought it to be a fitting title in my mind.

All my love
Klaus J Joehle

Together

What is it that brings us together
A bond
A need
A desire
Dreams
Hopes
What is it?
What might it be?
Perhaps it is
That we don't know
What brings us together?
In the end
We are apart
Then we ask
Where did the love go?
Perhaps we should have asked
Where did the love come from...?

Illusions

It is the love we have
We share
We give
We receive
We feel
We express
That shows us who we truly are
The rest is nothing but an illusion

Quiet

Today I got very quiet
Then
I asked my Soul
Why am I here?
I heard an answer
To see Joy
But what is my purpose
I asked
To be happy in the darkest day
I heard
That makes no sense
I responded
Because if I were happy
Then it wouldn't be the darkest day
I don't get it
Perhaps I heard wrong....

The Next Day

Again I got really quiet
Not a whisper
Then I asked my Soul
What am I doing?
Searching for yourself
I heard
What will I find?
I asked
I heard the word
Love
I almost broke the silence
With my snicker
But I asked
What will I do with Love?
Share it
I heard
What if I don't?
I asked
Than forever
You will ask this question
Obviously I wasn't getting anywhere
So I gave up

The Day After

I got really really quiet
And asked
Anybody but my Soul
What's the big deal with Trust?
I heard the word
Love
So what's the big deal?
About Love
I asked
Trust
I heard
This is stupid
I don't know why I bother
Desire
I heard
Just before I made some noise

A Few Days Later

I decided to get really quiet again
I remember saying to myself
What's the matter with me?
I don't seem to fit in anywhere
You have forgotten something
I heard
O' Ya what's that
I asked
Joy
I heard
Where did it go then?
I asked
But there was no answer

A Week Went By

I got quiet
But not
As quiet as before
I asked
What is joy?
Where is it?
Did I lose it?
Did I forget it?
I waited and waited
And waited some more
But there was no answer

A Long Time

After a long time
I asked my Soul
Am I alone now?
Did I ask too many questions?
Did you give up on me?
Like the rest
Only a tear broke the silence
Nothing else

Their

The week, A month, A Year
Who knows?
But there I was
Alone in the world of millions
Like me
But alone
Without A thought
Without love
Without need
Without desire
Without want
Without joy
Anger, fear
In silence of nothing
But no answers

Yesterday

I asked
Ever so carefully and quietly
Am I alone?
I heard the word
No, ever so quietly
Daringly I asked
Who are you?
I heard
You
And who am I
I asked
I'm pretty sure I heard the words
The Love
You experience
You share
You feel
You trust
You give
You have
You want
You need
Then what is all this other stuff?
I asked
I heard the word
Fear

So

Here I am looking
For me
Behind every tree
Rock and shallow
Every day I find a little
But how long will this take
I asked
But heard nothing

Worry

I remember a time when I worried about everything
Which was a good thing at that time, because
Everything I worried about, happened

Then one day, I forgot,
And all the things I worried about went away
Now, I just think beautiful thoughts,
And it seems beautiful things happen

Now, isn't that odd?
It's almost like whatever I think, happens
I think I can feel,
A beautiful thought coming on...

Truth

What is imagination?

What is reality?

What is truth?

Is reality what we imagine?

Or is that

Which we imagine

Reality?

Then what is truth?

The Kiss

When we were young,
Briefly we where together,
Until another was allowed, to take my place
18 years later, ever so briefly
We were together again, before you slipped away
Ten years later
Again, we where together, ever so briefly,
Even so, I had no choice but to open my heart again
Because you kissed me, exactly the same way,
As the first time, so many years ago,
Now, perhaps your body is else where,
But you live in my heart forever...

Questions ???

It was a small cafe where I observed this couple a few feet away
They were in what looked like an intense conversation
I was wondering what is it they're saying
Is he asking her such things?
As
How was your day?
Do you enjoy your job?
What are your goals?
You're looking very sexy today!!
How do you see your future...Our future
Do you ever think about what it might be like?
Or how it might have been?
My thoughts were quickly interrupted by a more important question.
Is he really listening?
Is he really hearing her thoughts and answers?
Are they really complete!
Patience I remembered
Trust
Why is it so hard?
Teach me

Roberta Joehle

Just The Way It Is

The world is one big bowl of soup

Spinning around

And if peas and carrots

Don't like each other

That's too bad.

Because they're sure going

to see a lot of each other

And nobody is leaving until

We are all nice and tender

That's just the way it is

Magic

When a woman is loved and cared for, she begins to feel
Beautiful.

And when she feels beautiful around you she begins to fall in
Love.

It's a long process, like growing a prize Rose with Love.

For a woman, Love has many degrees and levels, if you give her reason to trust your Love
completely, she will begin to feel safe.

And if you can show her how deeply you Care she will begin to trust. And if she feels safe
to trust, she will very slowly open like a Rose in the Sun Light.

And she will make Love in ways very few men could ever possibly imagine

It is like finding the rarest and most precious Black Pearl.

She may have been with a hundred others but none would have seen this part of her. To
only one, possibly two,

Will she ever give this?

It's like touching the Sun.

You will never see a more Beautiful Woman ever Again.

Life

Sometimes life is like
A giant poker game
That just goes on and on
And when we get really good at it
Then the universe might throw us a curve
Just to make us think
Maybe it can get even better
And so,
The game goes on.

Relationships

Relationships are sort of
Like grabbing a bull
By the horns
But if there's love, trust and intimacy
From both sides
You might just come to see
Eye to eye
O' all the snorting
And head spinning?
I hate that when that happens.
The things you gotta do
For a kiss on the lips

Home

Home, the next place I rest my soul

The crossroads of life

Where to plant some seeds of faith

Grow some crops of Love

And ponder which path to take next

Before heading Home

To the next crossroads of life

Where to plant some...

One

When a woman feels loved
She feels beautiful
When she feels beautiful
She begins to feel safe,
And then, she will begin to trust
As she begins to trust
She will wait and see
And when she sees your love can be trusted
That's when the Magic starts

Desire

She had asked to be
Cherished, but Equal
I said, impossible!
She asked why?
I answered, I don't know how
So glad that she proved
Me wrong
And the dance begins

The Last Stand

“Oh, my, aren't we the stubborn one?

Oh yes we are

The universe you would stand against

A thousand warriors, swords of steel drawn

Five hundred heavy horses

Against them you would stand with your dagger of straw

I have been a warrior forever and a day

And I do not know everything

But this I know:

The blood will run this day

It will be yours my friend

And also mine.

For with honor I must stay

So I ask you

Think

Is this a good day to die?

To Go Beyond Our Imaginary Limits Of Love

Several moments of quiet went by, I stirred the silence
With words no one would dare say on the first date
How much love do you think two people could have for each other?
I asked her, while watching a shiver of fear move through her body
After her shiver of fear settled in, she asked. What do you mean?
Well, what I mean is how much love can to people have for each other without controlling
each other or one being dominant over the other, I answered. Thinking that perhaps it
would ease the moment
But her body became tense and her face muscles where strained. So I continued, I guess
what I'm trying to say is, how much love can a person feel? Is there a limit on how far two
people can go? What do you think is the furthest anyone has gone?
I asked looking right at her and moving my body closer
After many moments of silence and a very strained laugh, she answered
Perhaps Romeo and Julian
I was thinking beyond that and without having to die for it. I think if people had no fear
of love or of the possibilities then love could grow beyond anything that was ever
imagined possible. I'm talking about the kind of love between two people that is so strong
that others can feel it in their presence Do you think that's possible and how long do you
think it would take to accomplish that?
The evening ended quickly, which is unfortunate because I wanted to tell her about a
particular couple I had met several years ago. Perhaps, if she had seen what I saw,
Then perhaps the evening would have been different

Open Heart

When she was 8, she asked me
Why must I grow old?
I answered, you'll see in time
When she was 30 she asked again
Why must I grow old?
I answered, soon you will know why
When she turned 50, I asked her
Why did you grow old?
With a brilliant smile, that could bring a hundred men to their knees
She answered
If I was younger
I would not be the Beautiful Woman
I am Today
When she was 90 she asked
Why must I die?
With a tear in my eye, I answered
So you may become even more Beautiful!

Wanted

One Guardian Angel

Must possess an incredible

Unimaginable and totally

Inconceivable patience

Send Resume and Lottery Ticket

To Box 40081

Attention Klaus

Maybe

There was love
There was war
There was fear
But why
Was there no love in their Hearts?
Or was it
That there wasn't any trust
Left in their minds
Maybe?

Maturity

An expanded range of
Feelings

An expanded range of
Emotions

An expanded range of
Understanding, compassion, trust
Have nothing to do with
Gender

But with maturity and love

Dreams

Dreams, oh sweet dreams

They say

If it is dreamable

Then it is also achievable.

I see that now, ever so clearly....

The question is

Will I remember?

When I wake up?

The Longest Moment

With a pain in my heart
Our lips part company
Never knowing if, and when
They would meet again
So I wonder
What are the longest moments?
Are they the moments that our lips are together?
Or
The moments that our lips are apart
Perhaps, I'll cut the grass
Another day!

Openly Trusting

I've thought a lot about trust lately, partly because something has come up that has touched that part of me that I keep so well hidden

I wonder what it is that I'm afraid of?

I wonder if I have really ever trusted, or if it was nothing more than a temporary illusion
I've thought about how many wonderful things I have destroyed, because of my lack of trust

There is nothing in life that I have ever come across that I couldn't handle yet the question remains. Why am I scared?

No relationship works without trust regardless of whether or not it consists of friendship, love, work or play

It comes down to the same thing trust

Maybe it's really myself that I don't trust

Do I trust myself, that I will pick the right, what ever?

Possibly? Maybe? After all who knows what's right for me better than myself

I've heard it said that if you do what is right for you, that is selfish, but I know that if you don't do what is right for you then that becomes destructive

So where is the balance?

And what will happen to me if I just say the hell with it and just trust?

Perhaps it's who I trust?

Well that didn't work, did it? It appears I'm right back where I started from

Well, that leaves me with one choice, doesn't it?

I hope that it's not going to be as painful as my lack of trust has been

On the other hand, Ladies First!

Fear

The fears of trying

Will, in the end,

Shed the tears

Of Love

“I sure hope I am right about this one...”

Summer Dance

The dance of love
And what a dance it is
Never knowing what step is next
A step forward
A step back
A small step to the right
Perhaps a large step to the left
Waiting in anticipation of what words are next
Wondering, do they match their thoughts and feelings?
And the dance begins
So many have fallen
Wondering, fearing, hoping, trusting
O' the dance of love....

Love

Such a small word
So fearfully spoken
So rarely spokesman
Just the very word
Will causes a shiver of fear, in even the strongest warrior
For all know
No sword no shield no armor
Can stand against....
Not even the heavy horses, would dare move forward
Every warrior knows, that one by one they would drop
Perhaps that is why the word is so seldom spoken

Secrets of the Universe

The key

Thought, Trust

The lock

Action, Love

The door

Result, Joy

The game

Continuance...

Day Dreams

As I handed her back the papers
I saw how the flickering light from the gray screen, reflected on her skin
Not at all like the Sunlight it should be, I thought
As I looked at her face, I saw it was hoping for more love
I had no choice but to say something
No woman should be sitting behind a dull flickering screen
Having the very beauty that you are sucked out of you
What should I be doing? She asked shyly
Being beautiful, I said. Enjoying life, bringing love and joy in to the world
Because you are a woman, it is what makes you beautiful
And it's an embarrassment to waste a woman's beauty and love on this
For a moment I thought I said too much
But then as I turned to leave
Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a smile that could bring
Any man to his knees
Perhaps, her day will go quicker, I taugt
And perhaps tomorrow all of our Dreams might come True

Today

Sometimes
I wonder about tomorrow.
But then,
That was yesterday,
Or was it the day before?
So what about tomorrow?
O' forget it! My love,
Let's just fall in love again today. . .

Catch

To catch a dream...
Do we need to chase it?
Do we need to want it?
Do we need to find it?
Do we need to fight for it?
Or do we just need to Believe in it
More than, in anything else
And with all our Hearts

Together

Sometimes I wonder why we find it so difficult
To stay together or even come together
Is there something more than wanting to be together?
Is there something more than loving each other?
For who we are...
Am I missing something?
O' fear, jealousy, mistrust, doubt,
Why would we bother with those things?
Are they of any value?

The Dealer

The players

The writers

The readers

Are all in the game

Thinking

She runs to think,
To think what?
To think if it is possible
Was it not decided centuries ago?
But she runs to think
The world is round, so how far can she run?
Before she's back at what has already been decided
Could it be that she forgot?
So now she wants to think, think what? I wonder?
She knows true love never runs, but love thinks and ponders
So perhaps she was right after all, but then she knew that,
All along, so now what is she thinking?
To Love To Trust

One Tree Down

I remember a time when I was smaller, younger, faster, and my sword was swift.

One of my favorite games was sword fighting with the trees.

You might think that trees would not be very tough opponents, but they are. It's just a matter of picking on the right ones.

In every forest there are at least a half dozen or so that are into it. This is where it gets tricky. Some trees like to carry extremely flexible swords and you have to be careful how much force you use or they will snap back at you with twice the speed.

On the other hand, it is much less painful to be stabbed with a flexible sword than with the hard rigid ones. Those hard rigid ones will crack your sword in half right in the heat of the battle. Then you are stuck. The only thing you can do is run and hope some other tree will give you its sword. That is, if you're not already staggering around with one stuck in your back.

To this very day I can still remember my battle cries as I walk in the forest.

And I hear the call, "Come on, old man, we dare you!"

As my heart awakens and the adrenaline pumps, I move swiftly

But there is only silence as I hug them, and surrender my Love

Yes, many times I have been stabbed doing this; these scars I carry with pride and honor

Challenge me, and I swear by my life:

I Will Squeeze the Very Love Out Of Your Pores

In Love, to my friends, the Trees

Isn't that so

Should we follow our minds?

Should we follow our hearts?

How do we know which?

Is the world we see and experience from the mind?

Or from the heart

Isn't that so...

For Sale

One Guardian Angel,

Twisted Sense of Humor,

As is, No warranty, No refund

Send check or money order to box...

The Secret

The secret to staying in love,
The secret to staying together
The secret to feeling more love than ever
The secret to intimacy
The secret to Love
Could be....

When we get scared jump into the arms
Of your mate and don't let go
If there is true love, then everything will be fine
If there isn't true love
It's a good thing you got scared
Some times fear will show us love
Some Times fear will show us none
Perhaps it's how we use fear
That makes the difference in the end...

To Love?

To Love or not to Love
Isn't that the real question?
Or perhaps it is not!
For it appears, there is only one answer
So perhaps it is not a question
But a desire held back by fear
Maybe it's best, just to Love...
And let the details carry
Themselves....

Defiant

By defiant

Defy that part of you

That says you can't

Defy it

And you will achieve it

Lips

I realize now what the problem is, I said
My lips are too small!
Laughing, she asked, why?
When ever my lips touch you
It takes forever, to be everywhere
Still laughing, she asked, what do you mean?
Perhaps I have not expressed it right, I answered
You are so beautiful, that when ever
I see you; I just want to eat you
Like a Popsicle
But my lips are too small
And I know it will take forever
Take all the time you need, she answered
I wish, I had Giant Lips....

Spider Man

Spider I am
Byte I do not
Swim I do not
I look after the corners
You do not
Spider I am
Friend, I can be
Love you, I will
Care for you, I would if I could
But little I am
Spider I am
But like you, Love, I need...

Hugs

Trees are the only ones I know

That like those Hugs

You know,

The kind where you squeeze,

But a big squeeze

I mean a really really big squeeze.

No not just big but really really really really big

The kind that makes your ears turn red

Now that's a Hug

Only trees like it that way, and me

I wonder

Sometimes I wonder what
You're thinking?
Sometimes I wonder if you're thinking
The same things, I'm thinking?
Is it possible?
But then I wonder
Why we are apart?
But I,
Only wonder when we are
Apart
And never when
We are
Together

Thoughts Of You

Even though, our bodies are
Distant
I feel, ever so close to you
Perhaps it is my thoughts
Of you that binds me to you?
But, perhaps not only my thoughts
But the love and
Beauty
Of my thoughts
Of You,
And perhaps that deep inner trust I have
For You...

Some Times

Sometimes I wonder
Why I love you so?
Because I've seen you so few times
But then, I see you
And I See
I see your inner beauty
I see you're outer beauty
I see the stars in your eyes
But most of all,
I see the way you look at me
And I know, I had no chance....

The Secret

Yesterday I asked my dog

What is your secret to life?

He answered

If it runs, chase it

I asked,

What if it doesn't run?

He answered

Just wait....

Words

If it makes you feel uncomfortable
You don't need to write me
It's okay
If it feels better to phone
Than do that
But if you decide to write or phone
It's easy
Just write or say what you're thinking
And feeling at that moment
Not of tomorrow
Not of yesterday
And never of what you might think I want to hear
Then you will see,
It will always be Beautiful
Because it will be You
And for that moment
Even though we are apart
I will be able to be with you
For that moment
And only for that moment
Will be One
But it's a moment
That can last a lifetime
Because it will be You
And that is,
What makes it Beautiful
Like You...

Soon

She asked,
What is it that you want from me?
I answered.
Perhaps someone to Love
To be loved
Perhaps someone to talk with
To be heard
Perhaps someone to touch
To be touched
Perhaps someone to trust
To be trusted
Perhaps a friend
To be a friend
Perhaps someone that is close
To be close
Perhaps a companion
Stuff like that,
Can you give that? I asked
Soon,
She answered
Soon...

I Am a Dog and This is My Life

I sleep

I dream

I make a cat or two run

For their lives

And the day is done.

What a glorious life

Perhaps tomorrow there will be a squirrel

Oh, yes, tomorrow...

A big fat slow-running squirrel

Today

Well here we are again
Another day, without you
Perhaps tomorrow that will be different
But why tomorrow
Why not today
Why must we always wait for tomorrow
Why must everything come tomorrow?
What is it that is so appealing about tomorrow?
Today is much better
Everything should happen today and forever
Then, when you are almost asleep
In my arms
I would be able to whisper these things to you
But maybe tomorrow
If it ever comes
Because today is now gone forever....

Here's a Riddle

Are you ready?

Okay then!

Conscious creation

Is a Conscious Creation?

(I never said that it was going to be an easy one)

One Battle Too Many

I have been a warrior
For as long as I can remember
I have stood my ground,
I have fought the universe, God and country
And the dragons inside
I am so good
At times I have even cut myself
Out
And as the last warrior in me
With a tear in his eye
Lays down his sword
I ask, now what?

Open

For a Woman Love as many levels and degrees
To touch and see that deepest part of her Love
Which so few men will ever see?
It takes more than a smile
Or a rose the morning after
What does it take?
To see this part of her
Which she herself only faintly knows is there
What is the key?
Perhaps I would need to open more than any warrior would ever dare
Vulnerable, defenseless and open
Let her in
As I thought, a bolt of fear tensed my body
A part of me screamed, Never, We Might Die
But then perhaps, if I survive
She will let me in to that deepest Love
Where no one has ever been before.
Perhaps?
If I survive
I have died for less!
But then
Perhaps I will live
And see more than I ever dreamed possible
So what we'll be my fate?
I wonder...

The Stand

Thick skull
Stubborn
Aggressive
One sided
Relentless
Deaf
I can be!
But then
The universes
Or all that is
Would not just send
Anybody to Tame You
Would they?
But then I also believe
That it is better
To stand on the tracks
Than to stand for nothing
So we stand, looking at each other
Wondering who will
Squeeze the love
Out of who, First?

Love

Ever so slightly she said, I could easily fall in Love with you

I said thank you but will you Love all parts of me?

What do you mean? She asked

If you open your heart to all there is, all life

All experiences, all people, and to yourself

Then you will actually be in Love

And no matter what I have done or not done

Will do or not do, will be or not be

Your heart will always be open

And perhaps in time my heart will learn to do the same

At this she turned away, swearing never to return

But I know differently

For Love has a soul mate named Trust

And at times they seem to be apart

But this is only an illusion

For they are inseparable

To Beautiful

Just when
I thought
You could
Not be
Any more
Beautiful.
I woke up
And saw you
Their next
To me
At first
I thought
It was the sun
But there you are
Glowing
So beautiful
That it hurts
I wonder if the
Others before me
Knew how lucky they were
To bad
Perhaps I am the luckiest
Of all
Because I know
A treasure
When I see one...

Days

The days go by so slowly with out you
I almost can't remember the last time I saw you
But then I close my eyes and I remember
I remember your enchanting scent
I remember your silky soft tanned skin next to mine
I remember your happiness
Your lips, how could I forget them
Your smile, your laugh
The river in the background
How your body leaned into mine,
Making every part of me sing with joy
Then I remember the taste of the Mosquito repellent on your skin
And I wake up
So the days go by slowly
It feels like I'm dreaming my life away
Waiting for you to return
But then that's all I have...

Details

A thousand variations

Even so it is said

There are only two types of actions

An action of Love

Or

A cry for more Love

But variations

There will be a thousand

Fearless We Should Be

Sometimes I wonder why
We run faster and harder from happiness
 Than from danger
Have we experience so little true Joy
 That it scarce us so
Or is it that we have become so acquainted with sad things
 That we think they are our friends
 What's so scary about Happiness?
 Are we afraid of losing it?
Of not getting enough, once it starts?
Many will stand and fight to the death
But so few will fight to Love to the End
 Perhaps that is what should scare us
 O' but we know it so well
 And so afraid of Love and Joy
 So I wonder
 What is there to fear...?

Reflections

Trust, with all your
Heart, not in me but in
Yourself
Believe, with all your heart, not in me but in
Yourself
Love, more than you think
Possible, not me but
Yourself, the Details will look after them
Selves, because when we
Love, Trust and Believe in Ourselves
It's all will experience

Inner Love

Inner Love is a
Natural experience
But when we cover
It with fear,
Anger, mistrust, and shame
We search for it in
Others

What to do?

What do you want to do right now?

Would it bring

You and me

More Love and joy?

Then forget the rest!

Day and Night

When we are far apart
My sky is not as blue
The sun is not as bright
It is always night,
But when you call and I hear your voice
Even late at night
The sun comes up
The birds begin to sing
In a blink of an eye it becomes the most beautiful Day
Even late at night
Then
You hang up the phone
The sun goes down
The birds go to sleep
My world becomes sad and gray
And so it is
Without You...

Bear Hug

Perhaps a little exaggerated
But true
To find a woman
To win her heart
To hold her heart forever
Try this
Find a female Grizzle
Give her a big Bear Hug
And ever so gently, bite her on the lip
When you let go
That is when you will be put to the test
If you survive
You are ready for a woman
Perhaps the trick is
If you win her heart
Never let go
And make sure she has no reason
To ask for it back
That would be the safest way to go
Would you, not agree?

To my Soul Mate

There isn't a minute that goes by, where I don't think about you
To me you are the most beautiful Woman in the World
I know that for many this is nothing but a line
But for me it is the truth
I believe that it is our past that causes us to fear the future
Perhaps some day you will trust enough to allow yourself to fall towards me
With my life I swear, you will never see the ground
There is so much more to be said
Perhaps tomorrow
My Love...

Children of Children

Here I am,
Doing the same as others
Was it, that I Learned what I Saw?
Or was it, what I Saw I Learned?
Perhaps if I had been more stubborn,
To go where my heart tried to lead me,
Then perhaps I would not have learned what I Saw
Which now I work so very hard to forget
So I can start over, and truly the me
So listen to your heart, I tell my self
Forget the rest
It hasn't been easy leaving behind the fear, mistrust
Self-doubt and all the rest
So here I am
Wondering what to do next?

Dreams

Hell is watching your

Dreams die

Because it's not just your

Dream that dies

So we might as well

Die chasing our dreams

That way, at least, we have

Lived for something

What do I Want?

To live by the ocean
To be rocked to sleep

To Love

To be Loved

Someone to trust in me

When I forget

Someone to believe in me

When I forget

I wonder what she wants?

Perhaps she is trying to follow her own heart?

Perhaps we will see each other when we meet?

Dreamers

She asked,
What will our life together be?
What will happen to us?
What will we experience?
As I held her in my arms
Gently touching her beautiful dreamy skin, I answered
We will love each other so much so
That we will make a difference in this world
The rest is up to you to dream
Tell me what you dream and together we will create
Your Dreams
With your love I can make anything happen
I will add my own spices and twist to your Dreams
To surprise and delight you
Are you sure this will work? She asked
"Yes"
With Love, everything is possible, I answered.
It is the dreamers like your self
That give us everything we have ever had
With out the dreamers no boat would sail
No plane would fly
No mountains would be climbed
No child would ever sleep
It is when the dreamers hold hands with the believers
That's when the Magic starts
For those who Believe, Create and those that Dream, Inspire
As she fell asleep in my arms Dreaming
I knew tomorrow would become the most glorious day yet
For I believe
I have heard it said
That when a Believer and a Dreamer come together with Trust
Love was created
Sweet Dreams
My Love
Sweet Dreams

Time

Time is the magician,
That makes the illusion.
Of a billion snapshots,
Look like movement.

Without time

We would be frozen

In the moment

Which moment?

Every moment

Together

As we lay they're looking at each other
I was wondering
She asked
Why are we together?
Because of Love, I answered.
What does that mean? She asked
What was she really asking? I wondered
O' those moments of silence that feed the inner fears
Quickly I answered
You listened to me and heard my words
I believe that you will truly try to help me experience my dreams
As I believed that, I began to Love you
Now I want to help you create your dreams
Even more than mine
Gently touching her face, I asked
Tell me what you dream
I will do everything I can to make them true
But what if you fail, she asked
Then I will try again
With your love and trust I can do anything
More moments of silence fell
But she seemed to glow in a way I had not seen before
As I watched her eyes close
I asked, what are you dreaming?
Your Dream, My Love
Why mine? I ask, Gently touching her
Because you have fulfilled my today's dream perfectly
I wondered
As she fell into her Dreams
How did I do that?
All I did was listen
Perhaps what she dreamed today was to be heard
I wonder what it will be tomorrow
As I fell into my Dreams,
I wondered
Why does she Love me?
So it is that Dreams become Reality
That is my Dream

Patience

Patience has never been
One of my virtues
The thing is, I now wonder
What is the rush?
Mind you I have learned something,
The minute I have patience
For something, it comes
Ten times faster
Now isn't that odd?
On the other hand,
For crying out loud,
Just
How long
Do I need to wait?

What to Offer

A million kisses
Over a thousand Dreams
A million Hugs
Over a thousand days and nights
An endless amount of cherished moments
Over a life time
A thought of you
Over every moment
My love
Over every breath I take
What more can I offer
For this is all I have
Of true value
It is something you can take
To where ever you go
And no one can take it from you
For once a gift is given from the heart
It cannot be taken back

Another Day

And so another day ends.
But was it really another day?
Are the days different?
Or is it me who's different?
Where does the illusion start?
And where does it stop?
I wonder!

To get Love

Forever I searched for Love
In others
In me
In the day
In the night
Nothing is what I found
Then one day I gave Love
But I forgot to ask for anything in return
That was the day when I found Love
But some times I forget
That simple lesson
Then I feel un-Loved
Isn't that odd?

We Rush

We run
We strive
We dream
We hope
For fame and fortune
Hoping for what?
Stop!
I scream at my self
What is it that I want?
So needy
Perhaps to be freed of my foolish desires
Why am I writing this?
I'm already late
As I was rushing, I wondered
Are my foolish Dreams
Any harder to achieve than the logical ones?
Perhaps not...

Sweet Wine

Sweet night
Soft whispers
Sweet wine
Soft laughter
But it's the sweet wine
That shows us our true feelings
And thoughts
The ones we so carefully run from
Morning comes
We go back to the illusion of reality
But we worship that Sweet Wine
For it shows us who we truly are
Till one day
When we no longer fear our true feelings
And face them with Love
Thereby releasing the false reality we have hidden behind
For so Long...

So It Is

Shit happens

But

If nobody says No!

And gives Love

Then it will

Just keep on happening

And then, who's really to blame

Dream Girl

You have nothing to fear
From me
Nor from my world
For I believe in Freedom
Trust...
Love...
I have no need to change you
Because I believe in Freedom
You do not need to explain yourself
Because I believe in Trust
It is not that need you
But that I want to share my Love with You
So all that remains
Is for us to hold hands
Look into each other's eyes
Love each other for who we are
If you ever truly find something that is more important
What could be more important?
Than starting each day this way

Want More

I like it, enjoy it, love it
When you laugh
When he laugh together
When you smile
And smile at me
When we look at each other and smile, laugh, grin and smirk
When I hear your voice
When we talk
When we are together
When you move closer
When the make love
When you share your feelings and thoughts
When ever we are together
When you sleep in my arms
When we trust in each other
When we believe in each other
When you listen so thoughtfully
When we touch
When you write, phone
The list is so long
I could go on forever
Perhaps tomorrow I will
But most of all when I feel your love for me
And my love for You
That the best, greatest, most

Rosy Days

Before you came along
All my days where fine
So it seemed
Until I saw
What I was missing
Without you their
My days without you
Are not so fine
Especially when things go wrong
Until I think of you
Then everything is rosy again

Never

I have never met
The woman
Who tastes so fine
Whose skin so soft
Whose eyes so warm
Whose heart so large
But what will I do
If you don't want me
Like I want you
What will I do then?
Perhaps continue to love you in my heart
As I have done for so long
Already

Relationships

Relationships are simple

Before you say anything or plan on doing anything, ask

“Will this bring me closer?”

Create a feeling of oneness and Love?

If so, it is good

If not, ask yourself

“Why am I destroying this?”

The answer of a thousand failed relationships

Will sit before you.

*(We can discuss, debate and argue about everything
but it basically boils down to only this)*

Nothing

What would the world
Be like without you
Without those you gave life to
Without the love you gave and shared
Even to those who could not return it
What would the world do
Without the warmth of your smile
That has touched so many
You will never know
Without your kind thoughts and words
Which have helped so many
It is said that you may never know
The difference you have made
Perhaps we should have told you
The difference you make just by being you

Poem of A Nut

Sometimes I wonder
If I should do things differently
Maybe if I stopped asking
So many questions
Then my
Minutes, hours, days, years would not
Be spent searching for answers
Perhaps I would be happier
Have more fun
Play more, Love more
But the questions Love me so
I here and answered calling my name
Where might it be?
Why can't I be more like you?

Changing to a Probable Reality

Every time a decision is made,
A whole universe is created where the decision is played out.
In fact, it already exists and since time is not linear
Any decision can be reversed
As if it was never played in our reality in the first place
It is so easy to do
That every one does it constantly in an unconscious way
At the moment when a decision is made
We enter that probable universe and reality
Where that decision is played
It's not only decisions that cause the shift
But also thoughts and what we believe
As an example
If we think and believe we are unloved, that is the probable reality we are flung into
And there we will stay until we change our beliefs
Or until someone comes along who makes us change our beliefs and thoughts
But that will never happen until we shift into a loving reality
Which we cannot do, until we change what we believe and think
And so we go in circles
Forever experiencing the same end results

To Change the Reality

First we must detach what we see, hear, and experience

From our thoughts and beliefs

That will begin to release us from the probable universe

We are experiencing now

Then we change our thoughts and beliefs

To the point that we experience what we want in our minds

As the thoughts and beliefs begin to take hold

We begin to shift

At first the shift occurs unnoticed

But as time goes on and with practice, we can begin to see the shifts

Or perhaps if we choose, we can wait until

Scientists discover a mechanical way, That's if we live that long

I've heard it said that if we truly believe

In whatever, then we would already have it

Then it is because we don't believe

That we do not have it

And perhaps our thoughts are not in line with what we want

Another Poem from A Nut

Sometimes I wonder
How you could possibly
Love me
It must be hard
Doesn't it drive you nuts?
To look at me
To listen to me
To be with me
Perhaps you're really an Angel
That must be it...

Sweet and Sour

Ever have the day
When everything seems to go wrong and right
At the same time
By the end of the day
You don't know if it was
A good day or bad day
Like sweet and sour
That's when I wish you we're here
Because than all I would see
Is you
That's an excellent day

Strange

Isn't it strange how sometimes
The smallest things are misunderstood
Like when I ask a question
About us
It's just that I have wanted all my life
For a beautiful woman like you
To love me
So when I ask you
How much do you love me today?
It is not out of lack of trust
But of love and designer
For you
To give you the very best I can

Impatience

It is true that at times
I appear impatient
But my impatience is not, of not of getting enough
But that I desire with all my heart
To express my love for you
To feel the love you have for me
To grow with you more deeply in love
Each day
So what appears at times as impatience?
Is really and truly my deepest desire poorly expressed
At times misunderstood
But desire for you me and love it is

Roses and Lollypops

Yellow polka dotted roses
Blue lollypops
The kind the last forever
That's what you remind me of
Why
Because they're beautiful
Sweet
They bring out the Joy
In me
Just like you do

Change

Evil exists only in the mind
Of those who wish to phantom its existence
No where else and to no one else
Change the word evil to
Fear, lust, hate, difficulty, secrets
Answers, joy, light, health, darkness
Happiness, trust, jealousy, fun, intimacy
And read the paragraph again
That's the secret of the universes
Now change the word *Evil* to *Love*
And so we change our lives

The Lovers Mist

When lovers are together or apart
The things they do for each other
Is it not of Love?
Then even when she is cutting the grass
That the share
He is cooking the meal
That they share
Are they not making Love?
When he writes
Is he not making love to her?
When she phones
Is she not making love to him?
So making love expands to every word
Every action and every thought
So perhaps when he asks
When will I see you?
He was making love to her
When she's answered
You will see me but I can't tell you when
She was making love to him
Behind a veil of surprise
Then in the moment of thoughts and words
Came the lover's mist
For they did not see that each was making
Love to the other
Every word spoken
Every action taken
Every thought felt
Must always be remembered
And done as an act of making Love
Then there will be nothing to fear
Except the immense amount
Of Joy that will burst
Upon these Lovers
For that is how the universes makes love to them
If you could only find a way
For us to live in my poems
Then everything would be beautiful
Like you

So it Is

Here I am once again
Laying with my torn heart
In joy of knowing you
Seeing you
Loving you
But also in pain
Of watching you drive away into the sunset to your home
Never knowing if this was the last time
That we might see each other
Each time you leave
It becomes harder
Not only that
I also have a cold
You know how us men are
When we're sick
And without a warm loving woman
To heal us

Questions

Questions are something
Aren't they?
They can be funny
Mischievous
Naughty
Deep
Daring
Hurtful
And loving
You can ask the same question
The thousand times
And never hear the same answer
Questions move my Soul
As the very love I am
Made of
But the questions I ask you
Are the most precious?
Because the answers come from you
It is true that some questions
Bring pain
Some bring Joy
But to not ask
And by that missing
The possible moment of Joy
My heart is willing
To take the risks
For in the end
I know that I will
Find more Joy and Love
Than any man has ever dreamed off

Perfection

Perfection is not beauty
Love and acceptance
Of imperfections
Is beauty?
Most beautifully expressed

No Instruction

The problem with relationships is
There are no instructions
Everybody says this and that
So many things are said
But there is one thing
That everybody missed
It's a simple thing
But magical to no end
It's hard to believe that something so simple
Could be so profound
Something as incredible as Love
But the very essence that binds Love
Behold my Love for I believe it
To be a question
The question we should always
Ask our ourselves just before
Anything
Will this bring us closer or not?
The answer is so clear as will be the result

Fear Not

If you ask
You may be
A fool for now
But if you don't ask
You'll be a fool
Until you do
At least that's what
I tell my self
When I look like a fool

Knowing is Loving

Yesterday someone asked me
How do you know if you're truly in Love?
And with the right person
And not just in need, lust, fear
In the moment of silence that followed
I asked my inner self for an answer
To my own surprise
These words came from my lips
You'll know by the choices
You, we, us, everyone makes
When we choose to do the things
The words, the actions, and the thoughts
That bring you, us, we,
Closer each day
And perhaps also
When the word no to others attempt
Comes as natural as breathing
Without second thought
The when you, me, us, everyone
Will know true Love
But
True Love must be nurtured and grown
By every thought, action and word
For these are the keys in true Love

Fear Intimacy

I don't know why
But Sometimes I get asked the strangest question
Right out of the Blue
Like
How do you, I, me, others know
If someone is truly in Love with
Me, you, us, others
And not just filling their needs, ego
I rubbed my forehead hoping for an answer
From my inner self
I had no answer
But I spoke the words
By their words that match their actions
When the word is spoken
And if you, me, we, I, us, anyone
Finds us, you, me waiting for the actions to follow
Then for Love will be waiting
In true Love words follow actions of Love
In lust, need, ego words come first
With only the action of
Lust, need, ego to follow
With even more words to follow
And on it goes

Need

I have a need
Perhaps more than one
To be touched by you
To be held by you
To be with you
To laugh with you
To smile with you
Before we met
I did not have these needs
So now I wonder where they came from
Why are they here?
What are the needs?
Who do I ask these questions?
What do I do with these needs?
What are they for?
Are they caused by insecurity?
Or by love
For you my princess
These questions might be simple
But for me they are the secrets of the universes and all that is
The answers elude me so
But every rock I will search
Every tree I will ask
So that one day, I may tell you
What perhaps you already know...

I Miss You

I miss you so
Sometimes to the point
It hurts
Yet at times you feel so close
It's just when you are with me
I have everything I ever wanted
But then at times it hurts
When you're not with me
And I miss you
So

The Secret Kiss

The one I give you
Late in the evening when the candles are almost burnt down
After you have fallen asleep in my arms
That's the one that I can never tell you about
The one you will never know
But a beautiful kiss it is
Like no other
Only for you
For no other
So sleep my princess
For tomorrow
Another kiss there will be
But you will never know
Perhaps in your heart you will
For this one
Most certainly comes from my heart
There I will keep it safe
Until tomorrow
When again the candles burned down...

One Man's Perspective

Looking her right in the eye
I asked her
So are we in a relationship
Are we going together?
How do you feel about us?
I told you just yesterday she answered
Yes I answered, I would like to hear it again
Most men would tell me I'm nuts for asking such things
But I remember a time when I said nothing
This is what she would ask
Are we in a relationship?
Are we going together?
Are we still seeing other people?
How far will our relationship go?
Why don't we spend more time talking?
Now for most men when we hear this
We get a sinking feeling like quick sand
As our world tightens around us
But not me
I ask first and smile
As her world tightens around her
Play their game
Now that's the way to play

If she ever reads this I'm dead!!!

GEMS

Is a gem?

The diamond in a ring
The woman who can cook
The man who can listen
Or
The pearl from the ocean

There are many gems a person may receive
Only one rings true to me...

The gem that is kept deep inside where no one else can reach
Protected by many... in forms
Of Anger, shyness
Lust and need

This part sits in the very center of your soul

The greatest gift I can give or receive
Is that part that no one else has received
The part from the very center
It's the energy that surrounds
And
Protects our heart and soul

Only this will bridge us together
Not the gem in a ring or the pearl from the ocean
But the energy that no one else can receive
It has to be given and then there will be no other needs
That is really the only gem that is important to me

Roberta Joehle

Trust Why

I trust my sweetheart
Because I see how she loves
Not just me but also
Those that others find hard to love
I admire her ability to love
I am grateful that she has chosen
To show me this love also
When a woman loves a man
It is beautiful and filling
When she trusts a man
Like I know she does me
Then I know how much I have grown
The feeling and pride is beyond words
That trusts I guard in my heart
So that even I trip
It will not be broken
For I know that as a man
I will never find something
More precious

Afterword

Magic of A Woman

Magic is when a woman sees beauty in a Man
And by that, he becomes that Beautiful
When a Man is touched by the Loving and encouraging words
Spoken by a Woman, who sees his Beauty
A thousand years of war and bitterness drift away
When a Man can see that her words
Can be trusted and her thoughts are real
Then that inner strength she saw and spoke of shines through
As he continues to Believe and Trust
Those loving and touching words of who he is
The misplaced strength that brought on a thousand battles
Turns to a touch of a feather with the strength of a tiger
His kiss will be that of the sun
His words that of the moon
He may have been with many others
But to only one will he Love this way
For in the reflections of her loving words and the touch of her thoughts
He saw himself and his own beauty shining outwards
With the strength of Love rather than by Sword
Few will ever see a Man this way
And only to one will it be given
He will love in ways few Women will ever experience
Never will you see a more beautiful Man
It's like touching the Moon on the darkest night
But if it is lost
The battle will start again

It is my strong suggestion that you read a book called "Think and Grow Rich" by Napoleon Hill written in 1960; yes it is about money but if you look and read it carefully you will see that the principals will apply to all things, Love, Peace, Money and so on. Put the principles of sending love together with Napoleon Hills principles together and you have an unstoppable winning combination. For the law of the universe is simple; if you can imagine it then so can it be, and if you are determined for what makes your heart sing then so it will be.

My books I give away happily as my part. Although costly in time and money, it is a labor of love. If this book is of value to you then see if there is something you would like to do, there are many options you can choose. You could donate time or money; even one dollar helps to cover some of the costs. Another option is you can tell your friends; that would help in cutting down my advertising costs. You could if you are so inclined; write an article on the books and where to get them and submit it to a local new age magazine; or even take out a small ad in one of the magazines.

The more people see this information and put it to work for them the better it gets, not just for them; but also for every one around them. This was my gift to you what you do now is up to you. It is your life and your world.

Choose that with brings you joy.

All my love to you
Klaus J Joehle

About the Author(s)

Klaus was born in 1957 at Black Forest Germany. At the age of nine and still with the wonderful idea that Canada was the wild west, where Cowboys and wagon trails still existed; Klaus was sent to live with his aunt and uncle in Rosedale British Columbia, Canada. Although he was disappointed at not seeing the western plains and chuck wagons, he lived in Canada and grew up to accomplish many things. He has not only written this book but it follows Living on Love "*The Messenger*"; Weekend With "a" Drunken Leprechaun "*Finding Your Joy*" and comes before two more wonderful additions soon to be published.

So keep a look out for them.

www.livingonlove.com

Notes (optional)

These poems are not just poems they are a work of art filled with love. Klaus sent these to me during our courtship while I still lived in Edmonton, Alberta; often they would come by themselves with no letter on a little tiny piece of paper, back of a napkin or even as a bunch of pieces made into a puzzle for me to put together. He would write me sometimes once a day other times three times a day and send them off in a hurry and forget to put the correct address on the envelopes; guess what they still use to reach me. We had many a laugh over how the post office must have been so amused with the envelopes they would just find me no matter what. By the time Klaus and I reconnected, I was not an easy person to convince that real love was out there for me and poetry alone was not going to do it. When I would open the envelopes I could feel the love energy he put into the paper, the words and my heart; these are not just poems they are our journey back to each other after being apart for more then twenty-five years. I proposed to Klaus and we were married May 1st 1999.

Klaus I thank you for this beautiful gift; you are my:

“Supreme commander of the world, the universes and all the surrounding territory plus the best darn Sword Swinger and lover anywhere also part time dragon tamer and Poet.” (A little something Klaus use to put on the envelopes)

THIS IS OUR LOVE

Our love will stand beyond this world
Our love will fill the sky with light
So even the day will shine with the stars of the night

We will face our fears with the strength
of a dragon and his fire will burn them out
The only thing left will be the ashes that turn to our bright lights inside
The light that makes our hearts shine

BEAT OF THE DRUM

Your heart beats like a drum inside my soul
Our souls dance united like the grace of a waltz
But most of all our love is complete and continues to grow
Only to spread like the heat of the sun and touch the souls that watch
Like the lines of a circle which never end neither will my love

All my love Sweetheart
Roberta