

Birthstone

My woman's birthstone is the fiery Opal,
Torn from the mother Earth at its birth.
Full of fire and in repose the hue of milk
That flows from her breasts to nurture
The man child who lies in her arms,
Dreaming there against skin of silk.

Opal is her birthstone, full of fire as she.
The color of white clouds hovering in the sky
Like her stone, she rests in serenity.
And when engaged, fully so, lightning bolts
Cannot match her courage or her passion.
She is my woman for all eternity.

One Opal for her hand, one on a chain
Two more for her ears, do I adorn her.
Gifts from her man, a man who knows
That she is my true mate for life, and
We two have become one so completely.
She is mine, I am hers, and it shows.

Fire and milk, flame and breast, my mate.
I pray that she may forever be kept safe
From peril, knowing that she will take
Risks more than most mortals, that is her way,
As she rights a wrong, or comforts a child,
I love her. I sacrifice myself, for her sake.

I give these Opals to my Woman, to wear.
They show very well my gift from God
That He has given this once proud man
Who hears the wisdom sent from above.
Dear Lord, guide her, keep her safe
And always hold her in your hand.

The Opals are for my Woman, my true mate.
Given in love, of love, and for love.
Full of fire, yet signifying calm and rest.
By the grace of God I am hers, she is mine.
When we are apart, she knows when I think
Of her. We are content. We are blessed.

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