

Stephanie Weiss

WHITE POEMS

True spiritual love

Singing the songs of our hearts

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Oh my love...

“In illusion you are all I never wanted, in reality you are all I ever needed!”

Dedicated to

My little king, mein kleiner König
with endless love from your star

que je t'aime!



“Oh my love, you fell so deep,
you are asleep.
You are so superficial and let astray,
unable to see and find your way.
You forsake us,
not even willing to see us nor discuss.
You cannot feel it deep down your heart,
I beg, please awaken, my beloved sweetheart!”



Spiritual Art Fiction

fairytale in a fairytale
illusion in an illusion
fantasy in a fantasy
dream in a dream

White Home: A homage to the French

Highest forces draw us to the French Atlantique Coast,
we thought at first it was a normal vacation, eating French Toast.

We knew immediately we had found our home,
in the big house of Guillaume.

We knew deep within we would long term be there,
and returned with all our affair.

The air so fresh and clear,
white birds singing, be quiet and hear.

The forest full of pine,
and then this heart-warming sunshine.

Within wild deer,
watch and they might appear.

The passionate ocean with golden sand,
this is truly holy land.

The place where we belong,
we feel it in our heart so strong.

The French people we met were so incredibly kind,
they approached us with an open-mind.

Whenever we needed something, a French was there to assist,
they served us unconditionally, they would just insist.

In my opinion the French are the best,
we feel like such honoured guests.

Our French language skills are not very good,
the French would help us as much as they could.

Being all alone in a foreign country is sometimes so hard,
and we are in need of a helping hand.

We highly regard all you do,
and be sure one day it will lovingly come back to you.

France, 9.11.2023

Table of Contents

| | |
|---|-----|
| White Intuition..... | 11 |
| White Desire: Yours | 14 |
| White Tears: Lost in Illusion | 16 |
| White Heart: With love for my hero..... | 21 |
| White Rain, White Pain | 29 |
| White Flame | 35 |
| White “Where do I belong” | 45 |
| White Rise: “Oh my son” | 53 |
| White Hope..... | 57 |
| White Rainbow | 59 |
| White Coherence | 60 |
| White Désolé..... | 63 |
| White Love: “Oh ma chérie” | 67 |
| White Maybe..... | 70 |
| The Return | 76 |
| <i>Golden Return</i> | 78 |
| <i>Silver Return</i> | 79 |
| <i>White Return</i> | 81 |
| White Fate: „Mein kleiner König!“ | 88 |
| White Decision..... | 95 |
| White End..... | 97 |
| White Deficits | 99 |
| White Delight, White Fight | 102 |
| White Source..... | 106 |
| White Junk..... | 114 |
| Declaration | 117 |
| Epilogue:..... | 118 |
| <i>Love just is...</i> | 118 |
| <i>It might come along...</i> | 118 |
| <i>True love</i> | 119 |
| <i>That love is</i> | 120 |
| The Author | 122 |

White Intuition

Destiny brought me to France,
to give a very special spirit there a chance.

I felt into my timeline,
to get an idea of the possible future to be mine.

I would have one last man in my current life,
that it will be one last time “husband and wife”.

One can never be ready,
but I tried to stay steady.

To trust my intuition,
while awaiting the love mission.

I did not search, but I found,
when I least expected, very close by, just around.

The man who shall be my little king,
under my golden wing.

The hero on my side,
in deep, unconditional love allied.

We had spent many other physical lifetimes together,
and had planned after “death” to continue our love forever.

When I saw your smile for the first time my world stood still,
I could hardly rest anymore, needed a relaxing pill.

I never had experienced this degree of tender love before,
I learned what it means to purely adore.

I turned shy and was unable to speak,
the dynamic between us was so deep.

We are having issues to find our way together in the physical illusion,
while in reality we are having an intensive love fusion.

I am your love, your lady only in reality, but not in the physical illusion,
while you prefer to live in the illusion, in physical confusion.

In the physical I tried to win your attention,
but that only caused tension.

With this book I am trying to express my endless love as well as sadness and pain,
with a broken umbrella in the golden rain.

To express my never dying hope,
that we figure it all out and we can cope.

I desire to share what is true love between souls,
far away from any physical roles.

I created miracles along the way,
here at the French Atlantique bay.

To share this very special love story,
that deserves the golden glory.

France, 8.12.2023



“Oh my love, you fell so deep,
you are asleep.
You are so superficial and let astray,
unable to see and find your way.
You forsake us,
not even willing to see us nor discuss.
You cannot feel it deep down your heart,
I beg, please awaken, my beloved sweetheart!”



White Desire: Yours

In reality you kissed me dear,
in illusion there is only fear.

In reality you make me smile,
in illusion it is only a cry.

In reality you give me all I could possible need,
in illusion there is nothing, not even a feed.

In reality we have only just begun,
in illusion nothing is being said and done.

In reality there is nothing that hurts,
in illusion I am bruised by all the unspoken words.

In reality you beg me to fight,
in illusion my heart pain is too tight.

In reality I decided you to be my first choice,
in illusion when I stand in front of you, I don't even have a voice.

In reality I trusted you would be up for this task,
in illusion you prefer to continue to wear this physical mask.

In reality you signed to be on our side,
in illusion this is what you have denied.

In reality our love is pure and strong,
in illusion we don't know where we belong.

In reality you proposed and asked for my hand,
in illusion there is a lot yet to understand.

In reality you ask me for one last dance,
in illusion there will be this chance.

In reality we are all that we need,
in illusion maybe there is a seed.

In reality it is your pre-ordained destiny at this time,
in illusion trust it and it will be fine.

France, 19.7.2023

White Tears: Lost in Illusion

I hold affection for you in my heart since I saw you first,
since then, there is this attraction, this undeniable thirst.

Within me there is this painful desire,
it is like a never ending fire.

Your powerful spirit shines unique and bright,
knowing well how to love and to handle me right.

You are strong and are able to protect me,
I want to be a hero, oh will you let me?

As the white lady I am standing strong and high,
but within myself, when it comes to romance, I am vulnerable and shy.

One might think we hardly talked and I don't know you,
but really, we have spent many life times as lovers, this I wanted to show you.

Now all seems finished before we ever started,
I should have never departed.

You chose ignorance and silence to tell me what you want,
I honour and accept this, despite this loving spiritual bond.

But let me tell you how this hurts,
as I wrote before: "I am bruised by the unspoken words."

Before you took that choice,
should you have not given me a voice?

I can forgive and forget and welcome you with open arms,
how could I possibly resist your charms?

Forgive me if I hurt you and have done something wrong,
I apologize for it, it was meant with love, all along.

I searched for you, my darling, to return you home, side by side,
you don't understand this, but it's not a solution to hide.

I see it is a challenge to clear the issues and to fight,
especially when you don't know what is right.

Why don't you turn to me with your questions and fears?
I am loving and sweet, I would dry your tears.

What you are suddenly faced with, are shockable news,
you might be confused by who I am and my "unacceptable" views.

Maybe you think a young, slim soulless shell suits you better,
when you see the truth, please don't write me an excusing letter.

Why not being proud instead that I am different and real?
I am happy I still hold love in my heart and I feel.

Are you scared of who I am and feel my love, light and power?
Then look into the mirror and wonder, why I give YOU the red flower.

Your essence is for me the sweetest and most beautiful I have ever met,
it's a real gentleman, treating me like a lady, and not playing roulette.

I am tired of this game of "nothing AND all",
in reality you know, we are juggling a fireball.

You are supposed to balance me, help me on my feet,
to protect me and to make me energetically complete.

I claim, our spirits united is the strongest force there is,
but without your physical smile, I am weak and feel amiss.

I want to reach up high,
but with broken wings, it is difficult to fly.

You are destined to be with me and to learn,
can you not feel that this is the time to grow and to turn?

Please wake up from this physical illusion and be brave and fight,
return home as a hero and do what in your heart feels right.

Your essence will continue to give you bad feelings and pain,
shake you up, saying it wants to leave the physical realm, not wanting to remain.

Can you not grasp the importance of this decision?
I know it's difficult, you have the physical blurred vision.

Your essence suffers, because it desires to be with its eternal lady,
hold me in the arms and to create a baby.

My heart feels empty and my whole body hurts,
it's difficult for me to speak and to find words.

Don't you feel the soft bond in the heart?
At the moment it's painful, like a knife, oh so sharp.

In your perception this bond is an attraction,
now that I was gone, can you feel it is pure loving affection?

Our heart bond floods the whole planet with love and changes its frequency,
it won't stop there, it will continue to flow into other dimensions ceaselessly.

I am not ashamed to say: "Yes, the golden tears I cry!"
and I wonder all the time: "Why?"

These tears are running down my face and there is nothing I can do,
stopping them is not possible, my heart collapsed, oh if I only knew.

The doors for us are wide open,
even after months of distance, this monumentum is un-broken.

Don't you think one day you will regret,
you maybe will never forget?

One day you wonder what might have been,
if you just would have seen.

I wish I could see into your eyes forever more and see this joyful smile,
for an endless while.

One would say, I am lovely and young,
there will be another man to come.

But no, this equation in this case is wrong.
as Celine Dion sings: "My heart will go on!"

There will come the time after "death" when we are together,
returning home and resting in unconditional love forever.

Indeed, our spirits decided already in the physical to reside in unity,
because at the moment there is no other opportunity.

At night, listen and you feel my heart beat,
because arm in arm we dream and sleep.

I feel your physical presence and passion so close everyday,
we must find NOW another way.

Maybe we can start anew,
I am Stephanie, and you?

Let's re-write the story line,
and maybe there is still a chance, it will be fine.

France, 14.9.2023



*“Both of you don’t share a language and it is difficult to understand,
this is not how it was planned.
Stephanie, should you not be fluent in French by now?
You have all the know-how.
You were too busy to learn,
so now communication issues is what you earn.
My son, what about your English skills from school?
Oh well, you have to find another communication tool.
Instead, speak the language of the heart without words,
like singing love birds.”*

