

When Love Calls

One of my all-time favorite songs is "Love Calls" by Kem. There've been times when I've played that song over & over again when thinking about someone I really cared about, but that song has nothing on King Solomon's book of Songs. King Solomon was the original "Kem", "Luther", etc.

Here's what I mean (The Message version really nails it):

Song of Solomon (MSG)

The Man

¹⁻⁵ You're so beautiful, my darling,
so beautiful, and your dove eyes are veiled
By your hair as it flows and shimmers,
like a flock of goats in the distance
streaming down a hillside in the sunshine.
Your smile is generous and full—
expressive and strong and clean.
Your lips are jewel red,
your mouth elegant and inviting,
your veiled cheeks soft and radiant.
The smooth, lithe lines of your neck
command notice—all heads turn in awe and admiration!
Your breasts are like fawns,
twins of a gazelle, grazing among the first spring flowers.

⁶⁻⁷ The sweet, fragrant curves of your body,
the soft, spiced contours of your flesh
Invite me, and I come. I stay
until dawn breathes its light and night slips away.
You're beautiful from head to toe, my dear love,
beautiful beyond compare, absolutely flawless.

⁸⁻¹⁵ Come with me from Lebanon, my bride.
Leave Lebanon behind, and come.
Leave your high mountain hideaway.
Abandon your wilderness seclusion,
Where you keep company with lions
and panthers guard your safety.
You've captured my heart, dear friend.
You looked at me, and I fell in love.
One look my way and I was hopelessly in love!
How beautiful your love, dear, dear friend—
far more pleasing than a fine, rare wine,
your fragrance more exotic than select spices.
The kisses of your lips are honey, my love,
every syllable you speak a delicacy to savor.
Your clothes smell like the wild outdoors,
the ozone scent of high mountains.
Dear lover and friend, you're a secret garden,
a private and pure fountain.
Body and soul, you are paradise,

a whole orchard of succulent fruits—
Ripe apricots and peaches,
oranges and pears;
Nut trees and cinnamon,
and all scented woods;
Mint and lavender,
and all herbs aromatic;
A garden fountain, sparkling and splashing,
fed by spring waters from the Lebanon mountains.

The Woman

¹⁶Wake up, North Wind,
get moving, South Wind!
Breathe on my garden,
fill the air with spice fragrance.

Oh, let my lover enter his garden!
Yes, let him eat the fine, ripe fruits.

Expressed in sincerity, what couple could possibly resist the charms of this chapter. I bet you didn't even know the Bible is the foremost authority on love & mating.

I hope you all have an amazing day!!

- Jack