

Compassionately shaking hands with them; wont in anyway enshroud every ingredient of your blood with the most unforgivably cancerous of disease; wont in anyway annihilate you forever and ever and ever from the trajectory of this fathomless Universe,

Profusely intermingling your shadow with theirs; wont in anyway diminish you beyond the threshold of disparagingly dolorous oblivion; wont in anyway obfuscate your integrity with the clouds of tawdry salaciousness,

Tirelessly talking with them; wont in anyway make you the most delinquently inferior organism on this boundless earth; wont in anyway char your inimitably distinctive identity,

Amiably kissing them on their rubicund lips; wont in anyway evaporate every ounce of immunity from your body; wont in anyway transform you into the most treacherously cursed entity alive,

Uninhibitedly fondling their silken hair; wont in anyway jinx you with even the most infinitesimal parasite on this limitless earth; wont in anyway trounce you to your dolorously fetid grave,

Mischievously nibbling at their innocuous ears; wont in anyway numb each of your senses to even the tiniest trace of sound; wont in anyway engulf each brilliant day of yours with hopelessly asphyxiating blackness,

Jubilantly adventuring with them in the inscrutable forests; wont in anyway sap you of untamed powerhouse of effulgent energy; wont in anyway make you an impotent pinch of mud fretting for an infinite lifetimes,

Profoundly staring into the whites of their impeccable eyes; wont in anyway blind you forever from every conceivable iota of pleasure and panoramic light; wont in anyway pulverize you into inanely impoverished nothingness,

Eclectically sketching their harmlessly nimble silhouette; wont in anyway vengefully deteriorate you into a pool of insipid nothingness; wont in anyway render you as the most ignominiously slandered artist alive,

Holistically eating with them in the same bowl; wont in anyway metamorphose you into an ocean of endlessly lambasting tears; wont in anyway inundate the walls of your stomach with venomously aggrieved poison rather than the celestial fruits of the Creator Divine,

Unflinchingly entwining your fingers into theirs; wont in anyway horrendously deplete you of every ounce of your strength; wont in anyway impede you from symbiotically coalescing with the rest of eternally fructifying living kind,

Sleeping impregnably close to them to shelter them at night; wont in anyway grant you a place in the most vindictively unsparing of @#!\*% ; wont in anyway prematurely bury you a countless feet beneath your veritable grave,

Flirtatiously tickling their nubile skin; wont in anyway hang you upside down in the most brilliantly blazing of Sunlight; wont in anyway seal every other synergistically untainted option for you in the chapter of resplendent life,

Wholeheartedly embracing them as one of your own kin; wont in anyway perpetuate in you the germs of the most ominously tyrannical of disease; wont in anyway render you satanically crippled for the remainder of your life,

Affably conserving each droplet of their golden sweat in your palms; wont in anyway erase the spell binding destiny lines of your existence; wont in anyway proclaim you as a preposterously shameful misfit for the fabric of society,

Altruistically applying the balm of humanity on their inexplicable wounds; wont in anyway assassinate every bit of harmonious knowledge that you had so wonderfully assimilated since the first cry of birth; wont in anyway torment you even after you died,

Uninhibitedly drinking water from their unfinished glass; wont in anyway transform every ingredient of your Omnipotent blood into unbearably vindictive venom; wont in anyway truculently slain the royal seeds of virility from your endowed life,

Unceasingly enlightening them with the magical artistry in your persona; wont in anyway endanger even the most diminutive shade of existence on the perennial planet; wont in anyway transform you into a sinful eunuch wailing the last words of your life,

Unassailably blending every breath of yours with theirs; wont in anyway defeat you the slightest in any philanthropic quest of your blessed life; wont in anyway abruptly snap the fangs of your miraculously proliferating existence,

Immortally bonding every beat of your heart with theirs; wont in anyway make you the most abhorred criminal of this globe; wont in anyway metamorphose every definition of true love into sadistically betraying hatred,

Paradoxically; whereas doing all the above things with them wont in anyway harm you the tiniest; but their not receiving the same from you would definitely make them die the most ghastliest of death; a death which would not be a result of their suffering from HIV/AIDS, but an extinction which would be the most horrifically gruesome; a death which would be the most perpetually criminal; caused due to opprobrious disdain and neglect by you; you and only you; who was none other than their uncaring fellow human kind...

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