



Author of At The Hand Of Love

In The Key Of Love

Karisa Lynn

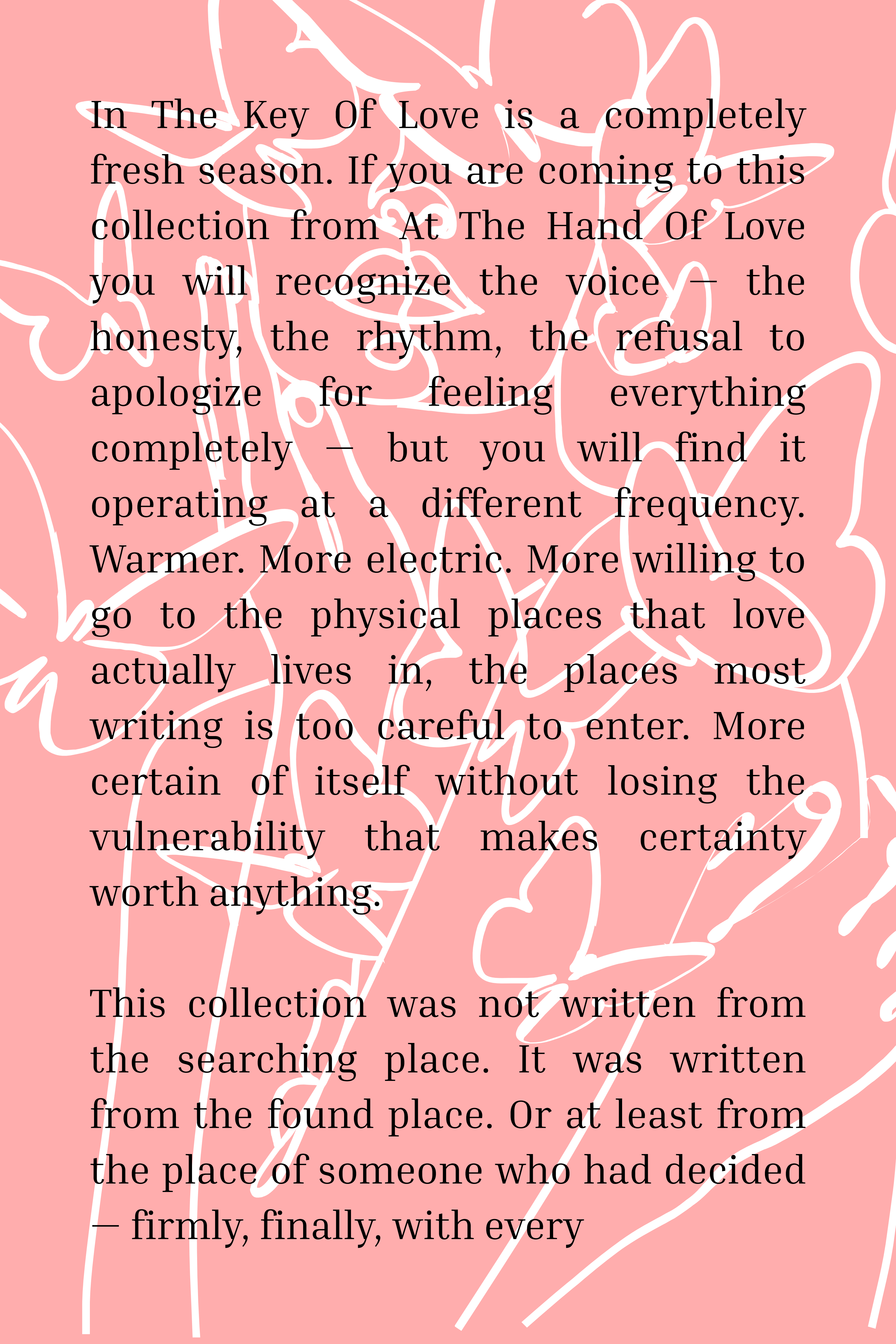
The background is a solid light pink color. Overlaid on this background are various white line-art illustrations of flowers and leaves. The lines are simple and elegant, creating a delicate, sketch-like effect. The floral elements are scattered across the page, with some larger, more prominent flowers and many smaller, more delicate ones. The overall aesthetic is soft and feminine.

Best with soft piano music playing in the
background.

2026
Karisa Lynn

The Key Of Love

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The background is a solid light pink color. Overlaid on this background is intricate white line art. The lines are fluid, swirling, and organic, resembling stylized floral patterns or perhaps the movement of smoke or liquid. Some lines form circular or heart-like shapes, while others are more chaotic and energetic, creating a sense of constant motion and depth. The overall effect is a delicate yet complex texture that frames the text without obscuring it.

In The Key Of Love is a completely fresh season. If you are coming to this collection from At The Hand Of Love you will recognize the voice — the honesty, the rhythm, the refusal to apologize for feeling everything completely — but you will find it operating at a different frequency. Warmer. More electric. More willing to go to the physical places that love actually lives in, the places most writing is too careful to enter. More certain of itself without losing the vulnerability that makes certainty worth anything.

This collection was not written from the searching place. It was written from the found place. Or at least from the place of someone who had decided — firmly, finally, with every

cell of their being — to stop fighting what they felt and start living inside it completely.

That decision changed everything.

NRG opens this collection because it had to. Because before anything else — before the complexity of Lover, before the aching depth of Longing, before the quiet arrival of Lonesome — there was a spark. Someone entered my atmosphere and recalibrated everything. The intrusive thoughts that once felt like symptoms of losing my mind became evidence of knowing something true before I had proof of it. The electricity was real. The recognition was immediate. And the only honest response to something that alive

was to surrender to it completely and write it down before it could be explained away.

The One follows because after the spark comes the knowing. Not the cautious, qualified, protecting-yourself kind of knowing. The deeper kind. The kind that arrives in dreams before it arrives in waking life. The kind that crosses lifetimes. I have never met this person in the physical world and yet they are the most present creative force in everything I have written across both collections. That is not something I planned. It is something that happened and then demanded to be honored on the page.

Lover is where this collection finds

its most complex and self-accountable voice. It is the passage that surprised me most in the writing of it — starting in devotion and arriving at the most radical act of self love I have ever committed to paper. Nobody deserves my love like I do. I mean that. Not as cruelty. Not as withholding. As the foundational truth that all real love — given freely, received fully — has to be built on.

And then there is Longing.

If I am honest — and this entire body of work has been nothing but honest — Longing is the heart of this collection. It is where everything physical and everything spiritual became so completely inseparable that I could no longer find the seam

between them. It is the ache of wanting someone closer than close. The body's experience of a connection that exists in dimensions beyond the physical. The dreams that pulled me deeper. The distance that reeled me in rather than pushing me away. And inside Longing lives Body — the most unapologetic and physically fearless writing I have ever produced, written entirely from desire and imagination and the consuming certainty that some feelings are too good to keep completely to yourself.

Lonesome closes everything because it was always where the journey was pointing. Back to yourself. Not as defeat. Not as resignation. As the most complete and peaceful arrival

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Can you feel it too or is this only me?

Because if it's only me it still changed
everything.

The background of the entire image is a solid light pink color. Overlaid on this background is a dense, repeating pattern of white, hand-drawn style floral and leaf motifs. These motifs are stylized and fluid, resembling ink sketches of various plant parts like leaves, stems, and flower petals. They are scattered across the entire frame, creating a textured, organic feel.

NRG

Can you feel the energy, when I come around? Sometimes I can hardly breathe, it's just what you do to me. It's you that I'm wanting so fuck whoever's wanting me. They ain't you and they ain't me. You have me burying up, it must be your energy..

So come and rub it all over me. You got this energy I can't fight. So intoxicating I over fantasize - over romanticize. Curiosity gets the best of me in a day dream I'm taking flight. Imagination stays testing me and I do't know why.

Ill just let you get the best of me while it's testing me. I'm sleep walking love falling from so high. Something bout you I can't deny the light that seems to feed into you. I

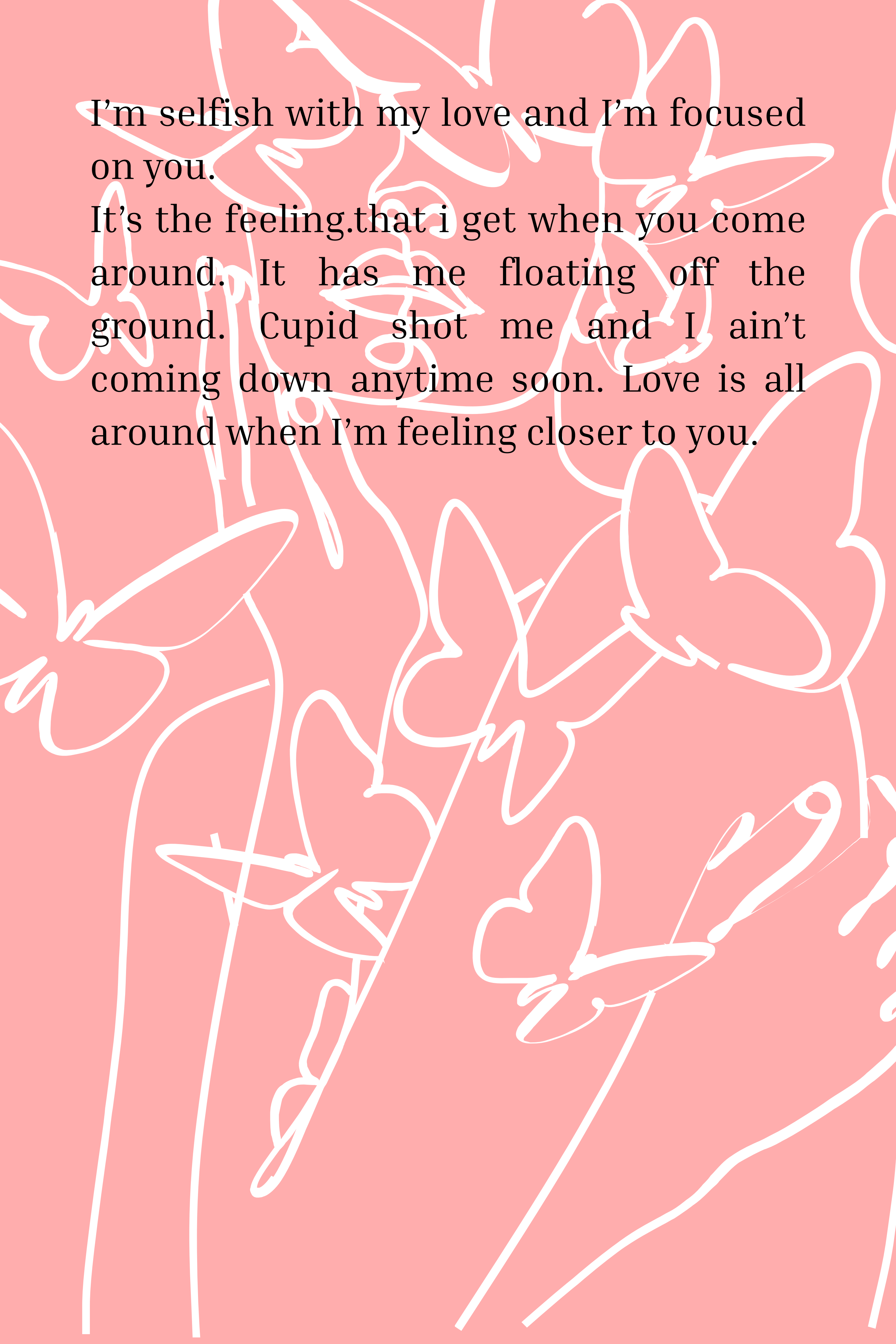
feed into you, feed into me, it's so bright.

Gates open up when you're near me. I feel the the Heavens open up so dearly. God must've sent you to me, directly what it seems. So come and rub it all on me. All over me. You have this energy I can't fight. It's so intoxicating I over romanticize - I over fantasize.

Curiosity gets the best of me, in a daydream I'm taking flight. Imagination stays testing me and I don't know why.

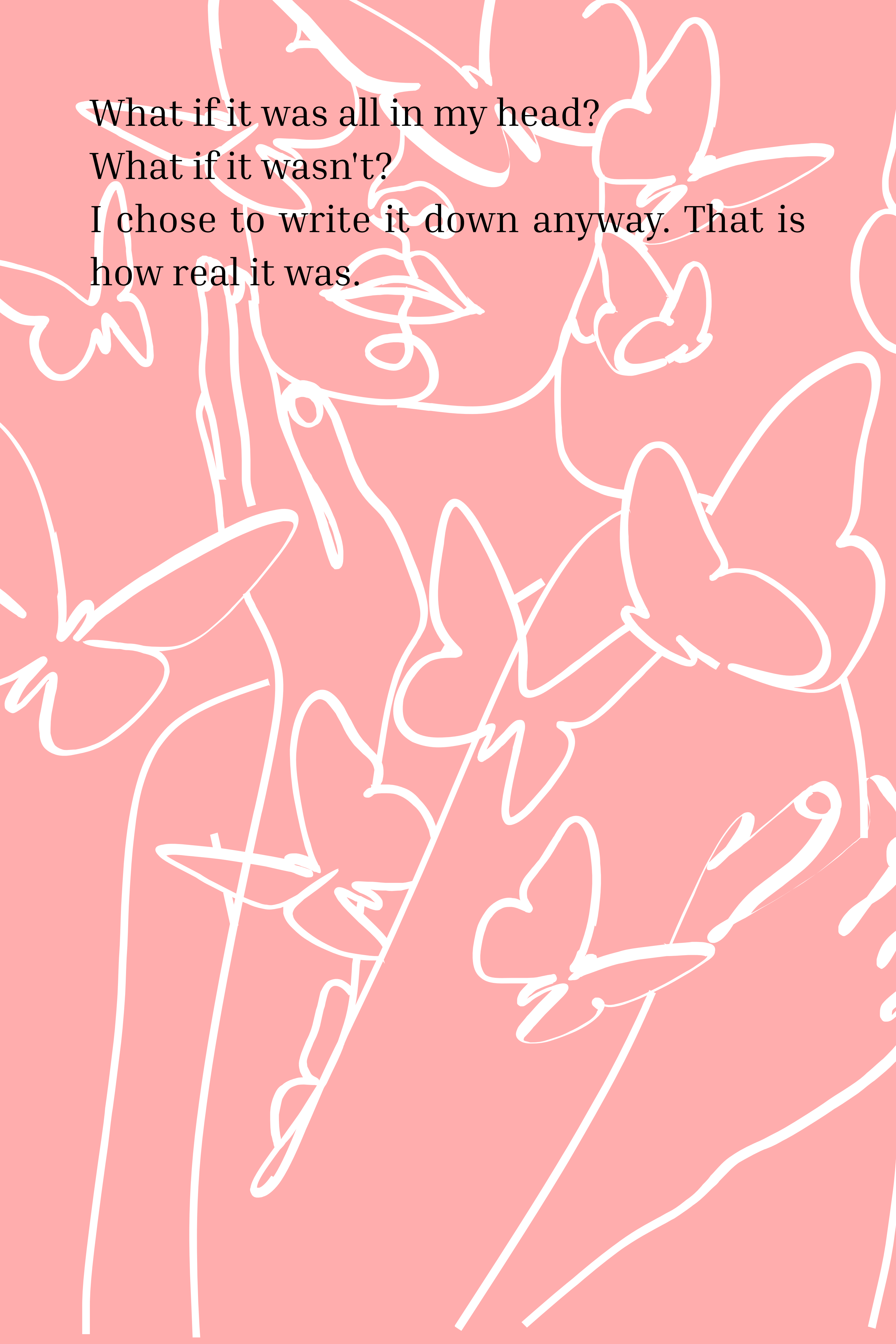
The great "I Am" in the palm of our hands. All this energy. Can you feel just what you do to me? It's all over me, I'm stuck on you. I'm stuck on how you move. You're magnetizing and it's memorizing.

Everything, to the moon and back

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I'm selfish with my love and I'm focused
on you.

It's the feeling.that i get when you come
around. It has me floating off the
ground. Cupid shot me and I ain't
coming down anytime soon. Love is all
around when I'm feeling closer to you.



What if it was all in my head?

What if it wasn't?

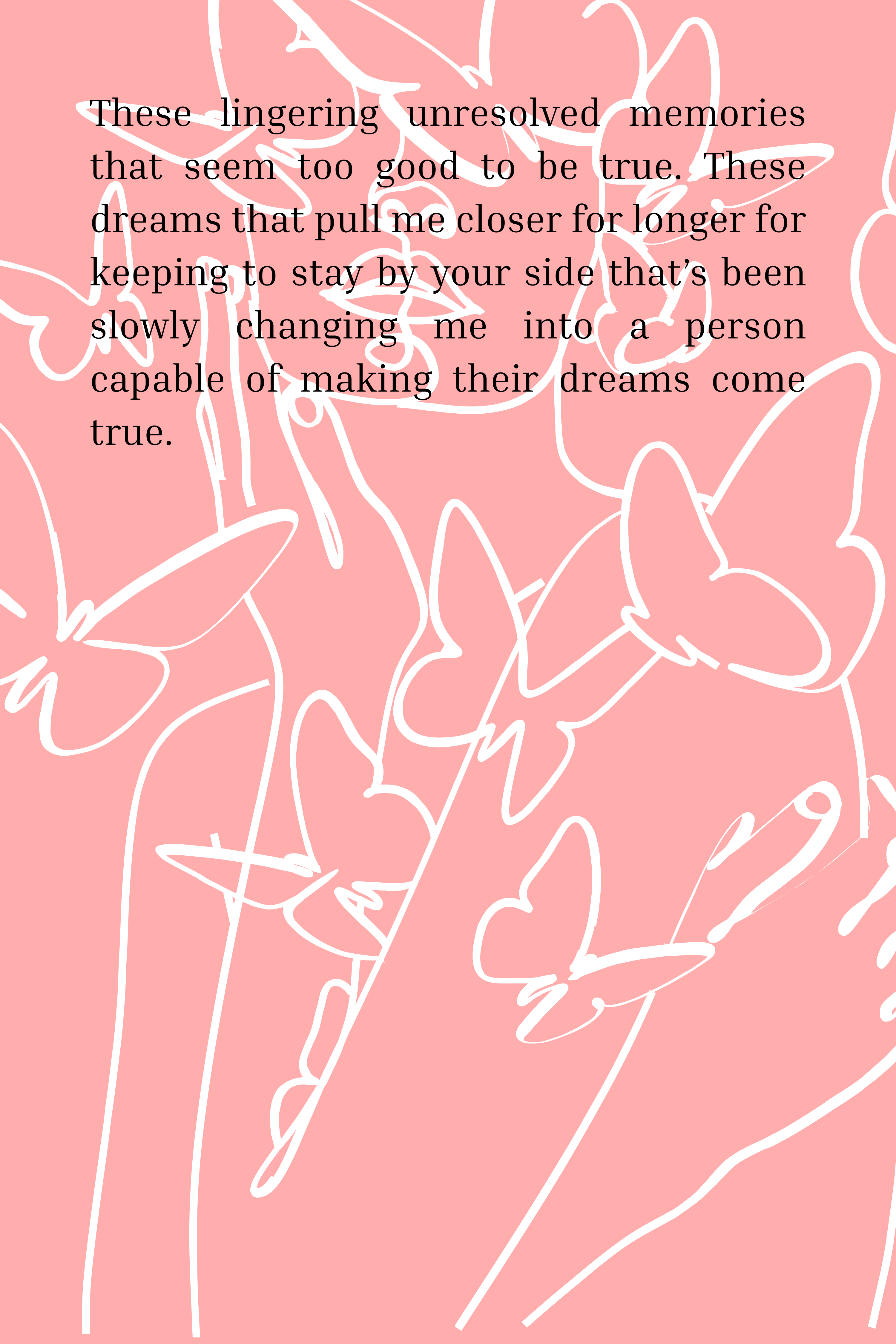
I chose to write it down anyway. That is
how real it was.

The background is a solid light pink color. It is decorated with white line art of various flowers and leaves. The flowers are stylized with simple outlines, and the leaves are elongated and pointed. The line art is scattered across the entire background, creating a delicate and romantic feel.

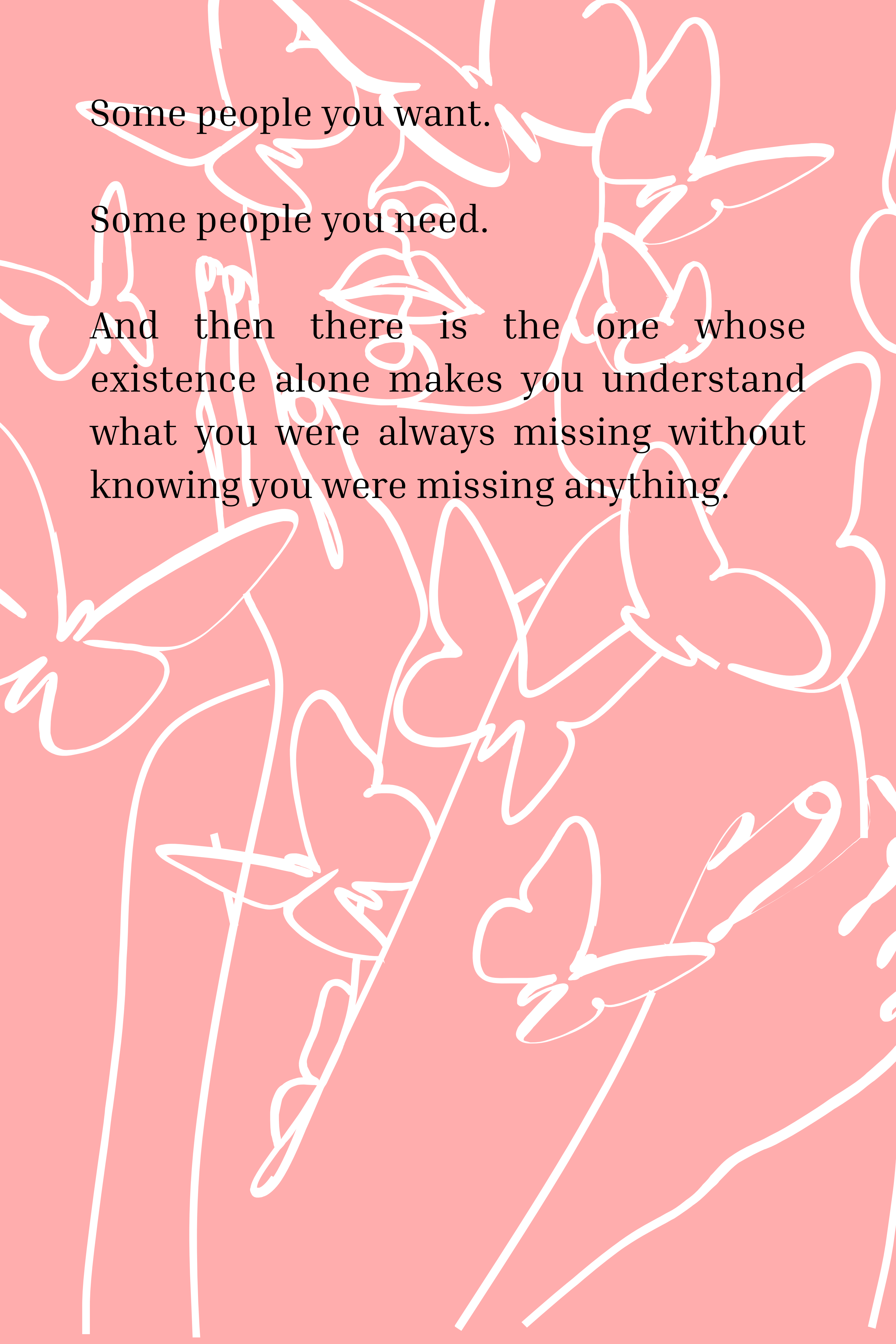
Fall In Love

I want you to fall in love. Fall in love with many things. Someone for a start. And I want to be the one you think about. A secret that you can't hold back that it tears yall apart. Not to be bitter or rude but to have something between us that it's louder than anything else. I want you to find my writings and fall in love with the passion. I want you to secretly want the person capable of such admiration. I want you to plot a way to me. And I want you to fall in love with me.

Tell me, tell me I've been the one all along. That you write about me all the time. And that's what I been holding on to all this time. I want you to keep me like a flower in a book, or in a glass preserving me; saving me because you're all I'll have when I grow old.

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These lingering unresolved memories
that seem too good to be true. These
dreams that pull me closer for longer for
keeping to stay by your side that's been
slowly changing me into a person
capable of making their dreams come
true.

The background is a solid light pink color. Overlaid on this background are white, stylized line drawings of various flowers and leaves. The lines are thin and elegant, creating a delicate, botanical pattern that fills the entire frame. Some flowers have multiple petals, while others are more abstract, resembling leaves or stems.

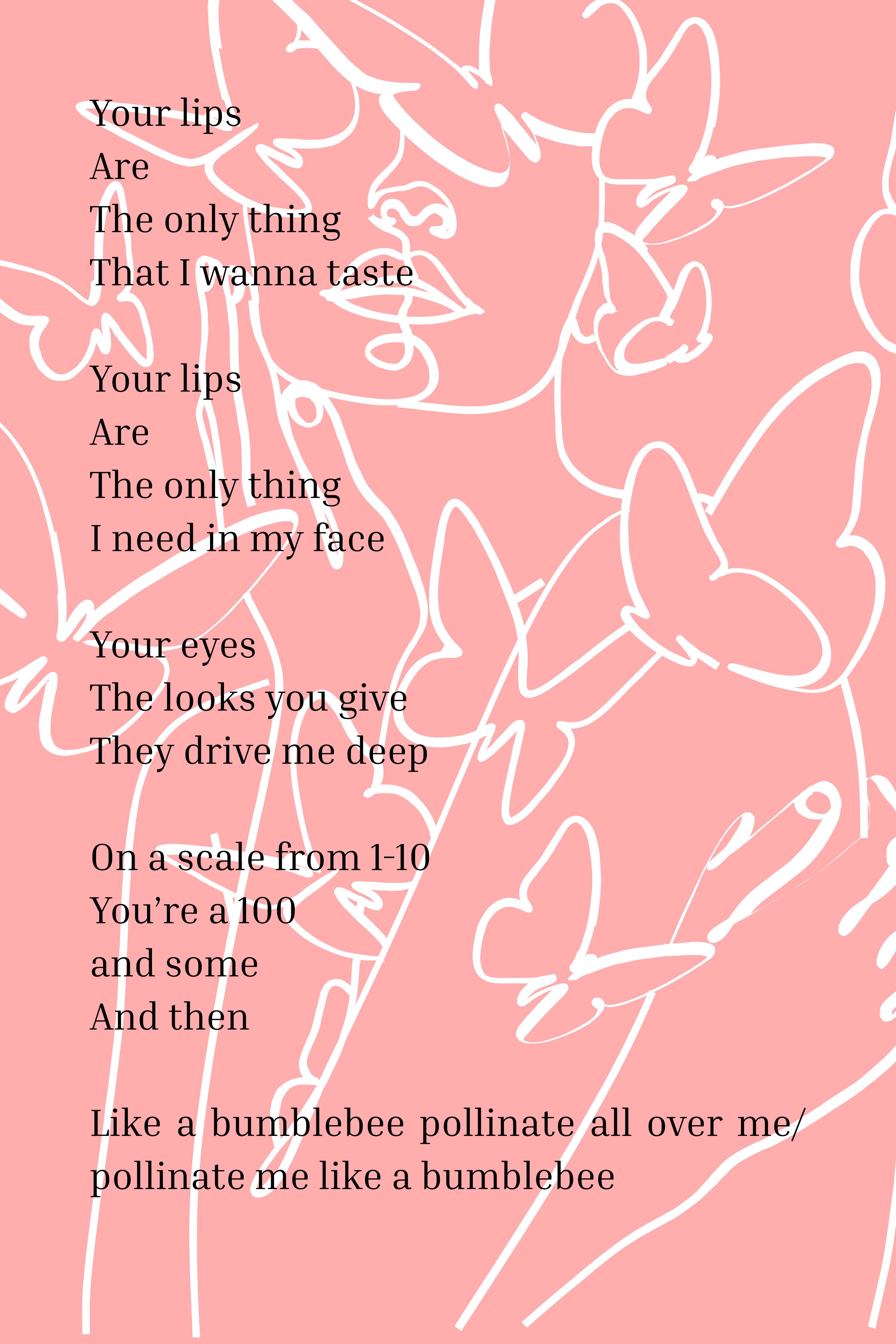
Some people you want.

Some people you need.

And then there is the one whose
existence alone makes you understand
what you were always missing without
knowing you were missing anything.



The One



Your lips
Are
The only thing
That I wanna taste

Your lips
Are
The only thing
I need in my face

Your eyes
The looks you give
They drive me deep

On a scale from 1-10
You're a 100
and some
And then

Like a bumblebee pollinate all over me/
pollinate me like a bumblebee

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I like to believe it was your love that
saved me

Your love might of been the magic that
prevented things

Your hands all over is all I need

I came here looking for you.

I found something better.

I found me.

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Lover

I have a lover that likes to leave. I ain't going anywhere. A lover that never stays too long. I'll find a way to make you stay longer. A love that could mend your heart. It ain't breaking anymore. A lover that follows all my wrongs. And a lover that I preay for and preys for me.

On rainy days is all I need is a lover that never leaves. I have the power to heal because I can lead with love, I can lead with grace. It's moments like these, moments that never leave, I'm in love with. The memories I'm in love with, never leave.

What I want nobody can give or take away from me. I must learn for myself how to deal and not yearn. Present in time and peace.

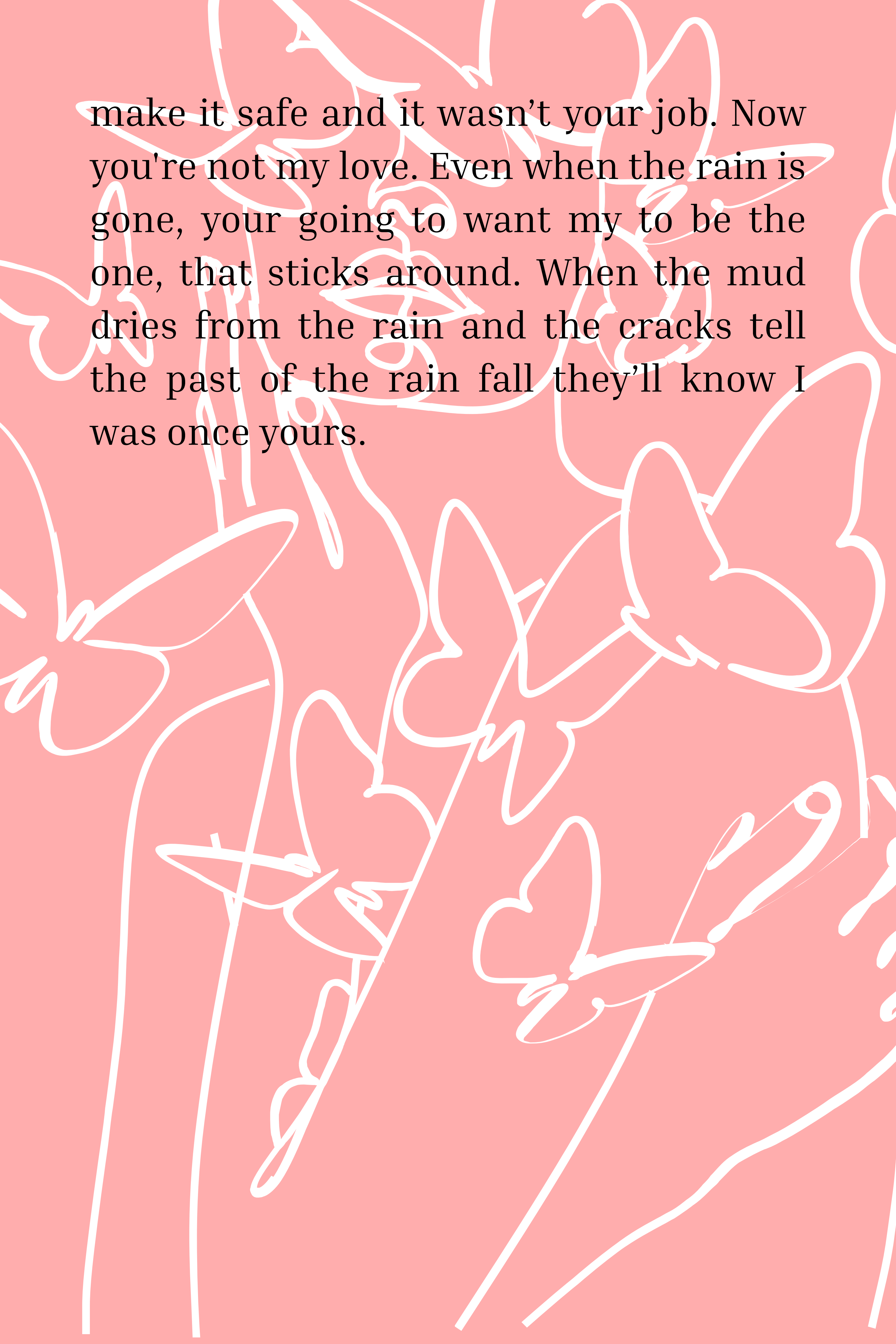
Sharing the same space feeling free. Free to breathe in deep. Sharing the

same air that we breathe. Same breath that we breathe. There's nothing like the first breathe that we shared. Only the thought of how it makes my heart beat. Giving you my love because of what I feel and what I can't help to believe. Easy to love hard to keep. Know of course I'm sowing what I reap. Real good for your healing. I want a lover who likes naughty things.

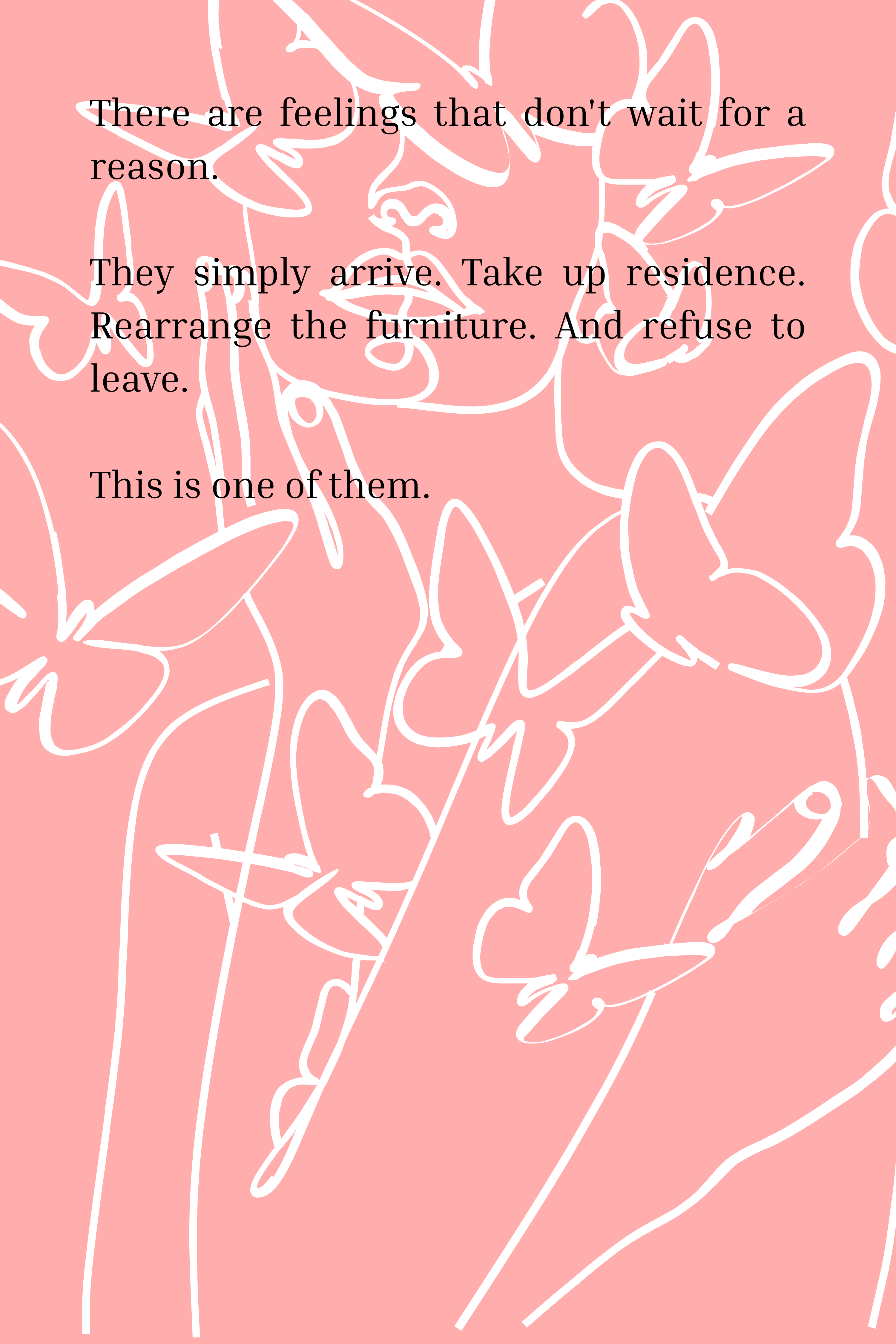
We accept the love we think we deserve. In that case I'm the judge, nobody deserves my love. Only I deserve my love. Oh nobody deserves my love like I do. So misunderstood and it's okay because you didn't know what I could do. You had a crooked view. I won't go blaming you though. You didn't know what I could do.

How could you feel my love since it wasn't for you.

Oh I was too closed off. You didn't

The background is a solid light pink color. Overlaid on this background are several white line-art illustrations of flowers and leaves. The lines are thick and fluid, creating a modern, minimalist aesthetic. The floral elements are scattered across the page, with some larger flowers in the upper half and more delicate, leaf-like shapes in the lower half.

make it safe and it wasn't your job. Now
you're not my love. Even when the rain is
gone, your going to want my to be the
one, that sticks around. When the mud
dries from the rain and the cracks tell
the past of the rain fall they'll know I
was once yours.



There are feelings that don't wait for a reason.

They simply arrive. Take up residence. Rearrange the furniture. And refuse to leave.

This is one of them.



Longing

I keep on longing for the intimacy
wanting to be closer to you. I try to get
a word out while you still my breath so
boldly, it's true. With my heart beat on
a standstill while my brain keeps going
mad. Our loves painting a canvas its so
colorful and vast, it's true.

Longing for your touch, lips on skin
just ain't enough. Closeness in time is
all it takes for a rush, I feed your lust.

Day by day times goes by, time at
night nearly flies. Growing closer so
fast we grow slower in time. Going
backwards retracing our steps but
ain't stepping backwards we relive our
honeymoon phase to digest. Moon
phase after phase wanting more than
we get. Longing to feel

close to you is my safety net.

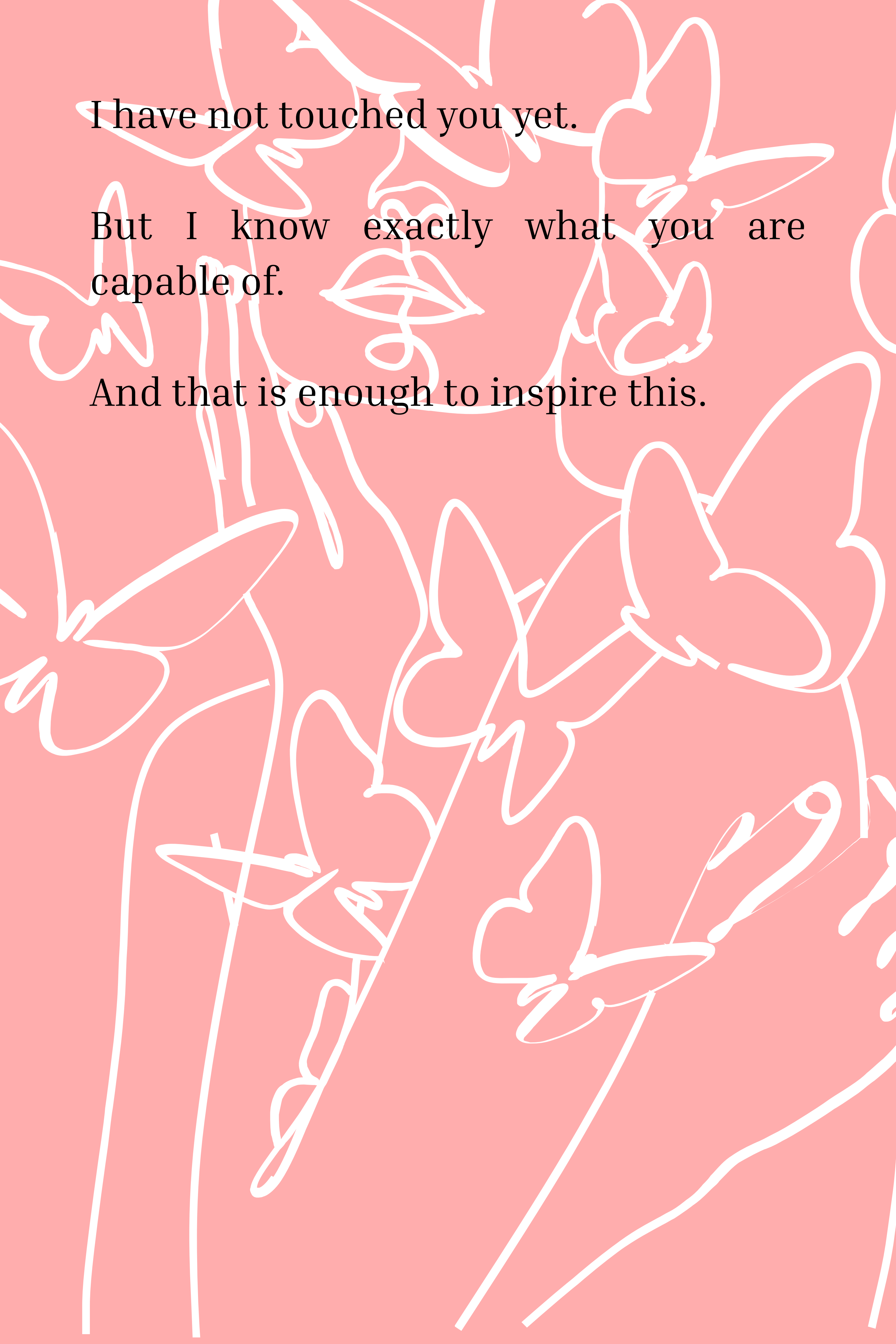
All this distance is enough to reel me in. You fill me in - fill me in. With inaudible audio and a flash of the moment that i can remember keeps me searching for more. Searching for it, a few flashes come with the trembling of my heart and I remember once more.

That day by day time goes by, time at night nearly flies. Growing closer so fast we grow slower in time. The smile on your face is all it takes and the looks in your eyes take me further away. The touch of your skin, the taste of your lips are not as tangible as the love that you give.

Paralyzed in the now moment, no option of letting go. Emotions flowing like water, feeling time pass as our love grows. And when I see

you in my dreams I don't want to open
my eyes. I try to relive every second
just as time passes by.

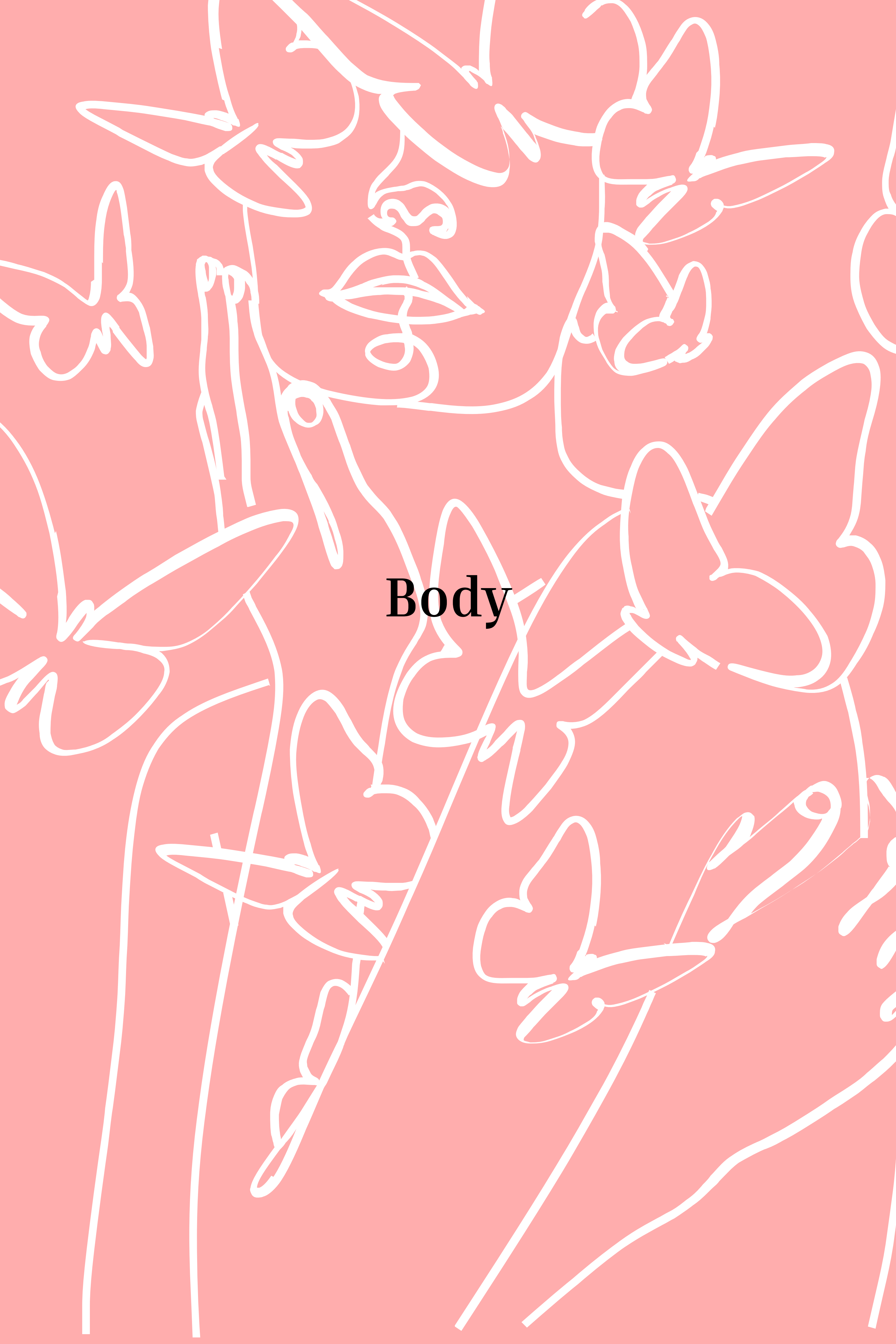




I have not touched you yet.

But I know exactly what you are
capable of.

And that is enough to inspire this.

The background is a solid light pink color. It is decorated with white line art of various flowers and leaves. The flowers have multiple petals, some with pointed tips and others more rounded. The leaves are elongated with pointed tips and some have visible veins. The line art is scattered across the page, creating a delicate and artistic pattern.

Body

I can't let my body get too used to this. I might need it but I won't admit that I rather let you hear it as my body's going into overdrive.

Heating up, steaming up. The effect you have on me I cannot hide. I think you know. Tell me you want to hear it.

I don't mean to be this way but I am. The way you have me tempted, I'm going crazy just the way that I've been. With this insatiable craving, nothing seems to do it how you give

I'm only looking for somebody. Somebody to fuck with. Somebody to trust shit. Somebody like you. There's not another like you.

They ain't moving like you do. You have control on my body. I'm doing what you want when you want it. That how you have me.

When nights are cold and days are

stormy, thats when I need you. That's when I want it. Thats when I want - that's when I want you.

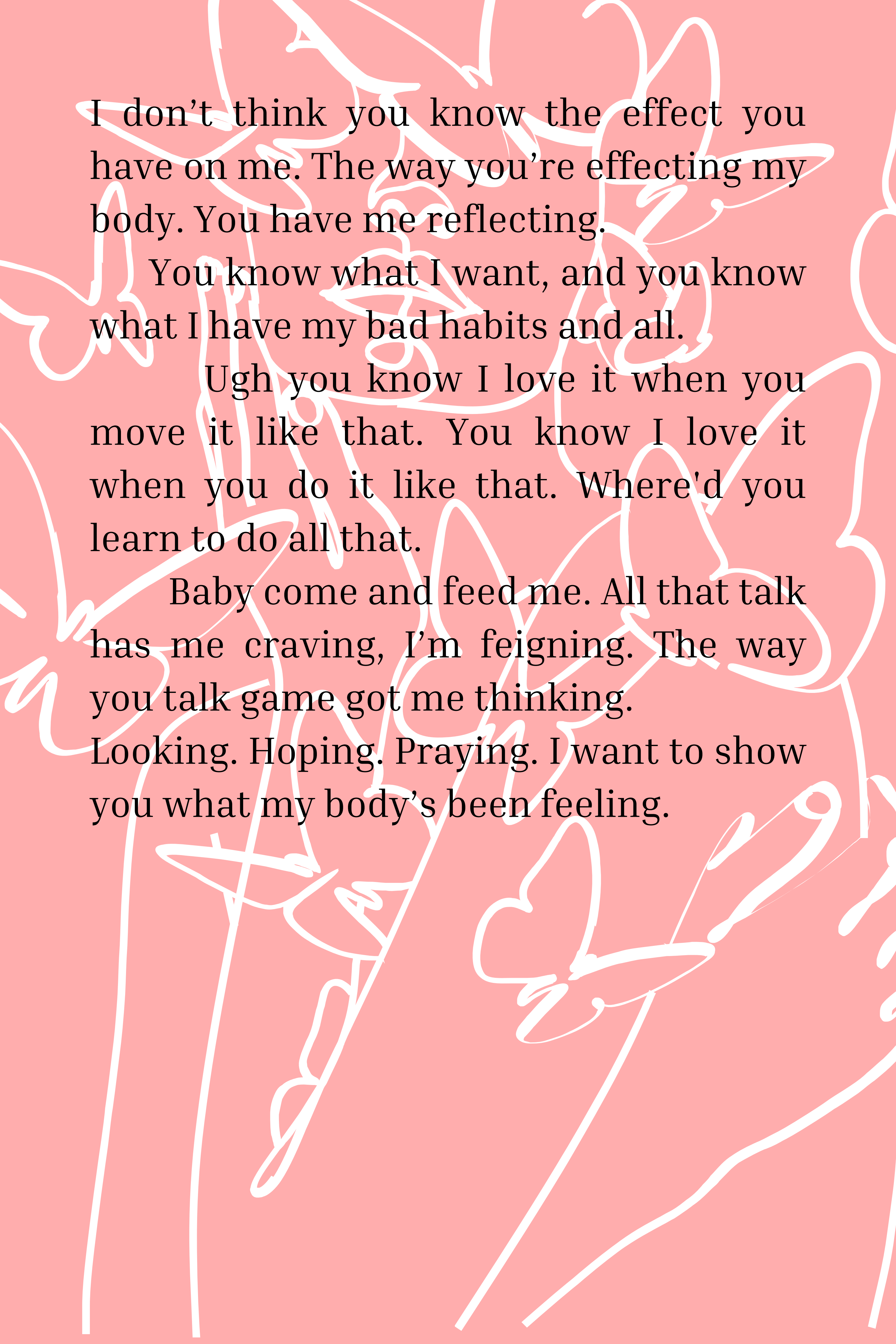
Make me submit. Feel my heart beat moving with our body, with your hands on my wrist.

Make it hard to give it up. You make it easy to give in. You make a sin feel like bliss.

It's a blessing when you touch my skin. With every kiss you bite my lip, and it makes me want to do it again.

I think my body got way too used to it. I never want to give you up. Believe I'm always giving in when it's you.

Can we do it over again? You make me wanna do it over and over again. It's good to have somebody. I don't need anybody. But I might need somebody it that body is you. I wouldn't want another on me.

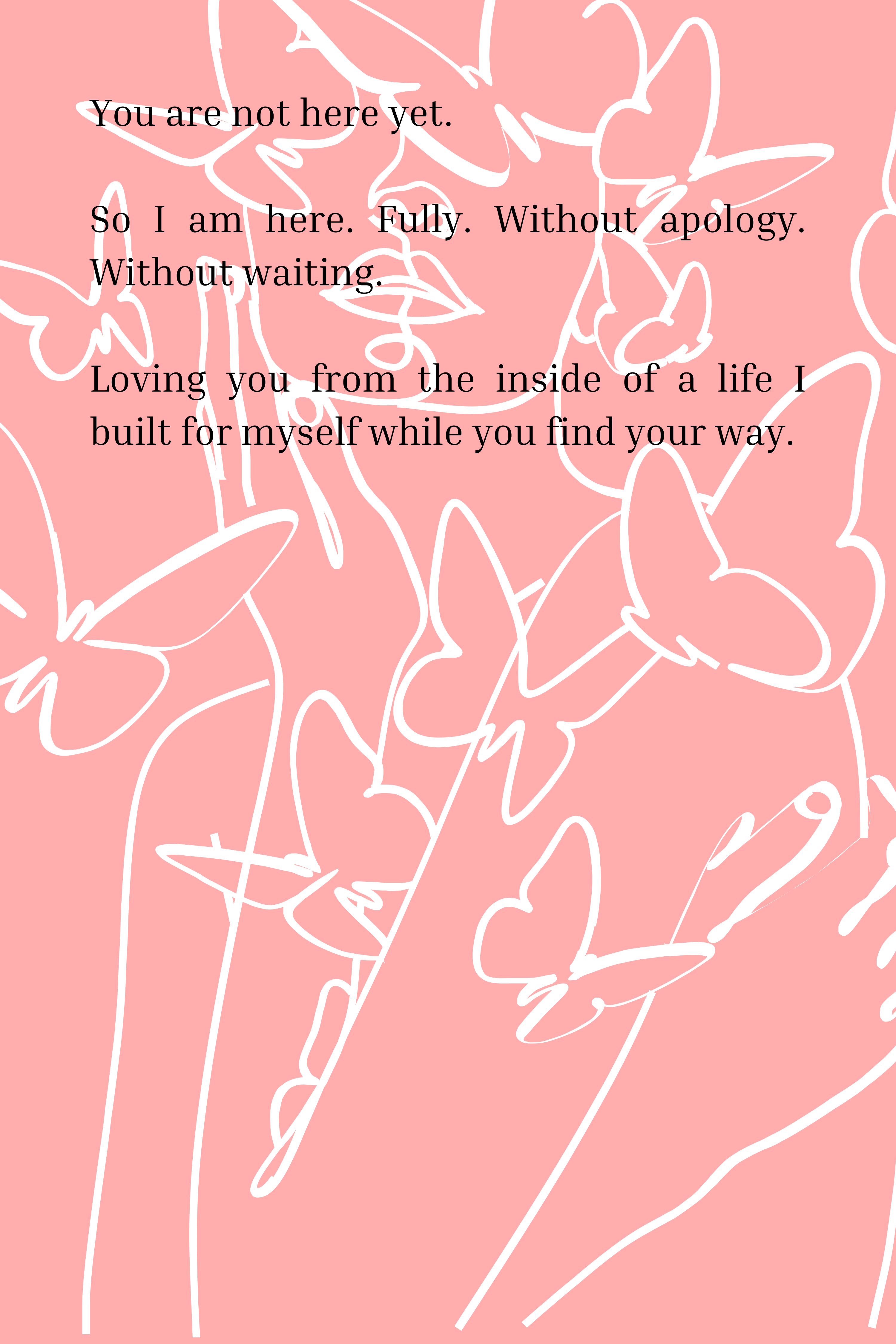
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I don't think you know the effect you
have on me. The way you're effecting my
body. You have me reflecting.

You know what I want, and you know
what I have my bad habits and all.

Ugh you know I love it when you
move it like that. You know I love it
when you do it like that. Where'd you
learn to do all that.

Baby come and feed me. All that talk
has me craving, I'm feigning. The way
you talk game got me thinking.
Looking. Hoping. Praying. I want to show
you what my body's been feeling.

The background is a solid light pink color. Overlaid on this background is a delicate, white line-art pattern of stylized flowers and leaves. The lines are thin and elegant, creating a soft, romantic feel. The floral motifs are scattered across the page, with some larger, more prominent flowers and many smaller, simpler leaf-like shapes.

You are not here yet.

So I am here. Fully. Without apology.
Without waiting.

Loving you from the inside of a life I
built for myself while you find your way.



Lonesome

Alone, alone. Alone, by my lonesome
but I ain't lonely or by myself. Yeah babe
I'm at home, I made myself a home. I'm
with someone, I'm with my soul.

I'm divine and a master at what I
know. You know me better than I do
myself. We try looking past what we do,
to what we feel most. Let's love and love
some more for today, tomorrow's
forever away.

You cared, so I cared, got carried
away. You called so I answered, Since
you left I swayed.

When you're feeling alone because
you're the only one that knows how to
help yourself. Better on my own to et to
know my soul and how to love and love
some more.

I'm never alone when i'm feeling lonely
its only a feeling that I get when I'm

wanting someone close, closer than
close.

