

Her

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Her. . .

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Her eyes, her smile, Highlighted sensually in the hue of the moon. The stars up in the sky Hover over us, As we walk along, hand in hand, Along the shore. Her face, her body, Wondrous musings of rhythmical tune Strolling along with me Under the sparkling dots so high, Makes me glad that I'm a man And fills my empty core. Her feelings, her emotions, Blend with mine and tenderly unite, Forming a bond of mental senses Flooding each other's thoughts That will soon culminate behind The closed doors where we lay our heads. Her beauty, her aura, Permeates the air of delicate twilight Where I touch her soft skin In preparation for love sought Passionately and perfectly designed For our awaiting empty bed. Her delicateness, her caring Brought forth as we enter the chamber Of physical aspirations exerted Together as we share the bond That two lovers Can only exude. Her love, her meaning The exotic way God made her Just for me to show How I feel above and beyond That there will never be no other Love pursued. Her life, her heart, Belongs to not only me, But to us, and will live on forever, Every single moment of everyday of every year Until my final breath says, "Thanks for being my one and only."