

Publicerad 2012-08-18 19:41 av Nina.K

Poem - thoughts - words

Crush

You ripped of my dress

I took of your shoes

You smiled

I smiled back

We laid on the bed

Naked

Holding hands

I could see you in the mirror
on the bedroom wall

Your eyes and lips

Your soft hips

Your hair

So long and soft

A dream

In my mind

That you and I

Would be together

Kinda

Sorta

...

- Together

Shopping for grocery

Shopping for shoes

Making dinner

Making love

Only a dream
within my mind

Only a picture
invisible
But visible to me
Like it would hang on the wall
Somewhere in my house

A picture of you and me

A family portrait

- Sorta

With us and a dog and perhaps a cat

I want to put lipstick on those lips
and color on your cheeks

And go out on a regular Tuesday
having a coffee or two
With you

- I am kinda

Sorta

Having a crush

You smiled

I smiled back

We laid on the bed

Naked

Holding hands

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