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green, grey, blue

it's not obvious to me who she is
the face doesn't say much at all
her eyes,
green,
grey,
blue

her lips, almost smiling
and her eyebrows always
in a contemplating pose

you can't really tell what she's thinking
if she's happy,
sad or
inbetween

always walking with a speedy pace
running from her shadow
avoiding mirrors

I want to believe she has a good heart
that her soul trembles at night fall
her lashes flicker when looking at the sun
that every hair on her body raises when the wind
creeps in,
under her skin

and that deep down inside, she's smiling
happy to wake up, to see the leaves change colours.

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