

cute April 23, pretty 2003 laughing

By Nat Christian

Eyes so, so wide;
like windows always open
A girl, though woman inside,
so gracious for ten,
allows one to see
her love of life,
though not mysteries of she
Her flight over strife.
Her name put on a card.
Finding her call
Beautiful, tough, but never hard
She will stand tall

What more to rhyme,
about peaches and lime?
Yet the mysteries lie below
Do I wonder? Or do I know?
That there's a spirit, so vibrant and free
Only some, without their eyes, can see.
Oh, she knows not about me.