

Chloe Deeba
His Song

His dark brown eyes spoke words I never knew.

The piano keys echoed as he sang.

Watching from a shadowed table I drew,
his perfect soft curls that always remained

His hands created magic in each note,
as his voice broke down my hidden walls.
My mind curious for every song he wrote.
My heart unguarded starts to fall,
deeper and deeper faster than I knew.

Dreams filled my mind of the song he would write
the lyrics of our love making their first debut.
A forgotten time shifts from day to night
The song is ending and illusion fades
I stand up nervous ready to be brave