

The Best

by Timothy J. Muise

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Purple streak in her soft hair,
with which a hard man did not agree.
How could I have ever known,
this woman would set me free.

Meeting late at night,
my heart fills with love.
Kept checking for her wings,
my angel sent from above.

A fool in his youth was I,
looking back makes me cry.
How could I look right past,
the gift I should have made last.

Less I would be without her memory,
often I wonder how she remembers me?
I taste her so often,
and feel her even more.
She her smile, hear her laugh,
what I would give to be back before:
My lost angel - The Best.