

"My Lady"

I could easily love you my dear
You have inspired my existence
That I thought was long dead
As I lean my back upon my wall
Jotting a clever word or two
Hoping you too were thinking of me
When you went away

A little piece of me went with you
But what was left here was loneliness
I was like a little boy -

Waiting to hear the sound of an ice cream truck
I long to hear the soft bells in your voice
Becoming me to taste the flavors of love

Over →