

Blue Stone

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In case you're wondering about the title, I named it that because I came up with the poem while looking at the sapphire on my school ring. Of course, I ain't tellin' who it is ^_^

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Oceangod/7665/Blue-Stone>

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Blue Stone

I hate and I love her.

Her eyes are bathed in starlight,

her skin is like the moon,

her movement is the autumn breeze,

her songs, the envy of nightingales.

O how she soothes me!

O how she stings me!

Her heart is the snow I love so dear

yet cannot hold nor tame.

With a fleeting eye

she looks me by

yet she intrigues me all the same.

This rare gem of a girl

is she perfect?

Am I insane?

Or is it something else?

This desire for a fallen angle.