

Him

By sirena

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*A poem I wrote about that special guy.
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*
*

*Him
*

*
*

*I notice his brown eyes
*

*that softens
*

*when they're upon me.
*

*And still I wonder
*

*Oh what in the world
*

*Does he see?
*

*
*

*My eyes they take him
*

*all in.
*

*Slowly, upward they rise
*

to rest upon