

It follows you everywhere

a sense of delight overcomes me
everytime I see those curly
blonde hair

the way the sun forms a shadow
over her face

colour is rising in her cheeks -
from snow white
to coral red

my mistress' eyes - bloodshot
but even now
sparkling as she smiles
and when she speaks so softly
the sound of her voice
is like music to my ears

circus roses
covering her breasts

oh my love
when she walks away
I still feel her breath on my skin
I still smell the perfumes I love

she is a goddess
-
but she'd never know