

Danced In Delight

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There, sitting on the swing.
The porch littered with wilted petals.
She sat, staring with a smile.
In a world of her own making.
Still as a statue.
Her sculptor, a magician.
If not for the subtle rise and fall.
I would've thought her a dream.
A crunch, a thud.
My presence, heard.
Her eyes, widened.
Head bent, her smile turned into a grin.
Shy and mischievous, all together.
"Together?" I whispered.
And, even at a distance, I knew she heard.
Looking up, her eyes shades of gold.
Danced with delight.
"Always".
And I fell. All over again.