

I haven't written a poem in awhile,
and if that's worried you,
I'm sorry.

But me not having written a poem,
means nothing.

I'm still obsessed with the way you walk up to me.
I'm still obsessed with watching you when you do so.
I'm still obsessed with the feeling of your skin on mine.
I'm still obsessed with the way you talk about things.
Still obsessed with the way you kiss me.
The way you look when I grab your face,
and pull you into a kiss.
Your focused face.
How you hug me.
How you hold me.
How you laugh.
The way you write down my favorite things.
How good you are at art.
Your communication skills.
Your patience.

I'm still obsessed with you,
the same way that 15 year old was
about a year ago.
That 15 year old,
that's now almost 17,
is still head over heels for you.

Don't you ever doubt it.

- Wynnstan