

When She Smiles

... and when she smiles
the moon goes dull,
the sun hides
and seeks
the company
of clouds
or passing planets.
Both escape comparison.
Her eyes tell tales
tall and sweet.
Her mouth
makes corners
which twitch messages
of acceptance and invitation.
Both sparkle,
one breathes a kiss
passing through conversations,
across a room,
to find my cheek
blushed and tingled
and alive with the memory
of every touch ...

... and when she laughs ...

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