

You're the sort that breeds a content smile.
Inspiring sighs and laughs,
And, sigh.

When we talk,
When we sit, all I can do is think,
And sigh.

You're the sort that leaves sunsets,
Seemingly empty apart.
And silver moons sad,
If they can't spot you.
And all I can think is,
I'm terrified,
You might not know how,
How you make me feel.