

Left contemplating on deep trenches,
The time we spent on park benches,
And how much better I felt,
The sight of your laugh,
The sound of your eyes.
As I swore the pounding in my chest,
Would give away this longing soul.

Remembering the grass and the pond.
The ripples above tadpole memories.
Bending blades, and swaying reeds.
I'd swear even the buzzing insects,
Somehow coat that time golden rose.

I'dve spent hours, yet days!
If only to never leave the swaying bridge.
To stay with meandering paths.
I'dve forever stood where the reeds sway,
Watching the wind with your hair make play.

I fear my heart is forever wrapped around that day,
Forever left to wonder, if it could have meant as much to you.