

Her

Taina Monegro

Her eyes are my pools of starlight.
And when the night grows too dark
to sustain life,
the days too bright
to see forever,
her eyes
sew soft crystals of hope
back into the fabrics of my dreams.

Her hair is my treasure cove of golden memory.
And when the air becomes too thick
to carry away sins,
the earth too brittle
to hide the wounds across its flesh,
her hair
paints with slow strokes of citrine
images of serenity
back into the soil of my mind.

Her smile is my symphony of colors.
And when the sky turns too blue
to hug the white clouds,
the trees too tall
to shade a waning innocence,
her smile
dances in soft steps
small kisses of silver euphoria
across my tired skin.