

His dark eyes

His dark eyes

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This is poem is about something I thought would never happen to me.



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His dark eyes

I see them now.Those dark pretty eyes.His dark pretty eyes.

Such knowing and beautiful eyes,

Hypnotizing me with every blink.

Sometimes I wonder what he might think.

*

His dark eyes seep and slither through me,

Hunting for something,

Hunting for me.I know he'll find me.His dark eyes found my secrets,They found my fears, they found my love.

*

His dark eyes, the most beautiful of eyes,Saw me.The me no one even bothered to see.His dark eyes healed me,They loved me,He loved me.

*

Those pretty dark eyesAre my loverâs eyes.His pretty dark eyes

Will never utter to me any lies.

They calm me still, and stop my cries.

I know God has given me a wonderful prize.

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