

The Rains

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By : **Shadows of Memories**

It is when I was walking by the memory lanes, I had spent with my best man in the world.

Published on
Booksie

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...the moist damp weather,

with small water pools here and there,

and shivering cold air running through the spine,

reminds me of you...

your firm palm holding mine in fist, my cheek brushing your shoulder, and your hot breathes on my face;

You held my back in your arms, tried to make the togetherness closer, and I put my face down,

You kissed me on my forehead and clean my face off my thin hair straggles,

I kept my eyes closed and my thin lips trembled in shy...

as we walked together holding hands, for an unknown destination of Peace.

My eyes still try searching for you,

here and there, to and fro,

whenever and everymoment, after the rains...

and I fall in love with your memories again.

I stare at the cloudy sky, I see the wet birds, I blush alone,

I think of you, you and me, and myself...

and tears roll down.

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Generated: 2015-01-27 09:31:38