

Standing so silent and still,
in the golden wheat field
on top of the hill,
her face is so innocent,
so pure, tranquil.

The depth in her eyes
go so far beyond this world.
Lost in the birds she flies.
Twinkling beneath the morning sun,
they so lure, mesmerize.

Her ears a rosy pink,
under the chill wind's breeze
they're just the link,
to where behind calmly waves
the hair they so wish to sink.

That hair, glistening brown,
reflecting the waxing sun;
so fit for a crown.
Rolling gentle as if a pond,
inviting to swim, sink, drown.

Such a delicate nose,
breathing thick vapor to the air,
it then thinned as the cool wind blows.
Long eased sighs, she seems not to care
of how the tip so glows.

And then her lips,
small but very much present,
to each the other grips
ever harder as she takes notice,
to me, my heart skips.