



# HER

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I can see her gentle titter under the thin veil  
Most pure, most devout glimpse of attachment  
My hand lies on elysian beauty beyond any tale  
While the scarlet daystar greets again, her dear entrapment

Violins, warbling in my ears with each pace  
How am I not to fall any deeper under this pink sky  
Holding hands, while our souls sink into this place  
My heart weighs ever more as the seconds fly by

Suddenly I feel my hand empty, as a breeze after waking  
There she stands, right between the touches of the tide  
“You have to feel this” she says, as her merriness’ reviving  
So, the water sweeps away my past and present, yet I bide

A stiff stream of winter sorrow freezes me to my very essence  
Oh, how bare to feel anew, to regain vitality in this peerless nature  
With such a longing journey, last stepping into a rousing silence  
“Come with me” I mumble as the water clasps my body, still I await her

I shut my eyes tightly, hold my breath till its last drop  
Here I am drifting away, sole one too many time  
As the ocean gently subsumes my body, the violins then stop

There I cap off my story to return to her and our prime  
There I leave no more to cast my shade on this lifetime