



Let me tell you a tale, about beautiful girl,
a gracious one, with wonderfull smile.
Her turquoise eyes were melting his heart,
even tho it was broken like shattered glass.

Days were passing one after one,
and feelings grown to unspeakable form.
Travelling the garden of beauty and joy,
spending time with her is only thing he care.

When the time has came to reveal it all,
a dismay voice arose on the back of his mind.
- You can't do it to her, she's to kind.
I love you - he said, but just in his head,
and thats how they became truly "just friends".

Perhabs you wonder "really, but why?"
I can't tell you baby, IDK and I'm not gona lie.
Years passed by like in blink of an eye,
Only one thing that left from this state,
is heart-warming memory and taste of regret,
from special past that he sadly can't change...

When he lays down to find her in dreams,
it's far from simple to fall asleep.
His mind is wandering thru the sea of his sorrows,
wandering if she felt that way,
for even just a second..

Lets go back a couple of verses,
to draw a picture of that great white whale.
This analogy maybe not valid,
was about rarity, not size, so just get past by it.
It was just a pun, I'm having some fun.

Her heart of size of the Arctic maze,
fills up the room when she walks on.
Heavenly eyes like emerald gems,
filled up with falling stars all the way, up to the brims.
It's some kind of trap, look once, and you never can stop.
Forged in Eden by the angel of grace,
one gaze and BOOM, you're shot in the face.
Drownin' in 'em, you can't breath at all,
it's delightfull death that i wish you all.
It's slow but painless, aluring and pure,
Lets hope someday it's again my turn.

Make her smile - the honest one - at any time,
you'll have paradise here, on Earth and it's prime.
It's gettin' long, so I'll wrap it up,
The last one thing her gentle touch.
Even tho sometimes her hands're cold,
their one kind reach makes my entire body boil
and it always brings the joy.

After this close up lets contine the story,
that is kind of sad and i feel so sorry.
Dream about love that always ends poorly,
it's all in the past so you don't have to worry,
far, far away like Alpha Centauri..

Heartaches flow thru my desperate soul,
I can't find the way to forget it all.
That one precious kiss that I denied myself,
or one real date that she truly deserved.
Anguish is mine that I have to carry,
she is out of my league I'm not a ferrari.

Where is fantasy there is always a hope,
that we will meet again in another life.
We were not meant to be in this place or time,
in next we will see, there is always a chance.

Lets end it here with a short, fragile moral.
You always love most what you lost,
so catch your priceless, shining coral.

She saved my life,
now she's happy,
it's all that matter,
and it makes me peppy.

I can live with that,
breathing just better...

So thank you my love,
for the precious times.
You picked up the pieces,
And fixed my heart.

That is the end of this poem that is kinda pale,
all I can wish for it is not a total fail.
There were some things that meant to be omit,
so hold your breath and try not to vomit xD
At this point all i can say I'm sorry,
but that is another day, foolish, meaningless story..