**I Am in Trouble**

Looking at her,

I know she is trouble.

Her hair is thick, soft,

An alert wispiness

That induces dreams;

The perfect compliment

To the eyes of her storm.

Her lips part

Crowds and oceans alike

To make way for her smile

Which screams the word bliss

Over and over,

And dimples deeper than the sea

But softer than the waves

That cut the sky like knifes

She is trouble

With her soft, delicate hands

As they gently strum

And turn the alphabet into orchestra

A, E, A, E,

No F;

Soft voice pushing me to pay attention

To that simple note of clarification

Her soft hands

With chipped black nails

Tell a story of everything one wishes

As they are the key to creation

Within this beautiful uproar of gentle noise

Because without her,

It all seems dreadfully hollow

I know she is trouble

From the way I take one look at her,

So focused on the soft accompaniment

That only she can precisely produce;

I take one glance,

Then another,

And another,

And it hurts when I look away.

As soon as I drink her in

The way one sips their first good coffee

After many months of a $1.99 brew,

The resounding lack of her,

Her beautiful concentration,

Her gently stunning nature;

Her absence fills me to the brim

With icy February rain

I know she is trouble

Because she turns sharp pink light

Into a soft, mesmerizing glow

With the way it dances off her skin

And frames her gentle beauty

I know she is trouble

Because I want to learn

All she’s ever been

All she is now

All there is to be

I know she is trouble

Because these feelings are more

Than a friend feels for a friend.

I know she is trouble

Because she doesn’t know they are.

I know she is trouble

Because she doesn’t know.

I know she is trouble

Because this cannot end well.

I know I am in trouble.