**Her**

She is something to be studied

In the soft light of dawn

As she sips her coffee

With bleary gray eyes

And runs a hand through her hair

She is something to be studied;

The slight curve of her spine

Her fair skin taking in pink light

Her soft hands refilling her mug

She is something to be studied

Her drowsy giggle filling the room

To accompany her delicate scent:

As if lilac and roses made love

On a frosty january morning

She is something to be studied

Her lips are a soft pink,

Her lips are soft

As they touch yours, gently

Resembling the atmosphere of the matinee of a silent film

On a drowsy sunday in mid april

This feeling should be studied

For this rush of frenzied fireworks

Is so, so new

As her lips just touch your morning skin

In a way that cries the word joy, over and over,

Because you just fell in love all over again.