

Amber Eyes

(Shakespearean Sonnet)

Today, I met a girl with amber eyes
Encased in the most otherworldly face.
Each pupil in that head of hers defies
Imprisonment by either time or space.

Once raptured in her gaze, I could not think
Or find the words or even clearly see,
And into her my thoughts began to sink
To keep those amber eyes transfixed on me.

Her energy enveloped me in bliss.
Her happiness was now my sole concern.
I asked myself, “What sorcery is this?”
My worries smoldered in a peaceful burn.

She said, “Excuse me, sir. You’re in my way.”
I stepped aside; my world returned to gray.