

THE SKY REMEMBERS HER WALK

"She is the fool with the purest heart,
chasing dreams others can't even see."



written for: prachi

Does she realize,
what a fool she is?
Yet, what a heart she holds,
like sunlight wrapped in silk.

A friend? More than that.
A fool? The best kind.
A heart? So full of gold,
it puts kings to shame.

I met her once, unaware—
a stranger with stories to tell,
who soon became a home,
wrapped in laughter and warmth.

Her feet paint the streets,
each step a stroke of spring,
but she—too lost in chatter,
to see the world she colors.

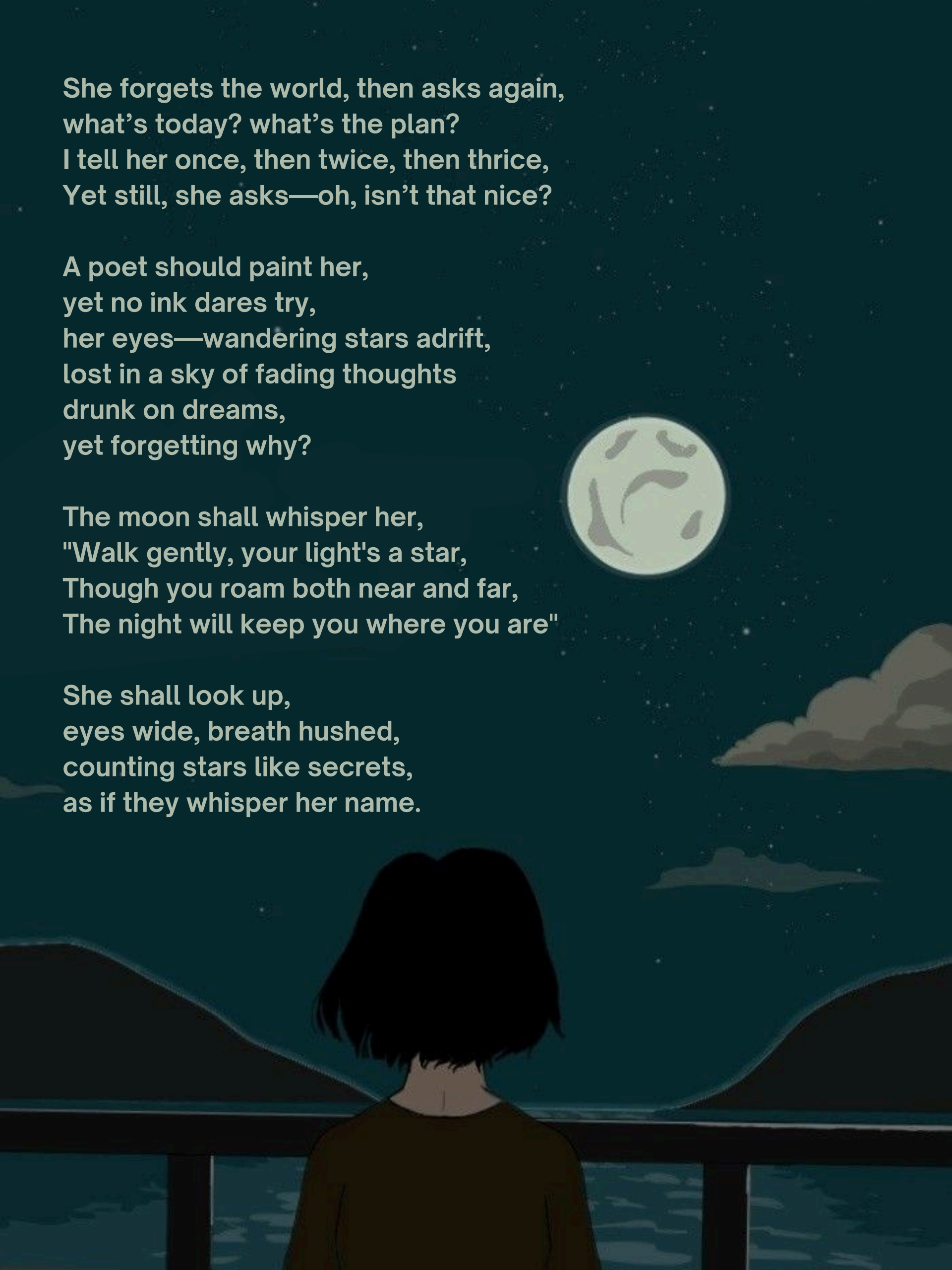


She forgets the world, then asks again,
what's today? what's the plan?
I tell her once, then twice, then thrice,
Yet still, she asks—oh, isn't that nice?

A poet should paint her,
yet no ink dares try,
her eyes—wandering stars adrift,
lost in a sky of fading thoughts
drunk on dreams,
yet forgetting why?

The moon shall whisper her,
"Walk gently, your light's a star,
Though you roam both near and far,
The night will keep you where you are"

She shall look up,
eyes wide, breath hushed,
counting stars like secrets,
as if they whisper her name.



Moonlight drapes her shoulders,
soft as a mother's touch,
yet she, the restless wanderer,
never stays to listen long.

One day, the skies will call,
the clouds will hum her name,
but will she stop to listen?
No, she'd rather chase the sun.

No sorrow shall tug her feet,
no shadow shall dim her way,
she sees only sunlit roads,
and walks them like a queen.

Yet, how dull the world would be,
without her foolish, golden glee,
her laughter bright,
her spirit wide,
a heart where all the stars reside.

Oh, sweetest fool,
may you never change.

Does she realize?
Perhaps she never will.
Yet, I do, and that is enough.

-@opalquill
9th Mar, 2025

Opalquill Soheritz

