

As air to sound for propagation,
My happiness needs you to be real,
As romance needs no validation,
My trauma, also, you always heal,
As nectar is to butterflies and bees,
Your body is essential to me,
The honey of the bees is no where near your
taste,
And the wings of the butterflies cannot compare
to your beauty,
Only the sight of heaven supersedes that of your
face,
Not even the universe's birth could draw my
attention,
You'll make even the most brilliant man a fool,
And any cucumber would lose its cool,
For you, there's nothing I won't do,
To show you that my love is true,
As the birds chirp and the wind blows,
So my heart beats and my mind knows
No one else even comes close,
I need you, and I hope it shows.

