

an hour of me looking at her from afar, enjoying that heavenly sight, matching my heartbeats to her melodious voice, she had a beautiful smile , innocent yet mature, confident and reassuring.

a week since that first sight of her made me smile, she was the light at the end of the dark tunnel, a light that I could never reach, a beautiful sky that I keep stretching my arms towards, a cloud that I'm yearning to hold.

a month of me admiring her, she brought joy wherever she went, she was a saint that helped everyone, and she seemed happy to do it.

I've longed for her for a year, I still get those same goosebumps that I got when we first met, that day when everything has changed, and my world started revolving around someone other than myself, in her eyes, I saw a better me, that gleam of hers gave me hope, I wanted to feel her touch I wanted to be embraced

by her, I keep imagining ...imagining what couldn't happen, what's not supposed to happen, she was my forbidden fruit... in her figure, I saw a new world, a happier world, a perfect world.

I don't know anymore, all I know is that I'm still as stunned as ever.