

Where Words Have Failed

The words I have to describe
the beauty of your eyes
are like the streams of water that flow from the mountain top.

as I first glance at your beauty.
my words are like the snow,
slowly yet endlessly melting and flowing,

As I stare and gaze into your eyes,
my words increase like the streams gaining current
becoming stronger with each turn

as I move closer to you, the stream becomes a rivers, wide, and strong
as a force of it's own, powerful and deafening
with a roar of words of love for that which is so lovely.

My words are many and hurried,
desperately trying to impart some type of justice
for what I see in your eyes.

The river builds momentum as I move closer, until,
until
our lips touch
and the river melts into the sea
with a calm and gentle swoosh.

And peace transcends where words have failed.