

## A Figment of My...

How do you make it so that the concept of time no longer exists?  
I imagine her...  
The smell so fresh I want to taste your honeydew skin  
Your lips make my body shiver head to toe  
I know of no heart and spirit like hers  
She is my souls motivation  
She is my imagination  
Dwelling in another body  
Vibrant energy  
I have seen you projected onto the inside of my eyelids  
Our long journey to each others arms finally fulfilled  
Again I close my eyes  
And hold on as tight as I can  
Will it be as I've imagined?  
This is the third time the word has fallen  
From the heavens  
Into my soul  
Onto this paper  
And out my mouth  
To no longer be a figment of my...

K.L. Smith