

Beautiful Face

matthew ashbrook 11/29/15

I'm not doing well.
It's all gone to hell.
Time has not been a friend.
I'm under the gun
And you're on the run,
The horizon where promises end.

There's nothing to save
You're riding the wave
Tomorrow's already the past;
Where sorrow's the story,
No hero, no glory,
We dine from the dawning repast.

My heart skips a beat
In the feverish heat
Suspending the hours that pass;
All reason erased
By your beautiful face,
Your smile, the head of the class.

I am all you are,
The light and the star,
The moon and the heavens above;
I travel through time
Your presence sublime,
You define the meaning of love.

Go where you will,
The moments grow still,
I'll dream of your body on mine;
Where the hungry heart beats
On the passionate sheets
Where dreams and lovers resign.

I'm not doing well.
It's all gone to hell.
The Titanic slips into the sea;
With captain and crew
And all that I knew,
No one's loved you more than me.