

# words, for you

*by* Jeffery Klaehn

my eyes have seen many things over the course of my life to date;  
plenty is cherished, but too much has been monotonous, pedestrian

my hands, always striving, working, longing, trying for epic, eager

my lips would, if they could, be concerned exclusively with kissing

my heart, my heart has dreamed and yearned; it's been broken and  
knows regret, but it's resilient and seems somehow forever hopeful

now my eyes, hands, lips and heart want, to worship

you (strange and wonderful, so tragically beautiful)

aching, wishing, begging, pleading; so desperately wanting

as I write these

words, for you

I didn't want or expect to fall for you

you make me so nervous (you have beautiful eyes) (I adore you!)

