

## Reflections

I think I'll always **wonder**  
How it would feel to *KISS* you.

To leave my lips be **PAR | TED**  
But ne'er to **UTTER** my **breath**  
*To let you touch my heart*  
**BUT NE'ER FEEL ITS BEATING**

I wonder what would happen  
**IF ALL THAT I HAVE THOUGHT**  
Were to be **suddenly** "voiced."

If all that I have **felt**  
Were to be reflected in you ...

... I'll **always** know a **painful HUNGER**  
As the longing of my resistance

**WHEN** our gazes match  
**KNOWING** that *your touch* is so **immediate**  
Yet always so far **removed** from mine.

And I'll *always* marvel  
If **you** were to **FATHOM**

Would actions change?  
Would glances be held in bitter restraint?

But in my **p e r p e t u a l** state  
I will **matchless** wonder.  
Because I am drawn away,

**i WILL NEVER KNOW.**