

REFLECTIONS

EMELY ABON

Her eyes were the color of burning sycamore
Too hot and intense
Captivating and alluring
Tempting one to touch, only to be burned.

Her heart was painted on her sleeve
Though very few could interpret.
Like oceans, her emotions surged through her,
Violent and uncontrollable.

The words flowed from her lips
Velvet honey seeping over rubies
Making heads turn
Like a shattering mirror.

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To my ears her voice sounded rough
Like the scrapping of shoes
Against wet asphalt.

I reach out to touch her hand
To feel the warmth others feel.
But she feels cold and smooth
Under my fingertips.