

Red

His smile is like the sunset
and his frown is like the rain.

His skin is like the sea
and his voice of the waves.

His hair is of the sand
and his eyes of my breath.

He's the poem that I see
in me and I call him Red.

Red is the only
thing good in my mind.

Red made me
feel less blind.

I wish I could
tell him how I feel.
That I don't expect anything.
This is so surreal.

Red is like the
sun he shines so bright.
And I swear this is the
happiest thing I've wrote in my life.

Red makes me wanna
look on the brighter side.

His lips are of my soul and
his heart of everything I want to be.

Even If we met he could never know
his effect on me, and I call him Red.

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