

A woman in the mind,
How silly to sit and find;
As if all women lived in your head,
Just dwelling there by God who lead.

They turn and think to each the thought,
A million smiles that can't be bough;
Or a million hearts not willing won,
That leave you left with your heads as one.

But while the sit there in your brain,
Trying to control and contain;
Your heaven is with all their souls,
Of beauty rich and minds of golds.

A glass of water in which I drink,
To take a little breath and think;
What life would be without them link,
Perhaps just one would be a blessing dressed in pink.

I sit here deep in bothered thought,
Of what really goes on in this mind due formed;
As if I knew myself best of all,
But all the women inside this minds earth ball.

And when it's clear I've passed the test,
Of what was perfect to end up best;
These lovely twirling thoughts of bliss,
To be answered in a subtle kiss.

Signed,

Run away