

Senses allow me to interpret who and what you are, but the beauty of your soul displays character. Beautiful? Physically an understatement, but your intellectual well being creates the oxygen it requires to inhale. Special; more like gold scattered around a bank of silt, your shine of darkness compliments the true meaning of what is your sunshine. By senses, referring, to the feel of your presence soothing my emotional mindset. Sensation; the description of your lips caressing mine. I tend to question again; who and what you are. My heart beats to the sound of you soft-spoken influence. I am unable to express this tenderness, but my only conclusion, concludes love flowing through my somatic.

-Jay