

I am most intrigued

*Glasgow, October 2019*

I don't know where to start, and that's not often I'll be true,

I guess I should be honest, for I am most intrigued by you,

I feel like I've been asleep, for a far too long a time,

Now suddenly awake, I try to shake off the crumbs of night, with just a lonely rhyme.

But that's easier said than done, my brain doesn't spring so easily,

In fact, it's like the impossible maze up there, I scramble trying desperately to flee,

I do not run, like a child in shock I stay and watch, stuck to the ground by glue,

My feet can't even take one step, for I am most intrigued by you.

The earth stands still and holds its breath, unable to move,

It's when you smile, unknowingly, I've suddenly got something to prove,

Your smile does not outwear its welcome, it reminds me of a rainy flower,

Beautiful, and yet still real, I am quickly overtaken by its power.

I feel helpless, I want to be the reason for the smile that tugs your lips,

But I haven't managed to decipher quite exactly what makes you tick.

And so, I trudge on like a painter, looking for the perfect hue,

I want that smile to point at me, for I am most intrigued by you.

When you are not smiling, I want to know what for,

I want to learn the language of your eyes, and learn whatever more,

Till now I have but sleet collected, amid a snowstorm,

But I would like to fill my glass, and make what's cool, warm.

I think of maybe following, the cowards in our history,

But then I come to realize, I cannot have this mystery,

So, maybe I can use that truth, to fill my head anew,

And show you I'm not incapable, for I'm most intrigued by you.