Wandering Thoughts of

by Darcey Anne Farrow

His hair the color of sand
Short in length, yet still appealing
His eyes the deepest, darkest hue of green
His chin chiseled to perfection
His body, a reminder of Adonis.

More than that
His mind is always thinking
Save for the times when he is asleep
Sexier then his body will ever be.

I listen as we speak
One to the other
Revealing small parts of ourselves
Neither giving up too much or too little
As we work together
Figuring out this week’s assignment.

Our lives are the same
In many ways
Yet different too
As can be said
With any two given individuals
Our lives are our own making
However, pitiful or resplendent they may be.

And my mind wanders
For though he has gone for today,
I can see him as clear
As the glass in the window beside me
And I wonder
If I am crazed
For not wanting more
Is this a man
I could love and adore
And I say to myself
Why spoil a good thing.