

~~By Jotika Pantling~~

Year Ten 2013

She's soft skin,
against clean sheets,
The perfect amount of pillows,
And just the right amount of heat.

She's the girl,
Who smells like the last breath of summer,
And tastes,
Like the first song of spring.

She can see colours,
bound within darkness,
And sing all the notes of the wind.

There's still sunshine in her eyes,
Where there's sadness in her heart.
And she could read you like a book,
From the ending,
To the start.

She's the lyrics in your head,
That just won't go away.
She's the child you are at heart,
And you wish that you could stay.

She's the flower in the pavement
And the picture on the wall,
It's sad though that you'll miss her,
As she walks down the school hall.

She's the smile without a reason,
And the hug without a cause.
She'll brighten your whole life,
Simply just,
Because.