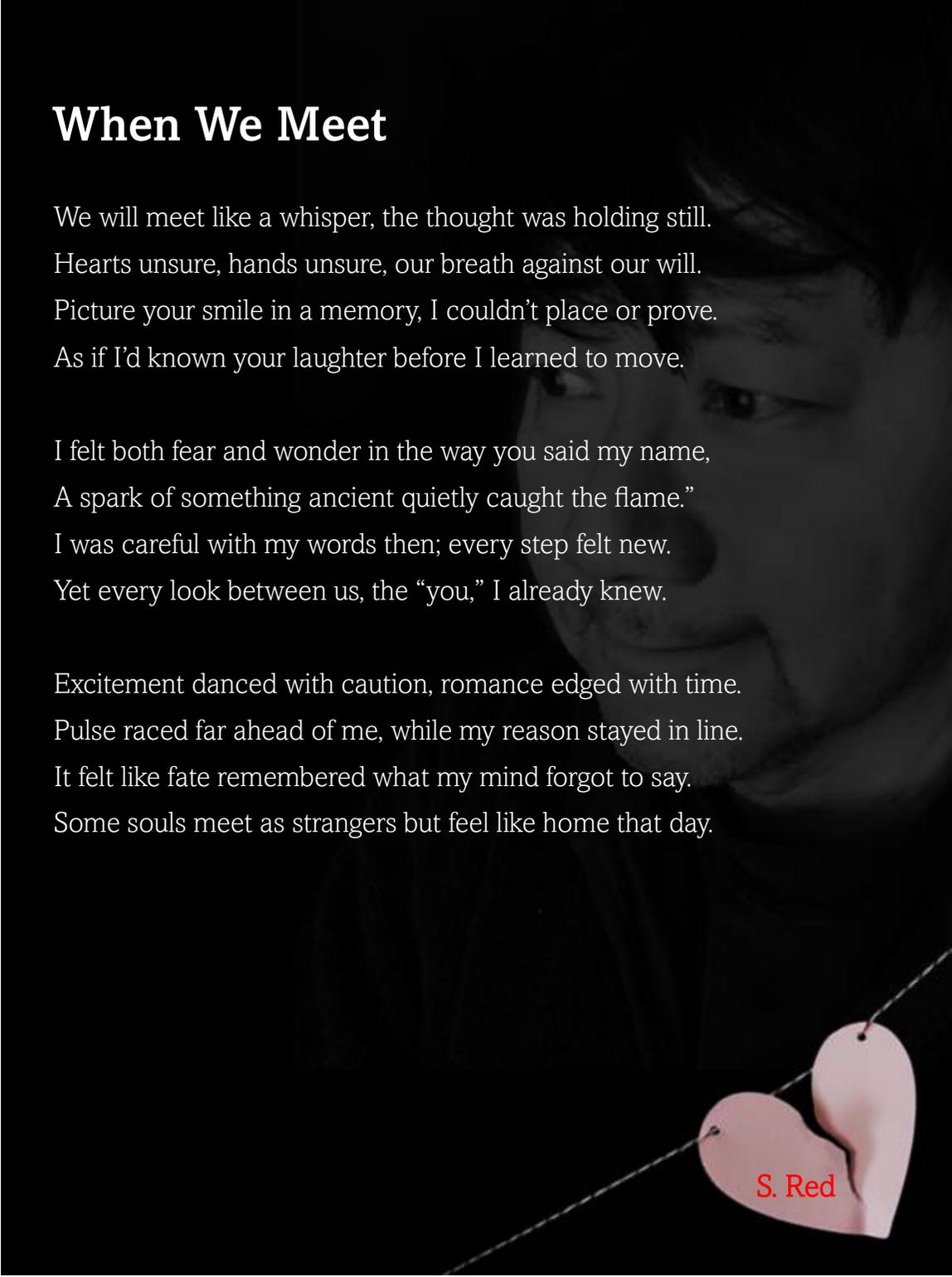


When We Meet

We will meet like a whisper, the thought was holding still.
Hearts unsure, hands unsure, our breath against our will.
Picture your smile in a memory, I couldn't place or prove.
As if I'd known your laughter before I learned to move.

I felt both fear and wonder in the way you said my name,
A spark of something ancient quietly caught the flame."
I was careful with my words then; every step felt new.
Yet every look between us, the "you," I already knew.

Excitement danced with caution, romance edged with time.
Pulse raced far ahead of me, while my reason stayed in line.
It felt like fate remembered what my mind forgot to say.
Some souls meet as strangers but feel like home that day.



S. Red