Losing Yourself In Her Eyes

I look into her eyes and that’s it. All over. I think of nothing else. Her eyes are deep, I fall into them. We can be talking and suddenly I am lost in her. I hear words as they drift by. I am lost in her warmth. I swim in her warmth, suddenly surrounding me.

Relationship? I cannot remember. Her job? What job? There is nothing but warmth, understanding, ethereal connections I cannot touch but do feel. All flowing from looking into her eyes, tumbling into them until I do not think, only feel.

She wears no make-up. She cares little what others think, will not alter herself for their reaction. I know she has more than eyes. A face. A body. Hair. All forgotten when I slide into her eyes. Sink into her eyes. Disappear into her eyes.

Anyone else’s eyes are, well, eyes. Eyes are windows into who the person is, they say, and you learn more from eyes than anything else, including what a person says. But no one else’s eyes suck you in. No one else’s eyes say I want you.

I hope you find your eyes.

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