

Inspired by a beautiful girl and a Christmas Carroll

for winter is the season of love
ever after I walked home from sixth grade with a broken heart
through the snow
to think that I had slipped in the coat room
slipped my last 25 cent piece into her pocket
satisfied with the fact that she might smile or be pleasantly surprised
via my heart, without even knowing it was me
Who thinks about such things . . .

The voice I have just heard on the telephone hit home
a young laughter spawned by my silly comings on
holding on, a Christmas song coupled with her life whispered love
Holiday spirit touched by a soul, with little effort unfilled the hole

All these years later and it all I'll give for a smile
Melancholy Lender of Daylight from deep pockets
If not for the sockets of life limbs could you bend
against the grain to see if this crush is the hatching egg of love or of
lust
Seriously beautiful, approachable when smiling
If I even thought I had a chance, Sweet love
I'd ask your soul to dance