Not Quite a Pointless Love Poem

kinda quietly transposed, listening, just a vague mist floating around all else wandering by, (a transient waste of pen and ink) looking for nothing, seeing it all.

> I saw a pristine morning, and was awed by its patience

I saw a blistering daybreak wondering how many times it could repeat

I saw the wide, blue sky and asked what it wanted to be

I saw your wild, velvet, amazement and turned, too embarrassed to continue.

Quiet desperation, flowing in and out of eyes ears and nose

forever waiting for something to happen.