

Your lips

I love your lips, I can see the mirror of your emotions in them, reflecting your joy and sorrows.

Every words or smile of yours seems like a romantic dancing waltz.

When staring at them, I am so eager to have them that closing my eyes in a few moments, my lips are already making love with them. To keep me alive, never stop moving them, because for each and every move, it's a beat of my heart.

Dedicated to Jennifer,

Alan Gallicchio

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