

Hannah

Reavis High School

My love, my sizzling Flambé. Lighting up my eyes and igniting such passion.

With his hands of hard work. Labored hours with no rest.

With his bold frame of Willis Tower design.

My love with his eyes as blue as the ocean and I'm lost out at sea.

With his hair a golden meadow.

With his shoulders made for leaning, yet strong set with focus.

My love with his luscious lips slightly agape, slipping out words of love and pain Shakespearian in design.

With a striking, chiseled face, it makes Michaelangelo's *David* envious of such sculpted beauty and form.

With skin carved from the finest ivory so breathtaking it's illegal.

My love with his smile so blinding like staring into the sun.

With his touch like Kryptonite, numbing and rendering me helpless with each soft, whispering touch.

With his arms around me, like a tall drink of water, letting me drink him in.

My love with his soul like a Venus fly trap, inviting me in then holding me hostage, soon to devour me whole.

With his raven omen, hope for salvation nevermore.

With his existence, blink and you might miss it.