

The lay of a lass

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Her mysterious eyes can dissolve the agony of many;

Coyish blush and setting locks after her ears,

With her playful plumpy fingers, was captivating.

Was she motivating?

To behold her again.

Spreading palm gleefully, for handshake can make a counselor think;

Confident approach, dynamic; yet not pale, un-extracted.

Naughtiness all around enchanted me.

It landed me,

On a high plain.

She came, she smiled and she conquered,

Joyousness of the place, calmness of the space;

I could see the irresistible will, vivacity

And indomitable dream in her eyes;

They also vies,

Peak of success.

Blinking fast, she danced with her eyelashes;
Amoebic movement, she sang with her glossy lips;
She wrote by her finger tips -----
While running through her hair;
Not only my heart, not only my soul, on the air
Sitting on the chair,
Unknowingly.

I tried to find similarities, some qualities;
Does it match with any of my knowns?
I find no one, no one, and no one
She doesn't resemble anyone, she was unique.
Yes! She is superb chick!!
My bro also says.

How nice! All the spice was present in her.
Not only joy, not only fun, not only ambition;
I think her, Almighty's most precious creation.
For the last time-
She saw, she smiled and she conquered again
Same sharp voice, shook hand and disappeared in the dark;
Wah god! What an illuminating spark...