

Random Girl
By Chad Heath

To you the girl, so beauty filled,
Who came this day to me,
Did you notice me the man
Writing a tribute to thee?
You are the one set apart,
On a stage for society.

If only you could possess within,
What you possess in vision.
If you only see the world,
with appropriate derision.
But this world, it loves you so,
To seduce you is its mission.

So here I sit, another soul,
Pondering to your beauty.
You haven't said a word to me,
Yet it I feel it is my duty,
To fill a page with pleasant words,
Devoid of this world's cruelty.

It is hard for us to have distaste,
For that which treats us kindly.
So to this world you make your love,
With happiness so blindly.
If these words bring you down,
Please try not to mind me.

For I am a man of bitter years,
Who has given up on love.
I do not know nor ever have,
Believed in what's above.
But even with my view so bleak,
You are what hope is made of.

You brought into my Sunday ,
A little optimism.
I can't fathom how he who holds you tight,
Could indulge in pessimism .
So for this week when my thoughts,
Turn to beauty, hope and life, you will be my vision.