

A Bridge of Chains

A bridge, tall, strong and proud,
surrounded by blurry faces, sometimes overtly loud,
the first scent of spring in the air
and there you were standing in the heart of it,
a slight breeze playing with your picture-perfect hair.

You turned, and the afternoon sunlight follows you,
the river plays to the sound of your steps,
half a smile, it almost seems like you are someone new,
but then the sudden kiss feels like summer,
and in the corner of my eye I see Liberty.

In the tall green grass our eyes meet,
is your heart still listening,
as I can't forget the nights and the city alight,
but our experience was always on borrowed time,
yet you insist on counting all the stars in the sky.

I have no sense of direction as with you I don't need one
I just follow your eyes, sometimes brown, more green,
but always so playful, mischievous and fun.
We met at the river blue, yet we never knew how the time flew.