

Poetry Series

Katishma Eason
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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I really just love to write poems, because it expresses me in a way I can't explain...

Special To Me

We see these pictures...as a time trapped inside a camera
But what it really is, is a memory that everybody can enjoy
A memory so deep it takes your breath away...
Only breathing slowly makes the pictures speak to you...makes it say more than
a thousand words...

You, you are my picture...my pictures
When I see you time stops, nothing moves, nothing is spoken...nothing
I enjoy looking at every detail...your hazel brown eyes, the fullness of your lips,
the dimple that appear on your right cheek
That's what make you special

My picture...my pictures
The pose you make whenever you stand...
Your Jordon bag slightly hanging from your shoulder...
Now, that's special to me

Mine...all mine
Those lips forming and pronouncing every word you speak...
That body...built...fine...smooth...
All that's special to me

We see these pictures...as a time trapped inside a camers
But what it really is, is a memory that everybody can enjoy
And you are my picture...because you're special to me

Katishma Eason