#

# YOU

You have three letters,

Separately

They lack importance;

Each one in solitude,

Means nothing,

But if you put them together

And pronounce

The word they compose,

The contours of thy lips

Take the form of a kiss,

Round and warm;

I imagine it fleeting,

Suspended in the air,

Coming close slowly,

Bringing with it

The intense colours of the universe

In its moist fragrance

And traps me a feeling of thee

Makes me ethereal, light,

As if, vaporous,

I was going to hold the starlight