

*She smiles  
She sits  
With perfect poise  
Ignoring in silence  
The outside noise  
The windows  
To her soul open  
Pupils wide  
Letting me in  
Deep inside  
A place few  
Have ever been  
No one more  
Many less  
Traveled to the core  
Is there doubt  
Yes, and struggle  
To make sense  
Of a time past time  
Of innocence  
She makes her way  
To places  
Looking for it  
The elusive feeling  
The perfect fit  
Is there anyone  
Whom to find  
Whom to appoint  
Someone who  
Won't disappoint  
Like so many  
In so many places  
Who didn't stay  
The one's who took  
Then walked away  
Not my role  
Not my goal  
Or disposition  
Feeling affection  
With no inhibition  
The secret others lost  
That I know  
Can't be measured  
And this is someone  
Who must be treasured*

## *Cherish*

