

SHE MEANS TO ME

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She sparkles and drives me so wild,
The woman who I haven't seen in awhile,
As I stare above looking at the ceiling tiles,
As she moves and walks with her own style.

Is it me? Or I am I the only who stares?
Knowing how much love she has and cares,
She protected me from the trauma and fears,
As she always puts in an effort, with her hair.

She already knew, has much she means to me,
Attacking an innocent victim, as they won't let it be,
There's no end in their sight, as she agrees,
Stripping the branches and leaves of my tree.

But I won't let them, tear me down at all,
It will be them who will fail and will fall,
Since, I knew prior as they just delay and stall,
As she was the girl who bypass me in the hall.

You know who she is, her name is Denise,
Who made French fries in the hot grease,
Being a blessing even if she doesn't sneeze,
There is not one thing that I hate or like least.

Pretty, as she can ever be, as she glows,
Without any doubt, not even any lows,
This is not how it should be or ever goes,
Recalling the night, I painted her toes.

I won't ever let you go, whatever they try,
Saving me, as I could of likely have died,
We are going to be together, my bride,
The one who I cherish with all my pride.

