

Poetry.

Valentine Mail.

Red box

Red bow

Unexpected beau

Giggling sisters

Eyeing, teasing

My chocolate

Pink tissue

Salty sense

For me

Crimson cheeks

Shaky fingers

Taking one

A delight

Five sense

Inhaling perfumes

Biting once

Sinking teeth

First kiss

Lingering there
From chocolate
I take

Leave

Trailing caramel
Delicious insides
Over lips

Sticky fingers
Licking fingers
Impulsive fingers

Taking another

Minty chocolate
Apricot filling
Coconut too

As I
Hold up
My head

Carrying box
Putting it
Under pillow

Dreamy eyes
Distracted replies
Distant thoughts

Wondering-

“Who sent?”

Theses chocolates

Ever wondering
Guessing who
Was he?

Under pillow
In diary
I hold

Remains

Of what
Were once
Yummy chocolates

From my
Secret admirer
Waiting, waiting

Then I
Knew who

He came

To me

And found

A note

In his

Breast pocket

With my

Name

Confused, shy

Embarrassed, unsure

Asked out

To a

Saturday morning

At Starbucks

"Sure" I

Said. And

Still do