

Ode to boy II

Alison Moyet

when he moves I watch him from behind
he turns and laughter flickers in his eyes
intent and direct when he speaks
I watch his lips

when he drives I love to watch his hands
white, smooth, almost feminine
almost American
I love to watch him

in his face age descends on youth
exaggeration on the truth
he caught me looking then but soon his eyes forgot me
and everything he seems to do
reflects just another shade of blue
I saw her searching into you and ached a while

I watch his lips caress the glass
his finger stroke its stem and pass
to lift a cigarette at last
he dries his eyes
from the shadows by the stairs
I watch as he weeps unaware
that i'm in awe of his despair

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