## **Ode to Boy**

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 And when he drives I love to watch his hand White and smooth almost feminine, almost American, I have to wa tch him.

In his face age descends on youth, exaggeration on the truth He caught me looking then but soon his eyes forgot And everything he seems to do reflects just another shade of bl ue I saw him searching into you and ached a while

I watch his lips caress the glass, His fingers stroke its stem and pass To lift a cigarette at last, he dries his eyes From a shadow by the stair I watch as he weeps unaware That I'm in awe of his despair

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