

David Gray, Brushstroke

Brush Stroke

with one brush stroke

i attempt to paint

a picture of you

your beautiful face

the soft lines

around your eyes

your hair blowing

in the gentle wind

sparkling eyes

that stop me

in my tracks

i trace your face

with my hands

so that i may

get a more accurate

sense of how

to draw you

but after

my loving hands

touch your face

i cannot paint

a single stroke

i am so entranced

so mesmerized

by your beautiful face

by your spell

YOU are poetry in motion

poetry in motion

i fear that i am

destined to fail
i'm just not
up to the task
how can i paint perfection
it would be
an exercise in futility
to try to paint
my lover's face
i know
it would be a mistake
to even try
because i simply can't
duplicate the beauty
of your face
just touching it
leaves me
weak in the knees
your body
is a work of art
i pay homage to
michaelangelo
as i trace the
outline of your hands
gliding my lips
across your fingertips
genius lover
genius lover
that's what you used to call me
because i know what you need
i know just how to please you
do you think it's just
a stroke of luck or perhaps

i've really thought about
what would give you
the utmost pleasure
no genius lover
just thoughtfulness
thoughts filled with you
and how thankful i am that
i was able to share some space
with the wonder of you
you make love to me
like i'm a work or art
i see the love light
in your eyes
and i feel so grateful
to have crossed paths
with the likes of you
oh, the poetry of you
the poetry of you
the poetry of you