

Silence, P.S.

I feel the scent of your skin,
the softness of your hair
I sense the shape of your lips
but to touch them
I don't dare
You're like a bubble
One false move
and it's no longer there

A moment of weakness
and I will never see again
all the beauty hidden behind
that sweet Russian name

Your weapon's the smile you wear
You use it with such flair
But even though I'm tempted to
I'll never touch it
I swear
It's like a secret
One wrong word
and it's no longer there