

## Golden Beauty

by Todd Michael Wilms

The poet never sleeps,  
he dreams  
of days and nights gone past  
Summertime —  
full of love and wonder  
Autumn —  
the flame ignites  
Winter —  
the fire is burning  
never to go out  
He dreams of friends and affection  
as his heart beats faster,  
faster as he thinks of one  
full of mystery  
like the colors of the spectrum,  
his emotions show through

She is there, waiting  
the friend and lover  
in a world they have created  
The sun shines through her hair  
Pure Beauty with arms outstretched,  
I run to her  
and though I may fall along the way,  
I reach her in the end

The poet never sleeps,  
he dreams...  
of the Beauty he sees in her