

Your eyes melt in the sunlight,
Turning into liquid gold in the sight of mine.

Sometimes sight is breathtaking,
But darkness tells all secrets.

Behind your white clad eyelids,
Golden flecks dance.
A tale of what was once reflected.

Eagles, who are more prone to sight than even snow,
Wish they had the talent to breathe God's breath as you do.

A gift was given,
A gift was taken away.
Do not linger over lost treasures,
But turn and seek new ones in the world,
Though it be only with your touch.