

The Thought of You

By Marla J. Deaton

When success is far off
And barely able to be seen
And seems so innocent and sweet
It comes to me
All so blatant and so real
What are your intentions
I coil and I pull away
Like a handsome stranger
Now peering into my soul

You seem so desirable
When I looked at you from afar
My inner voice tells me
“Look...but you cannot have
And begins to run wildly
At the mere thought of you

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