

# 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

Copyright © 2009 Marla Deaton