

A Peculiar Woman

She is truly a peculiar kind of woman
Since early morning
She fashions her own anguish
Floats on soft breath
Which leads her along while she
Dons a cloak of anxiety

Her pure glance
Always laden with hidden code
Singular is she
But many are hidden in her voice

It's an enigma
How she gives her love
And all that she's bearing
With each and every fibre of her being
While locked in her cloister of quiet

And I found her
Because chance is so mysterious
And randomly precise

She is truly a peculiar kind of woman
Asking for nothing
She acquires all that she needs
No expectations
But presumption is her game,
Her sanity is insane

Every love
A mark imprinted on her soul
I love her fully

With her burden of sadness and joy

Then I try to scream
Throw my words at her
As in this song
Of the how the why and at long last
Tell the ways that I love her

Love is alive
It is now and cares not to survive
For all eternity
Because she is truly
A peculiar kind of woman
Yes, she's a truly peculiar woman