

Anna Wostenberg
Professor Basham
ENG 206
18 February 2013

Your Prints Meet Mine and Every Time I Smile

Your prints meet mine and every time I smile.
The grass around us falls back perfectly.
You, who months ago I thought would beguile,
Would be the one I want so tenderly?

My bricks so high I couldn't let you in,
You brought your tools and broke through anyway.
Now years have passed and where did we begin?
No matter; we continue every day.

The blocks may come to try to tear us down,
Or ocean waves to wear down what they can.
But we just smirk and ignore all the frowns,
Upon the beach with our own little plan.

Our secrets, they will never come to light
Because forever we have our own night.