

From out of nowhere she came to be,  
From around the city to meet with me;  
So beautiful a girl and delightful to see;  
I wondered just when or where she'd appear to be.

I also wondered what would come of this girl,  
Her beauty so outstanding from anywhere in the world;  
Many had tried and many who had not matched,  
The burning desire and passion in which to be caught.

So worry not I at the thought of it all,  
For perhaps she's on the phone making a call;  
Maybe even talking away to her boyfriend,  
So there's no chance of meeting her or knowing again.

Many a time I had chance to stray though,  
Of what could be nice or what could be bought;  
But a girl as I sit here writing under a tree,  
Thinking how lovely she is but must be left free.

Here all alone not a chance it will agree,  
The torment of heart a pained leg in agony;  
Miracles happen and there is a hope here for me,  
That the lord will decide and give a little love to thee.

Surely my life is not meant to be with love at all,  
Perhaps he will give me a cuddle and kiss before I go;  
So really I should reach out and touch love,  
But in life the reality is that dream can come true.

Signed,

A blonde ballerina