

Sunglasses



What did you ask me for
to take off my sunglasses
And allow you to sneak through
the windows of my soul,
And you play
And you spoil
And you pluck the strings of the harp that is my heart.
The heart of this sad, poor man.
His face never lost it's baby look,
His baby-like innocence.
My eyes are always carrying the sad, soft, musical
voice.
My eyes don't know how to lie,
And I don't know if I am your honest knight.
For this reason let the mystery cover it up,
And sit and think:
If I were made of valuable pearl,
My lips made of red wine,
And my heart is the store of all hidden secrets. . .
My eyes are hiding my lady,
But they are watching every movement and every
breath.
My eyes are studying you.
Reading you.
She knows every part of you
Your height
Your waist
My eyes know your soft breasts.

She studies you in the geography of beauty.
Your body a continent she loves to travel,
And the ocean in which she bathes.
She knows every button on your shirt,
And fingertips have removed
To make the strong chest of a man
Vulnerable to her gentle touch.
My eyes are hiding my girl,
But she always loved the smile on your lips
It is getting happiness from you;
My lady,
What are you asking for?
If I take it off,
Your face will flush to red.
My eyes are devouring you,
They squeeze the grenade in you,
Setting off an explosion.
My eyes are touching you,
They will remove every cover,
Every place in which you hide.
They will erase your shyness.
For this reason I will ask you again
Do you want me to take my glasses off?

She said:
Take it off.
Let me see your eyes eating me.
Take off the dress of my shyness,
Remove every cover which can hide me.
Your eyes
Are turning me on like fire
And the heat from their flames are burning me,
And switching me off.

By your eyes I feel my femininity.
I am the pure virgin,
Attract me
Let me be naked from everything which is not from
me.
I am the city of the dreams,
Surrounded by all the tomfoolery
Wedged inside the walls of the traditions.
Let me see your eyes drinking from my thirsty breast,
Thirsty for the wild lily.
Let me me feel your lips kissing mine,
My mouth is the sparkling diamond and the precious
ruby.
Let me see your eyes searching my highlands,
And let me check,
If you were really reading and studying me.
I am your open book
Learn and discover me
Answer urgently and frankly,
Choose now,
The Heaven or my apples?