Hello

To the woman back there

Firm in her stance supported by a foundation of dark, black steel toed shoes

On top of, long….slightly unshaven legs than run bare until met by a plaid red and black skirt

Above the knee

Attached to a loose fitting rockers tank top stained in bud ashes and coffee

Covering her runners abdomen made NOT of palates classes and gym memberships

But of adventure and childish conquests of fun

Covered by a leather jacket given to her by her older brother who died overseas fighting for our country when he was 19 reminding her still 16 self at 27 of a happier time

Leaned against the pillar, her short red hair presses against effortlessly

Staying true to her symmetrical face burdened by a lip scar earned though a prior engagement tonight

Under two enchanting green eyes emerald in the3ir appearance catching mine in amazement

Similar to the tattooed heart on your chest I‘d like to say…..

Hello…My name is Kilam