

*I am torn*

Cold days are blurring with the snow  
Among these people I'm alone  
They say I'm pretty, what of that?  
If one I miss I have not met?

I'm like some wine that's sweet and fine  
But which's still seasoning its time  
I have been waiting for someone  
To try my taste, to use my charm

But when I'm touched, I am alarmed  
What if a man disturbs my calm?  
My body's tense, my throat is dry  
Capricious thoughts make me cry

I'm brimmed with passion, but I'm torn  
Like a soft rose puts out her thorn  
I'm close to ecstasy inside  
But can't escape my thinking mind

When I'm drained, I'm of no use  
Desire's vain without a muse -  
I'm like a moth which once is born  
But one fine morning it is gone...

Written by Luba Yamskaya 2006 ©