Untitled

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From the outside looking in,
Through your eyes, through your skin,
Yet from the inside looking out,
I am none of you, hence your doubt.
Pebbles throw I've walked a toss,
Falling below from above,
What is now only but a loss,
Seen all but a must,
Your eyes, your skin and love,
All of this, but young lust.
Tantrums there, angry everywhere,
Give me a line to recite,
A note to pluck, a note to play,
With you I just might,
Close my eyes and lay tonight.
Blind I am, truth you were,
Curtains pulled, vision a blur,
Darkness fallen with a stir,
Who are you, not I, but her.