

Eyes of a stranger

I look across the room, at a face I've never noticed
And find it really hard to look away
As I'm lowering my eyes, my hearts in protest
Knowing where it wants my sights to stay
But to a stranger my glancing may seem scary
And that is not the way that things should be
So I'll try my best, not to make her wary
Knowing a face like that would never look at me
Involuntarily I found, that I took a second glance
Which, easily turned into three or four
I wasn't keeping count, but every second chance
I found that I was looking even more
Luckily for me all her attention
Was taken up with what she had to do
She didn't notice all of the attraction
Coming from the other side of the room
Eventually she left, I watched her leaving
Putting on her coat and walking the other way
And when she was gone and I'd regained my breathing
I thought out loud I hope she comes again.

By Lee Haigh.