

~ Your Crowning Glory ~

By: Joan Pacinabo

(Series of HAIKU – 5,7,5 syllables)

Jet black hair, like rain.
So smooth, and smells so pleasant.
Gently touch my skin.

Your crowning glory,
Dance and sway in the sweet breeze...
Caught my attention.

I reach for your hair,
Play it between my fingers.
The fragrance lingers.

Babe, I love your hair
And I love you very much.
Today and always