

Solitary Confinement

by Zac Gibbins

I noticed that his eyes are flawless.
Somehow some designer made a shade
that makes coffee seem a novice,
that sun shifts into a golden glade.

Somehow some designer made a shade
of chocolate that dazzles as it dances
in the sunlight of a golden glade
and captures me in its glances.

Iris made of chocolate, which dazzles as it dances,
set in purest winter, a crisp and brilliant white
that captures me in its glances,
holds me captive in his sight.

Set in purest winter, so crisp and brilliant white,
is my cell of gold-flecked chocolate
holding me captive in his sight.
In the middle of a midnight droplet,

in my cell of gold-flecked chocolate,
there's no reason I should leave.
From the middle of a jet-black droplet
no escape would I conceive.

They make coffee seem a novice;
no escape would I conceive.
I noticed that his eyes are flawless,
so why ever would I leave?