

Never Seen

by Peter Rosol

She has a name
You wouldn't believe
Rhymes with cool cruise,
Drool schmooze, wool muse
We are children
And probably rarely speak
So we'll call that a crush
Fast forward to the last year
Of the first year getting high
In what passes for school
Two months before graduation
Chemistry intervenes but
With a new name with a
Middle name Blue
To create a situation
Notes are passed, warmer letters
Written and kissed
It's his first and the summer
It passes by like a second
The cold November rains come
To fork their hearts
Into different roads
But not before a third being

Called Love, nicknamed Emily
Is created on All Hallow's Eve
No less a miracle than
Any of God's creations
A family is found closer
To the ocean's breeze
To raise said child
Because wisdom and
Sacred will has agreed
Proving that a man's first love
Can lead to another
Which will last an eternity
Even if his eyes have
Never seen