Romance

An addition symbol of ash for your forehead, it might have suggested blackberries.

The daylight lurks on its corner desperate and pushy. Evasive are the maneuvers I’d suggest.

You look lovely; Your skin has a glow; Have you lost?

Science is the determined animal. A trial of errors is struck. Fire is the cause of the match.

My gift to you is a faucet, the freckles endowed to your brow; I could be your father.

Your hair is a rainbow arc above the roof of the pawn shop.