

WORDS

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Another (rather odd!) "poem" dedicated to the Fourth Doctor.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Marilyn/56588/WORDS>

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Prologue:

I know these words of mine will never reach you.
I know, you won't read them.
But they're in my heart.
And they want to be told.
So I just imagine a scenery -
you are sitting next to me and I speak to you
these words.
Clear and soft.
So, listen carefully to them, my dear.
I want you to hear
these words,
directly from my heart.

I know my words,
my thoughts,
my pictures,
my dreams of you
are effusive.
And I know my dreams of you are proving elusive.
What am I saying?
They are UNREALIZABLE!
NEVER! NEVER!! NEVER!!! NEVER!!!!
But the very thought of you
is so nice.
I know my dear,
it isn't wise
to think of you so much a night or a day.
Oh, but what shall I say?
It's just phantasy!
Love...is a wonderful thing.
Gorgeous. Nice. Sweet.
Love is what makes me dream.
Shocked?
Oh, please, don't.
Sometimes I just wonder why.
I just wonder why I am dreaming of someone like you.
You! Ha! You!
I wonder and I look at you.
Eyes.

Bright.
Blue.
When I look into your eyes
- on a picture of you of course -
I can see the clear blue sky.
And so much more.
I can see your jolliness.
The stars.
Galaxies.
The universe.
Moons.
Suns.
Planets.
Light and darkness.
The whole outer space.
Your hair.
Curls.
I long to touch.
Your lips.
Your smile.
So bright.
So nice.
Makes me smiling.
Deep inside.
I long for a kiss.
From your lips.
Is it wrong?
I don't know.
Your chest.
Your arms.
Your hands.
In my dreams
I put my head on your chest.
Listening to the beats of your hearts.
Just a hug.
Hmmm.
I know,
my dreams are odd, crazy, mad.
But they're just dreams.
And they will never come true.
But I adore you.
Even it's wrong
to long.
For Four.