Stephen Hymer

Ms. Chiodini

Humanities-3/4

19 Sept. 2013

**What Color are Your Eyes**

What color are your eyes?

That’s what scares me,

I can’t remember.

How tall are you?

Are you still in cheer?

I’ve only seen you once in the last three years.

When was the last time we

laid on pavement colored like the midnight sky

and looked up to watch the stars fly?

What’s school like?

How’s the weather?

What’s your favorite color?

Death is looming around the corner.

Another year passes, then another

I feel like we are growing apart from each other.

The string through space is stretched thin.

Are we ever going to see each other again?

A few more years and the string will have snapped and broken.

And it’ll be wrapped up in cloth and tossed

in a coffin.

I don’t want that to happen.

I don’t want family to be become disconnected.

I miss you cousin. More than you know.

Hope I can see you before another year goes.

What color are your eyes?

That’s what scares me,

I can’t remember.