

## The Girl

Time and time again I see her in my dreams,  
But the image of her never leaves.  
The thought of her follows me all the day long,  
And her voice is sweeter than any melody  
Her long red hair flows like the sea,  
But yet, it never crashes.  
Thus I will forever wonder:  
How could such an angel escape from heaven.  
My whole heart warms when I hear her sweet name,  
And I have never heard anyone say mine so sweetly.  
During days without her presence,  
I daydream of all the adventures yet to come.  
A long life with her  
Could be all I would ever need.  
She shines like gold and is more precious than such;  
Nothing compares to her.  
Soon she will return to my arms  
As the long weeks separate us,  
But nothing will ever keep us apart.  
This girl is and shall forever be, mine.

By Logan Randall, Grade 10