

## Eyes of a Soulmate

My fascination of him began with a mystery,  
for each time I saw him, his eyes were a different color –  
first hazel, then silver, and once bright blue.

I remember the first time his eyes stared into mine,  
gathering up the pieces of my puzzled soul to fit with his.  
Now the eyes of my soulmate are a constant surprise.

I can never predict the color. Sometimes they hypnotize  
with warm sleepy hazel, suddenly waking  
with flecks of green and gray at the turn of his head.

As silvered mirrors, they glow and reflect the light.  
When the light fades, he looks up to catch pieces  
of sky that turn his eyes bright blue.

A touch of mischief and mystery – the mystery is solved  
as I look into his eyes to see the other half of my soul –  
my dreams coming true, like buds to blooms.

Each day I look forward to the color of the moment.  
And when I tell him, "Your eyes are beautiful,"  
he always answers, "Because I am looking at you."