

Your Eyes by T. Allen Culpepper

Your eyes destroy me; the brilliance of their blue
threatens my independence like natural disasters.

One glance of global warmth melts all my protective
layers of icy reserve and cynicism,
lifts and whirls me like tornadic winds,
levels heart and soul with hurricane force,
shakes my foundations like an earthquake,
the fabled San Francisco Big One, washes
over me with tsunami force, then
drowns me in eruption of molten lava.

I am done, but your eyes resurrect me.

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