

Notice

Real love is accompanied by time spent
And with much time comes much attention
to the small things that make up a woman.
The straight, dark brown hair that turns curly after being wet
The black rubber band that holds the hair you so frequently redo.
The feminine curve that connects your hip to your torso, seen and
felt best when you are lying on your side, pressed firmly against my chest.
The dark pink lips, with whom I am well acquainted, that squeeze together to form your
kisses
which are often given at night, or when you are looking at me, but have run out of things
to say.
The eyelashes, Black and longer on the top than on the bottom, which merge together
while you sleep and come close to each other without touching when you're angry
Your hips, hugged by a thin blouse when you are cooking, quietly facing
a cutting board. They wait for me to come from behind.
Your thigh, which raps around the both of mine under covers,
waiting for my hand to rub it gently, and I do, every time.
Your inquiry, about my day, or how I feel, or what my plans are with you.

These are the things I remember when we
are away from each other, the things that make you
a woman to me.