

## Rowziz

Pretty Balanced

Mist hangs in the morning  
Over beds of roses  
My eye closes just to  
Open up again

I hear them way up  
On the high gazebo  
With a spiral staircase twisting  
From the brick-laid ground  
I hear them with my eyes I  
Hear them red and misty and I  
Wait for them to kiss me and I  
Never make a sound