

W. Michael Rochelle Jr.

That Feeling

It's that whisper in your ear when you're all alone
It's worth more than gold if you can call it your own
It's that very subtle breeze disturbing the trees
It's the sentimental feeling that leaves you weeping on your knees
It's the last thing you ponder over when you go to bed at night
It's the only thing that can make a serious wrong—right
It's the gentle, warm feeling that you know is not the sun
It's that little thing that lets you know that relief is sure to come
If you've never had it, it's something that you could never imagine
And if you ever lose it, you'll surely want to have it back again
It's the emotion that will send you screaming through the dark
That little something that makes you yearn for walks through the park
It's the over-powerment that can make the tone-deaf sing
Nothing, no, nothing could ever match the joy it brings
Yet, despite all of this, it could be in vain
It can bring extreme hurt, it can cause incurable pain
It can't be fully represented by a photograph in a frame
It's that first bit of sunshine after the pouring rain
Who is worthy of this pure feeling sent straight from above?
It's that feeling we all know, that feeling called...
LOVE

www.mikeyllo.com