



In Her Eyes

Benjamin Wesley Pearce, 2004

Across the distance our eyes meet.
For a moment time seems to stand still, and the world
around us fades into anonymity.
I see her only.
I behold uncommon beauty, both physical beauty and
internal beauty.
She catches my stare, momentarily puzzled, intrigued.
I look deeper into her eyes, beyond tears, beyond
reason.

My eyes probe deeper still to a place where words
become unnecessary into the warm glow of her
growing spirit.

She understands now.

Suddenly she blinks, and thirty years have passed.

I am startled.

I now see before me an older woman where the young
girl I knew once stood.

She is even more beautiful than I remember; beautiful
beyond words, beyond time, yet curiously her eyes
have remained unaged.