

Your kisses are a

*berceuse,*

putting me into a state of noisy confusion.

Impishly, your lips incite riots on my skin; demonstrations loud enough to leave this official stammering.

&

Vous êtes celui

que je

*rêvasse*

au sujet.

Haphazardly, as a reflection of how your fingers wander the path of my spine.

&

Your hairs between my fingers and you're fast asleep &

Feeling your eyes scrutinizing my features doesn't make me nervous, *per say* &

Eyelashes delicately long, literally play symphonies every time you blink &

*S'il vous plait, apprendre à m'aimer.*

&