

*On August Thirteenth, it did start,
This commandeering of my heart,
By a girl not even trying,
But, for whom, I now am dying,*

*Looking beautiful, to be sure,
How could I not sit next to her?
As she talked, her story telling,
My attraction to her welling,*

*Later, online posts revealing,
All her facets, so appealing,
It's no wonder daydreams fill me,
And this guy is stuck on Sylvie,*

*I'm on my piano every day,
Sylvia, please come hear me play,
Classical, Monk, and standards, too,
Maybe you'd want to sing a few,*

*Meeting you sure inspired me,
To press on every boundary,
Sorry 'bout that, but please don't fret,
I'm as kind and sweet as they get,*

*So, look to hear from me no more,
I'm just asking: hold me in store,
Please let me know, once you read this,
Wish you the best, sincerely, Chris.*