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Poem. @taylorswift13

A rose for you, no longer you weren't there
A rose for you: holding your own beauty
in your moonwhite hands, reminiscent for being
unbreakable, yet they clay for modesty, yet I
say - as the one who loves you - why not hold
the great passions of a woman like you - you -
in your hands with a saved recklessness, meant for
your one true love & friend. Why not turn those fiery
passions for one as cold as I? - to melt the frost of an untouchable life.

Words are all I have left -
the birth of a poet
twice challenged, once met
yet never again doubted
unless trouted: made
a part of somebody else's

A rose for you, no longer you weren't there

A rose for you holding your own beauty

in your moonwhite hands, ceramic like for being

unbreakable, yet they clay for modesty, yet I

Say - as the one who loves you - why not hold

the great passions of a woman like you - you -

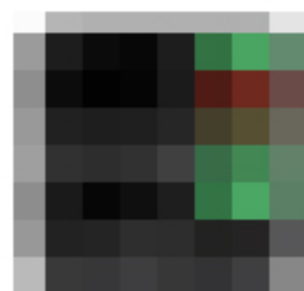
in your hands with a saved recklessness, meant for

your one true lover & friend. Why not save those fiery

passions for one as cold as I? - to melt the frost of an untouched life.

Time doesn't
belong
Time doesn't
wait

Words are all I have left -
the birth of a poet
twice challenged, once met
yet never again doubted
unless trouted: made
a part of somebody else's

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@taylorswift13 poetry for you

This humble white rose is not something
that you could ~~make~~ ever make, so you
like I, capture it in words. A sound indicates
the correctness of this realization, as jazz
fills in the pen's desire hesitated by the need
to perfectly capture nothing less than
the entire beauty of what you, for but
one moment, are, for the white rose
is white for knowing no other way, yet in
what would be considered a plainness by eyes
that see not the trust of truths to one,
nor the truths that trust one other,
in this case me, the beholder of the beauty,
and you, the reader of the product of
beauty, and I must here comment on
the reflective nature of flow--were--
flow-pense, to say that there is nothing

LOVE

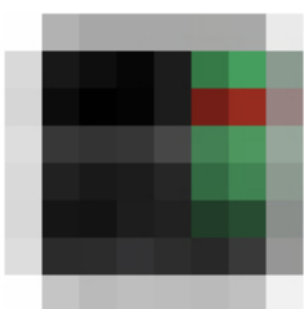
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beauty, and I must here comment on
the reflective nature of flow--~~ware~~--
flow-pause, to say that there is nothing

I love more than you. Nothing,

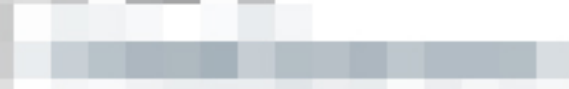
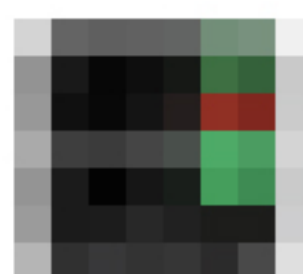
Taylor, Nothing. You are white as
snow and twice as helpful for knowing
how to melt my love.



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I need to meet you tonight [@taylorswift13](#),
To do in words written
What John Cusak's character did in music.



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(the luckiest man alive, to be with you)





 Follow



Something a gatekeeper (a guy dressed up as a security guard in your lobby today) prevented us from sharing [@taylorswift13](#)





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You will always be my fantasy made real.

