

I'd like to think of them as a cup of black coffee with sugar

When I first saw them, they caught my eye. they're something bold and different in the crowd, something I'm not used to.

But as I got to know them, and sip the cup of black coffee, I could taste the sweetness behind that intimidating mask. Under the assumption of a bitter and bold taste was a gentle and sweet warmth that greeted me.

Their presence to me from that day on, like a fresh cup of coffee, lingered in the air. I haven't felt this way in such a long time.

With each time we meet, their presence is a mixture of bitter and sweet dancing together in such a way that compliments each other, along with the caffeine that makes my heart beat faster. A flavor I've never tasted before. It leaves me longing for more.

Their eyes like pools of coffee with layers of complexity and secrets to discover. Their smile leaving me with a fuzzy feeling and sense of security once I'm with them.

Their words are smooth and elegant with a warmth that makes me full inside with each time that we talk for hours at a time.

With each sip I can taste the sweetness shine through as I get to the bottom. The mysterious cup of coffee that I tried by chance is now my daily drink. One that I cannot go a day without.

With each minute I cannot taste their warmth, feel the caffeine make my heart beat faster, and enjoy their sweetness; is a minute too long.

They're my cup of black coffee with sugar.