**Delicacy**

The way you move easily

through mines of people,

without a care of the danger.

Weaving around them

with that warm glow inside if you,

strong enough to break any ice.

Always the limelight

Always surrounded by easy smiles

Always surrounded by silent, longing eyes.

With you, life doesn’t feel so delicate

With you, it’s a delicacy

No hesitations, no cautiousness, so rare

Is it really that easy?

Or are you just better at hiding?