



poems / It's Möet not Moey

On the phone's line, laughter rings,
With my dearest friend, my heart sings.
Smiles travel through unseen wires,
Connecting souls, igniting fires.

In the cadence of shared delight,
Our bond grows stronger every night.
"It's Möet, not moey," we jest and jest,
Love's language, in words expressed.

Newer

Older

Sunday, 30th July 2023

Solitude

Wednesday, 26th July 2023

The Lioness

Jins © 2022-2025

Tags [RSS feed](#)

Made with [Montaigne](#) and [bigmission](#) 