

Dear Mr. Roshan, hope You have sense of humour and You will like this poem,
written with smile and love.

**The Muscles:
Hrithik Roshan's Monologue**

– My own muscles – they're for me too heavy,
But how I like this tight and glancy gold!
To button up my shirt?! God mighty, help me! –
Instead of hide them, better catch a cold!

Look in my burning face, do praise and slaver;
Research my trace to know where love begins;
Be near, like my shade... but never, NEVER
Dare to eclipse my muscles at the screens!

Like wind in roses – rises little fairy,
I'll rise you to the birds and heaven's bow
And on my arms will cradle you and carry...
Because it very well makes muscles grow!

I'll catch you, when you fall; with all my passion –
I will embrace your soul, like no one could;
I'll touch the sky and cover it with pleasure...
If picture of my muscles will be good.

My words in film – so flowery and pretty:
To hear them – means to dream and to rejoice...
But when I speak, I think: oh, such a pity,
That I can't show my muscles by my voice!

So, tell me, my Beloved, and please don't hide it:
When first we met in spicy paradise,
You, surely, by my muscles were excited?
– Hmm... *not exactly*... Truly, by your EYES.

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