I wrote this for You.

I couldn't scheme of any other way to capture your previously claimed attention but to sculpt syllables to suit your sensitive side.

I am a rushing river, loud,

fast.

dangerous,

and swift. I cause trouble, hurt people, and in the turmoil of day to day life the rapid movement of my fast sped mind brings harm to my psyche.

I am blamed, never exclusively but almost constantly, for my nature.

In the rushing river is a face of reflected fear, and no one dares to swim within my waters.

And you, oh you, you are a babbling brook, and you speak soft and remind me to be slow and calm.

Because you are the flow and I am the flood and though someday we may drown, every bend we endure brings us closer to the safety of lands sweet shore.

Because you are the trance and I am the tornado and together we'll try.

We'll spin along as the world does and end up dying out in life's great embrace.

With a sizzle, maybe yet with a bang.

We will blow apart and yet through the swirling of rapid winds we will fight. In the eye of the storm, the beauty beheld in the privacy of impending death makes all fighting worthwhile.

Because you are the heaven and I am the hurricane.

You seek to send me to solace and I swallow and shoot back swords of sound that sail across the air and signify nothing

apart from silence.

I can only let loose and pray you feel the rush. That you know being apart from bolt and bluster; that you know being apart from being.

Because you are the ear and I am the earthquake and someday we'll both be deaf.

There's a lot that you say and a lot that I hear and a lot that is misunderstood, and a lot that you blame on fabricated faults created in the quake of childish fear.

You see, I'm not for sure and neither are we, but I cling to you because I hold out hope you will be sure of me, one day.

One day you'll be sure of me and I'll be me and we'll be we and together we'll be, simply,

we.