

Ashley's House #3 (Volta of Self Confidence for Two Virgins)

I told you once,
"I use the words of others because I don't think mine are enough,"
I think this is still true, but in a different way,
I use the words of others to enhance my thoughts.

I love you, but I would never have thought to say
You make me glow pink in the night,
I want to kiss you, but I would never have thought to ask you to
Let me see what spring is like on Jupiter and Mars,
I think you're perfect, but I would never have thought to tell you
I don't see what anyone can see in anyone else but you,

I like it right here, but we cannot stay, since
Autumn comes when you're not yet done
With the summer passing by, and
Winter will always come around eventually,

But our time, like these words, are our own, even if not originally.
As spring comes, we can do with it as we please,
We can make it ours.

Although Kokomo isn't real,
We can make our own
Although 12:51 means nothing to us,
We can find our own special time

I have already found a name to call you that is all my own
I love you, mi abejita de miel.

Forever Two Virgins

Seconds pass by idly without mention,
Silent minutes spent with you in bliss,
Until we are separated for hours by responsibility,
Eventually and cosmically, we return; let's see what tomorrow

The Colors of Two Virgins

Raven Black

your hair flows;
though soon no longer long,
short and sweet like
you
it will be,
dyed for now,
dyed in the future,
but it's original color always
underneath,
an absence of colors to some,
a plethora of colors meant for
us,

Yellow;

the hope

I

wish both

me

and

you

feel,

warm and comforting, but
unbearably bright,
blinded by the light
at the end of the tunnel,
opposite ends but unable to see,

Purple

the color of

me

for

you;

my being and essence that

you

see

me

as,

a permanent reminder that

I

will always love

you

Pink

to

me

you

are;

For your soft and vibrant hue

and for the way

I

glow for

you,

letting me know that

you

love

me

Blue

for the grief;

togetherness and parting,

but still beautiful

like the sea that

you

are near

and that

you

and

me

both fear,

aggressive and unfathomable today

but tomorrow it may be for

you

and

me,

Red;

a fire that burns within

me,

a fire that has burned

you,

hot and consuming,

for better

or for worse,

warm,
but scorching
revealing,
but blinding;
my hearth fire
never a forest fire
shall become,
controlled, but ever-present
burning, but comforting,

Pure White;
the product of all
our
colors that make
us,
it is all
our
own, no color like it,
the ratio, the usage, specific to
us,
a little lighter,
a little darker,
as time goes on
changing as
we
do,
both working in harmony,
ensuring it represents, truly,
Us.

A Baby Armed Virgin

Me and my baby arms,
Wishing to be strong,
But how can I be
When I wear my heart on my sleeve,
For everyone to see,

Me and my baby arms,
Like a geyser,
Everything just below the surface,
Bubbling and rising
Until below the surface no longer it can be,

Me and my baby arms,
Rushing into a race that is yet to start
Too early
Too fast
Pushing those I pass
Wearing myself out,

Me and my baby arms,
My hearth fire
A forest fire did become,
Despite my promise
Scorching and blinding
Devoid of comfort, only burning away,

Me and my baby arms,
Trying to learn,
But to learn is hard,
Mistake after mistake,
Made and cannot be unmade,
But there is a price to pay

Me and my baby arms,
Wishing to be strong,
And one day may be,
But today I am stuck with,

Me and my baby arms.

Cotton Candy Clouds

Could I do it all again,
Never like a fire would I love you;
Like pink cotton candy I would kiss you,
As sweet, light, and soft as you.

Could I do it all again,
I would love you like a cloud,
And through it I would see your shining rays,
As I had,
But how golden and warm they would be now,
Without a fire to distract,

Could I do it all again,
From your beauty,
From your radiance,
From you.

Maybe one day I could do it all again,
I just hope my cotton candy kisses are for you alone,
Always.