

PLATONIC VALUE

My love for you serendipitously rose from the inky
depths of my soul that I never thought existed

An ailurophile is my love with chatoyant eyes which
fly my soul into the clouds

If I do not have her in my arms by sunset
My life is worth more than a brusque breathe

Streets are cold to walk
Breathing is heavy to bare
Baby I couldn't ask for more than your lips
Caring about me like a newborn child
Wrapping me in your love like silk bed sheets

I do not have the strength to push on
Your idea gives me moments of glamour
Your essence gives me joy when I ponder
Bout' the true treasure your being carries in its kernel
Her touch is so gentle her skin so gentle
with a smile that ignites my euphoria

I may not be abundant in my clarity
to compete for your heartwarming affection
That give sensations of satisfaction that is not
describable by my simple idioms

Woken by my angst that I do not see the light of day
that lies in your eyes

The epiphany will never rest cold in me
Your words are a lullaby for my aching soul
Which I can truly never possess

I therefore cherish every moment with you like my last
For I'll never feel this again
Will I also never understand again
Or wake up knowing to hope it

Yet may our ephemeral dalliance be sung by the
cupids
As our requiem makes our fling sempiternal

Since one day I will have to inure the inevitable

that I'm not enough

simply not
enough

-prince 