

Warm and Cold

The unsaid words we know are true.

I drop my life to follow you.

A warm blooded body to keep me warm.

To wake in the morning, mind distraught.

All I do is imagine something we are not.

A warm blooded body to keep me warm.

I yearn for your touch, but receive no reply.

So I scroll through names and tell myself a lie.

A warm blooded body to keep me warm.

Some nights worse, some nights better.

I search the floor hoping to find your sweater.

A warm blooded body to keep me warm.

I wonder what would happen if I told myself no.

Nothing left to owe

A warm blooded body to keep me warm.

This Love

What if us was never a thing?

My heart would be open, more life to bring.

What if I didn't cry over you drunk?

My life would be lighter, emotions wouldn't have sunk.

What if you hadn't deceived me?

I told you I loved you, you should've believed me.

But what if I wake tomorrow and you are gone?

My heart would stop, unable to move on.

Home Ground

How much searching must I do

To find the one I will hold true?

My gut wrenches at the thought

Of cheating on him – I must not.

But is it cheating when he lies?

I'm nothing more than a good fuck prize.

And when someone asks him if he wants a girl

He nods his head, ignoring my twirl.

So is it cheating when we both sleep around?

If there is no label don't consider this home ground.

Another Time

Another time

Another place

We'd be together – same case

But look at us here

Staring at each other like we don't know ourselves

Too lost in the world, we ain't nobody else

So let's face it – we'll make us

No excuses, no denying over our love

Because you and me, baby, we're meant to be

With Time

He's exhausted.

Swallow after swallow

The burning in his throat deepens.

His straight face contorts,

Vision blurring into clouds.

Sadness falls upon his cheeks

As he tries to wipe away the memories.

It's too late.

Extra years of unwanted age heavy his soul.

Still, his lungs delve into survival mode,

While his heart knows survival mode has come and gone.

A small crack forms within the beating organ,

Laying beneath the others,

Some old and worn,

Some vibrant and healing.

With time the crack will fade,

Memories will blur,

And his mind will have to move on.

With time.