Soul Mates

If the soul that was created
the same moment that my soul was made
were to walk in the world with me,
to stand beside me,
look into my eyes,
to put his mouth on mine,
we would burst into blue flame
and the light would make the nighttime day
and a wave would tear through the air
shaking the trees
and rattling windows
and people miles away would turn towards the sound of joy/pain/ecstasy
and they would blush at witnessing
so intimate a moment
of two strangers.

Saturday Séance

Lights dimmed

Candles lit

Words uttered

Music Played

Hands Joined

Names Invoked

Desperate Séance

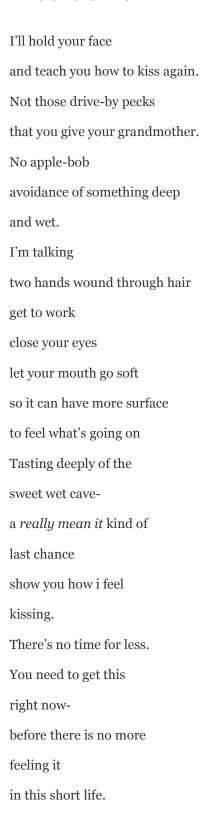
To raise what died-

Date Night

Love Grenades

Tossing words like love grenades on a satin battlefielda simple rug won't cover all the broken steps I've taken trying to reach my way to you. Tall assumptions-Wide divisions two dimensions to our volleys I can't get my arms around it when we take our weapons out. No depth of understanding, no time of absolution you have me in a corner with no way to turn around. You can see that I'm still fighting So you know that I still care It's all over when it's silent And I leave you here to stare At the place where I was handing you the best part of my life At the place where I'm still standing up for love.

This Short Life



It Just Arrived

