

Booyah

You get me,
Yet push me, pull me, hang onto me by a string,
The slightest pluck on me shows your efficacy and the mystery
that you bring,

Rush in, wash, and console like the tides that swallow life whole,
Then remind me of the man that I once was and still am,

Girl...

Your whirl wind sweeps through like a rain-soaked hurricane that
sustains
Until my mind can gather the essence that is you,

As much as I wish and attempt to dish up other entities which is
me,
Your artistic, intrinsic drenched mind is all that matters to me,

Continue to let your spindle spin,
But let that prick on spindles prick count,
For it may amount to the everlasting love-joy-love we stay awake
for,

Dream for,
Bleed for,
Die for,
But star-crossed lovers dream of better means to serve,

Thunder glimpses the horizon,
Like ten thousand soldiers trampling where our eyes have been
tonight,

Locked lovers trance,
Executing lost lovers trance dance,

Sleep, don't sleep
Dream, don't dream,
Yet let young love flourish and nourish
Our cold heat starved kindred souls,

Bring your fire and bring your heat,
For some time near my heat will cease,
And I'll have nothing left but the life I thought was complete.

But at this moment, nothing is complete,
Unless I...have...you.

Booyah

--Jordan Ramay