

Rivers and Rain: The Nature of a Teardrop

At Latourell Falls

Running water

Runs my mind

Clean my motions

Wash me fine

Bury my behaviors

Leave me behind

Running water

Fasten

Quicken

Keep me in pace

I'll freeze in your shallow

I'll bury my face

Oh virtuous patience

Gives time to waste.

Running water

To your turns I'll be sent

Your journey be mine

To your nature I'm bent

And at journey's end

When all has been said

I'll sojourn gracefully

to the rivers bend

It's quite redundant

Why do I cry

Over someone who gave me nothing

But a sweet addiction

To an illusion so irresistible

Putrid at peak perfection

A synthetic attachment

seductively sour

Darling you're killing me

Oh stop teasing me

I can see

Your heart so clearly now

Radiantly repulsive

Yet I lay here

Wishing for one last taste

Delightfully disgusting

Guide

Of all the many roads I can take

May the easiest be far from me

And of all the faces that I see

May all the kindest smile at me

If ever I had words to say

They would tell you to run far away

And then if I had hands to hold

I would guide you down this narrow road

Careful

It wouldn't be accurate to claim

That who she is can be summoned by her name

That conjured when spoken only produces a flame

To the hellfire, the soulless burning rain

To the warmth that emits when you acquaint

It's a cold burn and it shakes

Approaching apprehensively will result in no gain

You can assume she is cautious all the same

Like legs against a numbing current

hip deep

Like fingers hovered over a licking flame,

ready to retreat

Snow White

Rest

Lay me down

Crown me with gentle kisses

Robe me in safe protection

Adorned in sacred ritualistic sacrifice

Buried in lullabies

Weep in mourning for the death of innocence

Breath silently, anticipate the arrival

It was foretold that love is on the search

My love is on the hunt

Quicken darling

longing burns like ice

And I've been kept Snow White