

When I'm with You

A house that was not a home,
A place that should give but only takes,
Like a plant etiolating towards the light I survived.
Memories of my youth on the cusp of consciousness,
A poltergeist in my own mind.
But I don't feel haunted when I'm with you.

A lone wolf outrunning its shadow,
Seeking a place to rest. When can I rest?
My eyes are weary, my heart is weepy,
The night sky mocks me, a curse instead of a blessing.
When I finally sleep, I only have nightmares.
But I think I'd dream when lying next to you.

A layer of permafrost worn like armor,
How long must I chip away to break through?
Perhaps I can't remove this ward alone.
The biting cold eats into my flesh, reminding me that I'm alive,
Hoarfrost covering my heart - a lovely sapphire.
But I melt inside when I'm holding you.

A constant state of limbo,
The fog never dissipates, repressing my reasoning
Blurring each obstacle I must overcome,
Yet every day you fail to escape my thoughts.
I think I've known since we first met,
That I feel at home when I'm with you.

If only I could bring myself to tell you.