

Fall Into Me

I want to fall into you.
I want to fall into your arms,
I want you to hold me.
I want to fall into your smile,
Your voice when you tell me you love me,
Tell me you love me.
Tell me you'll love me until the end of time,
Until the moon snatches the stars away, until the sky shatters and breaks,
Until the ocean takes out ashes and broken promises away,
And I want you to kiss me.
Kiss me like the waves kiss the shore,
Until my broken heart is healed and re-born.
And I want you to sing to me.
Not with your voice, but with your soul because your aura speaks the thousand words your
voice cannot.
And when you dance with me,
Baby, when you dance with me,
Dance with your heart because I want to fall into the rhythm of our heartbeats.
I want to fall into you.
Your eyes, when they crinkled at the corner because you smiled,
Your skin, because when I look at you I want to connect my body to yours limb from limb.
I want to,
I want you make you, fall into me.
I want to be the moon that snatches your stars away and lays them on the shore for the waves
to kiss.
I want to be the reason the door to your heart opens, I want to be the air you breathe,
The thoughts that consume your soul and invade your mind,
Fall into me.
I will catch your tears,
The ones you've been shedding for years because you can't seem to find someone to give your
heart to.
I will love you.
Like the caramel of your skin,
And the chocolate of your eyes,
Like the blue loves the skies, baby,
Fall into me.
And I will let you in,
Consume your soul from limb to limb.
Baby, fall into me.
Because I won't let you drown.
Baby, I won't let you drown.
Because I will be the shore to your ocean,
The stars to your sky,
And the love hidden in your eyes.
Baby,
Fall into me.

Internal Silence

I like the way your name rolls off my tongue.

It's sweet like honey,

And soft like velvet I could say it,

For hours, days, weeks, years.

Years.

I have had at least one class with you every year for four years,

I have seen you every day for four years, and I still don't have the guts to tell you I...

See I can't do it.

I'm too damn shy.

I like the way when I stare into space and my thoughts go back to you.

And I like when I think of you kissing my skin and my heart constricts, and oh! There I go again, there's my head on my desk and I'm breathing...so...heavy.

A girl taps me on the shoulder,

"Are you okay?" she asks, I'm fine I tell her,

I've just got my head up my ass cause' when I think of you,

I lose myself.

I lose myself in thoughts of us.

Together and intertwined.

It's so funny,

But really it isn't,

Because it makes my heart constrict,

And my breath hitches.

And then I see you,

I see you and my whole world is right again.

There's a light in my eyes, and an air in my step until I realize that I still can't tell you that I...

I lo...

See, I still can't do it.

Cause' I'm too damn shy.

I like how when I go to sleep at night, I dream.

I dream of you in the kitchen cooking me breakfast,

And the only reason I rise from my bed is because I smell,

The waffles, eggs, and bacon you've made me.

And I look at you,

Your skin gleaming in the light,

Your eyes vibrant with the color of love, and then you speak.

And I am lost in the fact that I am drowning in your vocalizations and conversation,

It sounds like...

Like music.

All the tones and vocal notes, coming together to create something so melodic, so perfect,

And all I want to do is listen to your voice for hours, days, weeks, years.

And I wake up, searching through my sheets looking for you next to me, and you're not there.

And I start thinking, what if you were?

Then I walk into school the next day and I see you talking to your friends and then you look at me.

You look at me and my heart drops to my knees and I forget how to breathe until my face kisses the wall.

Because when you look at me,

When you look at me,

Tingles race across my skin it's electricity,

It courses through me.

And all I want to do is tell you that I lov...

And I

Still
Can't
Do it.
And it's all because I'm too damn shy.
And I hate,
I hate when I go to sleep at night trying to replace this empty space with pillows and blankets
and I just want it to be you.
I just want it to be you.
And I start to cry.
Trying to release the pain I feel inside,
Removing the blackness in which I confide,
Cursing at myself to just *tell you*.
Tell you.
The worst that could happen is you tell me no,
And I go home with my head in my hands, between my knees,
Confiding in my sheets.
And as my broken heart falls to the floor piece by piece, the ghost of what it used to be will
whisper all the broken promises and tears I've shed in the process of just trying to tell you,
That I love you.

The Idea of You

My first exploration was poetry,
And my first passion was writing.
My first beautiful discovery was coffee but,
My first love, was you.
The aroma of everything that you are enveloped me.
Made me slip and fall into the arms of impulsivity,
You move me.
You make my heart leap out of my chest, you make tears come to my eyes, you take my breath away,
You, take my words away.
I have grown to love everything about you. Like when you tap your foot in anticipation, like when you sing under your breath as if no one is listening.
But I listen.
I listen to your thoughts, your opinions, the secrets your heart whispers.
I hear, your unspoken fears when you talk about past relationships.
I hear your hidden desires when you gaze at me from across the room and see the sides of my flesh,
You make me blush,
Uncontrollably, when you pass by me a little too closely.
And forget breathing.
How could I possibly breathe when I'm completely aware of our proximity?

My first exploration was poetry but, what was yours?
I want to be your first exploration.
I want you to explore my deep thoughts and hidden temptations.
And my first passion was writing.
I, want to be your first passion.
Be passionate in your kisses, kiss me like death is waiting at your doorstep, like you're afraid to lose me.
And when you hold me,
Hold me like the word close doesn't exist because we couldn't be close enough.
And when you speak to me, speak to me like time and space doesn't exist because we'd have all the time in the world.

My first beautiful discovery was coffee.
I want to be your first discovery.
I want you to discover that I am more than just the surface of my being.
I want you to discover that I am guarded. That I push people away to keep myself from getting hurt.
And when you discover these things, I want you to promise me forever. And even though I fear the word forever, I'd work hard to promise you forever too.

My first love was you but, I get the feeling that yours is nonexistent.
I want nothing more, than to be your first love.
I will love you infinitely, like my heart was designed specifically to love yours.
I will love you with every sunrise and every sunset, with every full moon, and every twinkling star.
With every piece of my falling heart.

With every first love, comes a first heartbreak.
You, are lucky in the fact that you don't have one, but sad as it may be you,
Are my first heartbreak.

Not you as in the physical you but you as in the idea of you.
The idea that I could possibly be lucky enough to have you.
The idea that you could sweep away all the broken promises and tear stained pillows,
As if you would actually do that.
The idea that you would answer all my unheard wishes and make me your misses the idea,
That you could ever love me.

The idea of you, the diluted version of the illusion of you,
Is my unfortunate heartbreak.