

– confession –

admit the deepest recesses of Night  
the lenses focus upon a sight

the form is barely defined  
in vagueness, richly designed

struggle, and it will dissipate  
release, let it regenerate

for the dawn draws near  
and all secrets will appear

one truth lingers  
as hesitation halts my fingers

– Canvas –

The longing that paints  
the yearning that draws  
On my palette I pour much  
yet I hold naught.

thoughtful strokes  
filled with passion  
this is how i seek  
this is what i picture

– Guilty Pleasure –

the devilish pleasure of your dark nectar  
is a lasting bondage on my soul  
no matter how hard I try  
my footsteps end at your place  
I drink from you day and night  
despite the loss of my appetite  
so do hear me out, my friend  
would you bring me more of that coca-cola?

– To Construct –

I'd make a pretty interesting building, I thought  
stories woven throughout  
not many flights  
but they would be drawn-out  
pictures on the walls  
to make up for all the words I would write  
the floor would be pretty cheap  
but soft enough for your face if you fall  
to make sure no one controls it completely  
so ta-ta for now  
I have to walk doors  
but I hope you pay a visit, it's less pricier than a stay

– Fall –

to *fall* in love.  
what a painful word to experience,  
yet how wonderful the sensation.  
unexpected, surprising,  
which makes it all the more mesmerizing.

to *fall* out of love.  
as painful as its start,  
the end is nothing but scritch-scratch.  
instead of stars  
they leave scars  
wishing that it never started,  
wishing that it never ended.

but as surely as you and I will meet,  
love will trip us again  
and we will gladly fall.