

JUST LOVE

No1
11/16/23



november sixteenth is a day to remember,
november sixteenth was a day to surrender,
if I packed all my love and sent it away,
I swore it swam through time,
and became stuck on this day

saturday

shattered glass and broken eggshells,
smother up the floor,
the mindless chant,
an endless ballad,
drones through the door,
lifted, are the spirits,
of the direless other,
as they weep,
empty, as their nature's mother

I helped her find god,
when I needed it most,
so I looked into the iris,
the iris of the sun,
imprinted notions,
watching our heads spin round,
over our daily iterations,
so I quit my dreaming,
and I started dancing,
just to be around you

rupturing through my head,
is our expired sin,
we both cried about it,
you made me promise you,
our pinky's tied into a knot,
but I have a secret promise,
I wished it away,
with a sunken quarter,
your eyes inspire vertigo,
I spiral to a bliss,
I always want you to remember,
the early days together,
because I'm scared of who I am,
I'm scared I'll be remiss

Despite being in love,
I want to serenade you, still,
does my drunkenness,
make you feel impervious,
I keep my breath constrained,
my lips are pulled tight,
but every glance at you,
kills a part of me,
it's only when your eyes sparkle back,
that I finally realize,
how great a god, love is

boy in blue

I wonder if he remembers,
through strained eyes and sluggish postures,
I wonder if he recalls,
sunburnt skin and tickled laughter,
I wonder what he thinks,
during blue hues and whispered evenings

I'm a fool

I'm just the kind of fool,
who will sit and write to you,
of the dizzy dances shared,
when the glint in my eye,
finally disappears,
into a moonless night,
where we each pass the park,
and each time I spot you,
through furred bushes,
and broken limbs,
my feet grow numb,
at the thought that you,
could just be over there,
at the end of each trail,
we find ourselves coupled,
with not much to say,
and my god am I afraid of waiting,
and wondering if we'll ever begin