

Skies are blue
When I see you
But I know
That the show
Will end
With a bad bend
With a storm
That will swarm
Around me
Like a billion bees
That came from the dark trees
That scare everyone but thee
Because you don't-
And won't-
Know how I feel.
Now, I know I'm just going to heal
And walk away
Because you won't bother to pay
Any attention to the one
Who doesn't speak and usually runs.
But ignore that
Because I'm at bat
And about to run
And have fun
Because I know I'm going to win
This game that begins
With a kiss from you
Who blew in
With no grin.
I'm here
Waiting for YOU, dear
Even if the thunder
Makes us wonder
How we'll deal
With the real
Of me, a dear
Who fears
THAT road
Which will end the slowed
Pace
Of my beautiful space.
But like I said
I realize I must leave my comfy bed
And be with you instead
Because I will never lose that lack of pain
That I wish to gain.

I know the storm will be bad
And many will be mad
But right now we both wish
For a rich dish
Of love
From above
And so I may sleep
And not be forced
To count the sheep.

By,
Noa K