

*When our eyes connect it's when I'm most intent
to reflect on a love that I lament.
Lust brought to life by tender kiss.
Now here I sit,
spending Sunday in a café; casually sunlit.*

*What's worse is forgetting your body's heavenly touch
as my thirst is beguiled by this curse.
Drift under silver waves and contain a
love lost in vain.
How lonely Sunday's can drive me utterly insane.*

*Every desolate day teeters on mundane and plain.
It becomes difficult to feign
that everything will end up okay.
Your love, a roaring hurricane
ripping through my sunniest days.*