

sincerely

atlas

Yeah, I just spent a year or two on self discovery
And at the tail end of it you went and fell in love with me
So wake and smell the shrubbery, the roses and the petrichor
And tell me if there's anyone who I'd be any better for
Because honey you're my other half
Sinking ship
Rubber raft
Twinkling lips, lovely laugh
And every bit of what I asked - plus a half
Honestly I've always kind of sucked at math
But a hundred-fifty percent sounds fuckin' rad
Heart pounding like I'm doing hella jumping jacks
And I've been in the dark so long I think the sun has come at last - in the form of you, my favorite sort of goof, with a heart of gold; that shit's enormous too
You're a basket of assorted fruits, resting in the background of an easel for an artist to paint his portraits to
And each one of them is beautiful I'm sure
That's why my writing about you brings this music in my nerves ; it explodes from my mouth like a secret, but I scream when I speak it directly to the cement
Forget it
I hope that my friends all see this and think to themselves, "Patrick's happy - oh Jesus"
I'd ask the reasons and dream to lack pretense but the question "Why pick me?" is greeted with these evenings of smiling and joy
Told that shy little boy who I was a few years ago to, hide in the void called life that I travel through exposed in my heart
So you could snatch in from my chest and turn my soul into art
You make pens and pencils look like an extension of yourself
I watched you draw me in a minute flat without and ounce of help
And if I said I wasn't still amazed with how you did so well then I'd be lying - I'm in shock and smiling if you couldn't tell so
This is a personal thank you from me to you
For being so damn incredible and speaking true
Because beauty like that belongs on the evening news
Sincerely signed, Patrick or atlas: your dear and boo