

One

Ghostly Kisses

Time, I spend thinking:
What we shall say
Pulses withhold
Our eyes give away

I know we both harbor
A need for true words
The kind that do last
We keep beyond records

Many people in my home
And good friends too
When I'd rather be one
With either me or you

Tired, they seem louder
Burdened by lacks
I willingly patch
With euphoric crafts

And though they be taxing
They satisfy me
Like a hundred good naps
My body disagrees

Many people in my home
And good friends too
When I'd rather be one
With either me or you