

# Incomplete Lullaby

Lisa Mitchell

Like a turning head  
Like a second look  
Like a burning leaf of an open book

Like a pounding sea  
Like a messy crime  
When your eyes first met with mine

Like a broken word  
Like a tragic smile  
Like a thousand steps or a single mile

Like a lonely chance  
Like a savage glow  
When you turned and said hello

I was just about to go  
There were flowers on the ceiling  
You left me feeling

Like a fading voice  
Like a closing door  
Like a dozen lies and a dozen more

Like a twisted tongue  
Like distant bark  
When we broke out in the dark

The stars looked like burning sparks  
The lights were warm but chilling  
You left me feeling

Tired  
Could not close my eyes  
On fire  
But frozen inside  
To run or to hide  
Speechless my words could not melt  
Whisper I wanted to shout  
With out you I felt

Like a fleeting thought  
Like a double eight  
Like a gentle feel of a warming taste

Like a placid breath  
Like a cool wind blows  
When you stopped and held me close

Inside I nearly froze  
Your touch is almost healing  
You left me feeling

Tired  
Could not close my eyes  
On fire  
But frozen inside

To run or to hide  
Speechless my words could not melt  
Whispered, I wanted to shout  
With out you I felt

Like a setting sun  
Like a last goodbye  
Like an incomplete lullaby