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 massive climb,
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 a distant bark,
When we broke out into the dark.Stars looked like burning sparks.
The lights were on but chilling.
You left me feeling,Tired, I could not close my eyes.
On fire, but frozen inside.
To run or to hide.Speechless, my words would not melt.
Whispered, I wanted to shout.
Without you I felt,Like a fleeting thought, like a double life,
Like a gentle feel of a warming taste.
Like a passive breath, like a cooling blow,
When you stopped and held me close.Inside I nearly froze.
Your touch is almost healing,
You left me feeling,Tired, I could not close my eyes.
On fire, but frozen inside.
To run or to hide.Speechless, my words would not melt.
Whispered, I wanted to shout.
Without you I felt,Like a setting sun, like a lost goodbye.
Like an incomplete lullaby.

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