Chosen

Blood Orange

It was the last weekend of September,
I stayed up all night long, waiting for the fire ache in my heart to subside...
it never happened.
He was the most beautiful boy i'd ever seen, most beautiful boy i'd ever met.
My favorite books, around the clock, scars of my knee
i see him behind my lids in a bright grey shirt,
i see him running tripping and falling, covered in dirt.
i see a lot of things lately i know,
i know none of it is real.
it's in the way that he moves but I don't want to choose.
Another day and i'll lose, but i don't want to choose.
Face to the ground, change the sound.
Time in your mind, make it right.

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