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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