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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