

The Aftermath

Kashmir

I'm wondering if my thoughts of her
have ever crossed her thoughts of me
and if they're half as clear as mine
and if there'll ever be a time for us to journey once again
as lovers and as trusted friends
what if the best is yet to come
and this was only the first part run get a hold of yourself
don't worry about the aftermath
there is no one after you
or on your back
there is no one after you but the everyday just can't compete
with the beauty of a polaroid
where the fairytale endures complete
and her eyes are always full of joy like a frozen glimpse of butterflies
on a colorized celluloid sky
she waves her cheerful last goodbye
and begs for me to let passed things slide get a hold of yourself
don't worry about the aftermath
there is no one after you
no one on your back
there is no one after you

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