In the Creases

Amber Rubarth

In the CreasesYoure the smell of the toast that you made in the mornings.
Youre the page in my book that I keep to myself.
Youre the unlocking sound when I turn my door key.
Youre the scar that I have from the time that I fell.
I cant describe the faces.
I cant recall the names.
But you remain..I keep you in the creases.
I hide you in the folds.
Protect you from the sunlight.
Shield you from the cold.
Everybody said they were glad to see you go.
But no one ever has to know.Youre the part of the moon that blends into the blackness.
Even though we know its really still there.
Youre the song that I sing and I dont need to practice.
Youre the green shirt I keep though its too small to wear.
I cant describe the faces.
I cant recall the names.
But you remain..I keep you in the creases.
I hide you in the folds.
Protect you from the sunlight.
Shield you from the cold.
Everybody said they were glad to see you go.
But no one ever has to
No one ever has to know the things that I refuse to see
And all the nights I still cant sleep.
I curl up in the sheets
Between the creases where you used to be.Once love wakes it never sleeps
Even when you love a dream.

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