

Only Seven Left "Turbulence"

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Guess what; it hurts. In two, I burst.
Needles as answers collapse in laughter.
Your words are at a loss; Shiver's all across your lips.
And my eyes attempt to disguise,
I've never been this far yet, please spare me from the edge.
And even if this turbulence could cause a stormy night,
I would fiercely hold on to my kite,
As soon as we lay, the world took away our breath.
And we might try. From tension to touch, collision results.
As we exceeded the night; I never felt so right,
Say self-regarded but I'm just done to the wide,
And after two more days, she cries on the phone.
And I'm convinced.
The weather is calm, I let go.

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