

Style Over Substance

"The Perfect Minute"

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Are you leaving so soon?
The stove is still warming.
I've been waiting on this moment for so long now.
The perfect minute to paint a story, a novel of color.
A flawless perfection in the air we breathe together,
A gold plated trophy on my wall.
A flawless perfection in the air we breathe together.
I want to show you.
The clock passes time, so insecure as i wait.
The phone never rings because the walls we build
confine.
I'll mend my own connections, when time is sacred to
you,
These pages are white with unsung melodies and
unwritten memories.

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