

Yearling

"Picturesque"

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Grace arrives.
Sapphire breaks the night like a knife.
You were right, and all this time
The sun and the moon left to conspire
And redefine the sky.
Because here it's you and me.
All these dreams are lost to the sea.
A treasure chest of wayward hope, an ocean's keeping
me afloat.
Reveries, my lost memories, and everything I thought
I'd be is falling

In between you and me.
In between
The pen and the page is the part of me
That I might never see.
But, like ink, it seems
The words write the better part of me
While the rest leaves a distant dream.
Here it's you and me, a picturesque dichotomy, a
melody in binary.
Here it's you and me as everyone comes out to see a
vessel full of memory.

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