

If
I told
you how
afraid I am,
you would not
be so eager to be
in love with me.
If you understood
I am always in search
of clouds to float on,
away from everything
that is our embrace...
I want to say I love
you, but love is
fleeting, and I
do not trust
myself,
or
y
o
u

Do not pay such
close attention
To all of these ink spills
I am churning out with
your name in every line.
The letters all belong to
you, my dearest, even if
the ones you want are
still missing from the page.