

One Time I Missed the Beat

I'll cherish your syllables.  
They will die between my arms.  
When the rhythm stops tonight,  
I just hope I'll still be warm.

I've been waiting all night long.  
Well, who knows how long it's been?  
Hurry up and dance with me,  
We can trip  
and fall  
and spin.

I feel a little sick now,  
When I sleep alone at night.  
I'm sure I'll be just fine, though.  
I think I will be, alright?

We waded through deep puddles,  
And refractions of the sun.  
We waited through the morning,  
As the stars began to run.

The rhythm of your blinking.

The shuddering of your breath.

The way your fingers held me.

As you danced until your \_\_\_\_\_