

look at me
while composing
intent in putting up a non intentional show
fed up with fragility
falling down stairs
slipping across hours
till the moment sun jumps in with the force of the unexpected day

laid around half spoken
dozens of confusing words
making sense only in my mind
look at me
and kiss me
as time runs fast upon our brains
as tomorrow may be today already
as airports are waiting filled with my next flight

let me sink inconsistently
into the strawberry darkness of your starry eyes
and while I navigate upon your skin
I catch a hint of the inebriating smoothness of life
I see the most beautiful part
of the wildness we are

