

To You

To you, the creature of my dreams.
The bringer of bliss and delightful
sleep. You, the one that makes my insides
churn with expectation and my head
float far above the steady-minded
like I'm in a cartoon,
and bubble hearts are popping up
from Cupid's spell and
dancing around my head.
To you, my love and my passion -
the one thing that keeps me on my toes
because the lord only knows when
we'll next collide,
like fire and water,
and extinguish one another in our own
stubborn ways and create something altogether
unique and beautiful. It's cliché to call you my other half,
but how else do you explain the empty part of me
that longs to reach out when you're gone
and try to put myself in your shoes? I can't, because I'm
too afraid it won't be like you at all. With you, I can simply
be.

Mickey Pfarr