

Soul Scorched

Memory plays like a home movie,
Running on an old projector

(I hope the film doesn't burn)

The scent of fresh cut grass,
The stars twinkling,
Voices mumbling,
Feeling his body next to mine.

His cologne smelled like the taste of his kiss
The day his girlfriend left us
Together in Harrison Smith Park,
Even if he never kissed me.

(She couldn't know what would happen)

Smoke from lawn candles tasted bitter;
The sun's burn still lingered
On our shoulders and I couldn't breathe.

(He was so overwhelming)

Moonlight stole the color from his face,
Left him pale; honey-washed hair turned gray;

(The old man before his time)

His motto is:

"If honor is more important than life,
Then today is a good day to die."

(He seemed so tragically sad)
My soul burned to touch this ghost,
To prove he was real;

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To prove he was real;
 "I'll be here forever,"
 He whispers in my ear,
 (He always knew what to say)
 Sending shivers down my spine.

The beautiful night of seclusion
 Seemed almost endless
And made our lives as boring as
 The last two minutes of a tied football game.

On this night he told me things:
 About himself, about others;
 Secrets he trusted to me alone.

 (Now it seems he told everyone)

We melded together;
 And we were to live happily ever after
 With bleak flowers lining our path.

 (We should have been so happy)

"Au revoir, mon cherie," I say to him
 As the clouds fight each other
 And stars blink bleary eyes.

 (Yet the night was so cold when you left)