

# The Cr, Memorare

slipping between us, the ghost & the mourning  
prayers spent finding, a reason to stay  
painful and aching, the balance is breaking  
with so many words, I don't know what to say....  
our planets break orbit like paper and water  
delicate dancing on the edge of her lips  
something unsettled, and something remembered  
something forgiven, keeps silent with-in  
and she turns to me with tears in her eyes  
as if she doesn't see the tempest inside  
and our hearts are beating, but no-one is breathing  
a small thing I think, so close to the end

The clock is ticking, time is escaping- I know I must be standing on my own  
and something sacred, it could be dying - I know, and I stare with headlights now approaching  
blankets of sadness, bound up and cover, happiness lost, I must have buried here  
inside I'm reaching, inside i'm pleading, I can't be losing everything...  
that I remember...

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Kisses left longing, somewhere behind us  
asking for comfort, like cats in-between  
and this new regretting, how foolish the choices  
that once seemed so meaningful, sturdy, & sane.  
our seconds of silence, last half of forever-  
searching for glimpses that lovers embraced  
how close and how distant, we stand to each other  
knowing that nothing, can ever be replaced

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