

# xLooking Forwardx, Displacement Theory

Holding on.

Holding on to what I have of you.

Sometime it seems it's all I ever have.

It's true that a memory, a memory is keeping me alive.

I'm not being possessive if I need you to survive.

Displaced by circumstances not beyond control.

Past thoughts of romance are tearing at my soul.

But I need you to make mine whole.

Displacement by something that you love.

But I can't make you stop.

Can't hurt my one true love.

Because if I did I fear you would resent me.

But this time is killing me.

My heart must represent me.

Why can't things be the way they were?