

Catch 22, Regression

I love you.

I miss you.

Forgive me my ineptitude.

And I will change my attitude.

I'm whinning and pining for sweet embraces never known.

A harvest from a seed unsown.

Time is on my side and I understand my life.

Make a choice to move onward.

But I admit I can't commit and I will not decide.

Dim light shines brightly in pitch black.

Bright enough to find my own way back.

Push forward or you might lose your chances.

Or take less with me.

Regress with me.

And savor true romance.

Come take a walk with me but if you do there is no turning back.