

Good Morning Milo, Settling

You're the perfect confrontational excuse of mine.
Silence keeps us alive.
Sugar-coating every parting of my lips down.
No use, no point to ever make a sound.

Stop me from a new beginning, ease my mind of you and me.
Tell me anything, anything, anything.

And if the time was right,
I would tell you everything pent up inside.
From a bird's eye where the air is thin
it takes some getting used to, some settling.

I let my hopes consume me,
spilling sonnets on your jeans,
believing you're intrigued.
But the words escape half trembling,
anticipating your stoic gaze
but nothing's there to indicate...

You're the perfect confrontational excuse of...