

Jack Foster III, Feel It When I Sting

I was a brushstroke in a portrait,
sometimes proud, but most times vague.
You defined me with a touch of light
and saved me from the gray.
Sometimes I'd lose perspective
but, only on the days
I was feeling rather blameless
but your eyes blamed me anyway.

when the clouds over you
challenge my view
lift the lullaby I sing
to the richest blues
to show my blackest truths
paint the mid-nights that you bring.
Your heartbeat stretches clear to me
cut myself to watch you bleed,
your cover blown to smithereens.
You can be a monster inside,
but you're beautiful in my eyes
'cause you can feel it when I sting.

Now I'm one rhyme in a poem,
sometimes cursed, sometimes blessed,
I'm trapped between the lines
afraid of things you might confess.
You're ending comes where I begin
I end where you come next;
Love's point seems rather aimless
without you there to acquiesce.

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Sleep now, won't you sleep
I'm with you when you dream
I'm wound up in your veins
I'm anguished when you scream
Sleep now, won't you sleep
I'm there if you awake
to share your living hell
to hope for heaven's sake