

Lisa Mitchell, Incomplete Lullaby

Like a turning head
Like a second look
Like a burning leaf of an open book
Like a pounding sea
Like a messy crime
When your eyes first met with mine
Like a broken word
Like a tragic smile
Like a thousand steps or a single mile
Like a lonely chance
Like a savage glow
When you turned and said hello
I was just about to call
There were flowers on the ceiling
You left me feeling
Like a fading voice
Like a closing door
Like a dozen lies and a dozen more
Like a twisted tongue
Like distant bike
When we broke out in the dark
The stars looked like burning sparks
The lights were warm but chilling
You left me feeling
Tired
Could not close my eyes
On fire
But frozen inside
To run or to hide
Speechless my words could not melt
Whisper I wanted to shout
With out you I felt
Like a fleeting thought
Like a double eight
Like a gentle fear of a warming taste
Like a placid breath
Like a cooling blow
When you stopped and held me close
Inside I nearly froze
Your touch is almost healing
You left me feeling
Tired
Could not close my eyes
On fire
But frozen inside
To run or to hide
Speechless my words could not melt
Whisper I wanted to shout
With out you I felt
Like a setting sun
Like a last goodbye
Like an incomplete lullaby