

Majandra Delfino, Poems Spill

Why do I cry this much?
Why do I fear that we can lose touch?
Since it has happened before
I fear it will happen so I'm reacting even more
Usually this would be nothing
But instead it's a detail of losing that one thing

Poems in my head just spill
Songs to sing to you keep coming
What I would do if I could kill
The melody of losing you that's humming

The darkest beats in me
Drum happily, freely, and not miserably
But when played in duo
Impossible to do if you're not here at all

Usually this would be nothing
But instead a grand crescendo.....
of swelling notes from these low strings

Poems in my head just spill
Songs to sing to you keep coming
What I would do if I could kill
The steady beat of losing you that's drumming