

Onelinedrawing, Oct

You remind me of infinity
The way things should have been
Nothing limited

You definitely make me wanna sleep
with the light on
with remembering

You are making me you are mercury
You are questioning you are answering
You are fumbling for that little thing
You are finding it
You are letting go

You are finding me perpetually
You are anagrams You are achronyms

I am fortunate
a pomegranate
You're the myth of luck
I'm a little duck