

The Devil Wears Prada, You Can't Spell Crap Wit

I wish to turn around and return (to her warmth and laughter),
but this calling is strong, and denial is impossible.
No measure of weight can justify what now presses into my chest.
To the road, your freedom is awesome,
but does it compare to the sweet embrace of my love?
Our convictions engraved by her marvelous hands.
My ears are upon the brink of detonation,
and the mud amongst the passage of my throat is drying to permanence.
Harvest the crop of memories.
To what's true, I offer thanks.
I've found what's pure and I've found what's sweet.
We are not barren