

Moments drift along pale waves.  
Contained in their break- hazy days, cradled by velvet suns;  
nursed by rum.

Silver moon rests on an ocean of stars,  
each so very far,  
but near to my heart.

There are nights, carelessly breezing by  
harkening remnants of crazy in my eye.  
Hear the softer cries nestled inside,  
illuminated by the fireside.

I die every time I think of lost loves crossing my lips  
and how crazy I'd be, just one more kiss.

Crazy, my mind runs for you.  
To and fro, high and low, searching through  
memory's catacombs, playing with shadows;  
all alone.  
Floating along tranquil seas, capturing words  
to explain a love that will never be.

How I long to be nestled in between  
serene scenes I've painted in dreams.  
Each stroke a cruel tale  
of a love that failed to escape its  
cold and stagnant hell.

Yet as my pride swelled, the deeper in love I fell.