

Imagine You Wake Up With Me Beside You

Imagine you
wake up
with me beside you;

your lips reach for me
to prove your kiss;

naturally I respond
in full sleep,
we unlock the code;

Yes, this is love.

you won't
ask any questions;

we'll never truly
know where we've been;

but only trust that
we'll be here;

waking aside each other,
breathing each breath

within a
late night's
eye sight's
reach.

I will not let you
forget; even in
my night's sleep;

you hand me
a key to keep;

as you fold yourself
into my heart;

so my arms can
cocoon you into space;

as a kiss on the back
of your neck
locks you into place;

we take the right
to bear arms;

Yes, this is love.

at what point
did this mystery

become too much
or too rigorous a battle?

living, then
trying to love
inside the doubt of a shadow?

So just imagine
you wake up, aside me
then kiss me;

and in my kiss
all the answers come
to you in a dream,

one that you'll never remember,

except that all the
answers proved to exist;

in the moments
I validated your kiss

only to wholly insist
that it is you,
and only you,
that I'll love forever

and nothing else
should matter.

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