

YOU ARE STILL SELFISH

You kiss me
with delicate care;

we loosely
hold each other;

clinging more so
to our one-night reservation

with a half-a-morning
included in the

last minute deal.

emotions stay inside;

not sure what they'd
wear in the shifting

of seasons, preferring
to cuddle themselves

inside any emptiness
appearing on the screens

behind our soon-to-close eyes.

I admit,
that I miss you,

but you still insist
that you're fine;

perfectly managing
the contrary

you've convince
yourself

that I believe.

you haven't changed.

I seal your forehead
with my kiss of sympathy

with an honest care,
re-letting you go.

then roll over to my
side of the earth

and surmount a
mountain chain
of pillows

in between

and fall out
of the dream.

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