

Topic: change  
The Mortality of a Forever

I am in a race against forever.  
Funny how circumstance can mortalise the immortal, isn't it?  
The menacing red ribbon at the finish line has taken the form of a blindfold.  
The gunshot at the start is a reminder that light is faster than sound.  
And no matter how fast I speak, no matter the words I say,  
The way we looked at each has now gone by.  
Can I look at you that way, just one more time?

Can I hear your voice once more?  
I promise, it'll be a short call.  
Even the beginnings of a hello will do.  
I'm scared. I'm scared I'll lose it all.  
Yesterday I began to forget the sound of your voice,  
The way words slid off your tongue,  
I found them in the mouth of the ones who spoke like you.  
But, those stolen words had now changed hues.  
Words melt to their owner's flame  
In my search for the thief I can't take the blame  
So can I call you one more time?  
I want those words to belong to you alone.

Can you make fun of me, just one more time?  
Call my taste in movies girly, as I watch 27 dresses while you watch my smile go bright  
Call my love for music basic, while your fingers dance with mine to Vanilla Twilight  
Call my TV Shows immature as you muffle your sobs in my hair to a 'This is Us' night.  
We were in the Goldielock zone, it all felt just right.

Can you switch places to sit with me, just one more time?  
The corners of the classroom desk will act as our haven.  
First bench or last, the world was background noise.  
You smile, I stay, an epic engraven.

Can you please point out my poor life decisions, one more time.  
But still hug my broken pieces together till no space remain.  
So can you tease me, one more time?  
Maybe I can hear the smile in your voice again.

Can I have one more time?  
One more time where I find you outside the screens of the old texts on my phone.  
My fingers type your name on instinct.

And my eyes look for the star besides your contact, a symbol distinct.

I backspace unspoken words as I watch each letter clack.  
Maybe if I stare at your picture long enough, you'll stare back.  
I know I should look away, but it's far too late.  
I wish pain had an expiry date.

Can I have one more time?  
One more time with my face in your hands  
One more time with my head on your chest  
One more time to look into your eyes  
One more time to be your armrest.

I want to outdo forever.  
Something, our bond couldn't do.  
When you stop living on in my heart, you'll still live on in my words.  
So I wrote this poem to immortalise you.

And maybe.  
Just maybe.  
If I add up these one more's.  
I'll get my forever.