

Unbeing

Four white walls,
A fridge stocked with drinks,
Enough books to keep me lost,
A bit to write about them, and her—
A bed, a pillow, and room to rest.

But then, it's just me,
Not the "normal" kind.

She is the one,
Yeah, that's it.
Let go of her, so if...
I am the one too—
She might hold on to me.

And still, it's just me,
The "normal" kind.