even if it means

that the waves can only touch

her for a second,

they come back - every single time-

to see if they can stay longer

than the last goodbye.

he stabbed her

a thousand times,

but if only you noticed

how gently he held his knife

And then it dawned:

The puddles she was skipping

were a source of water.

Skin flushed,

fingers twisted

breathing in sweat

and locking eyes,

she wrestled for

the right lyrics to their song.

He comes on strong

pushing open flower buds gently,

and I sit and watch him dry

after he’s fallen

for me.

-To Rain.

He existed, breathing out of open windows

the beauty of your craft

lies

not

in

its curves

or

edges

but in your effort to carve it.

You, my dear, are a painting;

There is grace, beauty.

And here:

Words unspoken,

things left unsaid.

My heart skipped a beat

When his fingers touched my waist.

My heart skipped another beat

because I know -

his fingers had already touched another waist.