

My Love

Honestly, my love do you think I need
anything more like this,
or less intense?

Forgive me until I understand.
The outcome is not knowing,
the best mistakes are redeemed
when you've proven how they've helped you.
When you've let go of the past on your sleeve.

For then, my love
I'd be nothing more than complete.

But, isn't that the purpose?
isn't that the need?

Forgive me, my love
if I don't whisper something true.
Because the love I have inside,
well is it enough for you?

For we never can know
if we only choose letting go.
And it's all tearing apart,
just like the beginning
of every other start
and the end of anything real.

Forgive me, my love
if I can't move away
from this similar outcome
or my favorite time of day.

