

In your king bed is where I wake up first,
The venetian blinds cause the sunlight to intersperse,
I pour your tea first and stir affirmations in,
My cup used to run empty when I first began
to provide men with a perfect people pleaser,
because he wouldn't make my tea or his own either,
He didn't bring me any sunshine; he just brought the rain,
and on occasion, I got a pewter overcast day,
With you, I forget about checking the forecast,
You proved that all bad weather comes to pass,

Anytime we happen to be under the stars,
Your head is thrown back, looking for hours,
Castor and Pollux, Eros and Aphrodite,
Changing natures from our constellation's duality,
Three years we've now been connected together,
Sometimes you're caught in my capricious weather,
Negative ideas that suddenly start circulating,
A doubt that evolves rapidly into ruminating,
I confront you with a teary heart and heavy eyes,
You take a deep breath and affirm that you're mine,

You've been here before, it's all too familiar,
You see through the mist, making sense of the peculiar,
It comes out of the blue, when I get the mean reds,
There's pounding in my chest and pain in my head,
I look for exhaustion in your expression,
I curse myself, I should have learnt my lesson,
Searching frantically for a signal or sign,

You shrug off my worries and say it's all in the past,
This isn't the first or second or third time
But it could be the last.