



Musical Chairs

So many thoughts
Are playing musical chairs
Around the cognizant parts
In this nocturnal head of mine

Some give me peace-
When I think of us
And all the fun rhythms we teased

Others give me chills-
When I think of us
And all those bad moments of thrills

When the music stops
A memory is slowly seized

I'm down to my last two

Will I be left with a memory
of me and you
or just the one of me,
no longer knowing you-
as if, we'd never met?