

just miss me, will you? this is it. goodbyes.
Each thing will shift and change and still remain.
The same; you'll dust my lips and paint my eyes–
And no amount of time could lift those stains.

But what is cherish worth without what's missed,
For isn't pain the beauty of the twins?
A heart of ache loves more than one that's blissed,
And tears are kisses' sweetest complements.

It's end that makes desire fight and plea,
And frailty with which joy so gently flees.
I'll never ask such joy to wait for me.
Just promise that you'll keep the memories.

More words, missed flights, it'd never be enough.
the time is never right.

just miss me, love.