

# Love, is a two way beachwalk.

So close...

Your name holds more than just two syllables

Thank you \_\_\_\_\_, I murmured with intoxication  
I love you-

*Be quiet.  
SHUT UP.*

Never one to dazzle, but bright enough for your wisp to bloom

...yet so far

Bottle them up, the pressure will ought to shatter  
descend

A perfect

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My shattered head and this body

whoosh — squawkk — ahahah — splash — (boom).

It's my fault for being brought into this world

The spectrum of shades leans to grey

The theory brewing condense into hard, cold facts

^ It's ought to be better to have loved and lost, Than never to have loved at all ^

the gritty sand between our feet, the crashing summer waves.

A blend that perks the taste buds, more than any latte

"Bitterness" in the harsh truth, "Sweetness" in the false fantasy

No regrets. No nothing. You live and you learn.

So long as I get to wake up and...

Oh hey, I've been waiting for you"

So long as that can...

Take care of yourself and please drink some water"

So long as we can safeguard this story from undoing, unravelling

I needed that"

So long, ~~no~~...

Keep that wispher of light flickering;

Can hope shoulder something it hasn't envisioned?  
Can paint strokes still visualise without a brush?  
Can we still grasp the ungraspable light held towards the end?

\_\_\_\_,... let's visit the beach some time again, yeah?

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