

until the next time

you're gone
the scent of you lingers on my skin
I caress the warmth you left behind
touching the places your hands have touched
tracing the shadows where your body met mine
melting and molding
two becoming one
but these moments are stolen
from another
and I live for the next time
until the next time

I will never ask any more of you than you can give
I accept this emptiness which is my keepsake
but insatiable is the hunger burning inside of me
my mind is screaming out for you
still you can't hear
why do I choose to be alone
because you're gone
until the next time
until the next time

share with me those feelings of doubt and hopelessness
I have them too
how can I separate my two lives when
the scent of you still lingers on my skin
I need to hold on to something more tangible
than a fading fragrance of once was
am I supposed to go on as if you do not
exist the way you exist to me
I know I will
until the next time
until the next time

We pass each other in different worlds
my entire being yearns for you
yet I do not give my eyes permission to see you
to really see you
the way they have in those secret somewheres
when no one was watching
I long for the freedom to announce to the world
I love you
or to just carry within me
the satisfaction of knowing I can
instead I wait
until the next time
until the next time