

What's Left To Live For?

I didn't know that was the last time I'd kiss you.
Maybe if I did I might have made it more passionate,
and held onto your lips for just a second longer.
I might have run my fingers through your dark hair. And breathed in your scent,
to hold on to that last intimate memory.
God knows I would have said something different.
What words I would have changed, I don't know
but it would have been better,
meaningful.
You always made sure I was okay with things,
never pressured.
You asked if I had any regrets.,
never,
until now.
Now when I dream,
I wake to my eyes drowning under the lids.
I didn't have a funeral
but I died along with our relationship.
And walk the street with an expressionless face,
until I get lost in a daydream where we are together
only then will I come back to life