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At war

I catch my breath every moment I spend with you. Sometimes it is from pure disbelief on how two people can fit so well together and sometimes I trace your face with my fingertips and my heart aches knowing I will never end up with you.

I should count my blessings but I can't help to grieve the things I didn't even know I wanted until they weren't an option. I want to take photos to frame and hang up, plan trips, kiss in public and not be on the outside looking in.

I am at war with my emotions and can't seem to make up my mind to whether I should save myself and walk away now or wait for the actual blow to be more entitled to the hurt and carry my battle scars with pride.

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