

Publicerad 2014-03-12 15:49 av Bäver

Mornings.

I always imagined myself falling in love in the early morning, defying the rain on the beach when it's too cold to be there and staying up late hours watching the sun rise talking about all the things no one asks us about.

I imagined myself drunk and lonely, dancing into the tables and among the stars especially the ones in your eyes with bruises on my legs and lips red with wine until I fall into that way too comforting darkness.

I imagined how I wake up and you are not there and I'm so thankful because I always thought you like me less in the morning when you see what a mess I am and I'm just too scared that I'll fall in love again.

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