

Playlist

by Adam Sifre

I made you a playlist,
how cliché, how sappy, how sad is that?
Then I listened to all the songs.
All the words I knew you loved, the notes that moved you.
(My competition.)
I tried to pick out all the lines,
the rhymes,
the phrases that touched upon who you are.
How lame is that?
It gets worse.

I imagined giving you the playlist,
Imagined you'd melt at the gesture,
fall into my arms and never leave,
the both of us dancing under your music.
Two bodies drowning in song, lost and saved in the night.

A desperate fantasy,
pretending these songs might make you mine.
I am not a love struck kid mooning over the class beauty.
But I am not quite ready to abandon this dream.
Not at all.

