

The sound of your shoes

by Allison Rose

as you slam them across the pavement
the gust of wind taking my hair away with it
flowing into the night as the dark water does

moving about so fast that you could barely feel anything
if you aren't paying
much attention
there isn't much to show for it
but really

listen to me this time and stop looking away
look into my eyes, as pretty as they might be
as vein as you are
believe it's true, and stop searching because I'm
right in front of you

It's a story book writing itself, it's a fairy tale
but will it have a happy ending?
Who's going to eat the bad apple this time?
Is it worth finding out, is falling far enough
keeping you crawling back

Back to the mattress and head on the pillow
hand in hand, breathing
rolling over, rolling joints
keeping me sane

The smell of your chest, and the taste of your lips
as they touch mine for the last time, right before
you whisper
"Goodnight"

