The Mix-Up of Love

When I see you with eyes, heart, soul, desperations

 not known to myself and unused to

you tend to distract, distraction from what was originally

 never going to happen, fuddled up

my brain you make it so hard not think about you

 you made it seem, feel, too good

this feeling always feels different with a different person

not being you but somehow always having a likeness to

 you in my dreams in which I’m not even

free there in the spirit realm

the blood bleeds from my heart like pitter patter

 pity for myself and for you because my

eyes tainted you the moment I saw you and the image is still in

 my daydreams which are as hopeless

as the chance I’ll grow a pair and come up to

you

 come up to me too, we are at close distance

And I take the lead in the dance of faith I have little belief

 in

I whisper to you soft murmurs of air

 because my tears are relaying melancholy messages

in the shine of my eyes