

Love, I guess

We fantasize of  
Our hearts setting  
ablaze.  
But is it safe?  
The glorification of  
a feeling to  
Melt our cunning  
Hearts  
And warm our sinning  
Souls  
is like comedy:  
Subjective.  
A flame has  
potential  
To warm  
or Burn.  
Ice will  
Dissipate.  
Stone will  
Crumble.  
Flesh will  
Rot.

We're screwed either way.

~{A}