

REACH THE ATTIC FOR ME

Your emotions,
I absorb them like my own.

Your fears,
I absorb them like my own

Your anxieties,
I absorb them like my own.

Your desires,
I absorb them like my own.

Your passion.
I absorb it like my own.

As a terry absorbing the immensity of a river, I choke and collect.
As tears lining my eyes, I no longer have strength to sob when time strikes.
As I confront my own demons, I wish I could forget the drought that awaits.

Fly little bird, I'm here to catch you.
Catch,
your sorrows,
your doubts,
your loves.

Live for me.
Live what I won't be able to.

As I explained, I'm empathetic and eager to see you happy.
So reach the highest attic, and devour the beauty, as you sing of being, for me.

Fearful.