

being with you is holy;
silent prayers exchanged
between soft lips.
begging & pleading,
bargaining & praying,
for a little more time
& no one else knows
what we do
behind those doors.

it's closed practice,
this religion between us
& sometimes i wish
that your false god
was the only one
i prayed to.
that your name
was the only one i muttered
with my head back
& my eyes closed.

but i do pray, often, to another gos
unlike the one we found together.
her promises remain unbroken
& she has yet to let me down
& she doesn't tell me the things
that she knows i want to hear
in hopes that i'll stick around.

she's blunt & honest & unforgiving
& i envy her ability to be truthful
in any situation she's provided
because if i had just a little bit
of her stronger character traits
maybe i could've kept you.

i was never allowed

to be holy before you
in every sense of the word
i was never allowed
to practice so openly
to be true & vocal & proud
& i have never been forgiven
for wanting & needing & begging
But, for you, i prayed & i prayed
& i prayed.

but i told you
my faith was closed practice
& you never questioned it
even if part of me
wished that you would.