

Psalms of the Heart

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Laments and Testaments of Forbidden Love. The Love that we cannot live without but we should let go. The negative and positive aspects of "infatuation." Confused for love often.

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You are under arrest for arresting my heart, soul, and inner workings of my mind, they used to be mine, now Iâ€™m just like the other ones stopped by love in their prime, my heart used to be mine, ready to fly and flee like the winds and the chimes. But you have arrested my attention, I had no defense or a time for prevention, was love your invention? You wear it so well, you play it like bells in the tower, your power seems strongest in the chosen hour when you chose to devour me wholly, you must be unholy the way you arrest my spirit, Iâ€™m bitten and smitten so bad I donâ€™t even want to hear it, I fear it and you smear it in my face, I am displaced and disgraced I have fallen so hard for old tricks, my toll ticks like a cuckoo clock that wonâ€™t stop. My heart beats in your chest. You say you will release me, SO RELEASE ME! Back where I belong in the comfortability and ability of my own brain, Iâ€™m done riding the train, because Iâ€™m the caboose so let loose! But I can see now you never will, until I release myself, but I canâ€™t your strength is deep, your hooks run in the nooks of my sleep, I look up and the climb is too steep, a slippery slope I couldnâ€™t hope to overcome without a parachute, your love lifts me. But it also brings me down, you are under arrest but you also the sheriff of my town while going around laying down the law of your bra, the beauty I saw in you from first glance proved immediately I had no chance. So you advance, slowly making me a shadow of my reflection. A monster with an erection of interest a detection of me only in a blink of my sanity. Which rarely comes, I rarely run. You donâ€™t have to chase, even in retreat your face can erase any trace of sorrow I borrowed from some other place. I focus because it is obvious this is best for us. Or at least I think it is, I shouldnâ€™t fight the current current. I can read your thoughts in your demeanor, your eyes are a misdemeanor, your thighs are a felony, Iâ€™m listening baby, but I can never hear what yourâ€™re telling me. You are under arrest for killing me.

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