

I Wrote This In My Kitchen

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A fictional poem I wrote while in my kitchen waiting on my pot to boil. :)

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The flames underneath my pot remind me of you.// Orange and Blue.// Blue like your eyes, the eyes I've grown used to.// Orange like your originally blonde, orange dyed hair.// I really couldn't care...what color it was, the significance isn't there.// What I love about you is the person you are.// Sweet like the rhubarb pie in my oven.// Hot like it's insides// I love the way you blush// Cheeks red, like the apple in my hand// You're so edible to me// That's why when I'm in my kitchen I think of you// And your smile// And how it always cheered me up// I think of how I miss you.// And how you're out now traveling the world// My Girl// Chasing after dreams that will never come true// I don't mean to down you// But, I don't know what else to say to bring you back to me.// I will always wait for you arms and heart open wide// For you to take refuge in, when the world chews you up and spits you out.// Or once you've traveled everywhere and seen everything you wanted to see// And done everything you wanted to do.// Sailed across the ocean blue.// I will still be waiting love, right here, in this kitchen for you.// To comfort you, about dreams didn't come true.// And I won't even say I told you so.

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