

HIM

Forbidden, they say.
Morally incorrect, I've heard.
Empty bodies with unhappy souls, we know.

But him ...
he's like that song that goes on and on.
That catchy melody that is stuck in my head
and for some reason
I can't and I don't want to get it
out of my head.

Lovely as if I were his true soul mate
Caring as if he were tied up to me forever,
Supporting like he always wanted the best for me,
Charming like he needed to protect myself from pain,
But rough because he makes me feel like
I am his favorite flavor.

Serene that sometimes I feel
he's not in a hurry like me,
Carefree about his future because
he lives his present to the fullest,
Lovable when I become a little boy
who has been torn apart by failing
Eager to be stable in life but still trying,
With so much potential, from my eyes,
but not placed in his time yet.

So funny that makes me forget
I am living down earth
Quiet as if I were the only wish he is dying for,
But loud when things don't go his way.
So adorable that makes me think
I am his role model.
And most importantly,
a dreamer when we are together.

Obsessed, I admit ...
I don't see myself without him.
Selfish I think I have become because
I want to be with him the whole time,
but lucky I think I have turned out to be now;
he is next to me.
Powerless I feel when he does not get
what he deserves.
And vulnerable to the point where
he knows I'm still at war with myself.

Him ...
that's
him.

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