



Morning Manifestation
{ 4 AM }

Budding, maturing, beautiful, witch.
Do your trembling fingers itch?
As mine do to hold your hands.
Togetherness as our utmost stand.

Stop crying all the others tears,
They drift away even when near.
Continue accepting, in the face of
denial.
Lost or not, it's another trial.

Thoughts we blend, bend, and
weave,
Sharing is all the others perceive.
Jealous of parts complete,
They bring about their own defeat.

Let no ones reality, come between,
Distracting us from sharing dream.
Hold on tight to visited places,
Secret smiles that cross our faces.

Love we share, declared!
Pure souls, half afraid, bared!
Keep the trust, bind us as friends,
Willing to journey past morns end.