
Want

The clouds that storm
along the midnight shore
make me want you even more;

I thirst for the rain,
-- the rain that never stops,
but you only feed
drop by single, narcotic drop;

--- Run away ---

I really believe I should,
but the Chinese, water torture
never felt so good,

and I ponder
how much longer
I can restrain the flood gates,
how much longer

I can contain the wait
before releasing the hands
that long to waterfall . . .

You finger-paint
across my windshield,
smearing the lanes
I thought were sure;
The freeway whirls
into a blur
as the arrogant, little,
sports convertible,
once firm upon the curve,

begins to:

. . . *spin out of control* . . .

. . . *spin out of control* . . .

. . . *spin out of control* . . .

. . . *spin out of control* . . .

. . . *spin out of control* . . .

You leave me lost . . .

You leave me lost . . .

in between things
you might have said,
and the things

I thought instead.