

It Only Seems Platonic

It seemed like Spring, my skin felt warm,
I thought the day seemed bright enough,
The road a pleasant, even path,
I found it peaceful.

I'd no idea.

No idea what fragrance flowers breathed,
How bright the sun, until clouds cleared,
How steep an incline struggled up,
What warred within...

No idea.

I lived absorbing shadows on the wall,
Your hands turned me by my shoulders,
Kissed me back into the world,
And made my ideals—real.