

Bloom

Turnover

Winter came just like you said.
I still remember the movies we'd watch at your parents' house.
Frost out on the lawn, we laughed and talked
walking down the driveway.
There's just something about December and
the way your eyes seem a little bit brighter and night.

We laid on the hillside and watched cars as they drove by.
I can still feel you breathing.
When I told you that you're all I have,
I meant it with everything that I had.

There's pieces left of us now, but nothing like there was.
No, nothing like there was.
Winter came just like you said it would.
And with it came the end of us, buried underneath the snow.

I'm waiting for this frost to recede to put an end
to this isolation. I can't see through the gloom.
When the cold is gone, with it will go this separation.
Maybe then, we'll bloom.