

3 a.m.

It's late

The night is flat, plain,

The mysterious wonder gone out

Like a magic trick seen multiple times

Sleep is hesitant

On the edges of my mind

Wanting to fall into slumber

My mind drifts and wanders

Like the young adults of now

Unable to find direction at this time

Commitments and meanings fall apace

I have no answer, for life is not a straightforward

Answer; it loops and curves, and gives you

Only what you need to grow and things that you

Want or Don't want or have conflicting feelings over

All I do know, inside of this loop, is a mantra

I love you

I love you

In this darkness, this sullen matte background

Of a night that is tired, yawning

Wanting morning to come so It can sleep

The simple messages we send

Simple and easy, without grand gestures

Of love and feelings

I love you