

CHOCOLATE CHIPS

ZACHARY HUGHES

Limping just because I can,
Walking slow in thin soles
Cuz it seems to match the tone
Of a world-weary man.
Longing for a chance to see you,
Speak to you,
To close the distance put in place
To feel the closeness of your face
On my shoulder as we dance...

Boundaries between—concrete or more ethereal?
Feeling like a disciple abandoned,
Wondering if I should be preparin'
For a rebirth or just a burial.
If life weren't so material,
And time weren't so damn linear,
I could remember our future together or apart and stop
the wondering before it starts.
We could go back to our moments,
Not caring that the space-time continuum was broken,
Just caring that the storm that night was wild
And that we were falling in love quickly.

Worn boards beneath aching feet,
The glow of the horizon
In my eyes and
Thoughts of you in my mind replete.
You are the ache between each heartbeat.
Our lost love like chocolate chips—bittersweet.