

A Coward's Lullaby

I thought about you when I was driving last night.
I felt the wind rush through my hair,
and wished the breeze's hands were yours.
I wonder if there could ever be an "us".
All this time,
I've waited for the right moment.
I told myself that at the "right time",
I'd confess.
Or at least say hello.
Lately, that time has felt like now.
When I came to a stoplight that turned green right away,
I felt like it was a sign from God.
When I crash into bed at night,
visions of what we could have
drift from my pillow.
Their distant melody,
a coward's lullaby.
Because you may never know the way that I feel.
Because I may never let you find out.
Because there's her.
There's her and there's you, and more importantly,
there's the two of you together.
So I don't believe in signs from God.
Because if there is a God,
then what the hell is He for?

by Ava May