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revolution. every piece of you

Sydney Springer

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revolution

I miss you
the way the sun misses the moon
at three in the morning
they can't see each other but the moon
always
revolves around the sun
and together they always are.
You don't revolve around me anymore.
I still miss you anyway,
at all times of the day
the moon never left the sun
but you left me.

every piece of you

If I had to compare my love for you
to something tangible enough to grip in a fist
or magic up from a genie, to be given as a gift
wrapped in glittery ribbon with calligraphy
well, I wouldn't even start to try
to conjure up words like sheep counting for insomniacs or
guitar chords for musicians
because some things exist in too much abundance
to comprehend with a human mind.