

*Cruel Dreams*

in my dreams you are caressing my face  
and asking me if we can try this again.  
your eyes hold me tighter than  
the will of your love ever did.  
my rose colored boy, please  
don't ever stop looking at me like this.  
let me burn in your light until I become transparent.  
i am not afraid of hurt, I've been longing to disappear.  
maybe it will finally bring me closer to heaven.  
maybe in the morning, the sun will rise  
and we will try again.

-Jordan Miller