

Storm

The day has had the look of twilight
And finally the clouds brought the rain,
The dark and gloomy thunderstorm just as the sun set
That the forecast had been threatening all week.
Now the clouds are lingering,
Leaving the night even darker than usual.
A perfect night for introspection,
And even better for thinking about you.
My thoughts of you are more like the storm just passed
Than the quiet darkness that follows.
The storm brings so many questions
Even as does your smile.
You ask me to tell you the things I'm thinking
And like lightning, I know my words might hurt
Saying them abruptly and without reflection.
You have so many different needs than I
And to please you, I must do for you the most unnatural of acts,
To say for you what I want no one to notice in me.
How I love the rain,
Am comforted by the thunder,
And you ask me to replace the rain with my tears
And the thunder with whispers of your beauty.
Would you have me be like every other spring storm?
They that blow through with compliments and heartache
And leave nothing behind but sorrow.
Know you perhaps from the silent messages I leave
And the quiet glances and smiles
And the trust I've allowed between us
That I already think and believe what you want to hear,
But I continue to fear saying what I feel
Will only have the opposite effect I desire.
And so we are both left a little lost in this darkness,
Aware, but unable to see.
The storm is gone, and without it
Darkness will eventually give way to day.
Let us change each other while we wait
And reintroduce ourselves in the dawn,
For here is spring, and another storm is coming,

Only the when and why I wonder.
If only it was me for whom the rains case.