

Snow in February

It's snowing in February.

I reach for the hand that used to warm mine
On frigid nights like these,
And I find
A cold lifeless one,
Frostbite to its fingertips.

It's been a month
So, tell me,
How can I still feel your ghost
Curled up beside me
As I sleep?

I still taste your tongue
Tingling against my taste buds.

Lick me like you mean it,
And warm my breath with yours.

Let me tell you
What I couldn't back then.

That my heart aches itself a somber melody
Without yours beating against mine.
That all coherent thoughts are ripped to shambles
When I see your name on my screen.
That I think of you
Every night
And that my tears haven't stopped
Since you walked out that door.

That I could love you in a way nobody else could
And that when I say that,
It's not just what everyone else says.

That I really mean it,
And I want the softening in your eyes
As confirmation
That you truly understand
What you're giving up so willingly.

That next time,
I would beg you to stay.
And despite my silence,
I needed you to.

It's snowing in February,
And it is ever so cold outside
Without you beside me.