

*#in fierce, in light.*

Though fickle is my heart and foolishly proud, I dance with thoughts of you and boy these bursts are relentless. With you, everything passes by in a blur. The only glare is your pleading eyes, promising that love is all we have, as though saying; "there's no rest for the weary baby, we've got miles to go."

It's overwhelming, so much, so soon.  
...but in your arms, I tremble electric.

It's like going front-line combat without armours and yet, I love this valiant effort of fighting for a heart. You are that page of a book I so dearly love but badly want to finish. I feel you, like slivers in my skin. Like the drug inside me and the only thing that won't dissolve. You push and you pull and you quell the storm and I give in and I overflow.

This frantic heart is drowning with the effort of staying afloat, and you whisk me away, sailing only with our last breaths, as the pressure in my chest builds...and I want. I want so much.

Written by, Alia.