

EXACTLY WHY

You and i
are a balancing
act

as if we juggle the weight of our
work days with the relaxation
in our after-hours;

you toss me your mixed bags
of day long stresses / i hand
you my thorn filled flowers

/ the equilibrium conceives

but after the decks of cards fall
and our five speeds stall

it all leads to a good night kiss
exhaling after our
culminations hiss /

you collapse in my arms and I realize why,
exactly why...

Me and you
are a complimentary
two

as if our characters wrestle our traits
with the complexities and
depth of our conversations

i toss you feedback on
what's on your mind / you hand me
critiques of my elaborations

/ then symmetry breeds

but after the bass drums prance /
and our passions dance

it all leads to fireworks inside
removing the silhouettes
of our pride /

i collapse in your arms and I realize why,
exactly why

By MARK ANTHONY THOMAS