

I've come to hate the stars...

by Grace Miholic

I've come to hate the stars
Because they only spell out your name
During nights of cold embraces
When you said you hated dreaming
But told me I should follow mine
That you'd watch with envy just below the clouds
And I would float, but never fully satisfied
Always wondering 'what if I woke up'
But staying in my slumber because my clouds were just
so comfy