

My dearest contradiction.

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I hate that I love you, I love that I hate you, miss you when you're around, and want you gone when you're not. I'm hungry when I'm full and not when I'm empty. I want to kiss you but punch you. I see a future with no past and a past with no future. I'm a complex phenomenon that makes perfect sense. Do you or don't you understand? Either way you're wrong, but you're also oh so right. Just think about it without any thought and you'll find all the answers with no questions and all the questions with no answers. Good luck, but break a leg. Be yin without yang and yang without yin. Drink it all or have none, life's no fun but fun's no life. Work hard by hardly working. No one is perfect except for you, but everyone makes mistakes but you shouldn't. I'm proud of you though you're never good enough. You do everything right the wrong way and everything wrong the right way.

You are a maudlin stolid, feeling every bit of nothing, yet refusing to feel any bit of anything. You are the ruler and the repressed of this ambivalent, yet indifferent mind, you control all and none of your actions. You take a deep shallow breath, your feet smell what your ears see and your nose runs as your eyes listen. Body language, though silent, speaks volumes. Your hearts touch though you're miles apart. Our words are like knives, but only sticks and stone can break our bones. This glass is spilling, yet filling, half empty, half full, with no space in between, yet air has mass but it's space doesn't count.

You're fat to one and thin to another, does it or doesn't it matter? The mass you have is just like air, but that space counts. You loquaciously tell others of our love, but to me, you're suddenly laconic, but I guess love like these are the purest of drugs. You say me too and I also like you speak of our love, they are the same, but you say them differently. You say, the pen is mightier than the sword, but actions do also speak louder than words. Great minds think alike right? No for I am a fool because I refused to differ. They say two heads are better than one, but when disagreement is their language, two can be just as lonely as one. This Gemini like mind of mine make peace and war. This love of ours just might be a crowd, for I am two and you are one.

Could birds of opposite feathers ever attract? Either way your loving stone heart will feed and kill both my birds. With a quick stitch in time maybe I'll save nine, but who fixes a mind that isn't broken.