

Real

like water slipping
between the cracks
of your fingers

as you let the air
kiss your neck

as the sun wraps
around your body
like a blanket

like snow upon the
earth

with its wind
that likes to
whisper in
your ear

like the sand
between your toes

or the breeze that
weaves between trees
and leaves like a secret

waves that sing to
the coast
that draw you
further in

like the chirp
every sunrise
hidden in the
peaks of sunshine

Like a world
Waiting to be struck
By a shooting star

That will one day
Call it its own