

Yet, I Love Him.

I have walked my path with a notion, a conviction.

I speak my words with responsibility.

I take great care in my actions.

Yet, I love him.

We share few things but our midnights.

We hide away on the outskirts, dancing in secrets, making love in our alibis.

My friends, my guardians disapprove.

Yet, I love him.

I kiss my damp pillows and curse my decisions once again.

My feet could walk to his door and my eyes would look away.

My soul would beg, then would warn, then would scorn, and then regret.

Yet, I love him.

With every bruise; my kissed neck, my plump cheek, or my slow-beating heart.

My knees buckle not by his demand, but by my obligation to give him my everything.

His hands know how to power this lighthouse,

Because they always find me in the night.

But I am rendered useless by daybreak,

A mere peck of farewell,

A questionable goodbye.

Yet, I love him.