

Feelings; Unfinished  
By: Bailey Jones

**I.**

As the clock ticks  
past midnight, the ghost  
of your heartbeat lingers  
in the palm of my hand  
and in the back of my mind  
as if you had never left;  
as if your hand would still reach  
out for mine in the loneliness  
of the night, and the tangled  
strands of your hair would tickle  
my cheek, lulling me to sleep.  
Your memory haunts  
my dreams, repeating the scenes  
I can no longer reach:  
remembering  
the girl who lives in my poetry.

**II.**

Secrets- spilling forth from my lips  
as if the pull of the tide  
is luring me towards you,  
and the weight of your gravity  
has overcome my ability  
to remain aloof.

Secrets- I tell them all  
to you in an attempt  
to strengthen the bond,  
the fine line of growing, almost glittering,  
attraction stretched between us;  
A mission I was never able to finish.

Secrets- falling from your face  
along with the tears, a flood  
of overwhelming emotion  
pulling us together  
and breaking us apart.

It's no secret that the connection  
between us has broken.  
Your name no longer sits prettily

on my lips as I decide  
what part of me to give  
you next. Instead,  
we are strangers — two girls  
who shared everything —  
left with nothing.

### III.

I want an all-consuming love;  
I want a love that sweeps me off my feet  
And throws me to the ground  
And spins my life all around.  
I want a love like I've never felt before  
Because everything up to now  
Has been a game.  
A game of who cares for who more,  
And how long can we go without crying,  
And sleeping next to someone to ease my pain,  
And I want something real.  
I want someone who cares about me,  
And I want to care about them.  
I don't care if it ends up all for the best;  
I don't care if I end up happy.  
I want to feel love and to be loved in return,  
And I want a love that does not revolve  
Around using the other person  
To hide my pain  
And attempting to heal deep scars  
Through sweet caresses.  
I don't want love to heal me;  
I don't want love to heal someone else.  
I want love for the sake of love.

### IV.

You told me goodnight,  
and I didn't want it to end.  
The first day of something new;  
the first time we talked it through.  
You told me the truth,  
and now we're running  
on hope and the belief  
that this feeling will grow  
into something amazing.  
I'm trying to figure out,  
if when I see you tomorrow,  
I can reach for your hand

and pull your lips to mine;  
If I can run my hands  
through your hair  
and smile with you  
because we're starting this together,  
and this is only day one.

## V.

Last night I dreamt of you;  
You looked at me  
and gave it a chance,  
and suddenly your lips were on mine.  
And I felt the collisions  
of supernovas  
that brought new life,  
and you brought new life into me  
with every touch  
and every kiss.  
And we fit together perfectly  
with no mistakes  
and no miscommunications;  
just you and me and the feelings.  
It felt like we would never have to part,  
but I should have realized  
it was too perfect  
and we're too far apart.  
Our flaws and our pasts  
have caused too much damage  
to allow us to find happiness  
in each other,  
and our futures  
are no longer intertwined  
like your hands were with mine  
in the safest places of my mind  
while I slept.  
But I was too lost to realize.  
Lost in your mouth on mine,  
in your hands on me,  
in the love that felt  
like nothing I've felt before  
that the moment of waking,  
inevitably found  
after even the best of dreams,  
caught me off guard  
and ripped me from my fantasy,  
forced me to fall back to reality

where I had fallen for you  
but we didn't find solace  
within each other,  
and you were still gone,  
and I still miss you.  
If only I could close my eyes  
and go back to a place  
where you were mine.

## VI.

I took the emojis off your name  
on snapchat,  
and really that shouldn't mean anything,  
but it does.  
It means this is really the end.  
It means we are really over.  
Even though I can't say we were ever really together,  
and I can't even use those smiley faces and hearts  
to make myself feel better  
about you being so far away.

## VII.

My fingertips ache  
for the chance  
to run through the dyed brown  
strands as they cascade  
towards the small of your back.

Your head on my chest  
as I strive to provide  
any amount of comfort  
and feel your sadness sink  
into my skin with your tears.

The distance and awkwardness  
between us feels like a breath  
too deep, my lungs quake  
as the illusion of our friendship  
falls away, breaks.

## VIII.

How did I get here?  
How did the time spin by?  
Out of sight;  
out of mind.  
I wasn't watching.

I didn't notice  
how something was growing  
between us,  
how we were changing  
and becoming something  
new,  
Becoming me and you.  
But I'm ready to find out  
where it goes.

**IX.**

Every time your lips  
brush against mine,  
hurried and hungry,  
I'm captivated, capsized, thrown  
off balance. I'm entranced  
by the intensity, the vulnerability  
stretched out in glittering strands  
between us. Thunder rolls  
across the sky, barely noticed,  
nothing compared to the storm  
of you and me, struggling  
to breathe. I almost think  
this is a dream; your hands,  
your eyes, this night seems unreal  
to me. I'm in love  
with every place our bodies  
touch, bewitched  
by the movement,  
drawn towards you.  
Right now, I think  
this could be enough,  
but every time my mouth  
meets yours in the dark  
I'm filled with the want, the need  
to kiss you again.

**X.**

Even as the ground crumbles  
underneath my feet,  
dust and dirt drifting,  
swirling faster and faster  
around my legs  
and through my mind,  
I manage to find solid ground  
elsewhere.

Even when the sun fades,  
the last lingering beams  
leaving nothing behind  
but shadows and an ever-growing  
darkness, my eyes travel  
through the night sky  
finding the flickering  
specks of light, entranced  
by the stars.

Even if my expectations fall  
flat when faced with the disappointment  
and inconsistency of the decisions  
of those around me, I find  
the truth inside  
of my own heart,  
my own mind. I learned  
how to find the stability,  
the beauty, inside of me.