

**Mine**

I keep this thought  
inside a matchbox  
a slow burn  
remembers you  
a birthday song  
stings my eyes  
a subtle shrine  
I call it mine

A whiskey sip  
this dank place  
graceless feet  
steadily sway  
a secret kiss  
in a tin locket  
the keeper's cry  
I call it mine

A timeless rose  
pressed and dried  
among musk pages  
a story refined  
oh, rising tide  
bathe me holy  
a love divine  
I call it mine

A simple song  
a faithful hymn  
night rhythm  
keeps lovers awake  
but mornings nigh  
a mere past life  
To treasure  
I call it mine