

Shotgun Love

There was no hope, no glistened optimism;
Sitting top our favorite spot on the hill.
The end of the world had come and gone,
but at least our bodies were warm.
The sun waving goodbye to the moon
reminded me of your golden brown hair.
It's why we picked this spot.
Quiet, calm, shivered; you joked that it was only a matter
of time before your sister found us here.
Friends, lovers, or sister and brother,
what we saw in each other changed as often
as the crinkled leaves left behind in the snow.
I love you. Is that what we're supposed to say?
That look in your eyes are the only words I need.
Tomorrow isn't a promise, today is not guaranteed,
the walls could come down this moment and everything
we live in fear of would come ravaging to rip us all apart.
The end of the world had come and gone,
but who needs the world when I live for the moment
you throw me the shotgun from under your bed
and ask if I want to go monster hunting?