"Vacancy"

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I hear your voice even when it’s hours away, and I admit when I can’t sleep, I think only of your face; although I don’t see your hands now, your touch is vivid in my memory, and amid the cloud of chaos, eyes like rain are prevalent still in my brain.

This distance is comparable only to torture, and the lull of this silence rings in my ears; days feel like months and months like years without you resting next to me, and now when I inhale, I breathe in air that you don’t occupy, space you no longer abide by.

But these miles only separate corporeal beings; we wait to be near but our affection isn’t far, and the direction we desire is within ourselves.
rather than outward; we must delve into only our hearts to find exactly what we have in mind.