

Tir na nÓg*

In my dreams

There's a breeze

That billows around us, guarding

And we are there,

floating

Away from everything we know,

Clothed in nothing but each other,

And all we hear is the sounds of our breathing

Steadying breaths

Greedy gasps

Escaping sighs

Everything here is white and clear, pure and full

Until the moment we collide

And our hearts burst,

Showering the world

With everything we've withheld.

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*mythical Irish island where time stops

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