

When I Miss You Most

A Poem

By Devyn Hinkle

Your longing heart,
my ego torn apart.
We're making ground
the wrong way round.
You let it go
I followed close.
My heart more broken,
yours wide open.

When the clock ticks,
when the world spins,
or the moments when you're gone
that's when I miss you most.
Where did the love go?

I always said
I'd find a way
to love you,
even when I couldn't stay
I always said
I'd erase the miles between us
because I just wanted to see you.
Where did the love go.

Why can't I see
we reached the end?
You're happy now,
but were losing ground
when we dwell on this.
So why are we back to this?
Taking each other's hits?
Under different skies,
telling countless lies
as I pick up my pieces
and I build up my wall
until, in the dark of night
my phone flashes with your calls.

And I'm back to step one
as my tears fall.

I imagine your blue eyes
when you hear what I did now.
Full of anger you'll lash out,
with your passive tone
I should've known that you'd never back down,
Under different skies
I still don't see why,
I need to be under your skin.
Why you're still responding to me,
is there a love we can't see?

Where did the love go?
Why are we spending every night
apologizing on the phone?
Why does my facade cave
as soon as you call me babe?
Why can I hear you smile
when I start to needlessly complain?
I can feel us falling into place
as we talk till day breaks.
You ask where did the time go
but you don't really want to know
because it's all too familiar
as the need for each other flickers
back to life.

When the clock ticks,
when the world spins,
or the moments when you're gone
that's when I miss you most.
I always said
I'd find a way
to love you
even when I couldn't stay.
I always said
I'd erase the miles between us
because I just wanted to see you.
So I'll be on the next flight
you'll have me back in your arms tonight.