

I Thought Of You, Looked Up To The Sky & Breathed In All The Air

[BY BILLY MANAS](#)

Ode To You

I thought of you as the babbling brook
Glinted light from a weary sun
And September held on futilely to any
Remnant of the summer, the way I hold
On to what it may be like to see your
Face in close-quartered tea room light.
I thought of you and wrote this as an
Offering the way the beats have always
Done and struggled with it until there
Was no longer any sun.
I thought of you and hopscotched from
Despair and looked up to the sky and
Breathed in all the air.
And weaved within the cricket's prayer
Is silence inside of quiet when nothing
Else is there.
You bring out the Neruda in me
But I'm sure you're already aware
Of this.

Photo by [Jonathan Daniels](#) on [Unsplash](#)

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Love Yourself Like Your Life Depends On It](#) .

Sip a little more:

***Holding On When The Pain Of The Wanting Is Like
 No Other Pain***

***Sunshine Girl, I'll Never Forget What You Did
 For Me***

I Long To Touch You Like A Song

Whatever you do, child,
do not let it be at the cost of
your beautiful heart.

Ming-Jun



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