

You disrupt the regular flow of time,
Your very presence shreds the concept,
As a sharp knife through paper.

When apart,
With a simple short message,
A blurry photo of a rough sketch,
Even the "last seen recently" next to your name,
Minutes, hours, days,
Compress into inconsequential fractions of barely felt time.

And when we are lucky enough to be together,
I need only look into the oasis of your eyes,
Or but lightly take your hand in mine,
To stretch mere seconds into what feels like eternity.

I hope I may do the same for you,
That we can be each other's,
Living time machines.