

Think of Me

by R J Tomlin

I often relive memories of things that never happened,
Quite regularly reminisce of times that never were,
I happily recall all of the things we've done together,
Those fake and falsehood fantasies that have yet to occur.

I often sit and think of the great moments in my lifetime,
Am saddened by occasions that I never even missed,
Like the time we said we'd love each other, always and forever,
I have so many memories that don't even exist.

Sometimes I lie in bed at night, in darkness and alone,
And fondly I remember all the things I've done with you,
Every word you've whispered in my ear, or kiss laced on my skin,
I revel in the memory of things that are not true.

But worst of all is that I know these things will never happen,
Worst of all I know deep down these things will never be,
And in all this time of pondering, one question lingers in my mind;
Are there ever any times in which you stop and think of me?