

Miles and I spin on,
Flowing through the air
Electrifying sound waves.
The sound of a single chorus of laughter
Might be the most beautiful shade of
blue.
The soundtrack to yourself
is only written inside you.
You know all the words,
The measures and breaks,
Spin on, spin on,
Miles and I spin on.

Some things just are.
I am.
Dancing, not alone.

I spin on the spot and sing to myself,
Wondering about bits of sunlight
And fragmented words between distance
The places where meaning is lost or gained
And the moments we make our own
The moments we choose to share,
Or keep to ourselves,
A secret smile tugging upward
Never needing explanation or reason.

I am the notes played
On the keys of a very old piano,
And as I occupy every inch
Of this place I call home
I realize that waltzing with ghosts
Is not as lonesome as one might think.

Please recycle to a friend.

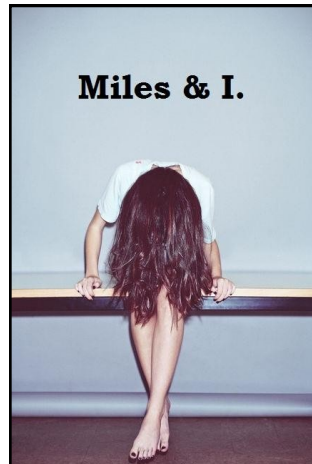
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Origami Poetry Project

Miles & I.

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By Erica Knowles

Note from the Author

I think grief
tends to be something
that makes the whole world
a big empty lonely space.
It knocks the wind out of you,
leaves you wordless
and unable to function normally.
It makes you forget who you are without it.

Miles & I.

Miles dances with me
In my cold and lonely apartment.
Steering me into the sunshine,
Guiding my steps and
Whispering words between
The flutter of sheet music.