

M.Schneider

In Your Arms

Dread and fear
In the pit of my stomach
Can't breathe, can't relax
Mind in perpetual flummox.
Home had been my safe place
Not anymore, it's pure strife.
Insomnia sets in
For the first time in my life.
My own space, a physical haven
Is what I needed I thought
To feel safe and content
Filled with trinkets I'd bought.
Until I realised
It wasn't a mortgage, bricks and mortar
Or even my childhood hometown
That could make me feel safer.
It's being wrapped in your arms
Our chests gently heaving
Limbs entwined, relaxed
Synchronised easy breathing.
Drifting off into slumber
Bodies subconsciously spooning
Whilst listening to each other's
Tuneless loving crooning.
Now I can doze away
I'm finally in my safe place
Stroking the dark scratchy fuzz
And soft skin on your face.