

Passion Dance

I've thought of you
thirteen times this
week, one; when
taking out the trash,
two; when ironing
my unkempt
trousers, three;
when taking a
dump, four: when
puking up my
awful take-away,
five; whilst being
beaten up by
angry adolescents,
six; ah, fuck, you
get the point! I've
thought of you at
the bleakest of
moments to ensure
there was beauty
in the darkness that
enveloped me on all
thirteen occasions,
for nobody else is
so fascinating;
nobody else is so
unfathomably
inhuman in their
gorgeousness;
nobody else can
make my passion

dance the way you
can and I
absolutely love you
for that. I could
never be quite as
thankful as I would
want in regards to
all that you have
given me, especially
in the darkest of
dark moments,
like the thirteen
I endured this
week alone, but
I do hope that
the smile upon
my face, the
love inside my
heart and the
passion in my
soul provides
to you the
appreciative
gratitude I feel
every second I
have the honour
of either being
in your adoring
presence, or
having you
flourishing in

my mind. Since
I have your
attention
already, allow
me to kindly
thank you for
the thirteen
times I will be
thankful for
your existence
in the week to
come. Next
Friday is the
thirteenth after
all and that
may have
thirteen rotten
occurrences of
its own, bringing
the total to
twenty six!
Twenty six
fabulous
moments?
Wow, I could
live with that!

Nicholas McKay