



PILLOW THOUGHTS

COURTNEY PEPPERNEILL

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROSY BULLOT



Pillow Thoughts

By

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Written and produced in Australia.

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For Rhian, my family & you

Before we begin, I'd like to share a story.

Once upon a time there was a jellyfish. We'll call it

You.

You became lost sometimes

You could be a little unsure

You tried very hard

But sometimes it didn't feel like enough.

I hate to spoil the ending

But You is fine

You is still here

You is going to make it.

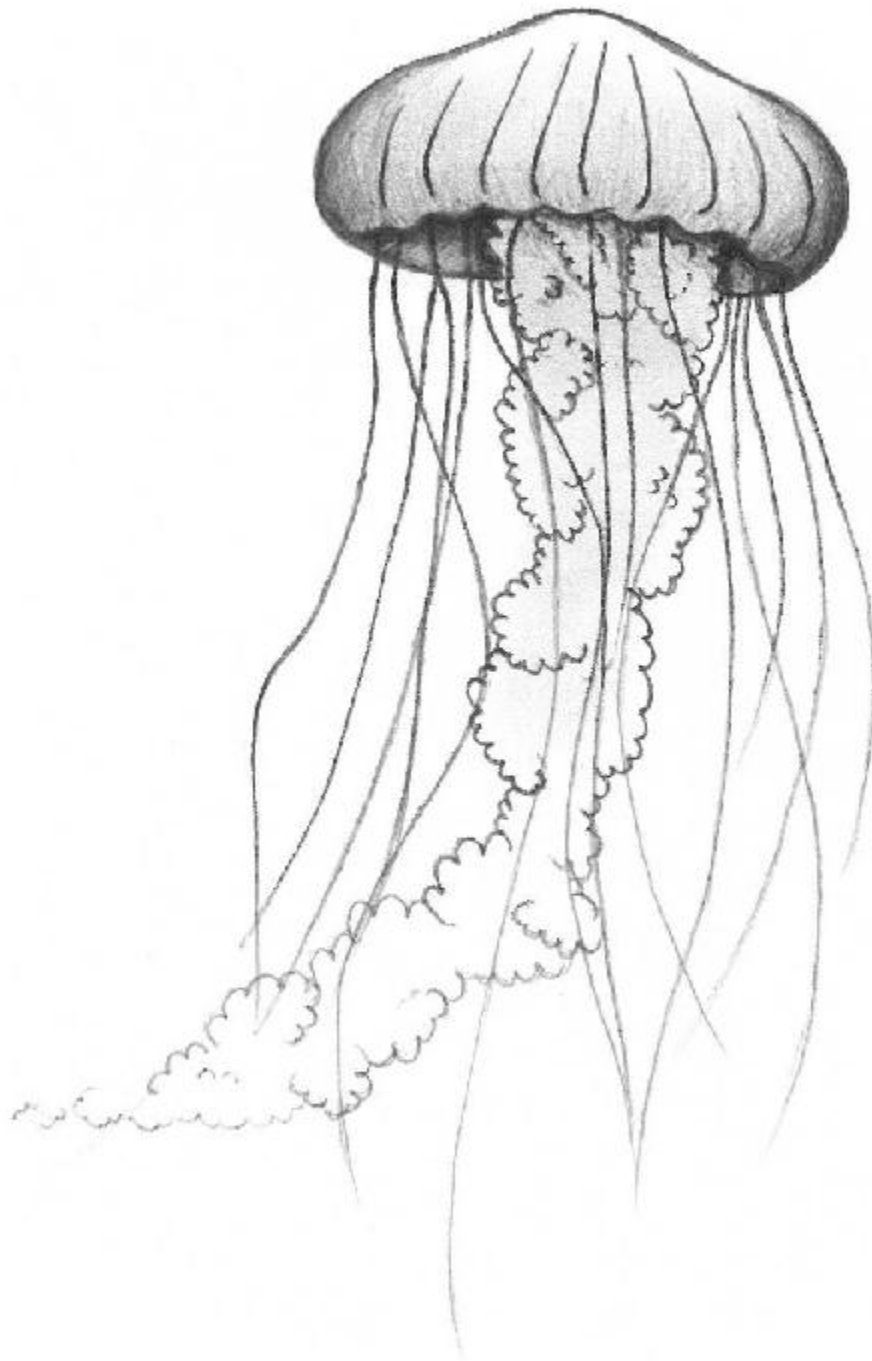


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These are for you



If you are dreaming of someone

Flowers on your Doorstep

You deserve flowers on your doorstep

and coffee in the morning.

You deserve notes left on your dashboard

and ice cream sundaes at 3am.

You deserve honesty every day

and to be kissed every hour.

You deserve to be reminded

how beautiful you are.

And if you let me

I'll show you every day.

I promise.

I thought about kissing you today

and yesterday

and the day before that.

I know I'll think about kissing you

tomorrow

and the day after that

and some more days after those days.

I think about kissing you

slowly

and tracing my fingers along

your lips.

I think about kissing you

in your car, in the rain, on your doorstep.

I think about kissing your
dimple, your cheek, your spot.
I think about kissing only you,
not anyone else,
just you.

I have been a little off balance since the day I met you. This is because I had
never known what it is like to be perfectly aligned.

I think that if you let me
I'd treat you like the sky.
I'd join up all your insecurities
bundle all your flaws
into a new constellation
and search for it endlessly.

I know you don't see yourself
the way I see you
and you still argue
when I call you beautiful.

But all the things you can't stand
about yourself
are all the things I can't
go a day without.

I think if you let me
I'd build an observatory
just to show you
that all the stars in the universe
will never shine as bright
as you.

If I loved you, then you'd become my balloon. I'd tie your string to my
finger, and I'd never let you float away. Until one day, when you wanted,
we'd float away together.

We should kiss.

Not because you passed my way by chance,
but because you stopped
and I haven't been the same since.

I never expected you to get under my skin, but now your name runs through
my veins and I can't help but let every part of you in.

You're covered in all these broken promises
from people who said they would never leave

Sometimes afraid of your own skin
and the scars that run deep in your veins.

Are you ready

Are you ready

for someone who could turn you inside out?

No one dares to peel back all the layers of your skin

All this damage,

you're a mess.

Are you ready

Are you ready

Because I want your damaged skin.

This is me.

I am the eye of the storm and my heart is a little broken.

But if you want me, I'm yours.

I am in awe of even the way you walk, and yet you walk right past me.

But what else am I supposed to do

when your hair is soft and your eyes are blue.

And my heart turns over at the sound of your name

only you smile at me the way friends usually do.

I am more of a mess than a rainy day

because you have no idea I feel this way.

The aches in my arms still surprise me, even years after letting you go.

You are the freckle on my nose and I am the freckle on my back. We share