

Turbulence

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Finding the right words

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Twenty thousand feet above the ground. Sitting in my window seat, seat belts fastened. Lovely scenery whizzing by, but all of my thoughts are of you. The last time, we talked we had a misunderstanding. Not a fight or overly harsh words, just some bent feelings. Now I can't contact you until we land, and the wait is killing me. Wanting to tell you I'm sorry that I wasn't clearer. Wanting to tell you that I'm a fool. Wanting to tell you how much I need you in my life. Wondering if I'll ever find the right words to tell you how much you mean to me. So as I wait to land and feel the bumpy turbulence on approach, I wonder how to navigate the turbulence we fly through from time to time. I hope that someday that I can communicate my feelings in a way that you will understand. Until then, I'm not sure we'll ever reach our destination hand in hand.