

What you can't See

It's near
nakedness that I
won't
let you see.
It's my hidden physical
beauty
you
will never see again.
It's me
fading
away behind the
curtain
you have placed there.
What I hear
Is your sour smell.
You tell me you have
never loved someone
as much as me, but yet
you are more than miserable.
Had me tied-
now I am
released.
Hate being restrained—
especially by you.
No more bright colors—
this isn't my cozy
house anymore.
This "great" girl can't stand
you.
This space you put
between us
is too wide to see.
You can't see how
you tore my heart
out, and put it back
inside my chest cavity—
bruised, broken...cold.

You watch as I
 leave, out My window-
 behind My curtain.
The floor leans, yet
you don't cry.
Yet My heart, like a concrete pillar,
 still belongs
 to you.
I remember the good times,
 I dream of them--
Us hand-in-hand, smiles,
and green pastures.
I get lost in the
light
blue, clouds.
But, we dried up like
 a brown, crinkled leaf.

Maybe if I stop crying
 it will stop raining.
Maybe if I stop worrying,
 it won't be windy.
Maybe if I stop thinking
 about you,
I'll be okay.

