

I Passed My Past Today...

I passed my past today on the street.
My phoenix of anger rose from the ashes I thought long put to rest.
Yet it only took an instant for the fire to burn intensely,
And now my past hasn't passed.

Now I start over,
To put out the fire that's not out of fuel,
To squelch the issue of THE untruth.

You threw a match
And walked away,
Without realizing the destruction you left
or caring who you burned.

As long as you're happy,
No one else matters.
As long as your lies were convenient,
Who needs the truth?

Even if you cared,
It's too late for the truth,
So you'll have to account for your selfish ways,
Someday.
And I'll account for my fire.

—*Mandy K. Lucero*