

The shine has left your eyes,
where once it hosted
bright happiness, and
I'm left anticipating
the remote despair
of losing something
that was already lost
to begin with.

Dreams dragged
across dirty linoleum,
through muddy pools
and open wounds,
have never looked
so beautiful
as they do tonight
with you.

The chime of your resolve
echoes in this place,
reflected back by the
empty walls
and lost reasons,
finding lodgings in
the secret places
of my heart.

I can't condone this
temptation to abide
by sweet bitterness,
lost in a frenzy of
unfulfilled promises.
I can't settle to a lifetime
of starless nights
and perpetual deceit.
I can't blindly follow you
forever.

S. L. Howard