

Nothing is Lost

Nothing lasts...

But nothing is lost.

If only memories weren't buried
beneath years of cowardice and regret.

Hollowed out of coulda beens.

No, nothing lasts...

Yet nothing disappears.

Except the years we could have had.

Your clarinet eyes lured me from my basket
above the tempestuous scenes our dance was pure.

Still, nothing lasts...

But nothing is lost.

Only your face is fading
and your beauty ran deeper than my understanding.

Our purity became tainted in the vortex of my doubt and fear -
if only my heart hadn't been wrapped in calluses to protect me from your pain

Nothing lasts...

But nothing is lost.

I bound us with a rope
and when I was done tying
it was full of love me knots
only they became the knots in my stomach,
and the knots of regret,
and the knots of arguments without end.

Nothing lasts...

Not even love you forever

We wrapped each other in empty promises

Then we slept young and naïve and in love
The couch became our home, and words became our weapons
I said I would love you forever,
but forever's such a long time
And, unfortunately, nothing, not even love, lasts...

—*Mike Beatty*