

## Retrospect

Autumn

Aching, tearing fabric,  
Dragging footsteps through unsympathetic streets.  
Grinding teeth, brittle bones.  
The weight of a world not my own flung onto well-worn shoulders.

When was it I wrote this and everything mattered?  
When was it I seemed to matter to some?  
Were my tears tasting sour, losing hope by the hour?  
We were never this bent over hours well spent.  
None the wiser.

Fed up being poorly fed.  
This tasteless nourishment is like salt in my wounds.  
Only the bitter notion of a sour aftertaste  
Still party my lips in sweet sickening addiction.

When was it I wrote this and everything mattered?  
When was it I seemed to matter to some?  
Was there blue in your song,  
Seeping red from your lips?  
Pay no mind, mind no matter.  
None the wiser.  
All the same.

I must have forgotten to count the days,  
Mark the pages that tell of my age.  
Pay no mind, mind no matter.  
No matter what, it matters not.  
To none.  
None the wiser.  
All the same.

In fierce pacing sinews a tension relentlessly rises.  
One risk too many worth taking. A beating of senses.  
I'm senseless, towering restless over my horizon.

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