

Cycles (The Days Get Longer)

Code Orange Kids

Nameless.
This depressive disgust comes in cycles.
The same conversations, the same faces
Words of worth engulfed in dirt.
All of my substance lost in long winded give ins.
But the days keep getting longer
We forgive each other.
Forgive me.
We hang onto threads that are barely breathing
Concepts of emotion plague my memories
A myriad of remnants
Affirming beliefs carved into my mind like holding stone.
I am the beaten horse.
I am self sufficient.
I am nothing.
The days get longer
We lose each other.