

My Best Year

Dogwood

Days are getting so much longer,
I feel I'm getting stronger.
The fear inside me dies when you are not around.
Looking back I've grown up so much this year.
Your purpose now is so clear.
Your mission is complete and now the chord is severed.
Is there something I can do?
Some way to get through to you.
You oughta know.
I still miss you.
Thinking of a time when I was younger.
These words would leave me hungered.
One broken me is searching for what I can't see.
All these thoughts add to digression.
Though through this weak confession.
I'm stronger than you ever were.
You should concur.
Bite your tongue and sever through.
Common sense come crashing to.
There's still a hope.
It's not in you.