

## For What Reason

Emm Gryner

This won't be the last you'll hear from me,  
it's just the start.  
I hope that he keeps you up for weeks,  
like you did to me.

I will hold a candle up to you,  
to singe your skin.  
Brace yourself: I'm bent with bitterness.  
You can't foresee

When your apologies fail to ring true, (you're) so slick with t  
hat sarcastic slew  
Or phrases like 'I thought you knew', while keeping me in hot p  
ursuit.  
Tracing the plot finds skin touching skin (absence follows).

In the end, I win every time,  
as ink remains.  
Sour tastes prevail as you play back  
the tape machine

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