

To Our Denial

Evereve

The art of losing is not hard to learn
To lose, forget, and leave behind
Forget one moment, never to return
Surreptitiously declined.

The first cut is the deepest, so they say,
The anger of an anxious mind
Once acquainted with this constant loss
It leaves you without clues behind

I lost the reason, lost the thought,
lost the sense it almost got
forgot the reason why to yearn;
accepting to unlearn.

Down, down we glide
Downgrade our inner pride
Down, down the spiral
To our denial...

A million memories quietly steal away
Without us knowing they are gone
All they leave us is a BLEARY sense
That something totally went wrong