

## Expired

## Expire

I worked my fingers to the bone just to make myself a home that never felt like one at all. Well it's a long fall from grace without a smile on my face. It was just me and misery. Alone. I missed the ebb and flow of goodbyes and hellos and the road through a rear view mirror. Back before I grew tired, secondhand, expired. And that all I lost was my voice.