

Broken

Folly

Breathe me in like air, innocent.
My fingers bleed.
I've been writing too much.
Preventing these words from searing my battered throat.
And I can't even scream so I sketch your face.
Each line was a cry.
Each curve bore blindness.
Prevent my arms from failing.
Limitless expressions to your face I can't conform,
But give hands the chance voice wouldn't have.
It was the first time that our words kissed, but our lips, they
didn't even touch.
No skin on skin.
The first time in my life that I existed.
And each time that we breathed, we were reborn.
We're reborn each time we breathe.
These nights were gaining strength yet losing ground.
A short-lived grace.
Your tongue!
I taste your ways with a pen in my hand, in my hand, in my hand
. .
I taste your ways.
Well, in a matter of time my life went from day to night, incriminating textures.
Where on earth did you go?
What happened to us?
With this retouching paint, I will use a brush, apply it to your canvas.
This was once a beautiful painting.
Each lasting memory will control each word that I write.
And I used to think that my hands could dance.
I only needed to hold myself up.
You were never a crutch as you tore me away like this fringed papers' edge.
You were never a crutch?
But now I see my hands have been broken for quite some time.
These memories impale the senses to this day.
I'm broken.