

## The Bradley

### Further Seems Forever

False pretense  
A lack of resonance  
A derisive sentiment  
and confidence.

These bonds were always fake  
crafted for safety's sake.  
But pasted wings,  
and foil rings  
do not an angel make.

I see you left me with your,  
your last word.  
It's ringing,  
with the noteless shrill of jealousy,  
and the claims of imperfection,  
and the crying out for,  
the things that you deserve.  
But your voice is never audible  
beneath the anger in your words  
it's ringing,  
it's breaking me.

You can't belittle this,  
this could change everything.  
This one is mine to believe.

This is unparalleled,  
a grace that's like gravity,  
a clarity I've never seen.

I see you've left me with your,  
your last word  
it's ringing  
with the noteless shrill of jealousy,  
and the claims of imperfection  
and the crying out for,  
the things that you deserve.  
But your voice is never audible  
beneath the anger in your words,  
it's ringing.  
It's breaking me.

But the hottest words can cauterize,  
and in anger, there's just wasted time,  
so your last words, just another,  
I won't hear.