

Here. Here I go. One day at a time.
And I know if I keep my head above the water
then I'll have a chance at swimming back to shore.
Torn. Torn in two. Twist the knife. Strip the screw.
I'll be fine. I'll heal in time. Convincing myself that,
"It's not a part of me. It's not important anymore.
It's just a memory and I have long since shut that door."
Mine. Mine for keeps. I still feel sick and it's been seven weeks.
I miss your face. I miss the glow.
What's the point in leaving to begin with
when you never let it go. "It's far away from me.
A distance larger than the pain",
I try to tell myself, but the more I try to
scrub away the stain the more I want to be there.
Yet something whispers, "Look where you've gotten on your own
thus far, alone and in the dark".
Nobody knows your name. Everything looks the same.
At least I can share my pain.