

# The Art of Collapsing

Keepsake

Where we take separate breaths  
And memories of your perfume  
Are forgotten  
I stand choking on  
The things you once said  
The days once held close to my heart

And only one image  
Remains  
Short lived and reminiscent  
Of your face  
That pathetic angel

Drowning herself in your tears  
Now begins her descent from our skies  
But her wings were weak from the start  
The first of our last good-byes

And I think to myself  
Our lips would fit together so well

The final step in perfecting  
The art of Collapsing

When your laughter is ignored  
And that last painful smile  
Fades away

Where we take separate breaths  
And memories of your perfume  
Are forgotten  
I stand choking on  
The things you once said  
The days once held close to my heart

I fall choking on the lies you once said  
And I'll never look at you  
Through the same  
Eyes again