

A Broken Jar

La Dispute

So here goes,
One last letter now. One last attempt to make sense.
Who have I been writing to? I'm not sure anymore.
What have I been trying to accomplish?
It's a mystery, I guess. Self-made secrecy.
Things get cloudy and now all these stories and
The struggle as an undercurrent, both get blurry by the minute
both get blurrier.
So, which voice is this then that I've been writing in? Is it m
y own or his?
Has there ever been a difference between them at all?

I don't know I don't know.

One last desperate plea. One last verse to sing.
One last laugh track to accompany the comedy.
Have I been losing it completely? Losing sanity?
Or has it been fabricated, fashioned by the worst of me?
I know I knocked the table over because I watched the jar break
and I've been trying to repair it every single stupid day
But won't the cracks still show no matter how well it's assembl
ed
can I ever just decide to let it die and let you go?

All my motives and every single narrative below reflects
that moment when it broke and will I never let it go
No matter what? Now I am throwing all the shards away,
discarding every fragment, and fumbling uncertain towards a Cur
tain call
that no one wants to happen,
that no ones going to clap for at all, but that still has to be
.