

Bouquet is broken.
It's found on person.
A threat is sunken beneath the ocean.
And when the numbers count down to none.
Another sequence somehow begun.

And it's the note that stings.
And it's the prose that sticks.
And its question banging around the center of the one.

And to no surprise.
There'll be no surprise.

Reflecting eyes upon the surface.
What's beneath the water trailing out from sea.
I bet you know more than you sermon.
I'll leave you to the blankness.
It's more than you left me.

Please break the pattern.

It's sucking on the more than the worthless.
Swept under the blanket.
That's where you met me.
It's bleeding innocent all over.
In a sense that matters.
Always just empty.

Gone for good.

You can take that how you want.

(I adjust the time.
For you to be here.
Don't go.
And you waste my tears.
And we share our souls.
I'm walking on my own.
I'm walking all alone.)