

Torn, Broken, Beautiful

The Saddest Landscape

We kiss like we have razors in our mouths. Our love notes are eulogies. We simply mark graves and call them home. We have all the souvenirs of our failed lives. We are torn, broken, and beautiful. We pray for memory lapses, the strength to forgive and forget while we are speaking in absolutes, but still nothing has changed: and we are another young heart that beat too fast, too soon. (Do you regret anything?) We mapped it out, how this all should end, what song would be playing when we breathed our last breath. We will tell people our love died for our sins, knowing full well that we lived these lives. No one can take that from us. No matter what is said, we know that we truly lived.