

Cursive, Returns And Exchanges

This is like pulling teeth
Said the man with the gap-toothed smile
Upon decline.
So the silence seeped into
An impatient line
Of returns and exchanges
And the silence brewed
Like a storm
As they brooded over their misfortunes...

Some things you can't take
We all
We share a common weakness:
We're all afraid
Of a pointless existence.

Still the silence grows,
A crushed no, deafening
Still this silence you just can't speak
Much less repeat
To your lover
Or your mirror.

Cause such simple words
Can leave us crushed
As we deny that life is

It can't be

We're all ashamed
Of our life
We've been declined
We shouldn't have tried.
To fake such existence