

To Whom It May Concern

All Else Failed

I apologize; I think I have confused you.
With my fury of fake tears and self-thrown pity parties.
That hard road, does that story sound familiar?
Such drama, such torture, so sad it must be true.

I'm sorry we have nothing in common.
A thief and a liar spitting stolen words.
Mock feelings of loss.
Mimic feelings of emptiness.
Can you relate? Do the words hit home?

Your life is miserable. I'm just fine.
I'm sorry we have nothing in common.
Fell for the martyr facade hook line and sinker.
I fooled you again.
And now it's over, your shoes don't fit me anymore