

Nine Summers

After the Burial

Misery- I wanted to forget you
But five years later I have grown
I have regret
You were better deserved. But we all learn

Hands to broken mirrors. We shattered our design
You were always so easy for me. To leave in ruins

Those nine summers we burned together
Were disparate and beautiful
Strange our thoughts can take us
And I can still feel the warmth
Coursing through lungs. Escaping in my thoughts

Our hands. To broken mirrors. We shattered

I hope that this letter finds you in drift
Provokes shared memories and you accept my apology
I was young and constantly desolate
A spinning picture of grey skies
I'm holding nothing back
My thoughts provoked this heart attack

And tonight I go on display to the world
But we silently know, this is between you and I
I hope this letter finds you in drift
I hope this finds you in drift