

The Venamoured

Autumn

Grant us some time.
Give us courage to look inside.
A gesture of good faith
After years of living a lie.

It felt like we were at war but there was nothing at stake.
Blood was drawn all the same.
It's still sticking to the blade
Like we are.

And when we stagger back into refortified egos,
It's a peril to the splendour
And the venom for the enamoured.

Secrets and lies
For those we used to isolate
Lay ruin to our true belief,
Left us bitter and betrayed.

Trust in me as you once did
And I will treat it with the greatest care.
Our restored equality
As a testament to hopes and dreams.

It felt like we were at war but there was nothing at stake.
Lines were drawn all the same
As we fought to find our balance