tired. he stood in line at the grocery store. a bottle of wine and nothing more. an empty apartment to go home to. it'd been that way since nineteen seventy-two. a line on his face for every year she'd missed. a scar on his arm for every time he tried to follow her. a tear in his eye for every day gone by. going home to no one and still you could hear him cry. if i brought you down. if i caused you to drown. he's sad like winter leaves. but she won't leave his mind tonight. he stares upon her picture on the wall. and then begins to cry. let it go. he wakes to the sunrise. a broken glass upon the floor. the salt dried upon his cheeks. we've seen this all before. let it go