

Atone

Casey

In the ephemeral moments between subtle misery
We bite our tongues to avoid our discomforts
We slowly attune to glances exchanged in place
Of benevolent words that could help soothe the ache
We behave in a way that makes us believe
That we've grown unfamiliar

But the frail disposition of love is so swiftly displaced
When left to endure the violence of doubt

Slow to atone, a voice I don't hear as my own
Hollow apologies
The longing for condolence is relegated
To no more than velleity

We've reprised our roles as strangers, strangers

We rehearse small resentments when in isolation
Then miss every cue when stood under the lights
Quietened tones to conceal our frustrations
The same melancholia every night

And in our indifference we're quick to surrender
The passion we'd lit to help navigate each other
Stoic hands dismantle love, and before the light is
Even extinguished, we've reprised our roles as strangers

Slow to atone, a voice I don't hear as my own
Hollow apologies
The longing for condolence is relegated
To no more than velleity

We've reprised our roles as strangers, strangers

We rehearse small resentments when in isolation
Then choke on the words when reciting our lines
Never perceptive to our situation
The same melancholia every night