

# 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