

Mourning

Casey

I birthed breath to grief I couldn't understand
That knew only authenticity as my melancholy hands
Shook beneath the weight of something you had once entrusted me
to hold
In growing old I only long to be consoled

Instead I have been left as just a vessel for my aches
A crooked spine that buckled once, but never thought to heal the
break

Now nostalgia comes home once a week, drunk and delusional
Slurring her speech, she talks about "trying again"
Slumped heavy on the frame of the door to the room where I wait

I barely said a word at all, scared to tell you how I felt

Has my memory decayed?
I don't remember falling into love and it kills me every day
I hope I never fucking hear your name again
Carry me lifeless and afraid, back to our bed

Truth be told it never felt like we were laid together sleeping
Only that my broken body had been crushed between your sheets
Like dead flowers between the pages of a journal you never read
anymore
You just flick through when you're bored

The only time you ever call is to remind me of something we never
were
Were we anything at all?

No heaven without hell beneath
In misery without you and me
Your memory won't let me sleep
I never thought I'd be so weak

Lonely is as lonely was, no more than a memory
Can't deny it anymore, our love is dead and buried
Senseless, I've been caring for the house that we called home
Hell was loving you at all my dear, because now I'm alone