

Needlework

Casey

My fingers broke holding the rope that tied me to the past, I choked on every simple syllable I'd stitched into my teeth; since the bones reset I guess I think about you less, unless I'm drinking or upset, but honestly that doesn't happen frequently.

I'm not even sure why I'm calling you up, when I know that your phone's been disconnected for months. I guess it's hard to break a habit that reminds you of love, I just needed you to know that I don't miss you at all

And needlework would never hurt, I embellished all that I was worth with words so passionately birthed by lovers losing hope.

But in the end I hated all the metaphors we made, every sickly sentiment that I had sewn into my skin. I'm learning to remove your every suture, every wound is proof that even love is ruthless, I was used, but I survived no thanks to you.