

The Funeral

Casey

Once again, my caution bends to soft amnesia, and I forget that I've been here before. I lay awake as the melatonin fails again, and melancholy settles in, my mouth neglects the shape of words that I know you adored. Every night it hurts a little more.

And I can't seem to satiate the sadness that still resonates. Every bone in me will break beneath the weight of guilt that I can't place.

If my happiness isn't permanent, then I am no more than a surrogate father, lead to the alter to marry the mother despite all of my reservations. If the joy that I feel is so juvenile, how do I reconcile all the aggression that I seem to harbour, the selfish depression that makes it so hard to feel loved.

Promise me you'll stay a while, I know I ask you all the time, must be getting hard to pretend. Safe in the warmth of the sun I let myself undress, revealing wounds that time neglects, hesitant I acquiesce to the softest embrace your bed.

Where shamefully I supplicate for anything that seems to soothe my aches.

Watch me as I dissipate, dissolve into a solvent fear of change

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Despondency bleeds into everything, removing my hands from the wheel of the vehicle, and I couldn't care at all; sing me to sleep with my mellifluous misery. Drunk and delusional, numb at the funeral, love was once sacrosanct but now it resembles the sound of a language that I'm scared to speak.