

Wake

Fuck the Facts

The atmosphere has just bent into dark.
In this deep silence, we share a loss, in a truthful
sadness.
Fully aware that we aren't prepared for the desolation we
foresee.
Our awkward presence, entrance.
And this immaculate building.
I can't belong in this impeccable mourning suite.
The discomfort we feel stresses the reason of our
presence here.
And you rest.
You don't appear so peaceful.
I am trying to accept this variation of you within my
glowing memories.
Adieu, dear friend.
Our profound respect to everything you are.