

## I Was There

Fucked Up

Salt for a stone, skin from the bone, a fission, division from merged to alone. Composure to dust turns sterling to rust, the marriage of fire and frozen combusts. I was there when a bomb went off in his heart, that sudden release that ripped him apart. It scarred and imploded the space in his soul, his dreams are craters, his life is a hole. Mortals are mortar and life is the fuse, burnt memories and shrapnel diffuse. Melting to blood, the blue flames above paint sulphurous shadow elegies to love. Copper from gold, the banding unfolds, the halo of hope goes from tender to cold. The shockwave swells as the pressure grows when passion explodes we all burn in its harsh glow. I have the same scars from when part of me died, but I lived and came out on the other side. The sorrow is worth the redemption you'll feel, life spins like a wheel and you start to heal. I saw the mind of my first love destroyed, the detonation that pulled him into the void. I watched from the side as the madness evolved, like you I'm a witness and can't get involved. Tattooed to my mind, frozen in time, a bomb in his hand, glass turning to sand. One union dissolves as another is made, powder to spark to brilliance to dark. The paper corrupts the pavement to erupt, screams from streets shatters the peace. Silence from sound, then confusion to calm, a fire dawned and then she was gone. Remember the girl. I was there.