

## A Broken Jar

La Dispute

So here goes,  
One last letter now. One last attempt to make sense.  
Who have I been writing to? I'm not sure anymore.  
What have I been trying to accomplish?  
It's a mystery, I guess. Self-made secrecy.  
Things get cloudy and now all these stories and  
The struggle as an undercurrent, both get blurry by the minute  
both get blurrier.  
So, which voice is this then that I've been writing in? Is it m  
y own or his?  
Has there ever been a difference between them at all?

I don't know I don't know.

One last desperate plea. One last verse to sing.  
One last laugh track to accompany the comedy.  
Have I been losing it completely? Losing sanity?  
Or has it been fabricated, fashioned by the worst of me?  
I know I knocked the table over because I watched the jar break  
and I've been trying to repair it every single stupid day  
But won't the cracks still show no matter how well it's assembl  
ed  
can I ever just decide to let it die and let you go?

All my motives and every single narrative below reflects  
that moment when it broke and will I never let it go  
No matter what? Now I am throwing all the shards away,  
discarding every fragment, and fumbling uncertain towards a Cur  
tain call  
that no one wants to happen,  
that no ones going to clap for at all, but that still has to be  
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