

Honestly

Medium Build

Honestly
You were nothing
But a shallow distraction
From myself

I took you in
Burnt your skin
And now
I'll wish you well

But had you
Acted casually
You could have
Held me down

And snuck your claws
Right past my jaw
And cut my tongue
Right out

But you would've known that I
Wasn't the staying kind
And carefully dismantled me

What if your hands weren't true
What if I found someone new
What becomes of the broken one

All the way
From Tennessee
My stomach
Twisted and turned

Mama said
There'd be days like this
But Jesus
How they burn

And you went white
Just like a ghost
You fell out
On the ground

And with our eyes
We compromised
And neither
Made a sound

But you would've known that I
Wasn't the staying kind
And carefully dismantled me

What if your hands weren't true
What if I found someone new
What becomes of the broken one