

Blankets

Noah Gundersen

There is a certain kind of sadness
So sweet it makes you sick
I've seen it wrap you up like a blanket
Until you can't get out of it

You just lay like this for hours
Play the ever present host
To an avalanche of ashes
To an unforgiving ghost

Now you're slowly disappearing
I see a whole lot less of you
You're like a memory fading
And there's nothing I can do

You fetishize your feelings
As if you relish the abuse
Wearing long sleeves like a lover
Who is covering a bruise

As you soak in the importance
Of your existential truth
Let me gently remind you, you don't have to
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