

trauma factory

nothing,nowhere.

You held me in your arms, each and every morning
A tangible optimism, blissful and naive
Until one day I woke up and you were gone
I wish I had known that that would be our last
All the memories are so vague and disjointed
Somedays I swear I can still hear you
Cooning out, flaunting false promises
The sinuous simplicity of youth
So as the leaves change and the years fade and empathy drags me
off the shoreline
I can see the boy I was drowning behind a glass wall
Reaching out for me to save him
Time; so remorseless, so relentless, so unavoidable
Human life is a trauma factory