

No Language

Owen

I guess I'm still angry
Still punching walls that look like you
I drop-kicked an old lady
She didn't do anything

There are consequences
For inactions, too

No common words
No language
I've no way to curse you
And your burnt skin

Well, I'm still seeing red
Dropping excuses like dead skin
Ignoring bruises like children
And jumping out of every window
Left open
And catching every branch
On my way down

No ornate tomb
Or unmarked headstone
I've no place to mourn you
So I won't

And you know
I'm still pissed
After a life
Tempestuous

And unless you can rise from the dead
I'll die like this