

Giving Away Things That Hurt Too Much To Keep

Social Repose

Sometimes I look at these objects and I wish I could see what you see.

I wish I could see just a piece of paper,
A generic birthday card, a note, a painting,
I wish I could see through the eyes of anyone else but mine.

When I look at these things, I see hurt, I see anger,
I see a deep and mournful longing for the past,
I see my mistakes, I see my scars embodied in these mundane objects.

I don't see what you see.

I see a birthday card from a loved one long past,
A note of affection from a betrayed lover,
A picture painted from a love but neglected
And tarnished by time and ego.

I miss you, old friend, and I'm sorry I let you wither
And fade out of my life when you needed me most.
I want you to feel what I feel through these things.
Well, you might not understand and don't have the story or context,
Just know that these things inflict and evoke a pain
I can feel deep down at the bottom of my heart.

I know you can't feel what I feel,
But I want you to have them so I don't have to
be reminded of that hurt anymore.
So I don't have to make that profound sadness dictate my future
And strangle me into submission to the point where I refuse
To make new memories because
The old ones are taking up too much space.

I want you to hold that pain in your hands.
These were my things, but now they're yours.