Skeletons

The Flashbulb

The dreams of better places decimate my view.
The weight of your embraces remind the world of you.
Outside the world's opposing, attempting to decree.
With allies decomposing the future that could be.

I have let the dream escape,
A sunken mass of things erased,
A list of names to leave behind,
A wound to heal that I'll create.

The message failed to translate,
The answers failing to convey,
The fiery truth and reason why the world I live in ends
this way.

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