

Oh yes, of course: Divorce, it broke my heart.
I doubt the bond of which I was a part.
I wonder how things fell apart so fast,
And wrack my brains about my actions past.

But more than this it broke apart my world,
My thoughts and mem'ries tangled up and swirled
With yours just like our bodies used to be,
But now the we is just a you and me.

I find myself in doubt of who I am,
Which parts were real and which were just a sham.
And must I then reclaim my former self,
And dust it off like from the topmost shelf?

But no, I can't return to whence I came.
I must refuse to go back to the same
Old me whom you improved and beautified,
For which I'm now and ever gratified.

And yet there are some bits I cast away,
The "you"- and not the "me"-bits, so to say.
And though I scrape them off like excess paint,
I find they linger like a Gothic haint.