

3 stages of grief

I let my emotions fool me

They tricked me

Actually, I tricked myself, I thought that maybe if I showed interest I could draw a sketch of a possibility

A magical first of the ever-seeking heart for the thorn bush ready to draw my blood

I that I felt something, that I cant go a thought of you without remember how you made me feel, why you a shriveled oven
baked glass mirror charred with blackened fate, cutes deeper to the bone since the test strip of flesh I peeled back and wanted
to reveal was present nothing more than jet black liar I was in your one sided mirror

I'm so angry I cant form proper words, the humiliation of my family and friends laughs as my hopeless devotion to a cactus with no true rot poked out my eyes and made me blind. But I pray, you hear, I pray that the sorry soul that allowed your needs to reach deep enough to her veins that she disappears to your witchcraft that your happy.

That by that time your nothing more than a regretful memory, a sorry excuse that my mind had mistaken for a liking, I cant stand the thought of seeing myself in the mirror knowing the eyes that looked at me were disappointed

I'm not mad at you, its not about you, I never felt for you but *You*, a fragmented mind you framed me and now I can't stand you

I couldn't wake up without the pain of my regret playing football in the worlds sharps cleats anywhere the ball landed. I felt sick, my eyes were wet with tears that when wiped revealed that they haven't appeared yet. I couldn't do work, I was too busy thinking about what my family told me, what I thought those who knew thought. When I get home the mess of my room greets me with its pre-existing pain from past problems with this new illness that made me want to never leave my room until I forgot.

Then I remember that I can't, I could forget what happened 10 years ago, my angels laughed at my joke, an attempt to give myself sympathy. The time wouldn't move consistently, buy the time I needed to be motivated again. I laid looking at the changing roof, my LED's performing their every changing choreography to glimpse of us by Joji. Maybe this is what he felt. Except his feeling had purpose, a reason to envision an actual chance in the eyes of another, *yet the only eyes I see are those of the ones unwanted.*

Shut up

I don't want to think anymore, my face burns from my river of tears, I don't need my head hurting too.

I lost nothing

It happens to the best

It was a lesson learned

Feelings lost

Move on and act like it never happened

