

# Time to Let Go

It's that time just to let go, memories forget to show.  
Walls sang laughter's tune, silence, whitewashed gloom.  
Into dust beneath new floors, hidden behind future doors.

You wanted to end this way, sweep love's remains away.  
Pretending that all was fine, painful faces, yours and mine.  
Smile and nod, it's just a game. a dance that never be the same.

No more tea awaits when I arrive, no warmth in mugs kept half-alive.  
No tender loving words slowly steep, just measured time, no longer keep.  
We're "friends", blank, undefined, no roots to drag, no storms behind.

Each hug is an echo, hollow, cold, a gesture from a tragic play retold.  
Lovers turned to timid ghosts, fake smiles that haunt the most.  
Still, the aches will forever stay, a quiet drum often softly plays.  
A heartbeat's echo, unmissed, yearning for love, it once kissed.

A broken heart, split into two pieces, is suspended from a thin, dark string. The heart is a light, dusty pink color. The text "S. Red" is written in a matching pink color on the lower right piece of the heart.

S. Red