



Blank Canvas, I Was

Excited to be customized
A blank canvas, I was- for you

I patiently waited every day
For you to paint me as your very own masterpiece
But you did nothing and left me to dust
Moved me from corner to corner

You've stretched me to harm
The metal of your brush, you've left to rust
Your colors you never used
And the paint, you've left to dry

Never proved your artistic might
Never made of me- your showpiece

My feelings you've used
and in the trash you threw
a waste of quality material
You'll never again, get to use