

08/14/22

With every Love lost,
Fragments are left behind.
Buried under stones,
Marked with summed initials,
And dates
Once thought special,
Now as inconspicuous as any other.
Memories not forgotten,
But suppressed,
For the pain of process
Is too much to bear.
Rain falls
From cloudy eyes,
Lost in a daydream
Of what used to be.
Desperately attempting,
And failing,
To reassemble fragments
Of a broken whole.
Scarred by the very emotion,
That once brought Joy.

Brisé Amour