

Broadways, Natural Disaster

hands clasped feet resting in the sink engulfed by silence,
i hadnt seen you for so long, you said,
"stop being so dramatic",
state of drunkenness lines in a play we have rehearsed,
this understanding conversation without words,
this cracking broken feeling was inevitable,
hate to be speechless at a moment like this,
you are compassion,
i am overdramatic, unintentional,
i try to communicate telepathically,
i wonder if you ever hear my voice,
i know things never work out right,
i remember sitting on the back porch drinking wine,
backs to moist grass in the park stars buried in the city sky,
make words bigger than my life,
empty promises like skeletons, reflections of myself,
it never burns away, truth comes spillin out,
what this is all about,
i convinced myself i didnt know what to say