

# Cursive, Returns And Exchanges

This is like pulling teeth  
Said the man with the gap-toothed smile  
Upon decline.  
So the silence seeped into  
An impatient line  
Of returns and exchanges  
And the silence brewed  
Like a storm  
As they brooded over their misfortunes...

Some things you can't take  
We all  
We share a common weakness:  
We're all afraid  
Of a pointless existence.

Still the silence grows,  
A crushed no, deafening  
Still this silence you just can't speak  
Much less repeat  
To your lover  
Or your mirror.

Cause such simple words  
Can leave us crushed  
As we deny that life is

It can't be

We're all ashamed  
Of our life  
We've been declined  
We shouldn't have tried.  
To fake such existence