

# Cursive, The Bitter End

When the bitter end arrives,  
will we be at war or sadly, madly in love?  
Will we beg for one more night?  
Or will we have our bags packed  
waiting at the door?

When the bitter end arrives,  
Will it be a finish line or a starting gate?  
Brass and pearl, or maggots and dirt --  
bittersweet or just desserts?

When you didn't answer your phone  
I knew there was something wrong;  
you'd been a wreck all week.  
When it's unbearable,  
the more unavailable the world can often seem

When the bitter end arrives,  
will we be exhausted or will we toss and turn?  
Will we claw out our eyes?  
Or will we simply close them  
and let sleep seep in?

When your bitter end arrived  
you could've at least  
chicken-scratched some cliched note:  
"on the razor's edge",  
"at the end of your rope",  
"the bitter pills you just had to swallow."

When you didn't answer your phone  
suddenly the last time we spoke  
became the last time we spoke.  
What would I have said if I knew  
just how desperate the situation was?

But I know that I knew --  
such overstated clues --  
you stopped eating, kept drinking,  
stopped showing up for work.  
When you're alone, did you utter dying words?

Why'd the bitter end have to come?  
Why'd the bitter end have to come for you?  
So sad, so soon.  
When your bitter end came around,  
did you wonder how your sentence would sound?  
An exclamation or a question mark?!