

Yellow Second, Seed

intent on coming clean
unfolding with the scene
and on the paper waded and tossed on the floor
she idles by and counts
the days while pressure mounts
sick with regret and fearing all tomorrow
doors once open now are shut
maybe they're not locked yet, but
do you wonder?
is it too late?
was it worth it?
was it so great?
do you wonder how different everything might have been?
and could it be again?
i can't know how you feel
no wisdom to reveal
but it's hard to see you bearing all this by yourself
won't condescend to you
there's nothing i can do
for what it's worth, though, you can make it through this
broken heart and broken will
and you're not broken yet, but still
disappointed, i confess
but i don't love you any less