

8 Foot Sativa, For The Birds

to close my eyes
reduce you to black
nothing more than a insignificant shadow among the vultures
I will walk away
and take with me everything you will never understand
for this belongs to me
and my time for sharing is through
your words have cut deep for the last time
and mine will fall on deaf ears no longer
with a line drawn in the sand
these differences they divide
on the one side, all the hope in the world
the other, putrid flesh and yellowed bones
I tire of forgiveness
and I am sickened by regrets
so this is your fate
my silhouette will shrink and fade against the horizon
as the birds begin to devour your already rotten carcass
I will smile and laugh and dance and sing for the first time in years
joyful as I hear your muted cries in the distance