

As I Lay Dying, Reflection

i laid the night before me
unraveled that tangles of my heart
all i felt was stale hollow air
these streams of uncertainty
they are all collapsing upon my mind
torrents fill my veins until i burst
with mistaken guilt and shame
my battered bones
try to keep fighting
against this endless ocean of self defeat
as time goes on
some months are yet to pass
puddles of ink
surround this tired chair
all of my sorrow has been spilled
into my reflection