

# Emm Gryner, For What Reason

This won't be the last you'll hear from me,  
it's just the start.  
I hope that he keeps you up for weeks,  
like you did to me.

I will hold a candle up to you,  
to singe your skin.  
Brace yourself: I'm bent with bitterness.  
You can't foresee

When your apologies fail to ring true, (you're) so slick with that sarcastic slew  
Or phrases like 'I thought you knew', while keeping me in hot pursuit.  
Tracing the plot finds skin touching skin (absence follows).

In the end, I win every time,  
as ink remains.  
Sour tastes prevail as you play back  
the tape machine

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