

Fake Id, Begging The Question

black and white,
it's overly dramatic
all the colored lines,
give the people headaches.
never could keep inside the lines,
i think there's symbolism there
i never was good with goodbyes,
that's how i ended up here.
half grown up and
full of doubts,
like poetry, never read
and barely thought about.
think about the days,
when everything wasn't the same,
and we appreciated snow that fell,
and ourselves as much as someone else.
it may be a long time gone
but as long as we go on...
i remember crayon-scrawled cards
pasted with all cut-out hearts.
black and white,
it's overly dramatic
all the colored lines,
give the people headaches.
pulling eyelashes just to wish on them
for something fast, and maybe something beyond that.
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