

# Poison The Well, Grain Of Salt

Another day passes by.  
Another attempt at love remains unrequited.  
Why do I even bother?  
I should have learned from the past.  
I am but a statue, impervious to love.  
This punctured heart is mine,  
Becomes a handful of dust.  
Dust. Hope has now wilted away,  
Wilted. Along with these dreams  
That became emptiness.  
A final exit becomes clear, I am self destructive.  
A product of this solitude, I am riddled with shards.  
One simple wish now dies.  
Was my request so great?  
One simple wish now dies.  
Once again I drown in its denial.  
Was it so complicated?  
Once again. I've been spit upon.  
Taken with a grain of salt, my life is.