

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.