

Saetia, The Poet You Never Were

forget the broken backed stretch across a painted
background you've never experienced.
forget the lazy days of daydream departure to faraway
laughs you've never heard.
forget the backwards walk through liminal windows you
never knew existed.

forget the bells tolling an hour of redemption, a
minute of fancy you've never been given.
forget the love letters penned by sad faced boys
you've never met.
forget the unwritten, uncollected works of the poet
you never were.