

Sunday's Best, Bruise-Blue

Hey, even if your world stops now,
it wouldn't mean anything. I'm sad to say,
because all splashes are ripples from the distance
--then rings of waves...

Turn them a deaf ear.

I figured it out; now I'm tired.
I'm putting my arms down and turning away.
And the sound? I'm sure there are mouths moving
but I can't hear anything. Not today...

Get it off my back.
I'm bruise-blue from all my abuses.

"She was the queen of the mistakes,"
I was told by everyone,
"Until you made her a saint."