

The Spill Canvas, Rock Bottom

you know you've hit rock bottom
when you're mumbling the words to all her favorite songs
till the neighbors can hear your drunken slurs
you know the end is creeping up when all
that you can feel were the faint remnants of touching her
and wishing they were real.
you know you've hit rock bottom
when you constantly refuse to take down
all the photographs from
the times that she was with you.
You know the end is nigh
when you repeatedly deny
the fact that she is
in the earth and you
never got to say
goodbye
marigold withers away
and this world never felt so cold
my marigold
oh it's a miracle that you kept
me alive this long.
I'm seriously contemplating chewing off my tongue
to prevent from screaming out your name in these endless nights to come
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