

Victims Family, File Cabinet

..and
stuck into categories we never made
defined in ways we never imagined
shaped by the words we meant not to say
made into something we never were
filed into cabinets and quickly forgotten
only remembered when time is of essence
accused by the pointing fingers we point
judgement made on faulty assumptions
look around, look away
i can't see the light of day
don't you ever wonder
why it's gone, much too far
privacy inside a jar
i don't understand the
reasons we continue to
live our lives as we do
misunderstood and lonely
kid ourselves with things we think
teetering on the brink