

# Yellow Second, Swingset

it dawned on me that you are not able  
to get up off the floor  
if up to me i would have brought this up before  
but only after can i see clearly  
that things have gone amiss  
if i had returned it would not have ended up like this  
up in the air, falling down empty handed  
while unaware of the ground where you landed  
"don't follow me and you'll be doing fine,"  
just dont give me that line.  
in this broken mirror you're sullen  
and i you would deject,  
but thoughts turn to glass,  
and on these things i reflect.  
vivid, bright-the colors that follow,  
and fill this empty room  
your pekid skin,  
just a sign of your impending doom.  
saw you running after,  
what better way to tell you than this?