

Love Letters to a Sober Man

The alarms sounded when wind met the sea
But now I weep from the warmth of your skin
The same skin that burns me steadily
In the misery that comforts
When I saw your ghost appear,
In the places that remind me of you.

I wake up to the sound of my nightmares
I take that sound and place them into a box
With a memory,
a song to keep me silent
Memories that rock me soundly
Because these letters are a bitter thing to swallow
For they are dripped in the thoughts of this failing pen

A Music box spins faster till its out of control
Like a carousel announcing the end
Shutting out the noise of children
And the laughter that was lost
When we grew up
We grew apart

I lie for the reasons I breathe
So the truth so I can break it
Warping myself to a new reality
My only reality without you

The phone gets heavy sometimes,
For when I pick up I forget your name.
If I forget to say the words that will rip us apart.
I forget what exactly went wrong
And I fear growing close to something
that will always remain out of reach.
The only killer is this pill that will release me,
And make these scars beautiful again.
I hope you loved my death as much as I did

Floral blessings sleep soundly into your memories
Memories that rest on a string for you
A death taps brightly resisting the heartfelt hugs
The Hugs that suffocate me
One more quiet nightmare to let me rest
Shaking the colors in front of you
The puzzles begin to fit
At least we saved what we lost
Or so we thought
It cannot be saved
It cannot be fixed
We cannot be loved
We are lost to the wind