preface this by saying:

here comes a rant.

i was the calm

before the storm, but

the storm rages in my eye

fire and rain and

quaking asphalt

caused by cacophony.

now the rumbling thunder

resides in my hands,

now my rumbling hands

are merely a hinderance.

i know how you felt.

i’ve known it for years,

from life to untimely death.

sobbing, crying out

voice hoarse from shouting

but shouting silently

because as hard as you try

to get the words out,

they never come

and you’re left to the winds

of the world around you

to notice how cracked,

how fractured,

your frail heart is.

even when someone

picks you up from the streets

where you lie, a vile

victim of your own mind,

you find it easier to lie

in the panic of discovery

and pretend it never happened.

it was you. it is me.

and christ, the twenty eighth

day of november has never once

been so goddamn lonely.