

Bury me alive in sweet whispers
Only for mine to be long silenced
Can I ask why it had to be me?
Was I the weakest?
The one most visibly cracked?
Was it my embellished skin that gave it away?
They revealed the truth so I'd never have to
Please stand, come take your prize
What's the harm in coming back for seconds?
All that remain are scraps
But that's what predators do
Leave nothing behind but bare bones and a gasping gash
Or rather remnants of a fragile soul
Lying to lose myself into the infinite sky
Hoping, wishing I'd float away
Or even feeling the ground beneath me
Fingernails digging, deeper and deeper
Speaking to the crumbly soil
Signaling it to swallow me whole
Did it even matter?
Left to die of exposure
Scrubbed raw to shed this skin
The soul inside the body meant nothing to you
An object to be tossed in the back of your mind
An addition to the slideshow of your life
Nothing more than a footnote