A smoothed out piece of paper  
(with something scrawled inside):  
Do you remember that day we went to the park.  
It was our last date and you broke up with me then we walked and held hands anyway.  
And do you remember, we found that black bird with a broken wing.  
I wanted to hold it to me and you said I'd get sick and to let it die.  
Well I came back later with a shoebox and I took it home.  
I nursed it back to health and tried to forget my broken heart.  
It had iridescent feathers and smart, sharp eyes. A grackle, maybe?  
I fed it greens and grubs. I gave it tears and blood.  
Over months it got better.  
It grew larger, larger by far. It stalked around my house, appropriating, claiming it for its own. (Or was that in my dreams?)  
I could never give enough to earn its approval.  
It wanted more and more. Trinkets, food, sacrifices.  
It's larger than me now. (Or does it only feel that way?) It judges me with derision.  
I serve it in waking. It pecks and scratches my dreams.  
I'm scared.  
Please, please, please if you still remember me at all. *Please.*  
I need your help - but it will know, it always does. Oh, what's the hope?  
What sharp ruin have I plunged into my heart?