**I don’t still love you, stupid**

is it me, or is it hot in here?

this thing I wrote

I hate it

at the time, it seemed right

at this time, it’s really bad

and I finally know why

I told her I loved her

that I would always love her

that I was not in love with her

but she would always be in my heart

that I had no regrets

that I only wanted the best

for her and hers

so what’s not to like?

I edited, reworked, examined and prodded

and still, I hate it

and now I know why

I don’t love her

I will not always love her

I wasn’t in love with her for the last five years

she will never again be in my heart

I have many regrets

although I do want the best

for her and hers

but I carry a burden of resentment

no, wait, I don’t even care

this is not a good poem I’m writing

technically, the other was better

this one is raw and unlovable

there is no description, no simile

but I feel better now

and yes, it really is hot in here