

beneath her eyes i just feel less strong.

Writer

Jordan Newman

Publisher

ScribeSlice 2012

I'm now so pale due to never seeing the sun, it's frightening
To me, how day light is destined to repeat an eternal routine.
I'm thin due to the anxiety which eats at me, deep within;
So lately i struggle to find interest in anything, even eating.
All i do is dwell on just how i had always felt before we began
To be more than friends; we'd kiss goodnight and good morning.
No lie, i felt as if i was some sort of ran down machine, a broken
Type writer; and you were what was missing, a vintage ink ribbon.
Each day your patience was tested as we to fell victim to a routine-
You doing all you could to lure me down from those teetering
Heights i had began to climb so long ago, when i was too young
To comprehend what partaking in rebellion would actually mean.
I agree it wasn't your fault i had been so careless with my emotion;
But from day one i told you i was unable to give you true devotion.
And so it was hard not to take it personal when you all of a sudden
You left me second guessing my entire existence; before too long,
I was once again face to face with the reality i may forever be alone.
You were a nice vacation for me- an escape from my life's vocation-
Which consists of trying not to drown in a metaphorically cold ocean.
I had gone from an almost obsolete machine to a functioning human;
But once you left, i returned to the state i have apparently always been.
Although i cannot name this despair, I've heard others call it depression;
but i do not believe that term justifies the state of being stuck in a prison
of ones own haunting memories, chronically reliving ones greatest sin.
dear friend turned lover, turned stranger, you've left me here wondering
if again our relationship may again evolve into something other than
what it has seemed to plateaued at? so as i face another night fading
into the pages of history, i try to avoid that seductive voice of destruction;
because i am all to aware this time it may be my last, no more recovering
from my careless choices, my body will decay as it's true I'm no longer young.
i wish i had never discovered in her embrace acceptance so warm & inviting
because since i discovered love so pure i fear i will never find in another, again.
the worst part is i only have me to blame, this failure is mine and mine alone.
no one forces me to remember our short lived summer as some divine heaven,
instead of recalling the details in painful accuracy, i drunkenly replay each scene
so beautifully, even i cannot claim with confidence what was true or utter nonsense.
for four short months, we were virtually inseparable but still i remain uncertain
which one of us had been sincere when saying 'my heart is made up of nothing
other than good intentions' but it's now clear we had both been lying all along.

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