

plastic chairs scraping in empty halls.

i wonder if you understand,
little words, large spades
unsettling homes
stranded

complex and intricate
our lives
you are cruel
i may not partake

i was meant for this
abysses and emptiness
head first into a pool
reflecting blue skies on tiles

won't you give me a chance?
i'd understand
i'm better, i am
so much better

don't you see?
or maybe if i
cut through kites in bloody
release
you'd see

you'd
see
me.