

a poem about writing a poem about you

12:03 AM

i lay on the cold hard floor of my apartment, tears running down my face. my laptop sits on the floor beside me, open to a fresh new document. i want to write about our love, but the only thing that comes to me is pain. i don't wanna write about my pain. i lay there, still.

1:28 AM

the light from my laptop mocks me as I lie here, cold and hungry. i couldn't eat if i tried.

2:13 AM

i pull myself to my feet and make my way to my bed. sleep used to come some naturally when your arms wrapped around my waist, soothing my anxiety. it isn't so easy now.

3:45 AM

the sun will rise soon, and i'll have to pretend to be a person again. find my façade. eat something. blend in with the crowds of happy faces. pretend that you didn't break me and hide the pieces.

5:23 AM

i should be asleep now. the birds won't shut up.

6:58 AM

i can't take it anymore. my trembling hands grasp my phone and i open the notes app. tears are running down my face now, soaking my pillow. i empty what little i have left into the void. i wrote the saddest poem i've ever written. It said something pathetic like:

*you say isolation is what you need*

*that you can't breathe next to me*

*but you're the only thing keeping me*

*alive right now*

*i know you won't read this but*

*if you ever find my virtue*

*somewhere*

*lost in your room*

*don't ever give it back to me*