

This isn't a story of unspoken words  
of "I love you"s never returned  
of living in fear of words that sit in you,  
crushing deep into your lungs, your chest,  
like a cat drawn to sit in the warmth of the sun  
And yet, there is no warmth.  
although those words have been said, stuck in the air and sterile,  
like a fly, wings trapped and twisted on paper,  
it's nothing but transactional  
an experiment, a test, a trial  
where i'm pinned by my feathers and talons to a board  
a tiny, unholy crucifix  
on a hill in the Valley of Judgement  
These are empty promises  
spoken yet still broken  
lifeless shards of porcelain memories,  
with nothing but dust and time to hold them together