

The Bradley

Further Seems Forever

False pretense
A lack of resonance
A derisive sentiment
and confidence.

These bonds were always fake
crafted for safety's sake.
But pasted wings,
and foil rings
do not an angel make.

I see you left me with your,
your last word.
It's ringing,
with the noteless shrill of jealousy,
and the claims of imperfection,
and the crying out for,
the things that you deserve.
But your voice is never audible
beneath the anger in your words
it's ringing,
it's breaking me.

You can't belittle this,
this could change everything.
This one is mine to believe.

This is unparalleled,
a grace that's like gravity,
a clarity I've never seen.

I see you've left me with your,
your last word
it's ringing
with the noteless shrill of jealousy,
and the claims of imperfection
and the crying out for,
the things that you deserve.
But your voice is never audible
beneath the anger in your words,
it's ringing.
It's breaking me.

But the hottest words can cauterize,
and in anger, there's just wasted time,
so your last words, just another,
I won't hear.