

Old Bones

My name is no longer what it once was
The sound of it is grating
The taste of it acrid when I speak it
The sight of it repulsive

My face is no longer what it once was
The sight of it unfamiliar
Strange crevices and darkened eyes
A stranger's mask above my skin

My mind is no longer what it once was
I cannot dwell in it anymore
The leaves have become overgrown
Blackened with incurable pestilence

I have killed who I once was
And buried her small self with my
Own two shaking hands
And I wish I was sorry

But the lightness of my steps
Felt good compared to the weight of her body
I dug her grave with my own two hands
By a creek where she used to play

There were flowers nearby

And the sun shone down
From the gaps in the leaves
Of the willow trees

I wish I was sorry
For how I didn't pay my respects
After I buried her
Instead kicking the dirt off my feet

Old bones have old scars
And I couldn't bear them anymore
So I killed her
And I wish I was sorry

Someday I'll lay down with her again
And our bones will intertwine
And there will be an embrace
That will be centuries overdue

And the flowers will continue to bloom
And the sun will continue to shine
And the creek will continue to flow
And you will no longer be alone

It was never your fault
That you were hurt the way you were
It was never your fault
That I decided to let you go

I wish you knew how sorry I am