By: rofltaco

It's pretty obvious what this is about. It's not my best work, but writing is how I deal with these things. This started off as free verse but ended up falling into a rhyme scheme as it went, as I've been trying to break the traditional patterns I fall into.



booksie.com/rofltaco

Copyright © rofltaco, 2014 **Publish your writing on Booksie.com.** 

It seems like each night it only gets worse.

Demons fester in my head, making this bed into a hearse.

Itâ s not that I donâ t understand, I just canâ t accept

That youâ ve left me, that Iâ m really all alone.

I was alone to begin with, but now that Iâ ve known

The warmth of a loving side and a mind

I fear Iâ Il never again be fine.

Iâ ve got nothing, and I feel worse for the wear.

Iâ m tormented by visions of you and your lovely hair.

The way your head rested on my chest

So perfectly we fit together, like a puzzle

Sized just right for each, and I swear I wonâ t love another

Like I loved you, really, like I still do.

Itâ s cold at night but I sweat under the sheets,
The strain of three years together now rendered bleak.
A thing of the past, our connection, our being
And itâ s not that I donâ t understand, I just donâ t like seeing
Us apart. It feels unnatural after weâ ve gone so far
After weâ ve grown two pieces into one loving heart
Beating in perfect unison with the timing of our lives.
Well by God, I thought I could make you my wife.
I would be there, and itâ s really just not fair
How a tiny difference of view can sever my tie to you.

The trouble lies, in your eyes, in that our beliefs arenâ t the same,
But how could it ever be when everyone claims
Individuality of the mind and a unique human spirit?
Iâ m still calling out for you; tell me, do you hear it?
I guess what Iâ m saying is quite simple, you see:
Thereâ s no reason divergent minds canâ t find harmony.
We divide ourselves; weâ re harbingers of our own contention.
Ignorance is manâ s greatest weapon, his invention.
And while Iâ m still victim to dissonance I know Iâ Il find some coast.
But thatâ s someday far away, and that really scares me most.
My anchor has been lost; Iâ m now on my own.
And never have I felt so alone.

#### Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2014-03-07 05:12:34