

Yet Untitled

Yet Untitled

By : **roftaco**

A poem about two kids in over their heads. To clarify for those who know me personally: this is NOT a poem about me, my real life, my girlfriend, etc. No need to panic!

Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/roftaco

Copyright © roftaco, 2015

Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

Yet Untitled

Itâs a catastrophe no matter how you view it, this atrophy
Of the best intentions and most carefully-laid plans.
He can hardly make a clear picture of his own two hands.
They were to spend the rest of their lives together
And this was no foolâs errand, this was genuine love
What they had.

He pulls her close, sweet smelling hair and eyes that remind him of the sea
He used to dream about those eyes, still does some nights
His embrace envelopes her, his hands meet her belly
And he knows thereâs life inside.
With tears in their eyes and mad hope in just her mind
For tomorrow, for some favor of the odds
But since when has fate played favorites like that.

Itâs just not in the cards, and itâs really nobodyâs fault
But he blames himself, her a little too but mostly himself
He had a good head on his shoulders, liked science and numbers
A bright future before him, but thatâs all gone now.
Now heâs got someone to take care of,
Someone new to hold him back .

But he blames himself mostly, says sometimes in the mirror
â You imbecilic short-sighted selfish little moron!
Youâve thrown it all away, you know!
Itâs not just the future for you, but for her too.
Youâve ruined it for her too.
She cries just as hard as you do, maybe a little harder
But thatâs not gonna change a thing.â

None of it can change a damn thing because it happened
And once it happened it canât be changed, itâs simple
Yet at the same time itâs beyond complex.
He knows they canât get rid of it, itâll haunt him for too long.
He resents the situation, his luck, his fate, himself,
None of which he can believe in anymore.
Heâs a wreck, and sheâs just as bad too.

The sickest part is really that theyâll all come out alive.
He downs mouthfuls of night to search for some escape
But that doesnât help, no thatâll only make it worse.
Not sleep nor fate nor death will show remorse.
Heâll live with this regret for the rest of his life,
Etched in a tiny little face just like his, wants to make him proud.
But the child will know, heâll be able to see this regret.
And heâll blame himself just like daddy does.

Yet Untitled

Yet Untitled

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-02-01 19:31:50