

Our Loving Sorrows

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Is it fair to listen intently to your truest friend's crashing love life and yet they never seems to care about yours? Are your sorrows less severe than that of your friend's?



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My sorrows are as empty to you

As air is to water,

Our openness towards one another,

As sheer as naked glass.

We lament soundly over our failed loves,

Your love being more severe than mine,

Makes my own feel less relevant.

Open like an empty cave are my kind

Sorrows, yet so full to me as they squeeze

my chest- so painful, 'tis true.

My loving sorrows are empty- too empty to be heard,

They echo back at me like a cry into a cave

My cries into the cave- subservient to the squeeze my love had inflicted upon me- are

as real and just as your own, my selfish friend.

Just as loud as yours...

Just as harsh

Just as tight

Just as greedy as it keenly absorbs

What is left of me-what is left of my heart?

I know there is not much left our hearts, but the pain will pass,

And we both- though kindly conflicted- will bind

Our sorrows unto truths- lament together-

Our sorrows one, embraced tightly in our loving catastrophes.

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