

Broken Pieces of the Past

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I stand within my room and see,
Broken pieces of myself around me,
Lying long since cast aside but not away.
Although I know they're gone from me for good,
Some part of me holds on to desperate hope.
To reattach broken pieces of my past
Sew them back into my flesh
With thread of longing for the the past
And needle of regret.
The thread is rotting, fading away,
The needle rusting, rough and sharp.
But still I wish to pierce my skin
Regain these ruined, mangled parts,
Take back again what was,
For still I hope by doing so,
I'll get again what once was,
And what I used to be,
Especially if what I used to be was happy.

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