

Ruthless.

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Sometimes all you end up getting out of a relationship is the shit he bought you.

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Ruthless.

## Ruthless.

Youâve become these things

Scatt-ered colorful reminders.

Brush strokes, glass jars, a chair that rocks. --

All created by some other hand

Left in your hands

Left in my home.

These compounds of clutter.

I align the spectrum from blue to orange.

Away from collecting dust,

As we have.

We are the worn spaces

Sunk below the line

We are separated and cleared

And we are ultimately the same again.

We are hung up on walls and ignored.

We have our spectators but we are alone.

We are no one who sits in that chair.

These things now reside upon your departure.

I distribute my sadness into the materials.

I delegate them to hold it in so I donât have to.

I tell myself, this is not you

But then again maybe I never really knew you.

Maybe all I ever knew were these things

Ruthless.

Ruthless.

color blind by the reminders

in their moments and over time.

Only now do I begin to see.

Ruthless.

Ruthless.

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