

Punishment Over Time

By : Colby

This is a poem about growing up when for so long most of my poems are about reflecting and missing everything, this is an acceptance to change in life now.

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Taste the ground,
It tastes like the time we kissed it,
On the ground we had our precious memories,
But I don't wanna talk about those,
Since I'm like a crisp wine,
Getting finer with age,
I don't wanna be like anything bad,
I may be good,
I may be bad,
I try to keep everything sane,
You know that about me,
I just wanna be me,
The venomous poet,
The free writer,
Not the heartbreaker,
Not the alcoholic,
Do you get me,
Or don't you
Answer this simple question for me,
Or if not I will not forget you,
So thanks,
But no thanks for the change,
This is my life and punishment,
Is futile,

Punishment Over Time

Is unforgiven,

Is a lot different than you think,

So I wish you the best,

While I burn in hell.

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