

NICKY BLUE

The second attempt at mending my broken heart fell in vein to the spoils of my malevolent shadow.

I needed to find my soul.

A scavenger hunt that always ended in narcotics or failed New Year's resolutions.

I rationed my cigarettes between cluttered meditations.

The rusty metal stairs that led to an office of foreign eyes was always counted one step at a time.

"Don't forget to breathe" I'd tell myself.

Quickly I'd forget.

The suffocation of regret blocked all attempts at making my first step towards anything that resembled a picture of us.

You are nothing but a construct.

A social experiment that God left me ill-equipped to find success in.

Yesterday I will fight for you when tomorrow has already happened.

This ideology gave my procrastination layers.

The clouds slowly drift, crashing into one another.

When my guilt leaves, I hope it finds you.

And if it does, crack it with a hammer, and bury it somewhere in Anaheim.