

• Untitled •

I wrote a poem for you

Then set it ablaze

It told lies.

About back in the days.

Our first kiss

I really don't remember

It lied about saying I love you

I never meant it.

The paper burned

As many things in my life.

Your smile

Your eyes.

The said lies

I jotted down poetry for you

I take it all back

The last one I wrote for you

Is now ash.

A whole bunch of nothing

On a napkin out the pack.

I wrote about my misery

I'm taking it all back.