

A Little

Everyday in every way I die a little.
Friendships seep and even bleed from truths so brittle.
Why do we say we are doing fine,
when all we need is to untwine?
Did you want to hear my story,
or were you asking for the glory?
I do not believe I have heard just yet,
a truth in which I am willing to bet.
Would you stay if I felt sad?
Would you stay if I did bad?
Sometimes I need to scream aloud,
just to get noticed in a crowd.
Shall I tell you I am fine,
afraid to let you in my mind.
Voices tell me right from wrong.
My head is spinning with a song.
Such petty friendships, why do I care?
Decaying flesh shall take it's place there.
When I need someone to listen,
I do not need another lesson.
Eventually I will learn it is true,
I cannot even believe in you.
You are not myself, not my best friend.
You are not me, not my expense.
I trust in only me again,
even when I bring me pain.
Is it stupid to fear myself?
My other friendships will leave their shelves.
Is it stupid to live day by day,
expecting to die in little ways?

By: Natalie A. Thornhill - Dedicated to Cris Smeltzer.

