

Forgetful

Today I remembered
how lucky I am to have you.
You soften out my rough edges
and stitch up my bleeding wounds.
I think I often take you for granted.
I don't stop to think about how you're the
first person to ever really see me.
So take my hand, love.
Show me that you'll never leave me.
Will you ever leave me?
Please, let go of my hand.
This isn't how it's supposed to be.
Why didn't I think about how
you always take my affection for granted?
Your careless words cut deep into my skin
and your condescending grin buries deep in my brain.
I wish I could forget that we ever met, and forget that
today I remembered.