

HOMICIDE

To be so intertwined in fate, that when your name comes up, mine is right alongside it.
If you were ice, cold, mysterious, pristine, then I was fire, lighting your heart ablaze,
With emotions you hadn't been able to reach, before our bond blossomed and bloomed.

You were the moon to my sun,
when I smiled at you, you smiled right back, so brightly that I beamed.
Who cares about labels when our hearts beat as one
and each word I speak compliments your next.

I haven't seen you since that day in February,
that very day meant for affections to be loudly declared,
when you told me you never felt the same way.

In your heart, we were as inconsequential to each other
as a rug over a carpet or bones to a hungry lion.

I never could have imagined that moment
without some sort of reciprocated emotion of loss,
but where I grieved *you turned your head*.

Where my wedding finger was losing circulation
from the red string tied for a child's pinky,
you had already replaced the tie on yours.

That day you took home a bag of my tears *and half of my heart*,
leaving me alone and breathless, with blood stains on my couch.

I died that day.
A glorious supernova, destroying everything we once thrived in,
Everything I *thought* we were thriving in.
You never came back with my tears and heartache,
You never shared your own.
So I suppose, in some twisted lover's pact, we both died that day,

Or perhaps it really was homicide when you stole my heart.