

"sometimes it snows in April, sometimes i feel so bad..." plays on in the background as the air thickens inside the uncomfortable confines of the car "...sometimes i wish, that life was never ending..." as the conversation drifts awkwardly to the true theme of the moment "...all good things they say never last..." crying over the helplessness of insecurities so deep that they threaten our very core the final line seems almost an ominous foretelling our greatest fear "... love isn't love until it's past." when you have been beaten down so many times it becomes almost easy to accept where do you draw the line or is there a fucking line at all perhaps you just continue to work until that final moment when you plummet head first into that downward spiral of regret because things fall apart in hindsight you can see what could have been done to save your decaying body as you choke on your final meaningless breath realizing that all you had was for naught as you never did love until it was past your life a grouping of vague memories of good times not great because you never did have the courage to try passion was threatening due to the explosion of sheer emotion and left you hiding under the stairs watching as others lived their own lives love was a foreign tongue that you could not understand however you desperately attempted to piece together what has hurted you from the broken text if only life had it's own subtitles you thought those who come to your help are the enemy as you feared that they would prevent you from discovering true happiness jealous while they wallow in deep blue puddles of sorrow with bloodshot eyes and weak from the endless sleepless nights wandering incoherently away from the source of your plight only to attack those who truly care

reassuring yourself that you are ok to avoid the challenge of true rehabilitation your twelve step program begins with a glass of wine thinning your cold blood as it runs through your veins in an attempt to retain life in a body that has already ceased to live just killing time as you stand ready

to state your name and your disease "I am..." but are you anything your voice cracking with desperation as you struggle to validate yourself through this meaningless dissertation of what you want people to believe you feel helpless because the real problems are haunting hiding in the shadows attacking you in your safe little world where your monsters look out at you through the cracks in your face fear is evident denial plagues your spirit silently you scream careful not to let anyone hear after all they are the enemy and besides you don't need any help at all you know yourself better than anyone else walking away from one pair of arms to the next like a baby afraid to make those first steps on it's own the responsibility for a fall is no longer your own because you never made the choice to try if you stumble it is those around you who aren't strong enough claiming your independence all the while

casting everything aside believing that by lying to yourself you have been cured running away before the starting gun has been fired for fear that one day the gun will be pointed at you alone and distraught the you prey on yourself while others pray for you weakening your resolve and further muddying the waters you bathe in dirty lies become the truth distrust your faith however hopeful that one day the heavens will prove not to be an empty wasteland where those privileged souls piss down on the rest of us continuing a divine oppression that all must endure bearing this cross on your shoulder and assisting in your own crucifixion spiritless though once virile you prepare to die for nothing martyrdom is not in the plans for you no longer hold any beliefs self esteem has been replaced by self loathing it's about time you head home although it is not where your heart is you left it behind as love can be painful and the volatility of emotions do not allow you to sleep praying that the nightmares end as you place your head down to rest in the cold arms of the casket

awakened by the light forcing its way through the cracks in your armor loss overcomes you unfulfilling comfort devours you from the inside but you trust it there are no expectations with the bar on the floor it is always surpassed disappointment abounds despite the disqualification of emotion and hollowness of your soul escape now seems impossible as you have assisted in your captivity a victim of self more than mere circumstance locked inside a prison of your own design you can not find the key or even the door screaming aloud with no one there to hear past lies and disrespect eliminating your ability to heal the only ones left are those who assisted you in your destruction of self ready and willing to continue the job hurt and confused by your sudden dismay abandon you as well today you are truly alone

no longer numb but depressed regret fills your hungry stomach as you stumble blindly into the light beyond the darkness to find that the world is cold the wind in your face as you search for enlightenment threatening in comparison to the sterile cozy quarters you had become accustomed to this time you have no guide no friends to help you down the path discarding them long ago for the comfort of not having to feel your heart throbbing painfully in your chest realizing your loss but still not ready to try you convince yourself that any attempt to feel would be futile and destructive as no one will ever support you through your transformation even if you do leave this cocoon as a butterfly the birds will just tear your wings off leaving you less than you were before cautiously examining the world you left behind you slowly work up the courage to make a call

which leads us here the car warm with the fire burning inside each of us shivering from the despair in our souls conversations about nothing abound as we carefully avoid reopening the wounds that have just now begun to heal

feelings over a year old still temporary because nothing lasts forever we stare into the darkness of each others eyes seeing the light trapped inside our decaying flesh inspired by the flames but trapped in each others sorrow we sit motionless silently breaking apart as we attempt to pull ourselves together culture an excuse as much as a barrier we have not allowed ourselves to succeed weighting each other down as we tread the already rough waters of life history threatens us as we seek comfort and love from each other we are one completing each other praying for time as each touch fills our souls with endless joy glowing in the warm embrace of true love we give of ourselves contact more than sexual divine

as the darkness fades to light the sun shines down upon us from the heavens dreaming that our embrace may never end we part hopeful that this is the beginning however fearful of the end do we have the strength to continue on this path or were we once again going to crash down from this temporary high in which we are each others drug of choice injecting the other to destroy ourselves providing another reason not to go on unable to bear the weight of our own responsibilities we point fingers at each other laying blame outside of ourselves denial of our own insecurities is easier than admitting we are not infallible selfishly we push our faults onto the other absolving ourselves of all imperfection demanding the respect that we failed to offer angry and vulnerable to the pain we had so deeply feared walking away is easier than change as it does not require us to look inside dreading the ugliness of our reflection we damn the divine beauty we had just shared by labeling it a lie we are now true our passion the origin for our suffering happiness a mirage disappearing in the horizon

empty of everything but guilt we walk away in denial no broken promises only broken hopes trust tattered and beaten we choke the pain out of our dying hearts this is the

great prize the fruit of our efforts explosive and filled with
hate to compensate for the love we have lost we leave
unfulfilled ready to return to that which had long since
tired strange that we were strong enough to even make a
start our souls unable to declare this love impure we lay
down our arms and allow the world to conquer us

in love you and i become the past.